THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulating manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, for the month of April, 1912, was 50,109.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 2nd day of May, 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.

Folks can almost hear the June bugs buzz.

"Color Line at the Bar." Not the bar of judgment.

The musicians are coming. Let Omaha attune her ears.

That safe and sane Fourth of July should commence in June.

Little Cuba could not stand it longer for Mexico to get all the limelight.

Not a bullet has passed over the line since that ultimatum reached Mexico.

Are the Teddy bear manufacturers finding interest in current politics these days?

It will have to be someone else than Jack Frost who knocks out our fruit crop this year.

No use guessing on what the democrats are going to do until the republicans do it first.

When that cross-country aeronaut drops in on us here he will find everything looking up.

Not until Emil Seidel was elected mayor of Milwaukee did the pompadour craze come back.

Every onte in a while Ty Cobb threatens to make Georgia the biggest state in the union.

Those university cadet insurrectos did not do anything very bad, but they had better not do it again.

It begins to look as if Kansas City might have a completed new depot before the end of the Hyde case.

To a layman up a tree it looks as if the Methodist church would soon be composed of none but bishops.

This country is up against the ordeal of getting along for a year without an order for two new battleships.

Registered auto numbers and the population count already seem to be running a fairly close race in Nebraska.

Before the next election rolls round Denver should organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to candidates.

The guaranteed dandelion extinguisher, like the device to heat a house in winter without fuel, is yet to be invented.

Omaha used to pride herself on being one of the best paved cities in the country. It is possible to regain that reputation.

Annexation talk is nonsense, says Cy Warman in his Canadian club address. He will have Champ Clark and Mike Lee after him.

The next thing our new commission plan councilmen should do is to fire the first appointive pie-biter caught grading or soldiering.

Fortunately, these great church conferences are all carefully scheduled to end in time to get out of the way for the big political conventions.

The senate report soft-pedals the fact when it says the life-saving apparatus of the Titanic was "pathetically" inadequate. "Criminally" is the word.

The national socialist platform denounces "violence as a weapon of the working classes." That will not hold such sons and daughters of rest as Doc Reitman and Emma Goldman, though.

The Publicity Side.

In nearly every city that has adopted the commission plan of government, and which claims great benefits accruing from it, it is admitted by those who want to be honest with themselves that the gains have come as much from favorable publicity as through greater efficiency and economic administration.

It goes without saying that the cities which adopted the commission plan first when it was new and novel succeeded in reaping a tremendous amount of free advertising, which those that come after can hardly hope for. The publicity side of it, however, is still one of the chief assets of the commission plan of city government, and if Omaha wants to get full returns on its latest venture in municipal government it must not neglect this aspect.

What must be impressed on our people is that it is not only the needed improvements and reforms accomplished that counts, but also success in making these achievements, so far as they are creditable, known to all men.

Just how this favorable publicity can, and should be, acquired for Omaha need not be discussed in detail here, but it should not be overlooked because an opportunity offers in the transitional period to open doors easily now which, if passed by, will be found tight shut a little later.

Home and Health.

Dr. Evans, the Chicago health expert, laid sound stress in his Omaha lectures upon the prime importance of healthful conditions in the home as the first essential to sanitary conditions outside the home, in the city at large.

While there is nothing unusual in such a statement, it is timely to have it called to our attention, for somehow people seem to be more indifferent to these little matter-of-fact things near at hand that form the commonest side of their lives than to anything else. It is not scientific to be clean and to maintain sanitary conditions. It is simply everyday common sense, and it is not a high commentary upon our popular intelligence that we as a people all over the country have waited for science to come along and rouse us to these simple facts.

But it is well to be roused. It is well to be told that sanitation, like charity, should begin at home, and it should begin with the child in its infancy. In Omaha infant mortality is not a menacing problem, although it seems that it is in Chicago, and also in New York and other large cities. The federal census shows that in 1910 8,497 babies under 2 years of age died in Chicago, and the Chicago Board of Health ventures the assertion that of this number 77 per cent, or 6,551, were unnecessary deaths. In other words, those little ones could easily have been saved by proper care and conditions. It is this condition which men like Dr. Evans have in mind when they direct attention to the supreme importance of clean, sanitary homes. And no home is so poor that it cannot be made wholesome and healthful.

How About the Sane Fourth?

What progress has been made in the country for a safe and sane Fourth since the last Independence day celebration? Did the American people forget their agitation as soon as they soaked the last lacerated finger in oil? This is surely a burning question, yet it does not seem to keep ablaze through the long winter months. It shrivels up even before the end of July. Right now is the time the agitation is usually renewed each year and it is continued until the Fourth comes along.

Still real progress and improvement have been made. The casualty list for 1911 showed very material reductions, showed that our agitation had not been in vain. Many of the largest cities, including the very largest, have adopted the safe and sane method of celebrating our anniversary of independence and doubtless many more will adopt it this year and legislatures as well as city councils are shaping tangible laws for its restriction. This is the only way the reform will ever become effective. It is to be hoped that greater progress will be shown this year and that soon the American people will entirely abandon the barbaric ways they have had of exulting in their freedom and independence.

Our Country.

Former Speaker Cannon has a sort of habit of reminding his colleagues in the house that the United States has an "annual production of thirty thousand millions of dollars, more than 90 per cent of which is consumed" by the people of the United States. It is a very commendable sort of habit at this time when so much unwarranted fear about the future of the country is being thoughtlessly mouthed.

This $30,000,000,000-production is more than one-third of the output of the civilized world. The staggering figures must make all Americans proud of their country, of the boundless resources and energy that make possible such a stupendous showing. Our population is a small fraction of the world, even our territory is but a path across one continent. Surely nothing serious can be the matter with our country so long as, in its infancy, it is turning out more than one-third of what the world produces.

A significant fact to remember, too, is that we are consuming 90 per cent of this stupendous output, having but 10 per cent to market abroad. We must increase the output, gigantic as it is, for soon the 90 per cent may not be enough for home consumption. Certainly 10 per cent is not excessive for the foreign trade of a nation like ours. But the American people are not indifferent to this situation, as they are evidencing in their work for greater efficiency, for industry and intensive agriculture for the farm. A nation as young as ours need not become apprehensive when it has but begun to scratch into its natural resources.

The American Nickname.

Americans are inveterate habitues of the nickname. They apply it to about everything and everybody. The president of the United States is not too big to escape. Our states and cities all have their nicknames. The boy from the time he is old enough to take his place in the middle of the dusty street with a dozen other juveniles goes by some other name than the one his parents gave him at his birth. It is a parody for everything. It is on the stage, in politics, business and sports.

What is the spirit? Not ridicule, not cynicism, not always a lack of respect. No people have more sane respect for their country and its rulers than the American people, but they are very practical about it. They are a happy, unworried, fast-going sort, upon whom the power of the vernacular is tremendous. But, more than that, Americans are an expressive people and vernacular phrases are decidedly so. They seem to have coined a new vehicle for their thoughts, a street language that is responsive to every demand and much more flexible and fluent than the mother tongue, from which, however, they never stray perilously far.

That our nickname habit and our vernacular have their attractions for others is shown by the readiness with which our friends from other countries, even the oriental, with his cumbersome and complicated lingo, adopt them. And yet what a refreshing relief it must be to some of these newcomers to get away from their native tongues and find expression in something even no more elegant than American slang!

Some Farm Figures.

While there were 624,130 more farms in the United States and 40,206,551 acres more of farming land under cultivation than in 1900, the percentage of increase in the number of farms and the total acreage was below the percentage of increase in population on the whole, or in the urban centers. Our back-to-the-farm movement, therefore, receives only partial stimulus from these statistics. The most encouraging fact is that the acreage of improved land in farms showed an increase of 15.4 per cent, which was greater than the other ratios and yet less than either the general or urban population gains, which were respectively 21 and 34.8 per cent. The rural population showed a gain of 11.2 per cent. Discouraging as this is in comparison with the others, it is even worse than it appears, for in "rural" population is included the entire population outside of incorporated places, comprising New England "towns" of 2,500 or more inhabitants.

There is nothing in these figures to give any false hopes to the countryside movement. It will take simply stern and persistent pushing to turn the tide of migration toward the country, whither it should, for every economic and many social reasons, drift.

If the people would only study this subject they would readily understand the financial advantages, to say nothing of others, in going on the land. In spite of the small land increase just cited, the value of all farm property in the United States in those ten years increased 80.9 per cent. That sets at rest any doubt as to the profitableness in returning to the land.

Schwab for a Carnegie Medal.

Charles M. Schwab has just rescued a friend and business associate from what the emotional scribe would call a watery grave. While both were out fishing the friend landed a whopper. The whopper caught in a tree. The friend of Mr. Schwab shinned up the tree for the fish. The limb on which he was climbing gave way and he fell into the water. The water was deep. Mr. Schwab was on the bank, dressed, and not seeking a cold plunge. But, without hesitating, Schwab plunged in and saved his friend's life at the peril of his own.

Now, Mr. Carnegie may not approve everything that Mr. Schwab has done in the steel business, but we submit that the Laird of Skibo owes Schwab one of the best gold medals he has in stock, and none of these plated things, either. Hoot mon, gi' him noon o' thot! No professional jealousies should be permitted to deprive the hero, Schwab, of his just reward. Mr. Carnegie may chuckle to himself over how he got the better of his friend, Rockefeller, to the tune of a few dozen millions in that iron ore deal, but he should not laugh at Charlie Schwab and deny him the reward of his valor just because he has it in his power to do so.

Mr. Schwab has earned a hero medal and ought to have it. And it must not be a bronze, gold-washed affair; not steel, but pure gold, if heroism among steel kings is to be properly encouraged.

Convention Procedure.

While current interest in the approaching national president-nominating conventions is almost at white heat, it is plain that many erroneous impressions are prevalent as to convention procedure and methods. All these conventions are delegate conventions; that is, made up of delegates acting in their representative capacity, in contradistinction to a mass convention in which everyone who attends may participate. To insure an orderly assemblage with a definite membership from the outset it is necessary to have a temporary roll of delegates who are entitled prima facie to seats. The only body duly authorized to act for the whole party in making up this temporary roll is the national committee, which must pass in first instance upon all credentials presented. Where there are more claimants than the number apportioned to any state or district it devolves upon the committee to determine as between them which shall go upon the temporary roll, and that roll when completed becomes the groundwork for the temporary organization of the convention.

In order that things may not be left to go at haphazard the custom has grown up for the committees of the parties respectively to select some capable and distinguished party leader to be recommended to the convention for its temporary chairman, although it always remains for the convention to accept that recommendation or to substitute another. If a question is raised upon the temporary organization the will of the convention is taken by roll call, and the roll call is the temporary roll made up by the national committee. The choice of the convention is then installed as temporary chairman, which position he holds until the permanent organization is effected, over which he may, or may not, be retained to preside.

This is the procedure that has been evolved by our party system for the organization of political conventions, and it is the procedure which will be followed substantially without variation both at Chicago and Baltimore.

Is this lack of ministerial supply due to a lack of zeal on the part of parents to urge their sons to prepare for the ministry? Or does not the sacred calling attract the parents as much as the more lucrative fields of worldly occupation?

Mr. Bryan now wants it distinctly understood that he has differed with the democrats in congress on only minor details and that nothing stands in the way of him endorsing all that they have done or omitted to do.

Colonel Roosevelt, it is admitted, likes milk so well that he often gets away with four or five cups of it at a meal. The colonel thus lays himself open to being called a molly-coddle—unless it is buttermilk.

Omaha taxpayers are still paying 4½ per cent interest on $7,000,000 deposited in banks that pay only 2 per cent in return, to say nothing of the $175,000 rake-off on the secret sale of the bonds.

Look around at the buildings of all kinds under construction and you stay-at-home may be impressed as much as the visiting stranger how noticeably Omaha is growing.

According to "the attorney for the defense," the Coffee trust has not done anything punishable in this trust suit. That's what all the other trusts also said.

The Commoner declares that but one reactionary was elected as a delegate from Nebraska to the Baltimore convention. Wonder who that one can be!

High Lonesomes.
New York Sun.

About the only uncontested seats at the Chicago convention seem to be those allotted to the press.

Whither Joy Beckons.
St. Louis Republic.

In the midst of base ball strikes, wild-eyed politics and the beginning of hot weather the school picnic should not be forgotten. It is the sanest thing of them all.

A Fourth Helping.
Wall Street Journal.

Like Disraeli's description of a second marriage as "the triumph of hope over experience," to Bryan's imagination a fourth nomination wipes away all humiliating memories.

The Ruction in Cuba.
Springfield Republican.

Whether or not the armed uprising in Cuba proves formidable, it serves to remind us that a presidential campaign has begun there as well as in the United States. President Gomez's present term expires on January 24 next. The trouble over the succession in Cuba, on the whole, seems rather quiet and ladylike compared with our own, but there are ample possibilities ahead. It may prove a turbulent season in both countries.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

MAY 26.

Thirty Years Ago—

Rain interfered with the shooting tournament, but the events were pulled off none the less.

For the Decoration day celebration next Tuesday the orator of the day will be Hon. James W. Savage, and the fire department has agreed to join in the parade, for which the Ninth infantry band has also promised to head the troops from the barracks, together with General Crook and his staff.

The young people of the Lutheran church held a social at the residence of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Stelling, at the southwest corner of Seventh and Howard streets.

A surprise was given G. A. Wilcox at Cruickshank & Co.'s by fifteen of the clerks, who proceeded to his residence at Twenty-fifth and Capitol avenue and presented him with a set of Waverly novels as a birthday gift.

The ladies of the Omaha Turnverein gave a farewell party to Misses Mary and Carrie Lang, about to start on a visit to New York City.

Charles H. Dickey, brother of J. J. Dickey, will soon visit Omaha, coming from the Sandwich Islands on his way to his old home in Ottawa, Ill.

Misses Jennie Dellone and Sadie Riley have gone to Nebraska City to visit Miss Frances Butler for a week.

Twenty Years Ago—

The Methodist general conference, in session since May 2, closed its deliberations and the delegates began to scatter for their homes. A published card of thanks for the hospitality of the city was signed in behalf of the conference by Bishop John P. Newman of Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Snyder announced the birth of a daughter.

Articles of agreement were signed in Omaha for a fight between Denny Daly of Omaha and J. W. Dempsey of San Francisco in Omaha, June 17. Daly would enter the ring at 115 and Dempsey at 128.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Thompson left for a trip through the northwest, including all points of principal interest. Mrs. Thompson planned on spending the summer at Madison, Wis.

Friends of Miss Alda Mills tendered her a delightful surprise. Meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams on Farnam street, they went in a body to Miss Mills' home on Fortieth. Those in the group were Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Miss Pearl Hartman, Miss Alda Parker, Miss Emma Free, Miss Cad Johnson, Mr. George Lawrence, Mr. Arthur Robinson, Mr. Dettz, Mr. Gould, Mr. Robert Weir, Mr. Norman Kennedy, Mr. Lot Johnson, Mr. Will Clark and Mr. Loudon Charlton.

Several Omaha men, including R. W. Patrick, G. M. Hitchcock and Augustus Kountze, were eye witnesses in Lincoln to the shooting of a prominent bank president of that city by a Salt Lake man, who declared he sought revenge for the despoiling of his home.

Ten Years Ago—

W. G. Sears of Tekamah, speaker of the Nebraska house of representatives, was the principal speaker at the Ak-Sar-Ben feed on the occasion of Nebraska editors' night.

With Frank Owen pitching and Jack Thomas catching, Omaha shut out Colorado Springs, 8 to 0. Owen let down the Millionaires with three hits. George Stone, who succeeded Tom Fleming in the outfield, made three hits, as did also old Joe Dolan.

Standing room was at a premium at the North Omaha Improvement club's meeting at Magnolia hall, Twenty-fourth street and Ames avenue. The program included vocal solos by Herbert Deeming, Miss Hooper and Mrs. Granton; a piano solo by Mrs. Rockwell; a recitation by Miss Kimball; trio, violin, cello and piano by Messrs. Franta and Cook and Miss Hancock and a selection by Prof. Croft's orchestra. A vote of thanks was extended to President W. A. Hanson for the entertainment and refreshments.

The Swedish-American Republican league held a meeting at the Swedish library and elected these officers: President, J. L. Jacobson; vice-presidents, Fred Fiodman and A. J. Coleson; secretary, W. P. Swanson; assistant secretary, E. L. Gustavson; treasurer, Gust Hamel.

George W. Lininger delivered an illustrated address to a large gathering at Masonic temple, escorting them through the Holy land, a journey he had but recently actually made.

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT.

Indianapolis News: There's one thing those Methodist candidates for bishop can be thankful for, anyhow, and that is that they don't have to go up against a preferential primary.

Washington Herald: Seven tons of Bibles in Spanish and Portuguese have just been shipped to South America by the South American Bible society. We have always thought our little brothers down there a gay lot, but we did not expect that things were quite so bad.

San Francisco Chronicle: It is not at all creditable to the church organizations of this country that they should exhibit lukewarmness in the matter of the peace propaganda. If the Christian world would live up to the teachings of the Christian gospels, or even strenuously insist upon their being adhered to as nearly as possible, the problem of disarmament would soon be solved. What is the matter with the preachers? Why don't they preach peace and demand that the armies and navies which make its maintenance impossible be curtailed and finally abolished?

Philadelphia Record: The Northern Presbyterian church is invading the jurisdiction of the Southern Presbyterian church. It is now holding its general assembly in Louisville, and has selected Atlanta as the place of meeting next year. The two bodies will eventually unite, though the result would be an inconveniently large assembly unless the unit of representation were reduced. They have the same church polity and the same belief, and are kept apart only by recollections of the exciting times of the slavery controversy and the civil war, supplemented by the fact that "modernism in theology" is rather more common in the north than in the south.

Cause of Peace Muffled.
Indianapolis News.

The defense committee of the Russian duma has agreed to the expenditure of $251,000,000 on the navy, and Germany is expecting to spend $24,250,000 this year, $31,750,000 next year and $28,500,000 yearly thereafter in a similar manner. Thus does the cause of international peace advance.

People and Events

It is said that F. W. Judson never takes a vacation. He is so busy managing the extensive business of the Midland Glass and Paint company that, paradoxical as it may seem, he finds his recreation in his work. However, he deviated from this rule recently, when he took an active part in nominating Howard H. Baldrige for congress. F. W. says he derived a great deal of pleasure out of this.

For a day or two the New Jersey mosquito may continue in the pursuit of happiness unmolested. All energies are centered on swatting voters.

Cheery members of the Methodist fold, even though dented the gaiety of the dance and the theater, may find compensation for the loss in Bishop Homer Stuntz.

Accident insurance agents never lack lessons while fate plays the game. Harry Day of North Adams, Mass., worked at the perilous trade of steeplejack for ten years without ever sustaining an accident. Last week he fell off a curbing a foot high and broke his right ankle.

While shooting around "the enemy's country," gaping at the forest of skyscrapers, Colonel Stanley O'Bannon of New Jersey had his pockets picked of $18. Colonel O'Bannon is one of Colonel Bryan's many doubles, but the resemblance did not restore the money.

Former Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania was handed an $8,000 job by the governor the other day. In honor of the event a celebration was pulled off and Pennypacker cut loose with a series of lamentations on the "degeneracy of the times" that, by comparison, makes Jeremiah's sobful epic a picnic ragtime. Pennypacker did not decline the job, however.

The present Dalai Lama of Thibet is 37 years old and is learned in Sanskrit, Thibetan and Pali. He is said to be very devout in the exercise of his priestly functions. Rising between 3 and 4 a. m., he devotes the major portion of his time to his prayers. On an average he sleeps five hours out of the twenty-four. He is said to be passionately fond of animals, particularly of dogs.

With much plausibility and force it is argued that elderly plutes with young wives would conserve epitaphy by leaving their estates to the widows without restrictions as to remarriage. Thus the new husband, having annexed a good thing and leisure to enjoy it, would express his gratitude cheerily in glowing periods of epitaphy on bronze or marble. Besides, a chunk of cold comfort from a grateful successor helps to make one contented with the situation.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

He—You really should cultivate Mr. Goodman. He is looking for a wife.
She—But I am not a wife. Show me some man who is looking for a single woman.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Flipp—I wonder if my husband will love me when my hair is gray?
Her Friend—Of course he will. He's loved you through three shades of hair already.—Boston Transcript.

Husband (cheerily)—Well, love, have you had a pleasant day?
Wife—Oh, splendid! After I dressed the children and got them off, washed the dishes and made some pies, cleaned away the luncheon table and answered some letters, I still had time enough left to darn my stockings."—Harper's Bazar.

The Meat Eater—I see that the leader of the Paris motor bandit gang was a vegetarian.
The Vegetarian—Yes, and perhaps you noticed that he didn't fear death?
The Meat Eater—Can you blame him?
Then they clinched.

"Look heah, doctah; I've taken youah advice and tried to cantah round the pahk before breakfast, but it doesn't do my liyah a bit of good."
"Uh! I'm agraid the good effects of the canter before breakfast are counteracted by the bad effects of the de-canter after dinner."—London Tatler.

"For gracious sake! listen to that child yelling! What on earth is the matter?"
"That's Mrs. Scribble's boy. She's always whipping him because he interrupts her in the pieces she's writing for the papers about how to make home happy for the dear little ones."—Baltimore American.

THE LITTLE MIRACLES.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

I hollered for a miracle, I argued loud an' long;
I put th' case before 'em in some statements mighty strong;
I said 'twas no use talkin' if miracles was done
In other days, 'twas easy to show me only one!
I walked off might proudlike—an' smiled at th' perfume
That sort o' whispered to me from a lilac bush in bloom.

I set an' made 'em listen when I'd let 'em have their say;
I showed 'em by cold logick we are livin' in today.
We went clear back to Jonah, an' Moses an' the rock—
There was no claim that they made I couldn't set an' mock.
Then when a johnny-jump-up laughed at me from th' grass
I saw my twisted sperrit like in a lookin' glass.

I hollered for a miracle. I dared 'em just to show
One marvel like they talked about of long an' long ago.
An' then I saw th' orchard—last month all dead an' bare
An' now a sea o' blossoms that sanctify th' air!
Out yonder in th' medder lot th' dandylions blaze;
Th' tendrils o' th' grapevine reaches out a dozen ways.

I hollered for a miracle! An' right before my eyes
Is miracles as wonderful as when th' dead arise!
A tree alive with blossoms, a vine that shakes its leaves,
A swallow that can find its nest again below th' eaves!
I hollered for a miracle—there's one been worked with me,
For I was blind, but in a flash 'twas given me to see.