THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

Entered at Omaha Postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday Bee, one year.....$2.50
Saturday Bee, one year.....$1.50
Daily Bee (without Sunday) one year.$4.00
Daily Bee and Sunday, one year.....$6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening Bee (with Sunday), per mo...35c
Daily Bee (including Sunday), per mo...65c
Daily Bee (without Sunday), per mo...45c

Address all complaints or irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCES.

Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee building.
South Omaha—2318 N St.
Council Bluffs—75 Scott St.
Lincoln—26 Little building.
Chicago—1548 Marquette building.
Kansas City—Reliance building.
New York—34 West Thirty-third.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

APRIL CIRCULATION.

50,109

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 2d 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.

If you cannot be funny, try being sensible.

This is a great year to be a Nebraska farmer.

And always and ever Senator Cummins echoes, "coming."

"Oh, where is my wandering boy, tonight," still sings New Jersey.

Sioux City has a ball player named Million. He ought to bat at least .500.

Sending a wife beater to jail exalts him to the level of a common thief.

"Job" Harriman also has his troubles, some of which seem to be boiling.

Perhaps those New York hotel diners might find the self-help plan helpful.

Senator Kern would very naturally be an old-fashioned man with those whiskers.

"California Oil Gusher Catches Fire," says a headline. Flaming tongue in real life.

"Candy is good for children," says the Medical Journal. Gee, what kid did not know that?

These are the days the kids are thinking it is great to be a schoolboy—in vacation time.

At any rate, the contest in the United States has not as yet reached the phase of that in Belgium.

The open season for trouble lasts the year round, and the man who goes hunting for it always finds plenty of game.

The Hon. Tom Watson is still fighting Mr. Bryan. Tom Watson, why have you forgotten him? He was one of the tails to one of Mr. Bryan's kites.

Uncle Joe Cannon must be thinking how mild his licking was after all, as compared with what some others have since had from the same monitory hand.

It surely must have been sentiment that brought that troupe of comedians all the way from New York to Omaha. If you don't believe it, look at the price of seats.

"No bachelor or widower should be too much alone," says a learned man. They would cease being bachelors and widowers if they followed that advice, maybe.

A few days more than twenty years ago Senator Hansbrough predicted that James G. Blaine would be nominated on the first ballot, "and no mistake about it." And President Harrison was renominated.

Open sessions of the national committee to listen to the testimony in the contest cases ought to have the effect of making those contests less frequent in the future. In any event, it will give the public an opportunity to judge of the merits of the cases.

The new salary list for city employes is probably subject to further adjustment. After the plan has been a little further tested, it will be up to the commissioners to put a rating on the servants of the city according to actual rather than theoretical efficiency.

If the school board proposes to make a change in its executive officer, it ought to present some really weighty reason for so doing. The present incumbent has served for many years, and it will take some potent argument to convince the public that he has outlived his usefulness in the position.

Safe and Sane Fourth.

Omaha's characteristic sanity has asserted itself on the Fourth of July, as well as at other times, but as yet this city has not got entirely away from the noisy, unprofitable mode of celebrating that day. It has entered upon no definitely organized plan for what is commonly called a safe and sane Fourth. Might it not do so this year with great profit to all?

New York, Boston, Chicago and other larger cities have demonstrated the entire feasibility of a safe and sane Fourth, and the greatest propaganda over the country has shown how it serves to protect life, limb and property. Nothing of the spirit of our Independence day anniversary is lost by the new method of celebration, for the very good reason that very little if any of that spirit ever got into the form of celebration that depends upon unbridled pandemonium and reckless adventure.

Just now the Woman's club of Minneapolis is promoting the safe and sane Fourth for that city. It plans definitely laid out, showing what it proposes to do and what it is determined not to have done. Some organization in Omaha will have to get behind the movement to give it promising momentum.

Failure of Muckrake Magazines.

Wisdom of old laughed at the calamity of the scorners. So wisdom today must smile, even though in regret, at financial loss, every time one of the notorious muckrake magazines goes under, as several have. Those who have stemmed the tide have unlimited backing, but even they have modified their tones; they are less lurid, less garulous than they were.

Nobody can beat a muckraker sounding public opinion. He keeps his finger constantly on the people's pulse and the instant he detects a change for the better, shifts his cure-alls to suit the case. In the last few days another muckrake magazine has collapsed and gone out of business. It is not altogether commendable to laugh at anyone's misfortune, but if the good to the largest number is still to count for anything in casting up the results of fair play, then perhaps those lips that curl into a half smile at one corner are not to be twitted for heterodoxy. The muckraker has been consumed by its own lust. Worthy reforms do not need its advocacy. It is a mistake to say that this kind of publicity or agitation has helped; it has hurt. It has created false issues and obscured the truth, all for a price.

Babies Are Fashionable.

Babies are evidently coming into vogue again in the fashionable quarters of New York. In all Gotham last year 135,000 were born, a gain, for instance, over 1898 of 24.12 per cent, and statistics show that the aristocrats did their part in this humanitarian contribution to society.

So we have the pleasing consolation of knowing that all curtain lectures upon this delicate, yet vitally important topic, have not fallen upon dumb ears. Some cynic sniffles about the almost complete absence of new babies along Fifth avenue, which in times past, was another name for aristocracy. Not how, however. That once swell thoroughfare is now largely populated by boarders, of whom old maids and young bachels compose a large percentage.

How vain it is to knock, when one realizes not what one knocketh about.

High Prices and Staple Crops.

The cost of living is higher today than it has ever been in the history of America, except, possibly, during the civil war, according to the statement of expert economists. Whether any new and more lofty pinnacles are yet to be attained, we are not advised. We can only hope not, with little ground on which to base our faith.

And what is the cause? The question is still unanswered, in this and other countries. James J. Hill has been dinning it into our ears that one vital factor in the elevating range of prices is the failure of our production to keep pace with our consumption. Government census reports tend to confirm his theory.

In the ten years from 1899 to 1909 our production of corn, king of all cereals, increased not quite 4 per cent; oats, which has risen to such importance as a foodstuff, increased in production 19 per cent, while wheat actually fell off in output nearly 16 per cent.

Those figures tell their own tale. Such ratios must not continue if we are to solve this grave problem of the high cost of living. More farmers, and better methods of farming are the needs of the hour.

Uncle Jud is now face to face with the most serious of all his problems. If the unit rule is applied, a minority of the Ohio delegation to Baltimore will be forced to disregard the primary instructions. The adjustment of conditions so that the people may rule is not so easy as it looks.

When you credit yourself with that 20 per cent discount on your ice bill, remember it was The Bee that opposed the ice trust and by publicity forced the concession.

SCHOOL DAYS IN EARLY OMAHA

II. My First Class and My First Teacher.

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER,

Member of the Class of 1887 and Now Editor of The Bee.

When I first started to school I was living with my parents in a little cottage facing on Farnam street, occupying part of the site on which The Bee building now stands. I had a little more than six blocks to school over a path that went up hill and down dale, with poor sidekalks and no pavements. The intervening space between Seventeenth and Farnam streets and the school grounds contained only a few houses and many vacant lots, across which the wind swept almost unobstructed when it blew, and it blew then as it does now. When it rained it meant mud knee deep, this nice, rich, sticky, soft yellow clay, and losing rubbers and even getting stuck in the mud were not rare occurrances. In the winter we often trudged through the new fallen snow and high piled drifts as pioneers making our own tracks, sliding down snow embankments, writing our names on side hills, or making butterflys by lying at full length and moving our arms and legs up and down. Once and a while we would have a hard sleet or a rain that froze, which tempted us to skate to school or to take our sleds along for the homecoming. It was not till later that the bicycle came into vogue, nor till still later that roller skates made their debut, and there were no street cars at that time running anywhere near the high school building. It was climb up the steep hill on shank's horses or not at all.

JUST OF SCHOOL AGE.

But to go back to my first day at school, of which one or two impressions are indelibly stamped. The primary class was in the southeast corner of the first floor, as a consequence of which the room was the sunniest and brightest in the building. My first teacher, who was then presiding over this room, was Miss Helen M. Weeks, a young woman, sunny and bright as the room. She made every one feel at home by her cordial welcome, although she assigned me, along with several others, temporarily to an uncushioned and backless seat on the edge of the slightly raised platform which supported her desk. Looking around the room I saw high blackboards on all sides, running from the wooden wainscoting about four feet up, except where the windows and doors took the space. On a little shelf below were pointers, chalk and erasers, and ranged in rows across the floor were tiers of desks, all occupied by pupils who had gotten there ahead of me. These desks were the regulation double seat variety, so that each pupil had to have a companion to share the occupancy, while a mere open shelf supported by the back of the seat in front served as repository for slate and accessories.

At that time each grade had three classes, and, I believe, it took several days to secure the necessary readjustment forced by the newcomers, during which time I was permitted to continue to sit on the edge of the desk platform. In the interval I was busy making myself acquainted with my companions. Miss Weeks continued to teach me through the whole year, promoting me through the successive classes, and finally into the next grade. I believe it was her last year of teaching in the school, although she possibly taught a little longer. Miss Weeks, I have been told, soon after left the city and later married, although I would not want to be positive as to that. As indicating the quickly changing population of Omaha even in those days, it is interesting to note that when I graduated eleven years afterwards not a member of my class had been with me in that first school room that first day with but a single exception, that one being a girl in the class above me, who was there only temporarily during the initial days.

WHAT TO DO IN A THUNDERSTORM

Its Perils Can Be Eliminated by Proper Precautions.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The season of thunder storms has opened and in no country are the electric marvels of the atmosphere more impressingly displayed than in the United States. They are among nature's most magnificent spectacles.

We shauld learn to look upon these without fear. They are full of danger but their perils can be almost completely eliminated by proper precautions. All fatal accidents from lightning are due to neglect of such precautions. Lightning rods, properly placed and cared for, furnish an all but absolute protection for buildings. Great cities are so full of ready-made tracks for electric discharges that violent thunder storms passing over them seldom cause any serious damage by lightning. The sudden gusts of wind do more harm than the electric charges.

Statistics show that the danger is greatest in the open country, and particularly in hilly and mountainous districts. In the year 1900, 731 persons were killed by lightning in the United States, and the greater number were in the Rocky Mountain district and the upper Missouri valley. In the same year 1,842 domestic animals were killed in the United States by lightning, and 1,847 buildings were struck. Cattle and sheep are apt to gather about isolated trees, or along wire fences during a thunder storm, and they are sometimes killed in groups. A person caught in a thunder storm while in the open country should keep a hundred yards away from any tree that may happen to stand in the field. In a dense woods he is safer if he does not place himself under some tall tree. Eight or nine persons have been killed by a single stroke of lightning while sitting under an isolated tree. Such a tree invites lightning, and offers it a ready path to the ground. One should also avoid the neighborhood of a body of water.

The cause of lightning is the accumulation of electric charges in the clouds. These charges grow stronger as the particles of water in the cloud coalesce to form larger drops. Electricity resides on the surface of the charged particles, and as they coalesce the surface increases proportionally less than the volume. The consequence is that the electricity contributed by each particle to the united mass has less space to spread itself over than it had when the particles were separate. It follows that the combined charge on the surface of the larger drop is more intense than were the charges on the separate particles. In other words, the "potential" of the charge is increased. The whole cloud becomes heavily charged as its countless multitudes of drops grow larger and larger.

At the same time, through the effects of what is called "induction," a charge of the opposite kind is produced on a neighboring cloud, or on the earth beneath. As these changes increase in intensity they strive to burst across the intervening air, and if the potential becomes sufficient, they do so. The result is a lightning stroke.

The spark from an electric machine is a baby lightning stroke. As the disk of the machine is turned, more and more electricity accumulates on the polished knob, called the conductor until the surrounding air can no longer resist the strain, and then a spark passes between the knob and some object placed near, on which a contrary charge has been produced by the curious property of induction.

But the spark from the most powerful electric machine is but a few inches in length, while a lightning stroke may be from a mile to ten miles long! No sudden prenomenon of nature, except perhaps, a volcanic explosion, is more startling suggestive of terrific power than a bolt of lightning. Considering the immense number of strokes that fly from cloud to cloud and from cloud to earth during a severe thunder storm, it seems wonderful that lightning is not more destructive than experience has proved it to be. Our relative security is due to the fact that most of the discharges take place between clouds, and that when the lightning strikes earthward it usually has an infinity of points presented to it, which offer ready ways for its escape and dissipation. This is why isolated objects, especially if they are long and pointed at the top, are the most liable to be struck. Tall, pointed objects, especially if they are metallic, serve to draw off the electricity from the clouds without an explosive discharge.

The danger from lightning at sea was greater in the old days of wooden ships. Then serious damage, or even destruction from lightning was not a very uncommon occurrence. It has been thought that some cases of the disappearance of ships at sea may have been due to lightning. A British ship, the Resistance, was struck by lightning in the Straits of Malacca, the powder magazine exploded and every soul was lost except three sailors. If that had occurred in the middle of the ocean, no doubt the ship would have been added to the list of the mysteriously missing.

Modern iron and steel ships are in little danger. They present a broad, conducting surface for the escape of electricity. The latter, like water, is only dangerous when it is, so to speak, crowded into a narrow channel, with a steep descent and no ready way to escape. The flood that comes down from a broken reservoir through a narrow ravine destroys everything in its path; but it spreads out harmlessly the moment it enters a broad plain. So a charge of electricity dissipates itself without violence if many ways of escape are presented to it.

The grandeur of an electric storm is vastly increased by the thunder. Many persons find that more terrifying than the lightning. Thunder is due to the rush of air to fill partial vacancies made in the asmosphere by the sudden expansion produced by the passage of the lightning. The heated air expands with great force, and immediately the vacancies are filled again, thus producing atmospheric waves, which impress the ear as sound. If the stroke occurs near by, the thunder follows almost instantly, in a sharp clap. If the lightning is at a distance from the observer, the thunder follows the stroke at an interval depending upon the distance. Sound travels in the air about 1,100 feet per second. The distance of the lightning stroke can easily be calculated by observing the number of seconds which elapse before the thunder begins. It is only necessary to multiply this number by 1,100 in order to have approximately, the distance of the lightning. Successive peals of thunder following a single stroke are due to the successive arrival of different sound waves produced at varying distances from the observer by the passage of the lightning. As we have said, a lightning stroke may be miles in length. Variations of density in the air tend to separate the sound waves and make them arrive in peals instead of in a continuous roll.

It is an old adage that "thunder sours milk." If there is any effect of this kind it must be due to the electric state of the air, rather than to the thunder. The great heat which often accompanies a thunder storm, may cause a sudden development of ferments in the milk.

Coal Advance Inquiry.

Philadelphia Press.

The arbitrary advance in the price of domestic coal far and above the larger cost of mining it by reason of the recent increase in miners' pay is not going to pass without sharp offical challenge. Representative Difenderfer asks congress to direct the secretary of commerce and labor through the bureau of labor to make the necessary investigation. United States District Attorney Thompson in this city has already procured through the Department of Justice the assignment of a number of men from the bureau of investigation for the purpose of making the necessary inquiry. It is likely, therefore, that the right of the coal companies to mark up the price of their coal at discretion may be defined, limited and restricted. At present the consumers of domestic sizes of anthracite coal seem to be wholly dependent on the moderation of the producers.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

JUNE 5.

Thirty Years Ago—

An order signed by E. Dickinson, division superintendent, announces the appointment of R. W. Baxter as chief train dispatcher of the Wyoming division of the Union Pacific.

A performance of "Patience" by the Comley-Barton Opera company at Boyd's elicited enthusiastic approval. Familiar names among the singers are Miss Marie Jansen, Miss Laura Joyce, Mr. Rigby B. Bell and Mr. John Housen.

The School Board held its regular meeting at the rooms in Williams' block, transacting considerable routine business. Misses McCheane and Andrews were granted the use of a room in the high school building for a summer school. The special committee on a hall for commencement exercises reported having secured Boyd's opera house and an admission fee of 10 cents is to be charged to pay the gas bills, etc.

The report of Sergeant Alexander Pollock of the signal corps in charge of the weather station at Omaha shows that in spite of the general talk that the local rainfall was never so heavy before in May, the rainfall had in fact been greater in the month of May for each of the years 1872, 1873, 1877, 1878, 1879 and 1881.

The opening of the June term of the district court was signalized by the appointment of Henry Grebe, J. H. Crowell and John J. Galligan as bailiffs, and a committee to examine applicants for admission to the bar was made up of H. C. Brown, H. C. Wakeley, E. M. Bartlett and Charles R. Redick.

For the board of directors for the Union Pacific Athletic association these new members are elected: M. H. Goble, freight auditor; E. Buckingham, car accountant department; W. R. Main, telegraph department; W. E. Cooley, passenger department.

Twenty Years Ago—

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole, 1709 North Twentieth street, were instantly killed on the Douglas street bridge at 4 p. m. and the following persons were injured: Louis Wehril, N. A. Tyson, Council Bluffs; Dr. William O. Gorman, wife and child, Council Bluffs; Anna Eirsling, Commercial hotel, Omaha, and Andy Freiburg, 821 North Twentieth street, Omaha. The motor car was running at an unusually rapid rate in order to make up lost time, when it was wrecked by an obstruction.

Omaha beat Toledo, 11 to 5. Old Dave Rowe, as manager, played first base for Omaha, and little Hugh Nichol of the old St. Louis Browns, played center field for Toledo.

Just before the regular services began in the Presbyterian church at South Omaha the organist, Mrs. Munshaw, struck up on a wedding march, at which signal Mr. A. R. Kelly and Miss Huldah Lambert, two of the Magic City's most popular young people, came forward and were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wheeler.

Ten Years Ago—

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spaulding, D. D., bishop of Peoria, Ill., was the guest of a dinner given by citizens of Omaha without regard to religious creed at the Omaha club. Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists and others joined in making it a hospitable occasion. Toasts were responded to by Bishop Spalding, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" Senator Charles F. Manderson, "Not What We Gain, but What We Do;" Bishop Scannell, "His Worth is Warrant for His Welcome;" Dr. George L. Miller, Rev. T. J. Mackay, T. J. Mahoney and Mel Uhl. John Rush acted as toastmaster.

Head Consul W. A. Northcott of the Modern Woodmen of America made a pilgrimage to Omaha and spoke at the Orpheum theater, in which he chopped a few chips out of the plan of assessment for that order and blazed the way for a change. He said: "After twelve years of experience with our society I have come to the conclusion that our plan is not sufficient and that it will bring us trouble in a very few years and I believe that some remedy must be adopted to preserve this order."

Mayor Moores wrote a letter to the city council calling attention to the deplorable condition of many asphalt streets, and urging steps for improvement.

Richard C. Patterson addressed a letter to The Bee, in which he urged that the city council establish public drinking places for dumb animals.

A clipping from an Albuquerque paper showed that Judge Ben S. Baker was making a hit in New Mexico. The clipping stated: "Judge Benjamin S. Baker is winning golden opinions as judge of this district and he is also a pleasing and patriotic orator."

People Talked About

Some people take their work to bed with them. Not so with G. L. E. Klingbell, president of the German-American Life Insurance company. At the close of the busy day devoted to his official duties he lays aside insurance policies and mortgages, and, donning a suit of white overalls, goes out to his pigeon loft, where a host of feathered pets await him.

SMILING REMARKS.

Ethel—Maud says she uses lemon juice on her face for her complexion.

Marie—I wondered where she got that sour look.—Boston Transcript.

"Selling your home to buy an automobile. What will you do without a home?"

"Won't need none after I git the auto; wouldn't never be there, anyhow."—Houston Post.

"Did your hueband have luck on his shooting trip?"

"The very worst. He accidentally shot the friend who was going to take us on an automobile tour, and missed the man to whom he owed a lot of money."—Baltimore American.

The amateur hunter fired, and something limped off through the bush. The guide investigated.

"Was that a rare species I hit?"

"Not so rare."

"What was hit?"

"A fellow named Smith. They're rather plentiful in this vicinity."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hub—Has your new dress come home yet?

Wife—Not yet; the dressmaker is putting the finishing touch on it.

Hub—Oh, I supposed that I was to get the finishing touch.—Chicago Tribune.

"Shadbolt, if you'll help me out this time I'll be under lasting obligations to you!"

"No, you won't Dinguss. By the great horn spoon, you'll pay this one when it's due."—Chicago Tribune.

Madge—What makes you think that your doctor isn't up to date?

Marjorie—I judge by the papers and magazines he keeps on the table in his reception room.—Judge.

St. Peter—Well, what do you want?

Applicant—I'm looking for the well known philanthropist who put up the price of ice to the poor and left a million-dollar library to his home town when he died.

St. Peter—Take the elevator—going down. Next! Step lively, please!—Boston News-Letter.

It was at a 10 and 15-cent vaudeville ticket window. A country villager approached.

"Ten or fifteen?" asked the ticket seller.

"Jist one," said the villager. "I hain't got the fam'ly along."—Judge.

THE LIZTOWN HUMORIST.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Settin 'round the stove, last night,
Down at Wess' store, was me
And Mart Strimples, Tunk and White,
And Doc Bills and two or three
Fellers of the Mudsock tribe
No use tryin' to describe!
And says Doc, he says, says he,
"Talkin' 'bout good things to eat,
Ripe Mushmillion's hard to beat!"

I chawed on. And Mart he 'lowed
Wortermillion beat the mush.
"Red," he says, "and juicy. Hush!
I'll jes' leave it to the crowd!"
Then a Mudsock chap, says he,
"Them beats millions! What say, Wess?"
Punkin pies, I mean," he says.
"Punkin's good enough for me—

I chawed on. And Wess says, "Well,
You jes' fetch that wife of mine
All yer wortermillion rine—
And she'll bile it down a spell—
In with sorghum, I suppose,
And what else Lord only knows!
But I'm here to tell all hands
Them p'serves meets my demands."

I chawed on fer quite a spell—
I chawed on; and White, he says,
"Well, I'll jes' stand in with Wess—
I'm no hog!" And Tunk says, "I
Guess I'll pastur' out on pie,
With the Mudsock boys!" says he.
"Now, what's yourn?" he says to me.
Then I speaks up, slow and dry,
"Jes' terbacker!" I-says-I,
And you'd ort o' heerd 'em yell!