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, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies, for the month of February, 1912, was 49,463.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of March, 1912.
(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER,
Notary Public.

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

A truce will now be declared to permit of burying the dead.

It is very evident that St. Patrick is still a very popular old gentleman.

Those convicts made the mistake of their lives when they headed for Omaha.

What's in a name? Oh, a pretty good weekly stipend—for some of the stage beauties.

Winter is yet likely to beat out both the Camorrist trial and the Lorimer hearing.

Major Archie Butt used to be a newspaper reporter. Probably covered the army run.

Charleston has a hostelry called "Hotel Bugg." Entirely too suggestive for comfort.

No little dirty-faced urchin was there to holler "Cobs on you." when Adam ate his first apple.

Our grand jury will have to do something if it expects to make promise and performance tally.

Wonder who put up the money to get Councilman Davis to make himself scarce without peaching on anyone else?

The Houston Post discourses at length upon "Cone Johnson's Weakness as a Candidate." Could it be in his first name?

The colonel says all he asks of the national committee is a "square deal." That is all President Taft asks of the colonel.

If Mr. Hearst is not mentioned for the presidency in at least half a dozen cities every week or so, it is his own fault, or that of his editors.

The United States' coffee bill steadily increases. Last year it came to more than $97,000,000. Somebody must be taking his three cups every meal.

But if Governor Shafroth were known outside his state and had a ghost of a show for the nomination, Mr. Bryan might favor some other man.

The woman who put all her money in the sugar bowl that was stolen, was doubtless laying up against the time when Underwood's free sugar bill would be a law.

An exchange suggests that several eminent Americans had to be content with simply being mentioned for the supreme court. That is possibly all they wanted. It doesn't hurt business a bit, you know.

The home-coming of Mr. Bryan finds his followers still waiting to hear him announce his preferred candidate for president. Suppose Metcalfe and Edgar Howard have guessed wrong. Great Heavens!

Those who are trying to blame President Taft for letting Dr. Wiley resign, should remember that, in resigning, Dr. Wiley takes occasion to express his appreciation of the square deal he received from the president.

A Missouri paper speaks of the tragedy in Virginia as "primeval justice." Certainly primeval, but where is the justice in a band of desperadoes breaking into court and killing off the judge, sheriff and prosecutor.

Senator La Follette positively and uncompromisingly insists that no one who is for him for president enter into any kind of combination with any other candidate for president. What are the La Follette boosters in Nebraska going to do about it?

The Penitentiary's Weak Spot.

Governor Aldrich has made public in considerable detail his observations on penitentiary conditions with suggestion of desired change and improvements. In this practically all his attention is directed to what may be termed the physical plant at the prison. The need of a separate residence and office for the warden, of a modern gate and pen for loading and unloading supplies, of rearrangement of the doors and locks, of additional cell room, and more particularly an intermediate reformatory for the confinement of first offenders who hold out reasonable promise of redemption.

The need of more up-to-date prison equipment, and of separate and different treatment of the accidental or occasional as distinguished from the professional crook, are doubtless in point, but the governor overlooks one weak spot which, it seems to us, should have first attention. At the Nebraska penitentiary the prison guards are paid the munificent salaries of $45 a month, with lodging and board, that might make the total compensation equal to $60 or $65 on the outside. For this they are invited to take their lives in their hands every minute they are on duty, and to subject themselves to a discipline not much different from that of the trustjes.

The practical impossibility of getting and keeping desirable guards at this price is self-evident. The guards at the penitentiary, we are informed, are mostly boys off the farm or men down and out, despairing of earning more in any other occupation. The guard with even slight ambition, or fair ability, does not stay long, and the others frequently fail to withstand the temptation the prison puts before them.

It seems to us the real demand at the penitentiary is for deputies and guards who can handle the prisoners humanely, yet firmly, and exercise good common sense in emergencies. It will take more money than $45 a month to man the penitentiary with the right kind of prison authorities.

Mr. Bryan's Birthday Party.

That Bryan birthday dinner is a significant affair. The names of R. F. Pettigrew and George Fred Williams remind us of the good old dollar dinner days of '96. If only "Charley" Towne were there and "Coin" Harvey and a few more of the old guard. But in their places are newer apostles of the great commoner, Ollie James and Senator Gore and Congressman Henry and Millionaire Frederick T. Martin. But what is it all about? Progressive democracy, one would assume from the array of toasts set down opposite the speakers' names. But back of progressive democracy, what? Why do these old friends and new gather from the quarters of the land on the Knob hill of Lincoln to honor a thrice defeated candidate for president? And the echo answers, Why?

Ah, three times, to be sure, are a good many, but where in those fifteen years has the party developed a man to take his place? Wilson and Harmon, it is even now believed, will deadlock. Betweeen Mr. Bryan, the Steel trust's friendship, free sugar and a few other burdens, to say nothing of hailing from Dixie, Underwood seems not to be the man. Champ Clark creates only a smile. Dark horses should know the road; they should be halter broke, at least; they should even ride double if necessary.

Every now and then one thinks he hears the sound of Majorminnemascot, off in the distant Esmeraldo, calling, "Get the saddle, master."

Who Wishes Free Sugar?

When the special committee of the house last year was investigating the American Sugar Refining company, Congressman Fordney put this question to Charles R. Heike, for thirteen years secretary of this company, the alleged trust:

Now, if the duty were removed absolutely from sugar, could we produce either cane or beets in this country?

Mr. Heike's answer was:

I doubt it very much.

Mr. Fordney—Then that—free sugar—would destroy absolutely the industry in this country?

Mr. Heike—Yes.

Mr. Fordney—And you would approve of that?

Mr. Heike—Yes.

In this same hearing, Congressman Hinds asked Claus A. Spreckles, the sugar king, this question:

In other words, perhaps, you would take the tariff all off of sugar, would you not, and have free trade?

Mr. Spreckles—I would have free trade.

The record of this hearing should make very interesting reading for Chairman Underwood, as he urges the democratic bill for free sugar on the ground that it will deal a blow to the trust and benefit the small producer and consumer. Down in New Orleans the other day a mass meeting, which the Picayune says, comprised "all elements of the community, packed a large hall to protest against the Underwood bill, on the ground that, if passed, it would destroy the sugar business of that state, which constituted 40 per cent of its agricultural production. Surely there can be no politics in Louisiana's fight with the Alabama congressman and his democratic colleagues.

Who, then, wishes the tariff removed from sugar? Not the cane growers of the south, says the New Orleans Picayune. Not the beet growers of the west, says the Denver Republican. They, too, would suffer. Ah, here is the answer in this house record of last year:

"I do," says Claus Spreckles, and "I do," says Charles R. Heike.

Does the consumer of sugar think that Messrs. Spreckles and Heike wish the tariff removed from sugar in order that they, out of the goodness of their hearts, might reduce the price of sugar?

Chairman Underwood has a sweet mess on his hands in promulgating his presidential campaign on a free sugar platform.

That Alaskan Railway.

A new coaling station in the Pacific ocean for American ships is one of the large advantages to be derived from the plan of Secretary Fisher for completing a railway from Resurrection bay back to the rich coal fields of Alaska. But that is only one of the advantages among the many. Another one greater by far than this would be the advancement toward Alaskan development that would follow from this as the opening wedge. Not only would the building of this railroad drive a vigorous probe into the vast coal mines, as yet untapped, but it would, as is the history of all pioneer railroads, open up the path to agricultural development and other industries. And this is exactly what the president and secretary of the interior are counting on in urging this plan.

The United States has too great a need for the coal, to say nothing of other Alaskan resources, longer to endure delay in getting at this maiden fuel. And if it is ever to develop Alaska, it should begin now. That is why the country is so insistent in urging action by congress and it is astonishing that even from the standpoint of political expediency that body does not respond to the demand.

Secretary Fisher's proposal, approved by the president, of transferring the workmen and equipment used in building the Panama canal to this work in Alaska—when the canal is completed—suggests the possibilities of the government maintaining a permanent construction force. It has a vast amount of new work to be done and could, no doubt, employ such an army of workmen for years continuously. And from the wages paid on the Panama canal and doubtless to be paid in Alaska, the service will prove very desirable and profitable for the men. The next ten years is sure to see tremendous development in Alaska, as well as in our own northwest states, where the government's reclamation department has so much ahead of it.

When the cell house burned at the penitentiary some dozen years ago The Bee urged vigorously that the whole institution be relocated and rebuilt at some other point in the state better adapted to the purpose. That was good advice then, and it may still be good advice for the next legislature to act on.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner, in big, black type, calls upon the democrats in selecting delegates to their national convention to "put none but the faithful on guard." That is quite safe. But will Mr. Bryan here in Nebraska publicly list those aspirants who are "unfaithful?"

President Taft says he welcomes the direct primary wherever surrounded by the proper legal safeguards. It should be distinctly understood no primary is surrounded by proper safeguards that permits democrats to choose nominees for republicans or vice versa.

North Dakota votes today, the first of the presidential preference primary states. The expectation, however, that the result there will be controlling in other states is likely to be disappointed.

For many years The Bee has endeavored to persuade the good people of Lincoln that a penitentiary in close proximity is not a desirable asset for their city. We have no doubt more of them are now to our way of thinking than ever before.

Resenting Interference.
Chicago News.

While an express messenger is not specifically hired to kill train robbers, it is all right for him to do so if they interfere with his work.

An Unassailable Position.
Indianapolis News.

In other words, President Taft takes the unassailable position that Mexico is none of our business, and that if the Texans know what's good for them they won't butt in.

Four Others to Hear From.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are four other explorers wandering about the southern circumpolar region, and when the world hears from them it will be seen whether or not it is all an Alphonse and Gaston affair.

'Fessed Up.
St. Paul Dispatch.

Andrew Carnegie says he contributed to the fund to pay the expenses connected with Colonel Roosevelt's African hunting expedition. He probably would be willing to put up again if the colonel would leave soon.

Old Reliable Joy Maker.
Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Why is it when everybody is feeling blue about the cost of living and the unduly lengthened winter any old newspaper can put a grin on the public face and a bunch of joy in the public heart merely by printing a little story to the effect that Pierpont Morgan has been stung again by a European curio dealer?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

March 19.

Thirty Years Ago—

Rev. T. O'Connell has just received a unanimous call at the St. James' church at Fremont at a salary of $1,000 per annum and a parsonage. He was instituted as rector by Bishop Clarkson, assisted by Rev. Canon Doherty and other clergy of the diocese.

The basement of Trinity cathedral will be completed in time for Easter services.

The North Presbyterian church's new edifice on Saunders street is enclosed and will soon be ready for occupancy.

For two days there have been no overland passengers in from the west. A snowslide on the Central Pacific is the trouble.

The street lamps are at last all painted with the street names and numbers. The work is very artistic and was done by C. J. Emery under a special contract with the city council.

The "International," a hotel car formerly run on the Northwestern, passed through the city to bring back Baron Struve and party, the Russian minister to the United States, whose destination is Washington, D. C.

A damp day made it a peaceful Sabbath among the troops camping at the dump.

Rev. W. E. Copeland preached at Unitarian chapel on the subject, "The New Society, or Golden Age," dealing with the labor troubles.

Rev. John Williams at St. Barnabas' church also found a local text, preaching on the "Cause Of and Remedy for Strikes."

A good pastry and meat cook is wanted immediately at the Niagara house on Tenth street between Farnam and Douglas streets.

Twenty Years Ago—

John S. Prince arrived from New York to pull off a tug-of-war tournament.

Madam Wallace returned home from the center of fashion east after a month's visit.

Mrs. W. B. Taylor returned from Lincoln, where she visited relatives.

There was an exciting time in court when Judge Cunningham R. Scott was hearing the case of the state against Moriarty, when the attorney, T. J. Mahoney for the state and W. J. Clair and Bliss Cobb for the defense, got into a controversy. The upshot of it was that the judge sent Attorneys Cobb and Clair to jail for one day.

The first of a course of lectures on "Our Country" under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association, was given by Edward Rosewater. His subject was "The Star of Empire, or a Greater West." President A. P. Tukey, in introducing Mr. Rosewater said that no man in the entire west was better fitted to discuss this question.

General John M. Palmer, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was entertained at Continental hall by the Grand Army men of Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs. Captain Robert S. Wilcox was master of ceremonies and after General Palmer had spoken General John R. Brooke made an address. John M. Thurston concluded the program.

Ten Years Ago—

J. I. Fruehauf, 65 years of age, an old-time resident of Omaha, died at his home, 813 Twenty-first street, at 3 a. m. of heart disease. He was the proprietor of the news store at 330 South Sixteenth street and had been in business in this city since 1867. He left a widow and three children.

M. C. Peters of the Bemis-Omaha Bag company announced that work would begin on the company's additional building May 1.

Councilman Trostler of the Ninth ward was congratulating himself on the passage of the Saddle creek sewer and roadway ordinance.

A disastrous fire occurred at Benson about 5 o'clock in the morning, resulting in a loss of about $3,000. The fire originated in the second story of a large barn owned by Joe Camenzind, a dairyman.

Judge Dickinson of the district court returned from Burt county, where he was to have held court, but when he got there he found that all of the attorneys had gone over to Washington county en masse for a hearing before Judge Keysor.

People Talked About

Mr. Amundsen turns from Antarctic achievements to commonplace culinary recipes and hands out the appetizing information that "dog meat is delicious" when one has an overripe hunger on.

By the will of Mrs. Elizabeth Stout Hart of Indianapolis an estate valued at $30,000 is to be used in establishing and maintaining "a home for respectable white old maids over 50 years of age."

A statistical sharp in the neighboring state of Iowa has discovered that only one college engagement out of eleven results in marriage. This puts colleges almost on an equality with summer resorts.

The Texas express messenger, Dave Trousdale, who precipitated two unexpected funerals, possesses the mental alertness and physical dexterity that would make him shine as a penitentiary warden.

In telegraphing to his wife that he had "handed him a wallop" and would "hand her one later." Mr. Fitzsimmons limited himself to ten words. He was wise in deciding that it would be ridiculous to waste tolls in such a matter.

Daniel Burpee of Jacksonville, Me., sold last week what is said to be the record barrel of potatoes among the winter's sales in the state. The barrel contained 180 potatoes of a total weight of 165 pounds. The selling price was $2.58.

Porfirio Diaz, ex-president of Mexico, is reported to have visited a palmist who told him that he would live fifteen years and would again rule over Mexico. Diaz, who is at Monte Carlo, is alleged to have been deeply impressed with the prediction.

Dr. William R. Brooks, director of Smith observatory and professor of astronomy in Hobart college at Geneva, N. Y., has been awarded the comet medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific for his discovery of the Brooks comet of 1911.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago wants an assistant, one strong enough to do the office work while the mayor welcomes conventions and talks at banquets. If the mayor is unable to pull off both jobs at the same time, escape from the standpat camp is well night hopeless.

The Bee's Letter Box

Another Hole in the Doughnut.

OMAHA, March 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is quite a controversy among some of the taxpayers on Walnut Hill to know where the city council and the park board get their authority to fill up that hole in Dundee for a boulevard with Omaha taxpayers' money. We think we have enough holes in Omaha that need filling up without going to Dundee.

TAXPAYER.

Defining the Issues.

OMAHA, March 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is highly gratifying to me, as it is to a number of republicans of my acquaintance, to see The Bee's attitude in support of the renomination of President Taft and the support your paper is giving the president and his recent and unusually important public utterances.

The men I talk with stand firmly with the president and members of his cabinet in denunciations of the false doctrines known as the judicial recall, the initiative and the referendum.

In view of the fact that Mr. Taft has done his utmost to promote the policies of government for which Mr. Roosevelt stood when in the White House, and has been very successful in promoting them, it is difficult to see how there could be great variance as between the partisans of Roosevelt and those of Taft, who may find themselves members of the committee on resolutions in the national convention. I take it that they will nearly all concur in what Mr. Taft has done, and to me it seems quite likely that about the only point of difference will relate to those three socialistic heresies—the judicial recall, the initiative and the referendum. Mr. Roosevelt having declared himself partially, if not wholly, committed to those alleged doctrines, and President Taft having flatly expressed his opposition thereto, isn't it reasonable to suppose that the factional leaders of our party in Nebraska will join these issues ultimately and divide their strength upon the questions concerning them? That being the case, the campaign would at once take shape in Nebraska and those questions must inevitably be carried over into the campaign after the primaries. This is likely because of the pending constitutional amendment in this state, submitted to the people by a democratic legislature, intended to provide a new method of making laws at the ballot box as distinguished from legislative enactments.

When this is done, I think it is a fair prediction that the voters will divide, for the most part, on those issues, regardless of the tariff and other questions of party policy. Therefore I think that many of the republican candidates for office will find it expedient to follow the Taft leadership in respect to the three questions above enumerated, and that the democratic candidates in this state may be expected to follow the lead of Mr. Bryan and his democratic legislature in respect to the issues involved in the constitutional amendment pending.

Let me venture the opinion that republicans can await the outcome of such issues with entire complacency.

J. B. HAYNES.

POLITICAL SNAPSHOTS.

Sioux City Journal: The resourceful Roosevelt will now undertake to hit the Wall street vote and the wild west vote with the same stone. Gather round, fellows, it's going to be worth seeing, whether he makes it or not.

Chicago Record-Herald: Champ Clark expresses the opinion that the worst thing about congress is the unwillingness of congressmen to report for duty. Champ must be one of those old-fashioned people who think a public servant should occasionally serve the public.

Baltimore American: The worst that can be said about President Taft is that he is a poor politician—and that unquestionably is to his credit. Mr. Roosevelt on the other hand is by his own confession a practical man in politics, which is to say a past-master at the art of intrigue to gain a private or personal advantage.

New York World: We regret to find the Helena (Mont.) Independent referring to him as "Joe" Dixon, bitterly denouncing him as a corporation-elected senator and charging that he voted 126 times with Aldrich on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. What matters it how he was elected or how he voted? His feet are firmly planted upon the Columbus speech and his head glitters through the clouds that play about the Outlook office. He is helping the colonel save them from the horrors of the constitution. Let the dead past bury its dead.

Confounded by Himself.
Springfield Republican.

The moment Colonel Roosevelt admitted that his delicate sensibilities were shocked by Congressman McKinley's reference to "changes in the rules of the game while the game is in progress," it was certain that the colonel would be confounded by the examples of similar or identical language out of his own mouth. In his famous Ossawatomie speech he said: "When I say that I am for the square deal I mean not merely that I am for fair play under the present rules of the game, but that I stand for having those rules changed."

Handy Tool in Emergency.
St. Louis Republic.

Hereafter we assume that all express cars will be equipped with handy mallets for emergency use. The mallet appears to be the very thing to thwart a train robbery and it is so simple as to cause wonder that nobody had thought of it before. When the robber enters and draws his revolver, the messenger is merely to hit him on the head. The mallet requires nothing whatever but a good messenger behind it.

Putting it on Moses.
New York Times.

It is known that Senator Sherman wrote very little of his celebrated anti-trust act. Senator Edmunds wrote a good deal of it, various hands contributed the rest. But now comes into court United States District Attorney Wise declaring that it all comes from the Mosaic law. Henceforth let it be known, therefore, as the Moses-Sherman anti-trust act.

Something of a Solar Plexus.
Sioux City Journal.

Representative Campbell's reference to the mob's recall of Pontius Pilate's decision was dismissed by the colonel with the remark that it was in bad taste and needed no discussion by him. Presumably the colonel thought it over at some length and this was the best answer he could think up.

SUNNY GEMS.

"I suppose you regard all your display of eloquence as beneficial to the cause."

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "to be candid, that eloquence isn't so much for the cause as for the effect."—Washington Star.

Visitor—You remember me, don't you, little man?

Bobby—Course I do. You're the same man pa brought home last summer an' ma got so mad about it she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."—Boston Transcript.

Wife—You know that Mrs. Newcomb moved in down the street Monday, so I called today.

Hub—Well, well! How like poker this "social game" is.

Wife—How do you mean?

Hub—Why, in poker you also call when you want to see what the other person has.—Baltimore American.

"Saw two famous bad men come together during my trip west."

"Both killed?"

"Nobody killed. You can't talk a man to death."—Kansas City Journal.

Gink—Do you believe in signs?

Dink—Not as a rule, but I saw one yesterday on Eighth street that appealed to me.

Gink—What was it?

Dink—"Ice Cream Sodas, 5c. Doctor's Advice Free!"—Philadelphia Record.

"A man makes a mistake when he tries to obtain something for nothing."

"True," replied Senator Sorghum, "and yet some people expect us to go ahead and get elected without a campaign fund."—Washington Star.

All the king's horses and all the king's men were trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again.

"Why not use the same method Roosevelt does for his broken word?" we suggested.—Chicago Tribune.

Miller—Just as Millet and the widow started up the aisle to the altar, every light in the church went out.

Mumford—What did the couple do then?

Miller—Kept on going. The widow knew the way.—Judge.

Mother—I really think you'd be happier if you married a man who had less money.

Daughter—Don't worry, mother; he will have less in a very short time.—Boston Transcript.

"I say, mister," said the cadaverous man, entering the telegraph office, "could you trust me for a telegram I want to send my wife? I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Sorry, sir," said the operator, "but we are terribly rushed these days and there isn't a tick in the office that isn't working overtime as it is."—Harper's Weekly.

Louise—Clasping me in his arms he murmured: "At last—the time, the place, the girl."

Julia—And was there nothing lacking?

Louise—Yes—a witness.—Life.

Hallroom—What made Mrs. Bumgrub glare at you so at the dinner table?

Backroom—She asked me to pass her the lemon butter and I handed her the oleomargarine.—Judge.

Clara—I've been looking into Jack's life, and I'm awfully disappointed.

Mary—Why?

Clara—My worst suspicions are unfounded.—Satire.

THE OLD SUBSCRIBER.

W. J. Lampton in New York Times.

The old subscriber was talking
About the paper he read—
For years he had been reading,
And this is what he said:
"It's like a friend that comes around
Day after day to tell
What's going on that I don't know,
And couldn't very well
Unless it did, and when by chance
I miss it for a day,
For papers, like some other things,
Sometimes will go astray,
I feel as though I'd missed a meal,
Or didn't know just what
It was that wasn't going right,
Or hadn't reached the spot.
But when I get it, down I set
And go for all the news
Of markets, politics and crime
And matrimonial stews,
And base ball and the other sports,
And advertisements, too,
And churches and society—
And when I've read them through,
By heck, now don't you laugh at me,
I read them poet things,
That like the kittle on the stove
Gets warm before it sings.
Sometimes they splutter up a bit,
Sometimes they ain't so bad,
Sometimes they don't have anything
I kinder wish they had;
Sometimes they hit the very spot,
Sometimes they make me cry,
Sometimes they make me laugh out loud
And sometimes on the sly,
But, good or bad, I read them all
And when they don't fit me,
I have a feel that somewhere else
Somebody else can see
What ain't quite plain to what I sense.
But anyhow it's clear
The good Lord knowed His business when
He sent them poets here.
That's what I think and feel and say,
And you may laugh at me,
But mebbe you had better laugh
Somewhere where I can't see."