

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily Bee, one year, \$3.00. Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50. Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$2.50.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER. Evening Bee (with Sunday), per mo., 50c. Daily Bee (including Sunday), per mo., 40c.

REMITTANCES. Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building. South Omaha—115 N. St. Council Bluffs—33 East St.

CORRESPONDENCE. Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

FEBRUARY CIRCULATION. 49,463. 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 spots, unused and returned copies for the month of February, 1912, was 49,463.

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

The Office and the Man.

Whatever may have been the original intention of any candidate who is in the running for presidential nomination on any ticket, the defusion about the office seeking the man must by this time have been discarded. On both sides of the political fence we see the lines sharply drawn, and each aspirant for presidential honor hotly engaged in its pursuit.

This applies to republicans and democrats alike, but is most strikingly exemplified in the case of Colonel Roosevelt. From being merely a receptive candidate, mentioned by friends as a dark horse to whom the convention might turn as a way out of a deadlock, he was compelled by force of circumstances to declare openly his willingness to accept the nomination if a party call should come to him, but he has been unable to stop even there to wait for the spontaneous demand because our methods of presidential making do not permit. The willingness to be drafted has given way to a readiness to help along the movement to nominate him by the use of the usual machinery of politics and personal appearance on the hustings.

Among the democrats the situation is no different. Devotion to principle, and zeal for the cause, is inseparably intertwined with the work of campaign managers and press bureaus, and acclamations to the "rule of the people" go hand in hand with the deals and wire pulling designed to get the delegates. In the so-called presidential preference states like Nebraska, the democratic bosses are just as busy at medicine mixing and are doing just as much jockeying or to get the place of vantage for their favorite race horses as they ever did before.

We may some day see the high office of president seeking the man, but that privilege will not be ours this year.

Maine's Secret Sinks with It. The historic battleship, Maine, whose destruction in the Havana harbor marked the beginning—though it was by no means the cause—of the Spanish-American war, has been sunk, with dramatic ceremony, to the bottom of the sea and with it, probably for all time, goes the secret of its explosion, at least so far as the unofficial world is concerned. Experts have their theories and some of them may be right, but the fact seems to be that none is conclusively proved as to the exact and minute details of the circumstances of this destruction.

And what does it matter? If the commissions that have laboriously gone into this subject returned precisely the correct finding of fact and it was not publicly disclosed, of what consequence can it be now to this country, to Spain, Cuba or any other? If the truth, as ascertained by the expert examiners, was not fully set forth in public reports, good reasons must have actuated its secrecy and there we can afford to let the matter rest, remembering the Maine, after all, only as a sentiment. As an event in the history of our country, its memory is tragic because with its destruction went out the lives of brave men and long before its shattered hull was resurrected, many more other lives had been sacrificed, the map of the world had been changed, peace restored between warring nations and progress set to a motion, which, in the lands affected by this overturning of affairs, had never before been known. But as a cause of all this, the blowing up of this American man-of-war will not and cannot, truthfully, be set down. The war was on its way and this circumstance only hastened it.

The Office and the Man.

Whatsoever may have been the original intention of any candidate who is in the running for presidential nomination on any ticket, the defusion about the office seeking the man must by this time have been discarded. On both sides of the political fence we see the lines sharply drawn, and each aspirant for presidential honor hotly engaged in its pursuit.

This applies to republicans and democrats alike, but is most strikingly exemplified in the case of Colonel Roosevelt. From being merely a receptive candidate, mentioned by friends as a dark horse to whom the convention might turn as a way out of a deadlock, he was compelled by force of circumstances to declare openly his willingness to accept the nomination if a party call should come to him, but he has been unable to stop even there to wait for the spontaneous demand because our methods of presidential making do not permit. The willingness to be drafted has given way to a readiness to help along the movement to nominate him by the use of the usual machinery of politics and personal appearance on the hustings.

Among the democrats the situation is no different. Devotion to principle, and zeal for the cause, is inseparably intertwined with the work of campaign managers and press bureaus, and acclamations to the "rule of the people" go hand in hand with the deals and wire pulling designed to get the delegates. In the so-called presidential preference states like Nebraska, the democratic bosses are just as busy at medicine mixing and are doing just as much jockeying or to get the place of vantage for their favorite race horses as they ever did before.

We may some day see the high office of president seeking the man, but that privilege will not be ours this year.

Maine's Secret Sinks with It. The historic battleship, Maine, whose destruction in the Havana harbor marked the beginning—though it was by no means the cause—of the Spanish-American war, has been sunk, with dramatic ceremony, to the bottom of the sea and with it, probably for all time, goes the secret of its explosion, at least so far as the unofficial world is concerned. Experts have their theories and some of them may be right, but the fact seems to be that none is conclusively proved as to the exact and minute details of the circumstances of this destruction.

And what does it matter? If the commissions that have laboriously gone into this subject returned precisely the correct finding of fact and it was not publicly disclosed, of what consequence can it be now to this country, to Spain, Cuba or any other? If the truth, as ascertained by the expert examiners, was not fully set forth in public reports, good reasons must have actuated its secrecy and there we can afford to let the matter rest, remembering the Maine, after all, only as a sentiment. As an event in the history of our country, its memory is tragic because with its destruction went out the lives of brave men and long before its shattered hull was resurrected, many more other lives had been sacrificed, the map of the world had been changed, peace restored between warring nations and progress set to a motion, which, in the lands affected by this overturning of affairs, had never before been known. But as a cause of all this, the blowing up of this American man-of-war will not and cannot, truthfully, be set down. The war was on its way and this circumstance only hastened it.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files. March 17.

Thirty Years Ago—St. Patrick's day was duly celebrated with high mass in the cathedral by Rev. Father English.

Extremes in Miners' Controversy. Sooner or later the miners and their employers will have to get together, but they start out in their controversy so far apart that, unless rapid progress is made, a long time will elapse before they come into friendly contact.

A Housemaid's Club. It may never have occurred to the ordinary housewife that what her maid needs to make her a better domestic is an element of club life, but that is the belief of the Woman's Christian association of Minneapolis.

Respect for the Law. The American people know by experience that it is difficult to make men morally good by law. They have seen this and that evil arise and heard men inveigh against existing conditions and propose self-acting cure-alls without observing the cure when the new test is applied.

Doctors and Their Fees. It may be all right for medical men to enforce certain schedules of prices for their services and to penalize those who cut the rates, though the idea of unloading the profession seems scarcely compatible with its code of ethics.

Religion and the Press. The managers of the Men and Religion Forward Movement have comprehended the need of a better mutual understanding between the churches and the newspapers.

People and Events

As a weather forecaster the groundhog has 'em all 'busted to a frazzle. The housekeeper who can make the coal pile outpace the lapse of winter deserves a May day bonnet.

Virginia trots out the "fuzzy wuzzy" and the "terrapin dandle" as rivals of the "brassy bug," the "turkey trot" and the "grassy bear" in terpsichorean favor.

Twenty Years Ago—"Devis" was the subject of a Lenten discourse by the Rev. John Williams, at St. Barnabas' Episcopal church. He said that he who denied the existence of devils denied a fact.

Secular Shots at Pulpit. Boston Transcript: A bankrupt pastor in Maine has five suits and two overcoats, and yet it was written: "And if any man will sue thee at law, and allow thy coat, let him have the cloak also."

Case of Train Disasters. Philadelphia Record. It is the opinion of more than one of the great railway managers in the United States that disastrous railway accidents are mainly due to bad rails and structural material.

How They Love Seeds. The average congressman still takes himself seriously as a distributor of garden seeds. His heart may always be depended upon to beat true to the old flag and an appropriation, and so long as he thinks that he can persuade his constituents that he is giving them something for nothing when he franks them envelopes full of more or less nourishing food for the birds and the chickens he is going to fight, bold and die for the appropriation which perpetuates his present seed purveyors' rights.

Refuses to Get Excited. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The father of that American suffragette who got jalled in London for smashing windows refuses to become excited over her plight. He thinks she is all right where she is. One case where the militant policy did not gain a convert.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Stranger—Miss Phayre, allow me—this is Mr. Banks. Miss Phayre—But I don't know you, sir. Stranger—No, yet, but I have asked Mr. Bangs to introduce me.—Boston Transcript.

Lady—You say every man has a mission; what's yours? Parson—To save young men. Lady—Good! I wish you'd save one for me.—New York Sun.

Magnate (given to advice)—My boy, it is the little things that tell. Young Business Man (savagely)—I know it! She's got a little brother.—Judge.

Heck—Jenkins is getting married again. Should I send him another wedding present? Fock—Certainly! Would you let bravery go unrewarded?—Baltimore American.

Johnnie to the clerical guest who has just finished an elaborate "grace"—Father says a much shorter grace than you do. The Clergyman—Indeed—and what does he say? Johnnie—Well, yesterday he said: "Good Lord, what a meal!"—London Sketch.

He—Well, my dear, what did the landscape gardener I sent out from town say about a skink the artificial lake where Mrs. He—He was most profane about it. He told me the site we wanted wasn't worth a damn.—Boston American.

RESURRECTION. Stephen Chalmers. The air is still. The edge of winter's blade is turned to rust. The brown earth, fluffed rich, breaks through the melting snows. The mountain stream, the bubbling Chaska, with the joy of resurrected hope.

The gray-haired shies back the smooth-browed calm of blue-eyed youth. The trees, still bare, yet breathe a mystical mystery. And whisper to the eager-singing birds. A secret prescience. And but last night, a cricket stirred. And fielded its bell-like song across the field.

Now Flora walks abroad, her fertile tread. Under a magic imprint on the mould; And who have eyes. May see her as she passes o'er the grass. Her breath is calm. Her gaze, compassionate warmth; Her finger-tips drip myth. And everything that senses her approach thrills with the joy of resurrected hope.

The birthday of the world is come again. The old earth, So long despairing, wakes from lethargy. Renewing faith the cynic, Winter, jeered! Life is immortal!

THE BETRAYED. Chicago Record-Herald. The world is full of men who might have claimed the best of fates have given. Who might be standing on the height had they been driven.

The world is full of men who mourn in their hearts that Fortune has betrayed them. Who, while they sit around forlorn, Let Ease persuade them.

The world is full of men who plan. Great things that never are completed, Who scorn to venture rather than To be defeated.

The world is full of men who might. Do well to cease their futile sighing. And help to make the outlook bright. By bravely trying.

Tobacco Habit Banished

Dr. Elder's Tobacco Habit Banisher All Forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 Hours.

Spring 1912. Our Formal HAT SHOW. An Event That Will Interest You. It is admitted by the best dressed fellows in Omaha, that, as in matters of all wearing apparel, this store is THE store, when it comes to hats. We at all times feature the classiest and smartest styles. Just at present our assortments, are at their best, never have they been more complete. Will you favor us with a "look," "We are the largest distributors of Stetson Hats in America. Browning, King & Co. R. S. WILCOX, Mgr. Fifteenth and Douglas Sts.