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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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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.

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

The weather is hot enough to give everybody a perfectly corking time.

Omaha is getting to be the runner-up for the rest of the state in every rain.

It is still a race between Ohio and Virginia for the "mother of presidents."

"Earthquake shocks in Alaska." Are they talking politics way up there, too?

Bandana, N. C., would be the most fitting place to hold the third-term convention.

For our part the azure sky may change its hue to dull gray any time it gets ready.

Colonel Watterson has fallen into line, but not with sufficient impact to break any bones.

The average so-called "new thought" is usually a revised plagiarism of a very old idea.

When it comes to a steam roller, none can beat the one kept and operated by Ak-Sar-Ben at the Den.

America is starting off in that Olympiad just as it should finish up, in true American style, winning as it goes.

Up to date the details of that \$3,000,000-primary campaign expense account have not been published.

And just to think that beside the people of the city being duped on the automatic telephone graft, a congressman was elected on the issue.

Governor Wilson says he has received 10,000 letters of congratulations. The only thing for him to do is to publish an old-fashioned card of thanks.

Won't George Washington Perkins, Boss Flinn, Medill McCormick, Dan Hanna and young Dick Quay look the gay part decked out in those brilliant bandanas?

It goes without saying that the ban against using water for lawn sprinkling will be lifted by the time the leaves begin to turn and lawn sprinkling is no longer necessary.

And how much did the receiver of the Independent Telephone company rake off for his "year's work," \$25,000, as reported. Well, for an every day lawyer that is fair wages, at least.

Nebraska's election law provides an easy way for new political parties to get upon the official ballot. With the front door wide open, there is no excuse for trying to break through the back window.

The advantage of having a string of experts instead of real reporters at a national convention was disclosed in the sure-thing predictions of a lot of them the day before Wilson was nominated that Clark's nomination was certain.

Mr. Bryan says Clark himself was to blame for his defeat. It seems that way. Had Clark not persisted in his habitual straddling he, instead of Wilson, might have won at Baltimore. But Clark evidently banked on the straddle to carry him through there, as it always had done.

The third party must be formed of the same sort of human beings who compose the other two parties, all subject to err. How long will it stand united? Already some of the original insurgents have broken away. Others will, perhaps, when they see that it is in reality not what they expected and the rule of, for and by one man.

The Third Party Call.
The call for a national convention to serve as the foster parent of a new political party has duly made its appearance, but it must be disappointing to those who expected something to electrify the country. It fixes the name as the "national progressive" party, and invites co-operation of all who are dissatisfied with the old parties, but it is signed only by adherents of a single presidential candidate, one-sixth of the states and all of the territories being unrepresented, and only three of the subscribers professing to have been previously democrats.

In context the call reads very much like other calls issued from time to time for other new parties that were going to remedy long standing evils overnight, and put the old parties out of business at the first skirmish. The projectors of these new parties have always been cocksure of a widespread and crying need for them, and convinced that the old parties had completely outlived their usefulness; that the bosses were all bad bosses except those enlisted under their own flag, and that there would be a general popular uprising for their standard bearers as soon as they were in the field.

Yet it should be remembered that nearly the republican party emerged since sixty years ago from the crucible of negro slavery, no new party has met with any measure of success in the national political arena. If this one is from the outset to mark the exception, it will have to overturn all our historic precedents.

Mexico's Real Fighter.
General Huerta's occupation of Chihuahua, the rebels' stronghold, puts the revolution down on its last legs and drives Orozco into guerrilla warfare. According to the rebel chief, himself, this is the last of organized fighting, and must, therefore, be taken as the beginning of the end of the present revolt. How long the fragmentary band of bushwhackers can hold out against the growing onslaught of the federals no one can tell, but Orozco's own utterance is impressively doleful.

Out of it all, General Huerta looms up as the one man, on his side, save possibly Madero himself, who has proved himself a real fighter, excelling the insurrecto enemy both in strategy and fighting. He has known what to do with ground gained. He has not suffered a serious reverse. And he has had to combat methods of resistance more savage and brutish than the annals of modern warfare contain.

Taxes.
Taxes form a dry subject at best, and particularly unattractive in hot weather, yet death and taxes are inevitable and unescapable, and the size of the tax burden is determined not when payable in December or May, but when the assessment and levy are made in June and July.

The reason why we have no control over the amount of taxes we must pay is the multiplicity of our taxing authorities. Our tax rate is not made by the city council, but is a combination of levies independently made by the Water board and the School board, as well as by the council. Then, we have county taxes imposed by the County board, and state taxes imposed by the state authorities, and when they are all added together and rolled into one, the taxpayer wonders how the aggregate got so big.

What is the solution of the problem? will be asked. It is the reduction of independent tax levying authorities, and the centering of responsibility in as few places as possible.

The Warring Educators.
The National Education association's annual gatherings are becoming more interesting each year. A convention of school teachers has been usually thought of as a rather prosaic affair, but that illusion is being rapidly dissipated. This year the meeting is heralded by war notes, almost as militant in tone and temper as those sounding out the annual battle cry of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The conflict at the educators' convention in Chicago, ostensibly wages about the scholarly head of the secretary, but that is only a detail, for last year it was over the election of the president.

But the teachers have as much right to engage in a spectacular warfare as the revolutionary daughters or as the politicians. Some soft-voiced sentimentalist might exclaim, "Oh, but better things are expected from teachers whose business it is to uphold high standards." But teachers must themselves learn the battle of life. Let the educators go on and give us a refreshing relief from the ordinary run of school teachers' "meetings." We need some sort of artificial heat now, anyway.

TUNEFUL SONG OF VACATION DAYS

Anticipation, Realization and the Return to Earth.
Baltimore American.
In the soft hours of summertime, when the mind of the man or woman looking toward the hills and the seashore is filled with fitting visions of some atavistically suggested past, of primordial delights in the days of primitive race blessedness, when all the time was sounded upon the bells of paradise, how fine a thing is it that the present moment falls to fill the volume of the life. The present moment is filled with business and laden with worry or imperative with social demands. It is the common factor of time. It is the unit rule of living, it is the unsegmented fraction of a day. The present moment stands for irksomeness, for duty, for doing. It has no character because it has no past, it has no heritage because it has no future. Away, then, with the present moment. Let it not bring its demands with it during the season of vacation allurement.

Every man has been a poet or a philosopher or a painter, singer of songs, a teller of tales and weaver of romance. No man who has been normally sustained by the breath of life has failed to be a seer or an idealist, or a conqueror of the realms of science or of romance. There are only two things in all life. These are romance and religion, and where is the man who has lacked them both? Vacation days are days when romance rouses itself and when religion harkens back to primitive simplicity and when man is natural. As much a part of nature as the vernal leaf or an unfolding flower, man finds in vacation days the sweet incentive, the delightful musing, the inspiring message of the wide world and the universe of which it is a part. All voices speak to him and all lands intone their songs of the race. Then he finds that the present moment again stands before him with imperative demands. He renews his bondage to it, but with a sense of untrammelled freedom.

TWO FISTS THUMPED THE TABLE

Recollections of a Meeting Between Roosevelt and Cleveland.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

One would like to discount the future and know whether, when Mr. Roosevelt's biographers come to write of his career with historical perspective, they will point out that he learned any lessons from the experience convention week at Chicago. A look ahead into the chapters which may be written fifty years from now on the memorable convention would be interesting for this, and for many other things. Will it be written of as an end or as the beginning—the end of the colonel's ability to seize the political control of the beginning of a new alignment?

As for the question of the colonel's having learned any lessons, the spectacle he has given on his Chicago sojourn, with his effort to overcome those opposed to him by sheer intensity of vocation, is reminiscent of his earliest days in politics. In essence he has changed little. In 1883 Roosevelt, then 22 years old, took his seat in the New York assembly at Albany and soon asserted his striking personality. William C. Hudson, an able member of the staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, who recently collected his "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter" into a little volume of exceptional interest, has described graphically the relations between Roosevelt and Cleveland, who soon became governor.

In 1884 Roosevelt introduced a number of bills relating to the city and county of New York, which seem to have been aimed at ends that were undoubtedly good. With great effort, and in spite of serious opposition, he succeeded in securing their passage. But in spite of Cleveland's belief in their purpose, he found them so loosely and so badly drawn that they would be ineffective as laws, and instead of accomplishing their professed purpose of economy would probably lead to endless litigation and increased expense. Soon after the adjournment of the legislature, Roosevelt stopped over in Albany on his way back to Chicago, where he had attended the convention which nominated Blaine, to look after his bills, and he soon learned that Cleveland intended to veto some or all of them. Exclaiming, "I won't let him do it," Roosevelt fairly flew up the hill to the capitol, with Mr. Hudson, who foresaw an interesting episode, hot in pursuit.

Cleveland firmly explained his purpose of vetoing the bills as soon as Roosevelt put his question, and immediately Roosevelt, pounding the desk before him for emphasis, began an argument which he concluded by declaring, "You must not veto those bills. You cannot. You shall not. I cannot have it. I won't have it."

Mr. Cleveland sat up very straight in his chair and replied, also bringing his fist down on the desk with a solid whack, "Mr. Roosevelt, I am going to veto those bills." "Dan" Lamont went over to the window to hide his smile. The bills were vetoed. Like the walls of Jericho, Mr. Cleveland was not to be toppled over by noise. The Chicago convention fund having been over-subscribed, the contributors are now to get back 30 per cent of their money. Mrs. Ida Strauss, who, with her husband, Isidor, was lost in the wreck of the Titanic, left an estate consisting of personal property amounting to \$200,000. A New York judge has decided that the presence of bedbugs in a house is justification for the breaking of a lease by a tenant. Something is liable to happen to a lot of New York leases now. New York boasts that the \$5,000,000 which Chicago reaped in convention week is no more than New York takes away from people on any afternoon. Wall street alone, for that matter, has absorbed more in five minutes. In an effort to recall her charming granddaughter, Miss Edith Deacon, to the joys of the society life which the young debutante has forsaken since the pathetic death of George Lea Peabody, Mrs. H. Baldwin of Newport has offered a fortune of \$100,000 as a wedding gift. Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, whose engagement to a Chicago man has just been announced, was first married in the White House during her father's administration as president on May 21, 1874. She was then 17 years of age and had been her father's favorite. She met Alderson Sartoris, a member of the British diplomatic corps, before she was even a debutante. Their marriage was a brilliant social affair, but proved very unhappy.

It's Different.
Washington Post.
It may be possible sometimes to induce a man to change the brand of his hooker and chewing tobacco, but with politics it's different.

Any Old Candidate Goes.
Chicago Record-Herald.
Colonel Watterson, more in sorrow than in anger, announces the fact that he would support the devil if he were the democratic nominee. Colonel Watterson believes in speaking plainly about such things.

A Badge of Defeat.
New York Sun.
The last candidate for high elective office who used the red bandana as his campaign badge was the Hon. Allen G. Thurman of Ohio, democratic nominee for vice president in 1888. He was beaten by Levi F. Morton, a regular republican.

Two More Settles It.
New York Tribune.
The legislature of Louisiana has ratified the income tax amendment to the federal constitution. Thirty-four states have now ratified, and assents from two more states are needed. The sixteenth amendment will apparently become effective early in 1913.

Perils of Calf Corner.
Philadelphia Record.
Holy smoke! Any equivalent expression of astonishment will do. The Chicago packers have begun the prosecution of a Kansas-Missouri combination in restraint of trade, whose specialty appears to be to force up the price of calves. The practice of the accused persons was to buy all the available calves and then sell them through commission merchants at a considerable advance to the agents of the big packing houses. The agents confessed to having acted in collusion with the operators of the Kansas-Missouri calf corner, and the charge against the latter is embezzlement. Apparently it is a crime to corner a product only when it is a trust that is cornered. In this case unlawful profits are theft; in the contrary event, profits are the fruits of good business methods. The natural impulse, however, is to laugh at the sight of the bitter bit.

Wireless Messages at Sea.
Springfield Republican.
England, Italy and Japan have now accepted the principle that ships must either whether they use the same system or not, and we may look for a universal adoption of this rule. Anything else would be intolerable. The world was lately shocked by the revelation of the danger that messages of vital importance might miscarry through the jealousy of rival systems, and at sea it is indispensable that the full value of this most wonderful of modern inventions be utilized. On land there may be a division of the field between competing inventions, but at sea no such division is possible, and the various systems must either co-operate or give way. The world's communications cannot be held up by trade rivalries.

Search Me.
Pittsburgh Dispatch.
The thieves who stole Bryan's cement sidewalk may have thought it was his platform. Perhaps, now that he has leisure, he will get out a search warrant for Oyster Bay.

Victories of Dignity.
New York Post.
Dignity has its victories not less renowned than those of the candidates on the spot. Colonel Roosevelt went to Chicago, Speaker Clark to Baltimore, President Taft was at Washington, Governor Wilson at Sea Girt.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
JULY 9.
Thirty Years Ago—
Footings made by County Treasurer Baumer give the total assessed valuation of all property in Douglas county at \$3,556,550, of which \$2,761,955 is personal property, \$6,097,557 real estate and \$467,047 railroad and telegraph property. A card signed by A. G. Charlton, secretary, expresses thanks of the Omaha mission for assistance in its recent picnic, and particularly to Captain Marsh and Mr. Smith of the horse railway. Coroner Jacobs conducted four funerals, that of Mrs. J. M. Follinsbee at 2 p. m. at Prospect Hill, of Dennis O'Riley at the same hour at St. Mary's and Henry and Willie Waegner at 4:30 at Prospect Hill. This Sunday was a lovely day and comfortably cool. Boyd's opera house will open for the season with Hamilton Brothers' troupe, although Joe Merritt and Haverly's Mastodon's come in the interval. Lovers of fine horses are greatly admiring a spanking team displayed by Charles S. Higgins. They are bays and could not be more perfectly mated in color, carriage, size and style, and there are but few teams in this part able to give them the dust. Hon. John A. Creighton and wife returned from Ohio. Mrs. C. L. Squires is back from a visit to Leavenworth. A large number of men employed in the Union Pacific shops have been let out, one informant placing the figure at seventy-three, and there are hints of more to follow. Scholars desiring special promotion or to make up lost work may attend the summer school in the high school building, which will continue six weeks.

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Twenty Years Ago—
Two thousand persons witnessed the Roadster club matinee at the Driving club tracks, despite the heavy, threatening clouds. One of the features of the card was a running horse race between The Bee and World-Herald carrier boys, won by The Bee. For The Bee F. Engler rode Bay Pete, O. Neilson rode Fan and H. Howes rode Topsy; the World-Herald, B. Hamblitt mounted Billy S. W. Hill on Billy B. and a lad whose name was not given rode Nell. It was a gala day for society. Among prominent members present were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gulou, Mr. and Mrs. John Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Cahn, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swobe, and among other gentlemen accompanied by women: Harry Notch, Arthur Gulou, James J. Redick, William Snyder, Gould Dietz, W. A. Faxton, Frank Carmichael, Dr. Ginn and Dr. Robert. Nat Brown returned from Alliance, where he went to look after his wonderful filly, Mary, that was hurt in a race at Ponca. A meeting of south side residents was held at Metz hall on South Thirteenth street for the discussion of a park proposition. Richard O'Keefe presided and Councilman Lowry acted as secretary. Dr. H. Hanchett thought all south elders should get together and push whatever they wanted. Councilman Thomas L. Lowry stated that Tom Murray was still willing to make good on his offer to donate park sites south of the tracks. Finally a resolution was adopted urging the park commissioners to buy Syndicate park and also all of the Clark tract south of Sackett, east of Ninth and north of the Burlington tracks. O'Keefe appointed Dr. Hanchett, John Ruah, Messrs. Lowry, Stult and Brennan a committee to present this to the commissioners.

Ten Years Ago—
Rivers and creeks in this vicinity were leaping out of their banks as a result of hard rains of the last few days. Pappie was getting in the game and making a lot of trouble for land owners nearby. Trains were late on all lines leading into Omaha because of high water. Mrs. G. M. O'Brien, wife of General O'Brien, and daughter Frances returned to Omaha to remain several months. Nick J. O'Brien, until recently superintendent of the Southern railroad at Greensboro, N. C., accompanied his mother and sister and will remain awhile renewing old boyhood friendships and acquaintances among his former co-workers in railroad circles. County Commissioner James F. Connolly and Sheriff John Power left for Chicago. Joseph Cudahy and Frank Keough gave an elaborate dinner dance at the Millard hotel to thirty-two guests. Miss Emma Louise Harris and Mr. John McGee of Walla Walla, Wash., were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Harris, in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Blackwell and Mrs. Blackwell left for Hot Springs, S. D., to spend the remainder of the summer.

People Talked About
From Franklin, Va., comes the report of the marriage of Silas Seiver, 67 years old, and Sarah Tuling, 72. They start their wedded life with twenty children, each having ten children by a first marriage. For the second time in two years the authorities of Philadelphia ignored bond brokers and placed a loan of \$4,500,000 among home people. The bonds in large and small denominations carried 4 per cent and were over-subscribed, bringing a slight premium over par. Miss Alma Hummel, who had been post-mistress of Wetmore, Kan., twelve years, left the postoffice building, its equipment and the lot upon which it stands, all of which were owned by her, to the town of Wetmore, a prosperous country community of about 80, about ninety miles northwest of Kansas City. Nathan Sherman of Whittington, Vt., who is 94 years old, has taken entire care of his garden this year and milks his cows every morning. Joseph Paineau of Stowe, who is 84 years old, assisted in splitting sixty cords of hardwood and piled seventy-five cords of hardwood during the late winter and spring. Mrs. Jennie Denny, 50 years old, a popular resident of Grand Rapids, Mich., was a member of the graduating class of the Central High school there this year. Mrs. Denny was a teacher in the city schools before her marriage, and as she intends to enter the University of Chicago next fall, she took a short high school course to prepare for the required entrance examinations.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

Maud-Jack seems to be an easy going fellow.
Eibel-Easy-going! You never had him call on you evenings; one can never get him to go.—Boston Transcript.
"Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet."
"Is that so, mother? I'll kick him out."
"Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for a magazine or for a breakfast food factory."—Washington Herald.
"You see that young electrician over there, ogling the girls? Well, he's an electric spark."
"And you see the policeman coming up behind him? Well, he's a spark arrester."—Baltimore American.
He-My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night.
She-What did I talk about?
He-Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me.
She-I wasn't asleep.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Madge—"Isn't that a very small ham-mock you're taking with you on your vacation?"
Marjorie—"Oh, it would hold two at a squeeze."

WHATEVER HAPPENS.

Baltimore Sun.
Whatever happens, this old land Will hold its own and keep its stand Whatever happens, it will swing True to the purpose and the ring Of growth and progress and the prime High usage of the golden time.
Whatever happens, don't you fear This old land won't be bright with cheer. Whatever happens, it will keep Its onward course toward the steep. And climbing slowly to the day Break through the clouds that bar its way.
Whatever happens, this old land Will give three cheers and clap its hand. And taking breath for one more spring Go onward to the higher thing For which the fathers, true as gold, Strove in the mighty days of old.
Whatever happens—let 'em fight. The old land always comes out right; The saving common sense of men Brings back the balanced power again. And out of chaos and of night The old land turns up sound and right.
Whatever happens—let 'em split; This old land will not wince a bit. But greater than all weakness shown By party strife, comes to her own Through an unconscious human will That helps her keep the right road still.

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