

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MAY CIRCULATION... 50,421... 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 for the month of May, 1912, was 50,421. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

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

Winter hates to let go. At any rate, the weather man is keeping cool.

The country has taken its eye off of Ty Cobb for the time being.

You can always tell the blackberry season down south by the colored folks' teeth.

Every well ordered and personally conducted campaign has its claim department.

And the good roads game is getting just as much attention as if it were a political issue.

There is one dog Champ Clark would like to kick around, and that is old Towner Two-thirds.

Omaha missed the tornado, thanks to a merciful Providence, but caught its cold breath square in the face.

Of course that Roosevelt booster that married Lillian Russell believes, not only in a third, but a fourth, term.

Senatorial courtesy is doubtless a good thing, but it can be carried to extremes, as the case of Lorimer shows.

An Omaha woman has decided to cut out ice for the summer and spend next winter on the Pacific coast instead.

Some of the things that our new city commissioners "want" to do are the things the people would like to have them do.

New York housewives are said to be heating the beef trust. None has been arrested as yet for cruelty to animals, though.

Let us hope that the Sunday School folks who meet in convention in Omaha today will not take their cue from Chicago.

The dog catchers of Baltimore will have a sweet time rounding up all those bound dogs during the coming convention.

Leaving politics out of all consideration, Nebraska is a natural progressive state. Look at those farm and factory statistics.

"The Bridge Victory," a caption in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, does not refer to the triumph of the doughy Mr. Horatius.

When the women really get into politics, for the sake of their hard working husbands they should refrain from throwing their hats in the ring.

Of course we men candidates stand on principle, but a good many more of us believe in woman suffrage, now that 1,000,000 women can vote, than before.

The Omaha brewery workers have won an increase in their salaries, whereas, we suppose, the salaries of their customers continue to go down.—Houston Post.

Yes, but not after \$ p. m.

It ill behooves socialists to complain of not getting a square deal in America when a judge who denies one of their members the right to vote is called on the mat by congress.

John Mitchell says the man who simply "never did any harm" is a mollycoddle. That seems to be the kind of a man the democrats are seeking for their standard bearer—one who will offend nobody.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says the honor men in college today are the athletes with the blue ribbon around the calf of their leg and a linked sausage about their waist. What have the boys been doing to the good doctor?

Pritchett on Medical Schools.

If the lowest terms upon which a medical school can exist abroad were applied to America, three-fourths of our existing medical schools would be closed at once. This sweeping condemnation by Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of Teaching is startling in its significance. He goes on to refer to American schools as "so-called medical colleges," that perpetrate an "educational farce," and "pretend to train doctors," in which "scandals in education exist."

And he says, doubtless not without deliberation, that if three-fourths of these schools were closed, "the remaining fourth would be easily and entirely adequate to our need."

Dr. Pritchett denounces the hit-and-miss preparation with which a student may enter medical college in this country. It is a short-cut proposition, behind, before and over which, he does not hesitate to declare, is a purely commercial instinct. What are we coming to if men are conducting so-called schools of medicine and other men are patrolling them essentially for money's sake? It is not necessary to think of medicine as a philanthropy to discern the evil, yes, dangerous, tendencies of this amazing condition.

By some means or other those schools, condemned as inadequately equipped for teaching medicine, should be put out of business and those young men inadequately equipped for studying medicine should be put to the plow, or the plane, or to some other honorable calling for which they are qualified to prepare. It is a shame to go on manufacturing half-baked doctors for mercenary purposes and subject humanity to the consequences.

Senatorial Courtesy.

Senatorial courtesy is not dead. If you are too cynical to believe that, read that fine old compendium of intellectual pabulum, the Congressional Record, and see for yourself that the amenities that marked the good old days still obtain between gentlemen in the upper branch of congress. We extract these few lines literally from a recent copy of the Record:

Mr. Smith of Georgia and Mr. Williams addressed the chair.

The President Pro Tempore: "The senator from Georgia first addressed the chair."

Mr. Burton: "I yield to the senator from Georgia."

The President Pro Tempore: "Beg pardon, does the senator from Ohio yield the floor?"

Mr. Burton: "As I understand, the senator from Georgia desires—"

The President Pro Tempore: "The chair recognizes the senator from Georgia, thinking the senator from Ohio had yielded the floor."

Mr. Burton: "I am ready to yield the floor."

The President Pro Tempore: "The senator from Georgia."

But what is time as compared with senatorial courtesy and beside, the government stenographers and printers have to be kept busy at something.

Just Suppose.

By sufficient stretching of the imagination it has been said that Mr. Bryan was a newspaper reporter when nominated for president in 1896. He had been a newspaper editorial writer.

This year Mr. Bryan has assumed the role of reporter for several newspapers at the Chicago republican convention. Just suppose that convention should remain in session so as to overlap the democratic convention in Baltimore and the latter should nominate Mr. Bryan for president while he was still sitting at the Chicago reporters' table.

Just suppose.

Stranger things have happened. Mr. Bryan is thought by many to be the democratic hope. But he is a delegate to the Baltimore convention and might, in the event of a prolonged session at Baltimore, jump his reporter's job and go to Baltimore.

But just suppose the other.

Thoughtful consideration may well be given to the figures, printed elsewhere in this issue, furnished by a reliable firm of live stock dealers, concerning the shortage in beef. Actual receipts at the great primary markets show a falling off from the figures of last year to an extent that seems to warrant the advance, in price on the basis of scarcity alone. The remedy is simple; more cattle must be produced, or the United States must import its beef. It is now up to the farmer.

In the excitement induced by a fine winning streak a society leader from the east passed a poker chip instead of a coin to a Chicago bellboy and gave a clue to the whereabouts of the warmest no-limit game ever put over among women in Chicago. So much publicity has been given "jackpots" in that section that visiting innocents demand a peep at the whole works.

Stay at home twelve months in the year and for four years at a stretch and your home paper never notices you, but go to a national convention merely as a spectator and you get on the front page for a column of smart sayings, maybe.

Mr. Bryan's reportorial assignment in Chicago will not prevent his keeping a fatherly eye on the preliminary proceedings at Baltimore.

WHAT I WANT TO DO FOR OMAHA

By Charles N. Withnell, Commissioner in Charge of Public Improvements.

My determination now, as it has been for nine years, is to get a better grade of buildings for Omaha, uniformly so. We need a new city ordinance that would reclassify our buildings and keep out of the downtown districts any suggestion of cheap, inflammable structure. This is something to which Omaha has got to come and the sooner the better.

I like the Denver ordinance of the Minneapolis ordinance and would be glad to see one patterned after either put in operation in Omaha. No man or officer can secure the proper results without vested authority.

We should have greater latitude in the matter of demolishing old structures, just as much as in the matter of compelling the erecting of better ones. For nine years as building inspector I went about and forced the demolition of unsafe buildings, but if I had been "called" the strong enough, as I was at times, the law was not there to give me the power which a building inspector should have. I was acted in the best interests of the city and taxpayers, but our laws were and are still inadequate on this point. This thing of tearing down shacks and putting up fire-proof buildings is one of the prime essentials in the building of any modern city. I cannot appeal too strongly to the people of Omaha in behalf of this advance.

I desire to see the horse-drawn fire vehicle superseded especially in the downtown districts, by the motor. We must have this done very soon. It is in line with safety and economy.

I would have better and more fire engine houses. Some of our present buildings, the new ones, are, of course, excellent and as far as they go answer every purpose, but we haven't enough of them.

In a general way, I would suggest to the people of Omaha the importance of their part of studying the conditions, needs and methods of their city and city government. Of course, it is important to keep an ever watchful eye on the public official, and for my part I am willing to be watched, but if the public official can feel as sure of the sympathetic and interested co-operation of the taxpayer as he can of his adverse criticism, it will help matters all around and we shall realize on our campaign for a "bigger and better Omaha."

THE PATHWAYS OF EMPIRE

Good Roads Are the Arteries that Carry Life Blood of a Nation.

BY GARRETT P. SERVICES.

Only 7 per cent of our American roads are improved, i. e., built upon scientific principles and kept in repair, while in Europe, which has, all told, less than half as many miles of road as the United States, practically all the roads are improved. There are historic reasons for this, but these reasons have ceased to apply, and now, at last, the tables are beginning to turn, for we are spending more money annually on road improvement than France, Germany and England combined. But we must spend more yet and we are rich enough to do it.

The narrow-minded idea once entertained by some persons that the making of improved roads is simply a benefit for the fortunate owners of automobiles, is fast giving way to a more enlightened view as farmers begin to realize the fact that the good roads help them even more than they help the motorists. In truth, the thing is too plain to require argument. The argument is settled the moment the driver of a heavily laden farm wagon turns his wearied horses out of the mud and ruts of a back-country road and emerges upon the hard smooth surface of an improved roadway. The perspiring animals themselves prick up their ears, and with a sigh of relief, start off at a brisker pace. A single improved highway running through a township brightens everything about it. Its effects are sometimes almost marvelous. Yards are cleaned up, farm roads are improved, houses are newly painted, the people set to work to make all their surroundings better and the farmer finds that more money comes into his pockets. He can get his produce to market quicker, at less cost and in better condition.

The stimulus that would be afforded by a great transcontinental highway would be incalculable. It would give rise to improved roads on all sides. They would branch out from the main artery in every direction. To say nothing of the practical advantages, mere shame would soon banish all the mud-hole roads in the country traversed by the great highway. To understand what enthusiasm the cause of good roads is capable of awakening, read the accounts in Motor of the celebration of "Good Roads day" in the states of Washington and Colorado. The people turned out for a new kind of holiday—a holiday of work. Whole brigades of volunteers set to work with picks and shovels and teams and road-making apparatus, and they had one of the most enjoyable times of their lives. And why should they not? There is nothing so delightful, and nothing so healthful as work when the workers are interested in what they are doing. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes him a duller boy, even on a holiday.

It is safe to predict that the Old Trails highway will not be the only one to traverse the continent just as the original Pacific railway did not long remain the single line connecting the oceans. The era of American bad roads is fast passing away, and with it about the only rebuke that European visitors could address to us.

GARFIELD'S SOBERING APPEAL

Part of a speech that won the Presidency.

A passage from the speech of James A. Garfield delivered in the Chicago convention of 1880, placing in nomination John Sherman, is of peculiar interest at the present time. Mr. Garfield said:

"I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths."

"Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below the storm and passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured and by which their final action will be determined."

"Not here in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the republic to be decided for the next four years. Not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of 35 delegates, waiting to cast their lots into the urn and determine the choice of the republic, but by four millions of republican firebrands, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by burning in their hearts, there God prepares the wisdom of our work tonight. Not in Chicago in the heat of June, but at the ballot boxes of the republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled."

Tragedy of the Dip. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The official verdict on the cause of the aeroplane fatality at College Park transfers the responsibility from the machine to the aviator. Welsh, over-anxious to succeed, made too sharp a dip and the wings buckled. The report that Lieutenant Haxthaburd had expressed a distrust of the necessity of seeing to it in future that no aviators who take unnecessary risks are permitted to take part in military tests.

A Useful Fellowman. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is just one reason why Cuba at this time is not in the throes of a general revolution and that is the nearness of the warship and marines of the United States.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES. JUNE 12.

Thirty Years Ago— Today was as dull as only Sunday can be.

The anniversary sermon of Brownell Hall was preached by Rev. Dr. DeHerty in Trinity this morning.

Members of the First Baptist church are much disappointed in not being able to hold services in the upper audience room. The contractors agreed to ship the pews by May 31, but failed to do so.

The Kansas Pacific pay car, in charge of Mr. Archie Powell, went out attached to the Kansas City train.

Three new brickyards have been opened near the city this season, with daily production from all yards now averaging from 200,000 to 250,000.

Hancock park is to be a Mecca for moonlight picnics, the Standard club being scheduled for June 22 and the Concordia for June 28.

To Denver and return for \$30 is the way the Burlington is starting out its newly opened extension.

Captain C. B. Rustin is back from the west.

Clarence Eustis is spending his vacation in Omaha.

Rev. W. Harris, a missionary to Burma for nearly thirty-six years and father of Rev. J. Harris of this city, is paying a visit to his son.

Mrs. M. Elgutter, wife of our well known clothier, left for the east. She will first visit Exeter, where her son Charles is attending school, and thence go to Boston for the summer.

The German theater was well attended for a performance in which the star parts were taken by Miss Emily Star-Pultis and Mr. Edgar Schmitz.

Twenty Years Ago— The Colorado delegation of democrats to the national convention in Chicago passed through Omaha with their train labeled "Colorado Delegation—Free Coinage." A number of Nebraska delegates joined them here and proceeded to Chicago with them.

H. P. Kalk returned from a business trip in the western states, having been absent from the city since March 1.

Colonel Champlin S. Chase returned from the national Niagara canal convention at St. Louis and submitted a report to the Board of Trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gibson of Red Oak, Ia., father and mother of R. W. Gibson, are the guests of their son and his family.

Rev. Charles W. Savage announced he had finally come to the conclusion after much study that baptism by immersion was the only true form. "I have given this subject a great deal of study," he said, "and while I have always been in harmony with the Methodist doctrine that either of the three ways, sprinkling, pouring or immersion, was all right, of late I have become convinced that immersion is the true way. Immersion satisfies the conscience and I do not see at present how the others can if a person will only give the subject careful thought."

Ten Years Ago— The nomination of John H. Mickey on the republican ticket for governor at Lincoln caused little surprise in Omaha, where interest was heightened by the nomination of E. G. McGillon of Omaha for lieutenant governor.

The Union Pacific was confronted by an aggravated labor war. Promptly at 10 o'clock in the morning every boiler-maker in its employ laid down his tools and walked out on a strike, tying up the entire system from Omaha to Ogden. The main issue involved was piece work, which President Burt of the company wished to install and against which the men protested.

The democrats who had counted on the nomination of C. O. Lobeck for county commissioner received a jolt when Mr. Lobeck informed them that under no circumstances would he stand for any such nomination, because he had been given to understand that he might be nominated for congress by the democrats and pops.

Ben Rosenthal, president of the People's Furniture & Carpet Co., accompanied by his wife and family, sailed for Europe, where they expected to make an extensive visit.

A. C. Thomas, secretary of the Tri-City Amateur Driving club, which had charge of the races in Omaha for the coming week, moved his office from Benson to the Millard hotel, which has been selected as headquarters for the June races.

People Talked About

Miss Clara L. Power has been elected president of the Association of Women Lawyers in Boston. The association now has thirty members.

Miss Nancy Isaacs has just been appointed judge in the high court of Melbourne, Australia. She is a daughter of the late Judge Sir Isaac Isaacs and the first Jewish woman to occupy such a position.

Chauncey Morlan, 42 years old, the largest Elk in the world, died in Ellwood, Ind., of Bright's disease. He at one time weighed 375 pounds and traveled with a circus. His former wife died in New York City several years ago. She weighed 685 pounds.

Pierre Loti, the French novelist, is coming to this country in August to supervise the staging of his Franco-Chinese play, "A Daughter of Heaven." He was last in the United States thirty years ago, when as a naval officer, he visited San Francisco.

Mrs. Nancy M. Warren of Augusta, Me., is thought to be the youngest real daughter of the Revolution living. She is 72 years old and was born when her father, James Allen, was 82 years old. She holds membership in Ruth Hall Organ chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of North Anson.

Cyrus McCormick, son of Cyrus H. McCormack of harvest fame, was accorded highest honors in history, politics and economics in the class of 1912 at the Princeton commencement. Mr. McCormack was voted the "most intellectual man" in the class. For three years he has played on the varsity football team.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Midgety of Elgin, Ill., brought a new suit and graduation presents for their son, Earl, 3 years old, in anticipation of his graduation from high school this year, only to discover afterward that the boy had not been to school for more than a year. This is thought to be very near the record for "playing hooky."

LAUGHING GAS.

"Does your wife ever admit that she is wrong in an argument?" "No, the nearest she ever comes to it is to say that I'm not as big a clump as I look."—Detroit Free Press.

Townley—Someone has said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

Subbus—I'll bet anything that fellow never had to mow a lawn.—Boston Transcript.

"Is it a fact that that contradictory female is your wife?" "Yes; facts, you know, are stubborn things."—Town Topics.

"You have deceived me about our summer guest. It is the hardest thing to induce him to get up in the morning." "I didn't tell you anything about that." "You said he was a rising young man."—Baltimore American.

Bliton—It's awful queer. Tilton—What is it? Bliton—Why, a man will pay a doctor good money to be ordered to sleep out of doors. Yet if he'd set up an awful howl, Lippincott's Magazine.

"What would you do if you were in politics?" "Well," replied the pretty suffragette, "for one thing I'd put a stop to this practice of letting candidates send out page after page of prosy literature and have them mail post cards with pictures on them."—Washington Star.

"What a clever skater she is!" "Yes, indeed. She can work her ankle straps loose any time she wants to."—Detroit Free Press.

Hostess—Do have some of my cake. M.

THE MONEY GETTER.

Detroit Free Press.

He never romps the children on his knee. Its all the same to him if skies art gray. To him a shady oak is just a tree. A holiday is just a wasted day. He doesn't know a thing of laughing streams. On fishing trips he's never been known to go. He never builds a castle in his dreams. But people say he gets the money, though.

He seldom spends an evening with his books. He's never read the masters of the past; He only knows but honest men and crooks. He only knows two speeds—the slow and fast. The finer shades of manhood reach him not. The sweeter depths of life he doesn't know. He seems to have no secret sacred spot. But people say he gets the money, though.

He cannot talk of music or of art. He never saved a rose bush any care; His life is spent forever in the mart. Where only cries of commerce fill the air. But he can talk of dollars with a will. His eyes grow bright if you but mention gold. 'Tis true he fills his money bags, but still. I'd rather keep my day dreams and grow old.

Hostess—Do have some of my cake. M.

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