

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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DECEMBER CIRCULATION.
50,119
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 December, 1911, was 50,119.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1912. (Seal) ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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As little Jeff says, "Ah, be reasonable," Mr. Weatherman.

In those states with bachelor tax laws, leaping should be easier, girls.

Just as a reminder, let it be known that this is Saint Jackson's day.

Many a man mistakes ambition's voice for his country's call to run for office.

Scarce as \$10,000-men are, they are not much scarcer than the \$10,000-jobs.

One good thing about this weather, it protects us from the spring poet.

Excelsior Springs is a famous place to make the New Year's swear-off more effective.

We almost forgot to mention that the new year came in with a girlish leap and bound.

Perhaps even the water wagon will have smoother running when we get more good roads.

A woman who cannot keep her husband at home these nights has room for discouragement.

If Senator La Follette should become president, would we all wear our hair pompadour again?

Now, unless some impulsive person proposes a peace dinner we may get things to moving on an amicable basis.

In getting rid of such men as Reyes, President Madero displays a few good ideas on how to run a republic.

It is the irony of fate that an eastern paper cannot recall the name of the man who launched the Roosevelt boom.

Governor Hooper of Tennessee recently visited Houston, no doubt to give a look at his Texas staff colonel, Johnson of the Post.

If some of those 5,000 idle actors should be forced to take up some real business they might turn their loss of a job into a blessing.

George W. Perkins, who is giving much attention to solving the problem of the high cost of living, has just built a \$5,000 chicken coop.

It is a wonder those packers have been able to secure capital enough to continue in business, the way their net earnings have fallen off.

Of course, those who were so sure President Taft would like to withdraw from the race would be very much disappointed to have him do so.

Perhaps the reluctance of some congressmen to get busy on a real conservation law rests upon the fear that if they do they will have to look up a new excuse for pounding air.

If the democrats should help put all the postoffices under civil service right away a lot of zealous patriots hereabouts would immediately ask themselves, "What's the use?"

If Omaha is to have a sulphur refining plant, one of the conditions precedent should be that the furnace fumes be also refined before diluting the atmosphere we breathe.

When Andrew Carnegie appears before the congressional committee his prescription telling how to get rich will be more eagerly seized than his advice on how to die poor.

Another Democratic Fall-down.

The failure of the democrats in congress to accept the proposed plan for a wide-open caucus is not unexpected after other similar performances under whip and spur of the democratic house leaders, but it is additional proof of the insincerity of democratic reform professions. After securing control by denouncing czar rule under the Cannon regime, the democrats have shown that the chief change was an exchange of bosses, for never has the majority members of the house been so meekly led about and abjectly chained to King Caucus than since the democrats took charge.

The demand for an open rather than a shut caucus voiced the protest within democratic ranks, not that any real secrecy attends the proceedings of the caucus as now held, but in the notion that with the spotlight focused upon them the democratic autocrats would demean themselves less brazenly and would have more difficulty in herding the sheep tractably into the pen. The result tends to prove that the reform brand is not very deeply impressed on the democratic bellwethers, but is there only for exhibition purposes and to dispel too close investigation.

The real question, of course, is to what extent caucus decree should override the individual judgment of the members. The democrats have undertaken to dictate action on measures or motions by caucus more in the short time of their resumption of power in the house than had the republicans before them in a period of many times duration. That may be their only practicable way of doing the business, but, if so, it is the essence of hypocrisy for these democrats to claim credit for reforming the legislative procedure.

Need of Conservation Laws.

President Taft and Secretary Fisher of the interior have held conferences with various governors and others upon the matter of conservation with a view of shaping some definite legislation on which the various elements in congress would unite. This winter, but some observers on the ground gloomily predict failure for their pains. They believe we are not far away from the storm center of animosity that raged over the conservation question for that and that there are too many different kinds of conservation plans in congress. This may be correct, but it is deplorable for the country needs more definite laws on conservation than it has. It is too bad to retard vital development for petty personal differences, or even for larger sectional disagreements. There is common ground in this conservation situation and it ought to be reached without delay.

The one general theory laid down by the president and secretary of the interior is that "the public domain should be utilized for actual settlement and development rather than as a source of revenue for the general government." Of course, private exploitation is not to be thought of. Why cannot this general principle be taken as the basis of a concrete policy? Surely there is none, no matter what his ultimate idea may be, who will not agree that natural resources should not be put to present needs, while at the same time being conserved. Persistent refusal to join with the administration in a faithful attempt to solve the problem, under the guise of fearing private monopolistic power, is likely to give rise to the suspicion that some folks are more concerned in humoring private grudges than in serving public weal. However sound the criticism to this plan or that may be, no good reason has yet been advanced for inaction or procrastination.

Americans Safe in China.

The Chinese revolution has been carried thus far toward completion without harm to Americans stationed in that country, and that is saying a good deal for a revolution that converts the oldest of empires into a republic. How complete the empire's destruction and the republic's founding are is a matter for later decision, but that does not detract from the significance of the fact that throughout the conflict and in spite of hostilities and starvation in sections the lives of Americans and other foreigners have, except in the most isolated cases, been safe.

From this must be drawn the inevitable conclusion that the insurgents of China concentrated their forces and their resentment upon the ruling Manchu dynasty and that, against foreigners and particularly Americans, they had no grudge. Nor is it a case simply of missing the heads of the foreigners with the exchange of fire; deliberate pains have been taken to avoid injury. There was not only no desire to molest Americans, there was a very definite intention to protect them.

The character of this revolution is the character of the Sun Yat Sen, the Wu Ting Fung and the other peace-loving, progressive patriots, who, profiting by American influence and learning, have become the instruments of time to work out this detail in the destiny of ancient China. Indirectly American moral influence figures largely in the results, how largely only time can tell. What our direct friendliness and our

Indirect example have done to open these long-shut eyes is probably not for us of this generation to know.

A Difficult Immigration Problem.

In his annual report for the Department of Commerce and Labor, Secretary Nagel says that "in the immigration service it would be unreasonable to look for peace." Yet peace is not more important in any other service or department.

The secretary points out that the very nature of the question of immigration is such as to excite controversy, which observing people have found to be true. Opinion is often so strong on one side or other of the question as to amount to prejudice, defying the best results. Not only does radical agitation impair the administration of this department, but it necessarily affects the character of our immigration. Secretary Nagel takes cognizance of this also, saying:

The immediate effect upon the immigrant may be a matter of speculation. It is my impression that the kind of criticism which has at times been offered must serve to discourage desirable immigration. If people abroad who are free to choose give any heed to the extravagant accounts which have found their way into the press, the effect must be discouraging as to them. On the other hand, undesirable immigrants are probably affected very little by these reports, because it may be assumed that at least a certain proportion of them do not come to our shores induced by their own initiative or decision.

Thus for those who indulge this "extravagant criticism" this very plausible showing ought to be food for thought. When the government is struggling so persistently with this very difficult problem it ought not to be recklessly hampered in this way.

Our new democratic sheriff is starting out fine by capturing a crap game and incarcerating the players without ball. It is a safe wager, however, that he will not raid any joint in which the partners of his campaign manager are interested and keep them in jail without a chance to get out on bond.

Several of the signatures on the petition filing Mr. Bryan on the Nebraska presidential preference ballot are the names of present or former saloonists, which fact should not be overlooked in view of Mr. Bryan's county option preference last year.

That Boston pastor who now confesses to having committed murder to get rid of his fiancée was evidently not so crazy as was sought to be made out for him. His attempt at suicide a few weeks ago was a fairly good confession of guilt by itself.

The much-vaunted democratic plan for an open caucus went a-glimmering, and inasmuch as the caucus that turned it down was not open, we are not privileged to know how our democratic friends in congress from this vicinity ranged themselves.

An orchestra furnishes music for the prisoners of an Alabama institution every day at lunch. The way of the transgressor is hard, but evidently they put the soft pedal on it as much as possible in Alabama.

Just take note that while our loud-shouting contemporaries are busily reforming crap games and dance halls, The Bee is going after the source of corruption in the city hall, without fear or favor.

SNAGS IN NEBRASKA.

Obstacles to Free Navigation for the La Follette Boom.

The La Follette boom in Nebraska has struck another snag, if we may be indulged the freedom of classifying Bryan and Roosevelt as inanimate obstructions to the progressive movement. At least they are passive and unable to move hand or foot. And, in any case, they close the channel to free political navigation. The announcement that Bryan's name is going on the presidential primary ticket along with Roosevelt's is the crudest blow of all, now that the progressive candidate is pinning his faith to democratic support.

The cheering that greeted La Follette's tribute to Bryan at Dayton is the true index to the complexion of La Follette's audiences. What inference is to be drawn from La Follette's voluntary acknowledgment that but for Bryan's assistance the Wisconsin plan would have failed in the legislature? If Bryan is more influential than La Follette in the latter's home state, what is the use of the Nebraska progressives going away from home for a candidate—why discard the substance for the shadow?

With Roosevelt, Bryan, and La Follette in the ticket in Nebraska, is the first presidential primary to be held anywhere, who holds any illusions about the result? It is hardly likely that La Follette would go to the extreme of throwing himself into the arms of democracy, as his Dayton speech makes him appear not averse to doing, but even if he should do this, it does not mean that Bryan's devoted followers would be converted to another cause. Their devotion is personal.

There was no intimation, up to the time Senator La Follette started on his Western trip, that the progressive entertained a thought of cutting loose from his republican moorings. Bryan's devoted meditates taking that step there, or he no doubt, if plain words do not belie his meaning. At North Baltimore the progressive candidate declared that he is not a hide-bound republican, and would join any party that could do better toward restoring the rule to the people. Since leaving Washington two things have happened which seem to have powerfully operated to inspire the sentiment of the latest utterances attributed to La Follette—the news from Nebraska and the fact that his meetings are attended principally by democrats.

Well, Where? Des Moines Capital.

Mr. Bryan charges that Governor Harmon carries water on both shoulders. Well, where does he expect the regulation democrat to carry it?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES JAN. 8.

Thirty Years Ago—The executive committee of the Land League held a final meeting to make sure all was in readiness when it opens tomorrow in Masonic hall.

Julius Ross, proprietor of the American house, Tenth and Douglas, was the victim of a robbery, the articles taken valued at \$50.

The Sixteenth street people want drinking fountains put up by the city council. There will be revival meetings at the South Omaha Methodist church, Rev. J. E. Maxwell, assistant pastor.

A duplicating case filled with jewels and jewelry attracted much attention in Max Meyer's window. It rather makes things show up quadruple.

Fritz Witt is putting a coat of paint on the inside of his hotel. The genial host of the American plan, whatever that may be.

The following committee has been appointed to arrange for the annual masquerade of the Omaha Manner: John Baumer, Fred Wirth, Alex Damon, Herman Rosenzweig, J. W. Beaver, II, Hoessly, August Kield.

The Union Pacific is preparing to put on its own line of sleepers as soon as its deals with the Pullman company expire, which will be some time this year. It is also rumored that the Northwest expects to put on Wagner's coaches at an early period.

Bishop John Sharp, one of the big guns of the Mormon church, is in the city registered at the Withnell house.

W. D. Woodruff, the well known traveling agent for the Metcalfe Tea house of this city, is home from an extended trip. The Miss McChesne have returned from Hastings.

Mrs. Fred Nye leaves this week for Washington, where she will hereafter make her home.

The Baptist church was filled to capacity for the sermon by Rev. W. J. Harris on "Lawlessness and the Lawless."

A legal notice sets forth application has been made by A. U. Wyman, as guardian of Henry F. Wyman and Charles Wyman, to sell real estate of his said wards for their maintenance, education and payment of taxes.

At the German theater "The Pearl of Savoy" was presented with a cast including: Mr. Puester, Mr. Hauck, Miss Heynold, Miss Groseman and Miss Bushman and Mr. Lindaman, Prof. Steinhauer conducting.

Twenty Years Ago—Assistant General Manager Edward Dinsent and Thomas Swobe of the Millard left in the former's private car for Denver.

Colonel Pat Lannon, manager of the Salt Lake Tribune, also Utah's World's fair commissioner, stopped in Omaha en route to Chicago. Accompanying him was Miss Ella Thomas, daughter of the governor of Utah, who stopped in Omaha to visit the family of former Governor Saunders.

Washington Life

Some Interesting Phases and Conditions Observed at the Nation's Capital.

A Vision in Man's Clothes. Dr. Mary Walker, a walking advertisement of fashionably tailored garments, bowed herself into the waiting room of a cabinet officer in Washington and lingered long enough to give the government clerk a side and front view of an animated fashion plate.

Dr. Walker deposited her sash hat on a desk, picked up a pen, and with a pad at hand, began inditing memoranda thereon. As she came into the room she wore a woman's cape of yellow fur, and as the temperature of the office is about that of near summer, Dr. Walker soon became uncomfortable, and the cape, a detachable one, was taken off and placed beside the desk.

Dr. Walker continued writing, and the temperature of the office seemed to be climbing for in a few moments she arose and the clerks saw she was taking off the Prince Albert. When the doctor started to remove the coat white cuffs protruded from the sleeves, and those seated about were reasonably sure that for once the rule of the office, "No shirt sleeves around here," would be broken.

In this they were mistaken, for under the Prince Albert, Dr. Walker wore another coat of the same cut—only a trifle shorter—and the inner one had a collar of black velvet. By this time it was apparent that Dr. Walker had quite an extensive wardrobe with her, and combined with her short-cropped hair, parted on the left side, her appearance was that of a neatly dressed man.

She resumed the place at the desk and continued writing out memoranda, until she had written a few lines, she withdrew from her vest pocket a brush hat comb and began searching the walls with her eyes for a mirror. Through an open door in the office she spied a 4-foot mirror, extending up from the floor, and without any ado she walked to a position in front of it. Dr. Walker took a firm grip on the comb and began combing vigorously, the part becoming deeper and more pronounced. Finally she was satisfied with the way the comb had performed its work, and came back into the outer office, with her spectacles high on her nose and a pleased smile floating her across her face.

Troubles of Baby Ruth. In his book of "Memories of the White House," W. H. Crook, an attaché of the White house since Lincoln's time, relates this incident of Mrs. Cleveland and her baby Ruth.

Having a natural desire to see her babe live and thrive, Mrs. Cleveland wished her to spend a portion of each day outdoors, and the nurse was directed to take the little one in a carriage to the grounds on the south side of the White house, so her lungs could be filled with God's fresh air—to which she was entitled.

If recollection serves me, the nurse and the baby carriage, not to mention the baby, had not been out there the first time for more than six minutes when some of the visitors strolling around spied them, made a rush for them and started in to pet the baby and kiss her. The first few who did so attracted many more, and from that day it was impossible for little Ruth to be taken outdoors without having a group of strange women swoop down upon her from all points of the compass.

It didn't make any difference if the hour for her outing was changed, the women would be there waiting for the appearance of the nurse and the baby carriage. And mindful of all the dangers attendant upon such feminine stupidity, Mrs. Cleveland took the only course left open to her—and the south grounds of the White house were closed to strangers.

Now, mark you, what happened. It seems almost too ridiculous for belief, but it is true. As soon as the great public, washed and unwashed, stranger to Washington and native alike, learned that they could no longer descend upon the poor helpless babe and pat its cheeks, and kiss its little ears, and cover it with kisses, and generally mail it around—the same intelligent public jumped at the conclusion that there must be some reason, some terrible mysterious reason why it could not continue.

What could it be? Why was the child suddenly taken away from them? Why was she kept within the south grounds, to which the public was suddenly denied admission? There could be only one answer for those misguided women, and they leaped to the conclusion that Ruth Cleveland was a deaf mute. If this were not enough, they also hinted that her ears were malformed and that there were other reasons for her seclusion. And, incredible as it may seem, insinuations of such nature were not lacking in a section of the newspaper press which was making war on the president and his political program!

A Forest Car. Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, who presented Pauline Wayne, the celebrated White House cow, to President Taft, has received from his state an interesting relic which he will give to the National museum. It is a section of a basswood tree cut in the Montreal river, which has grown around the blade of an axe to form a natural handle. The blade was discovered when a log was being sawed, the wood having grown completely around it, concealing it. It is estimated that it took the tree 20 years to perform the feat. It is believed that the axe was driven into the tree when it was young by one of the early French explorers. It is not an Indian relic, but it shaped like the axes used by the voyagers. Senator Stephenson says that when the saw-blade hit the axe all the teeth were torn out—the saw's teeth.

Ghost Walking on Monday. Houston Post.

We are carefully investigating each and every calendar that is coming in and we rejoice to say that not one has come to hand but which shows those fifty-three pay days in 1912. This speaks well for the calendar proof-reading.

Inexpressible Joy. Des Moines Register and Leader. A Nebraska girl who is attending the Colorado State university loses her voice every time she goes home for a visit. Under the circumstances it is doubtful if she will be content to live in Nebraska after she marries.

GOMPERS AND THE FLAG.

St. Louis Republic: Now they say that old Sam Gompers made a speech standing on the American flag. This looks like a Los Angeles Times story. Most Americans who are acquainted with both politicians would rather trust the old flag to the American Federation of Labor than to the Otis crowd in Los Angeles.

Chicago Tribune: There is a certain type of bigoted patriotism or jingoism in both the army and navy which seems to think itself the special guardian of patriotism and patriotic sentiment. This flag story seems to have got its color from some such source. Men of this type, however sincere they may be, are not real friends of their service and do more harm than good. If they could acquire a little common sense they would know that their spirit will not be approved by a people traditionally jealous of military establishments.

New York Tribune: Whether the photographs purporting to depict Mr. Gompers standing on the American flag are "fakes" or are actual views taken on the occasion when he was compelled to mount a table draped with the flag in order to get above a crowd that he was addressing, the matter is of no importance, and the attempt to arouse prejudice against Mr. Gompers by their circulation is discreditable to those who indulge in it.

Large questions concerning Mr. Gompers' aims and conduct are at issue, still, abuse and petty misrepresentation of him will not promote the right.

People Talked About

The fortune of the elder Jim Hill has reached such proportions as to banish whatever desire for work the younger Jim Hill inherited. He is going to quit the railroad job and enjoy himself hunting and fishing after May 1.

An impressive exhibit of relative values of autographs of great Bostonians is found in the catalogue of a Boston bookshop, to-wit: "Sullivan, John L., autograph letter signed, 75 cents; Eliot, Charles W., president Harvard University, autograph letter signed, 50 cents."

New York's new year revelers swiped \$8,000 worth of small silverware, principally spoons, as souvenirs of a raucous night in the lobster palaces of the great white way. Restaurant keepers are not complaining. Their ratio of gain was fully sixteen in gold to one in silver.

Although the matter escaped the newspaper, there was something of an earthquake in Washington last Monday. The roll of the navy department steps upset the sea-legs of a rear admiral, causing a tumble from the upper to the lower deck. The unsteadiness of the earth on New Year's day is not an exclusive Washington peculiarity.

With its belt tightened two notches the new world leaps forward toward the millennium. Former Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania has joined the Episcopal church at the age of 88 and Mayor Gonzalez of Hoboken has resigned his office to take command of a division of the Salvation Army which marches next to the band. There is no limit to the seating capacity of the stool of repentance for political sinners.

CHERYL CHAFF.

"That man made me money in inflated values." "I suppose that is why his family consider themselves so well."—Baltimore American.

"Don't you often feel depressed," she asked the gentlemanly undertaker, "when you are officiating at funerals?" "Yes, sometimes I do. He admitted, "It frequently happens that I'm asked to wait for my pay."—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Why did Oppenduff call his book 'The Partisan Point?'" "Because it was because it's about the limit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Now you know you're all wrong about that." "Oh, yes; if you say so, I reckon I'm all wrong, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

"What is Billy Hardait doing these days?" asked Smithers. "Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Blanks—Harper's Weekly.

"Biggins' friendship seems to flatter you." "It doesn't flatter me," said the cynical statesman, "but it encourages me. He is one of those people who never trouble themselves to be affable except to those who are regarded as liable to have some good."—Chicago Tribune.

"Bigby spent all day Sunday preparing New Year's resolutions for himself." "Yes." "And when it came New Year's day he presented the resolutions, and they were voted down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The Accusing Spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with an oath." "Handling it in, he blushed—as already related." "It's so wretchedly common," said the Accusing Spirit; "any bum actor can get a laugh from the gallery nowadays by swearing."

From which we seem to learn that it was merely a banality. —Chicago Tribune.

"The motor car is displacing the horse everywhere." "Yes. Only this morning I found a piece of rubber tire in my country sausage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WATCH ME! (Puck.) No Skaid swatted from his harp. No Chirp announcing I am wise; No Critic, trained to kick and carp. My faults has tried to advertise. No Bard has landed on his lyre. And yours an inspiration forth. For them who kathered to admire, Announcing my immortal worth.

As I remarked, no Sagamore Has waked the tom-tom's subtle plunk. No Prophet yelled at Fame: "Hey, Fore!" On my account. Ah, no, it's punk!

So, I have got my jewsharp out. And turned her up, to start alone. And told folks what I know about. The reasons why I should be known.

So when you hear those ancient guys That wear the bay-leaves on their brow. Commence to yell and blather now. That something extra's doing now.

You'll know that they have just got hot. That little Willie's in the game. And Me, while my companions sleep, Has placidly eloped with Fame!

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