

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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FEBRUARY CIRCULATION
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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.

Do the people rule in North Dakota?
Wait for the big primary and the eight-foot ballot.

"Let the people rule, provided they rule as they wish."—W. J. B.

To be a real booster quality at once as a member of the Commercial club.

Where does Colonel Watterston's Star-Eyed Goddess figure in this campaign?

They have almost succeeded in rounding up all the Virginia recallers of judges.

Being publicity man of the Roosevelt campaign ought to be the biggest snap of all.

Thus far few newspaper men have protested against the proposed income tax bill on personal grounds.

The secretary of state "suggests" to county clerks that they violate the plain provisions of the primary law.

Mr. Bryan has taken to making his reports in the third person. Going to act like a president, even if he is not.

After luring the groundhog out of his hole, the weather man may be expected to try his blandishments on the grand jury.

The life of the would-be councilman under the commission plan of city government nowadays is just one lousy slate after another.

For reformers objecting to machine methods, those Roosevelt fellows in Indiana seem to be pretty good political machinists themselves.

The next peace treaty should provide an arbitration board to settle disputes between the city treasurer's office and the city comptroller's office.

It seems that the supreme embodiment of nonpartisanship is a "slate" put up by nonpartisan politicians, and carefully "balanced" between the political parties.

The esteemed Outlook betrays its pride in the third-term race of a member of its staff, referring to the "newspapers" supporting him and the "organs" opposing him.

The world do, indeed, move. St. Louis is abandoning the old Four Courts and Springfield, Mo., is to appoint its court house, built in 1859, with a modern structure.

The Baltimore Sun opines that it may become necessary to be vaccinated before drinking milk. If the price of milk continues to rise, a cheaper way out may be found.

The textile workers of New England receive a general raise in wages. That is what they struck for. What expense and hardship might have been avoided if both sides had made mutual concessions in the first place.

Just suppose, if you can stretch your imagination that far, what our democratic friends would be saying if candidates for delegates to the republican national convention were publicly announcing that they would not be bound by the presidential preference instructions of the voters.

How it must make President Taft quake to think of going against the tattered front of democracy this fall, with Bryan, Harmon, Underwood, Wilson, Hearst, Gaynor, to say nothing of Bailey and Culberson and a few other less conspicuous partisans, to be formally united on every issue.

Who is Responsible?
According to Mr. Bryan, our democratic United States senator, G. M. Hitchcock, is now in "a conspiracy" with Wall street to give Governor Harmon the votes of the delegates from Nebraska in the Baltimore convention and is preparing to help assassinate the party and surrender it to "the interests."

But it is less than two years ago that Mr. Bryan was traveling up and down the state doing good for the same Senator Hitchcock and urging voters, irrespective of party, to cast their ballots for him.

Mr. Bryan knew as much three years ago about Senator Hitchcock, his personal proclivities and his political alliances as he does now, but evidently deemed it the safe thing to stand with him rather than bolt his nomination along with that of Dahlman for governor.

If Mr. Hitchcock's elevation to the senate has increased his political power and strengthened his arm to battle for Governor Harmon, Mr. Bryan has only himself to hold responsible for it.

No Monopoly of Good Men.
There will be slates and slates for the coming primary and election to choose councilmen to inaugurate Omaha's new commission plan of city government.

But no one of them will have a monopoly of good men. For the partisans of any "slate," no matter with what high sounding name it may be labeled, to pretend that it alone represents honesty and improvement in government and that all who withhold support from a particular combine of office-seekers is an enemy of good government, inspired with selfish motives and a greedy purpose, will not go down with thinking people.

Omaha's future is not going to rise or fall with those who proclaim their own lofty sentiments and lay claim to exclusive property in them. The same thing applies to so-called platform pledges. Promises of this kind acquire no sacredness because promulgated with a monogrammed endorsement which itself may need endorsement to pass current at par. Promises are good only as corroborated by personal records and create no issue where all subscribe to substantially the same thing. There is no monopoly of good men and there is no monopoly either of good intentions.

Well, Then, Settle It.
The president of the mine workers' union declines the proffer of outside assistance in settling the dispute between the miners and the employers, insisting that no issue exists between them that calls for extraneous intervention or that cannot be met by them. That is well. Why prolong the argument uselessly, then? Why not settle the dispute and let business take its course?

Can the mere suggestion by President Taft have had so wholesome an influence already as to bring both sides to their better senses on this proposition? Perhaps it has done no harm. We rather think this official is correct, that there is no demand at present for the government's aid, no issue that cannot be settled without it, and if the leaders on both sides will take their attentions off their own immediate interests long enough to place them upon the interests of the public, the consumers of coal, they will be even more convinced that they ought to get together and that promptly.

One Pennsylvania mine company has promised to raise its wages 10 per cent on April 1, and to treat with the miners as to other demands. If this company can afford to do that, acting independent of the others, why is it not possible for the remainder to reach some sort of an agreement? By no means should a strike be precipitated. The country is in no mood for it and will not endure it complacently.

Wireless Telephone.
Marconi says we shall not have to wait long for wireless telephones. He sees a line strung from New York to Chicago in the very near future. He sees another one a little later on reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then, no doubt, he will see a great system criss-crossing the continent from east to west and north to south.

For local and suburban service, the wire telephone is not likely any time soon to be supplanted by the wireless, we imagine, but for trans-continental service the present system is none too efficient and almost totally deficient in crossing the Rockies. The great Bell monopoly has not yet succeeded in establishing any practical connection between the Missouri river country and the Pacific coast, and it is doubtful if it ever will, though some efforts are being exerted in that direction now. It is quite possible that this field will have to be left for the wireless. Why should not the wireless occupy it? If wireless telegraphy is feasible over oceans, certainly it would be over mountains and great stretches of level territory.

Marconi believes that the wireless is the only feasible system for this larger communication; that it can be maintained at less expense and with better results than the wire lines. The very contemplation of this wonderful advance into the fields of science with a natural

secret revealed to us but yesterday. It seems, serves to remind this generation of the swift progress it is making. The telephone, itself, is a comparatively new device and yet before we finish stringing up its lines, we are overtaken by another method of long distance communication almost weird in its modernity.

Federal Parole Law.
A bill providing for a law to parole all federal prisoners who have served as much as fifteen years has passed one branch of congress and may pass the other. If it reaches the president it is to be hoped he will veto it.

There is no demand or need for such a law and this is an especially inopportune time to urge the proposition, in the light of recent events in two of our states. What this country needs more than a law to turn hardened criminals loose on society indiscriminately, is power of some sort that will tend to check outlawry and make punishment fit the crime. No public need would be served by a law which says to a criminal, no matter what he may have done, "When you have served fifteen years you may go."

"Love laughs at locksmiths," and crime grins at laws that propose soft compromises.

The primary law says that nominating petitions shall be incontestable after three days "if in apparent conformity with the provisions of this act." But how petitions bearing prima facie spurious and forged names can be in conformity with the law is not explained. No protest whatever should be necessary to impress the secretary of state with his duty to reject a fake petition any more than to reject one with a shortage of names.

Had it only been known that Secretary of State Taft would accept as valid a primary petition signed up by one man with the names of a lot of other men, it would have saved all the candidates time, trouble and money. It is much cheaper to manufacture a petition than to gather it through autograph collectors.

The Boston Transcript says the reception recently accorded President Taft in the Massachusetts state house was the most enthusiastic demonstration ever seen there. This item of news seems to have escaped the attention of certain other newspapers—three or four.

Cole Younger is lecturing in the south and boasts Minnesota habitually. He spent twenty-five years at Stillwater, so, perhaps, has a few stagnant ideas of the state.

"Let Mr. Taft cheer up now," exclaims the Kansas City Star. He's cheering the fast arriving delegates, and still they come.

Good Plier to Begin.
St. Paul Dispatch.
It costs \$200,000 a year to keep congress in session making laws. Why is not that a fine place to begin on reducing the high cost of Uncle Sam's living?

Writing and Explaining.
Chicago Tribune.
Woodrow Wilson continues to explain certain statements contained in his "History of the American People." Men who write histories will, after this, know how to get them read.

Boasting Parolees Post.
Indianapolis News.
The gentlemen of congress appear to be finding out that the parolee post project is a good deal more popular among their constituents than a few of their more eminent and noisier ones have led them to believe.

Breaking Up the Game.
Washington Post.
Representative Campbell is correct, of course, in saying that an appeal from the umpire to the common people in the bleachers would break up the game. But if the bleachers don't like the umpire, haven't they the inalienable right to lynch him if they can?

Price of Outraged Dignity.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The governor of Virginia has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the assassin who murdered a court room full of authorities and officials. How can assassins escape when a sovereign state arises in righteous wrath and puts such a price upon its outraged dignity?

Midsummer Exercise.
Baltimore American.
The call has been sent out for the destruction of the housefly. An expert estimates that a single energetic fly beginning in April can by September inflict five trillions of descendants upon the community. So the world will be divided between the two important rallying cries of universal peace and swatting the fly.

"A Good Deal in a Name."
New York Tribune.
Occasional readers of the sporting columns of the newspapers may have been rather surprised at accounts of a "pocket billiards" championship tournament held in this city in which the players seemed to be engaged in pocketing the balls, just as they used to do in continuous pool. The fact is that the term pool has been dropped because of its undesirable associations, and the term pocket billiards has been substituted. Another demonstration of the fact that there is a good deal in a name.

Drift in Kentucky.
Boston Transcript.
Captain Thomas J. Clark, a former officer of the army and a grandson of the great Henry, announces himself a supporter of President Taft, and thinks all Kentuckians should be grateful to him for breaking up the Tobacco trust and bringing independent buyers into the market, whereby the growers have been receiving more for their crops. "I consider Mr. Taft," he says, "to be the ablest man in public life today, and should any question of moment arise I deem him fully capable of meeting the situation as a true patriot and statesman."

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files
March 27.

Thirty Years Ago—
Announcement is made of the registration requirements for the coming city election. These are the registrars: First ward, Judge E. M. Stenberg; Second ward, Isaac S. Hascan; Third ward, A. Sorrell; Fourth ward, Colonel R. H. Wilbur; Fifth ward, Schuyler H. Walker; Sixth ward, C. C. Field.

County Clerk Baumer has enlarged his office staff by the addition of Mr. Al Morris, a new deputy.

It is estimated that the school census will show nearly 10,000 school children in Omaha.

One H. Ballou has resumed the practice of law and opened an office at No. 2 Union block.

The windows of the new Grand Central hotel are all in except the lower story, where both windows and doors are boarded up.

The work of lowering the Farnam street grade from Sixteenth street out and also lowering the grade of the new court house was begun today with a large force of tools and men.

Sherman Canfield returned from an extended absence from the city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McNamara and children left for Sterling, Colo., where Mrs. McNamara and the children will remain with her parents for some time.

Mr. L. Jankowski of the Union Pacific headquarters is back from a two weeks' visit to Denver and Pueblo.

A good girl for general housework is wanted by Mrs. R. H. Wilbur at 1208 Harvey street.

Ladies' fine kid shoes at \$1.50, misses' lace kid, 90 cents and other special bargains at Feeney & Connelly's, 511 North Sixteenth street.

Grace E. Van Camp, wife of C. L. Van Camp, died today. The funeral will take place at the residence of C. E. Estlin on South Eleventh street.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Hume, who left two weeks ago to visit friends in Ontario, was taken sick and died at Brantford.

Twenty Years Ago—
Washington hall was thronged at night with Bohemians celebrating the third centennial anniversary of the birth of Jan Amos Comenius (Comenius), the great Bohemian educator, reformer and patriot.

Thomas Capek, who introduced the speaker, stated that Governor Boyd was unable to be present, as he expected to be, and read a letter from the governor. Mr. Capek then introduced Edward Roosevelt, who made the principal address, taking for his subject, "The Bohemians." Singing and orchestra music was rendered in between the speeches. S. E. Letovsky directed this. Chancellor James H. Canfield of the University of Nebraska spoke on "John A. Comenius." Prof. Frank A. Fitzpatrick, superintendent of the Omaha public schools, had for his subject, "The Influence of Comenius on the American School." Rev. W. J. Harsha was to have spoken on "The Last Bishop of the Moravians," but gave way to Rev. John Pipal, who spoke in Bohemian.

Telegraph and telephone linemen labored hard all day to re-establish communication which had been destroyed over the wires by the storm of the day before.

Peter Hartman Sharp was buried at Prospect Hill cemetery. The funeral services were held at the home, on Douglas near Nineteenth street, under the direction of Rev. W. J. Harsha of the First Presbyterian church. A large number of friends attended. Mr. and Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Day sang. The pallbearers were Howard Kennedy, W. O. Maul, P. Wood, Dr. Dennis, John L. Kennedy, Clark McLean, C. K. Coustant, W. A. Darrow.

Ten Years Ago—
Judge Irving P. Baxter of the district court practically nullified between 200 and 300 grand jury indictments against slot machines by instructing a petit jury to bring in a verdict in a test case favorable to the defendant.

Around New York

Ripples on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

Colonel Roosevelt's Neighbors.
The electric atmosphere of politics infused into Colonel Roosevelt's editorial office in New York, snags and cracks and splinters among the most cordate and solemn surroundings—strange bedfellows he has. The Outlook occupies the seventh floor of the United Charities building, and the contributing editor grinds out his "hot stuff" between interviews. The colonel's office, says the survey, is bounded on the north by the Charity Organization society, on the east by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, on the south by the State Charities Aid association and on the west by the Children's Aid society. Its floor rests on the Russell Building, and its ceiling supports the School of Philanthropy.

At various fractional points of the compass it rubs elbows with the National Child Labor committee, the National Consumers' league, the State Board of Charities, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and other humane bodies of serious intention and adequate titles.

Two elevators once met all needs of the building nurses, the charity visitors, the bare-headed women in shawls taking up babies to the appropriate agency, the milk-hatted gentlemen coming to weekly board meetings. Now four are not enough.

"For to the dispensers and recipients of charity are added the progressive politicians of a continent. Broad-shouldered, slouch-hatted, big men make the elevator cables creak. Full thirty reporters and journalists come on the Roosevelt office days to interview the western governors and bosses who stand about in rings of their own clear aches, and to march into the contributing sanctum at the appointed hour. Meanwhile the hall is filled with camp stools to rest the feet of the waiting faithful, and to trip the feet of the hatless mothers.

Method in His Fervor.
One of C. W. Morse's acquaintances called a friend into his Wall street office the other day. He said that he wanted to show him something funny.

"Look at this," said he. "It is an engraved acknowledgment of Mr. Morse's thanks to those who sent him congratulatory letters and telegrams when he was released from the penitentiary at Atlanta."

"It didn't make a tremendous hit with the man to whom it was shown. He breezed hastily through some of the better known aspects of Mr. Morse's character, and predicted gloomily as to Mr. Morse's future."

"Don't talk that way," said the banker. "I don't like to hear people roast poor Charley like that."

The other fellow stared open-eyed. "That's funny," said he. "Morse said you out in the most cold-blooded manner possible. He double-crossed you, and then, to make it good, he triple-crossed you. He hit you just when you couldn't stand another blow, and he knew it. And now you're talking love and forgiveness for the man who lapped you. Is your head loose?"

"It is not," said the banker, decidedly. "Morse owes me \$500,000. Now that he's out of jail he may pay me back."

Some Good From Fire.
An apt illustration of the old saw about an ill wind came to light the other day when a curb broker announced that the Equitable fire had filled the pockets of one of his customers with money to burn.

On the morning of the fire the customer made up his mind to sell a number of shares of Standard Oil subsidiaries and proceeded down town to give the order to his broker. When he arrived he found that his stock was deep down under several hundred tons of smoldering ruins.

Although anxious to get rid of his holdings the customer was dissuaded from selling on delayed delivery, inasmuch as it was uncertain whether the stock would be a "good delivery," when exhumed. By the time the vaults were opened the stock was worth \$1,000 more than on the day of the fire. As the stock was unharmed, the owner ordered it sold.

Muscle for the Wicked.
Patrick A. Whitney, commissioner of correction, has decided that music should have a large part in the work of reforming youthful criminals, and he has accordingly directed the employment of a teacher of instrumental music at the city reformatory on Hart's Island. His order to this effect is endorsed by the aldermen in a resolution which says:

"Music is extremely beneficial in the Genoa scheme of social reform, for which this institution was founded, and is necessary as a part of the special reform work there. Furthermore, the beginners may practice on an island to their hearts' desire and annoy no one but themselves." Commissioner Whitney will offer the convicts an "optional course" of eighty instrumental music lessons this spring.

Feville of Broadway.
The late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans once said he'd rather stand on the exposed bridge of a battleship during a hot sea fight than to cross Broadway. His view cannot be considered extraordinary, when it is remembered that the battleships at Santiago didn't lose a single man, while 423 persons were killed and 2,004 wounded by automobiles, street cars and horse-drawn vehicles in the city last year. Only 76 men were killed in all the Indian wars from 1780 to 1812, a period of twenty-three years. The war of 1812 lasted four years and in that time only sixty-five officers and 1,25 men were killed on the American side. One can easily understand why the late admiral should have said that.

How to Absorb an Old Complexion.
A girl signing herself "Discouraged" writes she has "tried everything" for her "coarse, horrid, muddy complexion" and asks, "Is there no really effective remedy?"

Enclosing your complexion with stuff that comes out of jars and bottles is liable to make it worse. The surest way to banish a bad complexion is to remove it. Ordinary mercerized wax gets an ounce at your druggist's will do this. Apply at night like cold cream; wash off in the morning. The wax absorbs the old skin, revealing the clear, soft, healthy and beautiful skin underneath. Naturally all surface defects go, too, as pimples, blotches, liver spots, freckles and blackheads. The treatment causes no discomfort; no one can tell you are using it, the outside coming off so gradually.—Adv.

THE KNOCKER.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. Opportunity knocked at his door. Rapped and rapped, and then thumped some more.

But he was knocking his friends who had found success. "I knowed 'em," he growled, "when they had much less. And never a one of 'em earned a cent—Why, many's the time they were stuck for rent. I've knowed 'em, by Jinks! when they all enjoyed Corn beef an' their cuffs were celluloid; An' many an' many's the time. They've been right down to their last lone dime. But now, by crickey! they're rich an' cold; They've got all the cash that their hands can hold— They try to be friendly, but I can see it's just condescending they want to be 'To me!'"

And O, how he knocked as he thought of His friends had succeeded. Of then and Now He growled. He cited the fact that they started fair. That he had the chance that they had back there. And now they were cashing on brain and to you tonight.

"They're living in style that they don't deserve. An' never a 'em think that they've leaped to fame. Dabbern 'em! They ask folks to print their name! I'm just as good as the whole blamed bunch. But that's just the way that things goes; He livin' like them—an' it isn't right!" He scowled!

So opportunity knocked at his door. Rapped and rapped, and then thumped some more. That day. But he was so busy knocking, too. That what she was doing he never knew. He made so much noise that he could not hear. The summons she sent to his deafened ear. So opportunity shook her head And silently, softly, surely sped away.

No anxiety on Baking-day if you use Dr. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder. Insures light, sweet, wholesome food. A pure Cream of Tartar Powder. No Alum No Lime Phosphate.

Beginning in the April The New Serial SCRIBNER The Heart of the Hills by JOHN FOX, JR. Author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." A story of vivid contrasts. The people of the Mountains are brought in contact with the people of the Blue Grass. There are dramatic action and humorous incident, sentiment and pathos, something of political turmoil. It is a story near at hand in its people and interest—a picture of modern Kentucky. Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

Low Rates South APRIL 2 and 16 ROUND TRIP FARES FROM CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. St. Augustine, Fla. \$36.15. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 44.15. Ft. Myers, Fla. 35.85. West Palm Beach, Fla. 42.90. Key West, Fla. 35.50. Deland, Fla. 36.50. Bay Minette, Ala. 30.00. Panama City, Fla. 35.00. New Orleans, La. 30.00. Mobile, Ala. 30.00. Hilliard, Va. 33.75. Tazewell, Va. 36.50. Tazewell, Va. 36.50. Miami, Fla. 44.90. Orlando, Fla. 36.50. Tampa, Fla. 36.50. Pensacola, Fla. 30.00. DuFauk Springs, Fla. 31.75. Marianna, Fla. 31.75. Blvd., Fla. 30.00. Gulfport, Miss. 30.00. Greenville, Ala. 28.45. Espronse, Ala. 29.55.