

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of January, 1913, was 49,528.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st day of February, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Any more Maderos to be shot?
Laziness gets up so close to the skin that it is hard to shake off.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks, weathervane, certainly had the right tip from the March lion.

Those Thaw people seem to have a terribly hard time to get rid of their money.

March marched in militantly enough to suit the most fastidious British suffragette.

A Nebraska farmer with winter wheat in the ground is not complaining of too much snow.

Cleveland has no dog license. The dogs must also have been placed upon honor by the Golden Rule chief of police.

That reminds us that the second supply main to Florence pumping plant was to have had the water turned in December 1, last.

Dr. Lyman Abbott renounces belief in the doctrine of a fiery brimstone hell. In spite of environment, the good doctor grows milder with age.

We fear Governor Morehead will not be as picturesque an ornament in the inaugural procession as was our Mayor "Jim" on that famous occasion.

The Chicago News compares Huerta to a set of false teeth. As teeth, however, the Maderos have found him quite as incisive as the real thing.

What Are They Afraid Of?
The bill to require public business to be transacted in public by public servants has met with a setback in the lower house at Lincoln, the adverse votes being contributed chiefly by democrats.

Our democratic friends have been loud and blatant in professing their desire to trust the people. They have played house-top politics in providing for record voting on proceedings in committee of the whole, they have talked about dark conspiracies against the common people, but here, where they have a chance to make certain the floodlight of publicity upon the acts done by public officials as agents of the people, they trip themselves and fall down.

What are our democratic friends afraid of? Is it the same old story of calling republicans to account, and then trying to escape accountability themselves with positions reversed?

Commission Plan for States.
Commission form of government for states within ten years is a prediction hazarded by the political editor of Collier's. It is predicted upon the assertion that the American people have seen too much of efficiency in business to continue content with monstrous inefficiency in government, and upon the assumption that the commission form of government for cities will make good, and vindicate itself.

If the commission plan for states is a promise of progress in government, it may be interesting to look forward to it for Nebraska, because it may be set down as certain that Nebraska will not long lag in matters of improved government. We must observe, however, as somewhat inconsistent with the movement in this direction, that the late changes in the official structure here have added to the number of elective state offices rather than reduced them. We have increased the number of supreme court judges to be chosen by popular vote, and we have created elective railway commissionerships, but in no case have we abolished any state office, or converted an elective state office into an appointive one.

If the commission form of state government is to overtake Nebraska within ten years, we will have to have a fast and furious campaign of education.

Mexico's Revolutions.
Mexico's history is a panorama of revolutions, of which forty-six have occurred since 1810. Infrudence, therefore, will pause in accepting at face value all the pledges of peace made by the present provisional administration. Intent and earnest as may be the Huerta government in its program of restored order, the record of the past standing out as an unerring index to racial instincts, which count for more than political promises, will have its inevitable influence.

To be sure, forty-four of these forty-six revolutions transpired from 1810 to 1872, only two coming since then, and the first of these was that in 1810 which overthrew Porfirio Diaz, who, with his unrelenting grasp of affairs, had maintained comparative peace for a third of a century. But while no Porfirio Diaz looms upon the Mexican horizon today, evidently it is his method of ruling that is required to re-establish peace.

Historically the spirit that deposed Diaz and later Madero is not essentially different from that which after five distinct revolutions freed Mexico from the Spanish yoke in 1821. The ominous meaning of all this is that with its succession of wars and regimes, Mexico has made small political advancement. The forces now in temporary control may, as they predict, trench their power and evolve permanent peace, but it must be by their works that they be judged.

Reno as an Object Lesson.
Now that the Nevada legislature has purged the state of the law which made Reno the divorce mecca of the country, possibly by inverse effect Reno's blight and experience may be turned to great advantage, not only to itself and Nevada, but the country at large. For it will surely be a long time before another city will invite such an odium as this came upon Reno. The action of the Nevada legislature, therefore, may have a large counteracting influence not at first appreciated in the object lesson thus afforded.

This rather completes a chain of similar restrictive legislation in various states which is good as far as it goes, but divorce is not to be most effectively dealt with by enacting laws making it harder to obtain a decree. That is, as we say, in the right direction, but to complete the effort at abatement something needs to be done at the other end. More attention must be given to the license to wed. This is quite freely admitted, but little acted upon thus far. The chief difficulty, of course, is to know just how best to proceed. But with the progress we are making in such matters, it will not be long before the proper course is discovered. For this country needs no further demonstration of the evils of loose matrimony.

March, not May, is the moving-day month in Washington.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

Thirty Years Ago—
General George W. Harrington, in Omaha selling coffins for an eastern concern, recalls that he passed through this city in 1887 with General Johnston's army en route to Utah, and is quoted as saying that he little thought then he would a quarter of a century later find a metropolis of 80,000 on the site of that little trading post.

At the memorial exercises to the late William S. McClelland eulogistic remarks were made by George McCullough, A. C. Troup and Joseph R. Clarkson.

The reception by the Young Men's Christian association to its new secretary, G. A. Joubert, was a decided success. President Hincmough, Dr. Wood and others made welcoming speeches.

Indiana and Nebraska are to be united by the marriage of a son of Major Benjamin Harrison to Miss Mamie Saunders of this city.

Charles Whitney has been appointed captain for the Union Pacific base ball nine for the coming season.

The roller skating rink will be lighted by gas beginning next week.

The next lecture in the Unity course will be given by Dr. Samuel Aughey of the State university on the subject, "The Beginning of Geological Time."

The Home Circle club is preparing for a masquerade through an executive committee, consisting of William Brown, John A. White, F. W. Pickens, J. N. Hensman and Thomas Curry. The novelty is to be injected by having characters from "Mascot," "Olivette," "Pirates of Penzance" taken by members of the club.

Allice and Louis Harrison appeared in the amusing comedy, "Hots" at the Boyd.

Twenty Years Ago—
"Modjeska is the best Camille on the stage today," was The Bee's comment on Modjeska in this famous character at the Boyd. "She idealizes Camille, nor does she moral for a moment suffer in the treatment." The audience was not large, but that did not affect the acting.

These Omaha people returned from St. Joseph, where they were participants in the dedication of L. M. Crawford's new theater, with Mrs. Leslie Carter playing in "Miss Hoylett;" Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulvihill, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burgess and Miss Mabel Hite.

The Young Men's Christian Association Cyclers club was organized with the following officers: Captain, W. S. Sheldon; lieutenant, M. S. Coe; sergeant, D. H. Brodie. The club starts with thirty members and hopes to have 100.

Champion Jim Corbett, the conqueror of the great John L. Sullivan, was greeted by a packed house at the Farnam Street theater. "He is not an actor and has sense enough to know it," said The Bee, but the glimmer clinging to him was sufficient to make all he did acceptable.

Spud Parrish presented a large floral offering from friends and then "Gentleman Jim" announced that he was matched to meet Charles Mitchell of England in the coming December.

Ten Years Ago—
The Commercial club's closing banquet for the season of 1902 was given in the evening and was a most pretentious function. Arthur C. Smith called the toasters to order, talked a little shop, then presented Howard H. Baldrige, toastmaster. Among the speakers were Fred Paffenbarger, John L. Kennedy, Carl Reiter and Dr. E. B. Roberts of Kansas City, pastor of the Church of This World, who lauded Bob Ingersoll.

Members of the Omaha Real Estate exchange and others were indignant over the news that the terminal tax bill had been put to sleep by the legislature at Lincoln. Among those who publicly condemned the move were: Robert Smith, W. G. Eire, F. D. Wood, Mayor Frank E. Moore, J. H. McIntosh, T. J. Mahoney.

Miss Webster was planning on a trip to California and Mrs. Webster had changed her plans and decided to accompany her.

Bishop Millspaugh of Kansas was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Davis.

Twice Told Tales
The Post Lover.
He was a poet, with long hair and tall, and for a time she was tickled to death at the novelty of holding hands with him on the sofa. But after a time she tried him, but they were in one poetic ear and out the other, like water out of a duck's back, and the night our story opens she spoke right out.

"Aigeronon," she said, "Sunday night when you came around, you wrote a sonnet to my left eyebrow, didn't you?"

"Yes, love, I did," he returned, putting one hand on his bosom to keep it from swelling with pride.

"Tuesday night when you called," she continued, "you composed a triolet to my nether lip, didn't you?"

"Yes, love," he admitted, "did."

"Wednesday night, during your call," she pursued, "you dashed off a roundel to my dimples, didn't you?"

"Yes, love," he smiled, "dashed off it good. But there, there, don't mention it."

"And didn't it ever occur to you," she said, earnestly, "that a girl might sometimes wish for something more substantial?"

"Darling, you are right!" he cried. "This very evening shall I write an ode in blank verse to your entire face?"

She walked sadly to the foot of the stairs.

"Father," she called, regretfully, "put on your storm shoes and come down."

Labor Unrewarded.
Mrs. E. H. Harriman is to present a medal each year to the railroad that makes the best record in accident prevention.

At a dinner in New York, Mrs. Harriman, replying to a newspaper sneer about her excellent idea—a sneer about a woman's interference in the male sphere of railroad-making—said:

"Let me tell you a fable, a fable in anecdote form.

"Two men sat at a table in a club. The first man, frowning at the other, asked: 'Why on earth do you let your wife go around saying that she made a man of you? You never hear my wife saying that.'

"No," the other frowned back, 'but I've often heard her say she tried her hardest.'"—New York Tribune.

The Worshipping Age.
Mrs. Benjamin Guinness at one of her dinner parties in New York made an epigram upon old maids.

"When an unmarried young woman," said Mrs. Guinness, smiling—"when an unmarried young woman gets to be 35 I've often noticed that she begins to call old maids bachelor girls."

Over the Seas
The largest national park in Europe is to be established in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland, and will have an area of nearly eighty miles.

The Bees Letter Box
How to Make Hotels Safe.
OMAHA, March 2.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a citizen of Omaha I would like to make a suggestion for the safety of people in the old hotels. It seems to me that the proprietors of these houses ought to be compelled to install an electric bell in each room and connect same to main office as close as possible to alarm boxes used for fire, and a regular storage battery put in the cellar, so in case of fire the clerk could call the fire department and at the same time throw in a switch which would ring a bell in each room. This would certainly give the guest an opportunity for safety as soon as the clerk discovers the fire. This is only a suggestion, but I feel that if others would offer suggestions along this line, by taking them all into consideration a plan may be adopted for the safety of the people in the frame hotels.

W. A. HABERSTROH.

Dancing a Devil's Device.
OMAHA, March 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: In regard to your article stating that society had taken up the Wilcox glide, I, an admirer of Mrs. Wilcox's thoughts in previous articles, have awakened to find by ideal shattered—bunk to the level of the mundane sphere.

Because truly "dancing is the invention of the devil" (the verdict of many learned and dignified synods). Considering these very undisputable facts, do you still consider it complimentary to your previous incarnations to have been a dancer?

My choicest selections are poems and articles of your compositions and while I myself am not adverse to dancing, one hardly expects their favorite poetess to resort to it and to add rhythm, music, painting and sculpture therein.

Besides knowing through previous downfalls of graceful dances the liability this glide is of becoming common, your name, too, would eventually suffer the degradation of commonness instead of, as previously, bringing high thoughts of praise.

Against Medical Inspection.
OMAHA, March 1.—To the Editor of The Bee: A bill introduced during the present legislature of Nebraska which has occasioned much consternation among thinking people provides for compulsory medical inspection and subsequent necessary treatment of school children, teachers, janitors and buildings.

Behind its seeming innocence lurks the determination of the political faction of the American Medical association to control the health problems of the state. It is not a necessity of the people, but a political invention. It deprives parents of the natural right to choose and use for their children that means of diagnosis and treatment found most successful; and, since medicine is still in its experimental stage, we prefer that our children be not the subjects of compulsory experimentation.

Medical inspection of schools is not confined to the mere weeding out of those afflicted with communicable diseases; it involves objectionable examinations of children, various operations which many surgeons are discouraging and instruction on intimate subjects. Inspection is the entering wedge of compulsory treatment, which can be forced through segregation of the child to the satisfaction of the inspector.

Let the medical profession, like others, stand on its merits and not attempt to bolster its feebleness by compulsion.

PEARLE CHAMBERLIN.

Joanquin Miller.
HARTINGTON, Neb., Feb. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is a hackneyed and threadbare proverb; De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum. But I believe that we should talk of a dead man as we would talk of a live one. What is history for? Is it, according to Napoleon's definition, a series of lies agreed upon?

Cincinnati Helme Miller has passed away. He is more familiarly known as Joaquin Miller, and in passing strange, by the way, how a sobriquet will take the place of a baptismal and a surname.

There was Mary Ann Evans, known as George Elliot; there was John Mary Arbuthnot, known as Voltaire; there was Dominic Broda, known as Toussaint l'Quereure, etc. Magazines and newspapers are summarizing Miller's career and publishing specimens of his verse. He died of senility at the age of seventy— an early age to die from such a cause.

I saw him at the age of thirty-two. He delivered the poem at the Dartmouth commencement. It was a narrative poem, and told of one of those dark eyed Indian maidens: A Sylvan Diana that never existed outside of Cooper's novels.

Longfellow's poems, and the scribbles of their imitators. This maiden lived, on the banks of the Columbia river, the life of a female hermit. Her only companion was a pet bear, which followed her about like a cosset. One day a brutal skipper appeared in the river with his brig. He saw the maiden, and "loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race." The maiden rejected his advances. The treacherous sailor attempted violence. The bear came to the rescue. The skipper retreated to his craft. Looking toward the shore in sullen silence, the sailor saw the bear. Raising his firelock, he took deliberate aim and discharged the gun. The bear dropped dead. But was the dry season, and the wadding ignited the dry leaves. The forest was on fire. The wind blew sparks to the opposite side. Between the two sheets of flame, the guilty man steered his bark toward the sea. The beasts of the forest, driven to river, boarded the skipper's brig; the only available resting place. On he went to ward the ocean with grisly bear and wolf on board and a cloud of squirrels running up and down the ratlines.

The poet drew his moral. The river was life; the ocean was eternity; and he who would be a beast in life "will dwell with beasts eternally." I have told this tale in my own poor prose, for I cannot repeat a line of Miller's poem. I wrote a copy. He answered that it was a trifle that he thought not worth preserving. Sallust expelled from the senate for immorality, in the most profligate age of profligate Rome, is the most philosophic moralist and the most inspiring denouncer of vice, among all classical writers. And when I listened to Miller, and reflected upon the admitted facts of his life, he seemed to me like Satan preaching righteousness.

In the writer's humble judgment, Miller will have no permanent place in English literature. As a self-advertiser he was a past master. Defeated in his ambition to be a supreme judge of Oregon, he took a cue from Bret Harte; and set out for Europe. People over there have always been partial to Americans who write about prairie dogs, buffaloes,

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.
He (after proposing)—Then I shall live upon hope until next Sunday evening. She—Oh, not exclusively. I wouldn't go without my regular meals.—Boston Transcript.

Fair Visitor—Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door. Hostess—No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure.—New York Mail.

"Do you think a woman believes you when you tell her she is the first girl you ever loved?" "Yes, if you're the first bar she has ever met."—Baltimore American.

"Bella," have you any engagement for next? "Mr. Squinchley, my name is Miss Blim." "Yes, and from the present outlook it's likely to be Miss Blim as long as you live."—Chicago Tribune.

"The Joneses go in for a lot of fuss and feathers." "Yes, ones gets the fuss and his wife the feathers."—Town Topics.

"Biggins was assessed for four times the amount of personal property he actually owns." "Yes, but we'll pay for it later." "Why doesn't he appeal?" "He is afraid to. His wife takes pride in showing the notice to the neighbors."—Washington Star.

"The bride's wedding dress was made of lawn." "What a delicate compliment to her bridegroom's trade." "What is he?" "A gardener."—Baltimore American.

"I don't know how to refuse a girl employment. I hate to send 'em away feeling downcast." "I hate to send 'em away smiling. Tell 'em frankly they're so good looking that they might disturb the office work."—Washington Herald.

"We've had a fine winter, so far." "Yes, but we'll pay for it later." "Well, if the weather authorities can collect anything from me, all right."—Chicago Post.

MOTHER MARCHING HOME.
Washington Star. Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now. For mother is out on parade. The brass bands are raising a terrible row. They're all out of breath, I'm afraid.

There's Aunt Sarah Jane and there's sweet Sister Sue. And dear Cousin Gladys and Kate. They'll soon promenade down the grand avenue, in splendid and serious state.

Oh, put on some blinders like cab horses now. Don't look to the left or the right. For fear you'll behold all our women folk there. And shy, bolt or kick at the sight.

Oh, pull down the curtain, dear father, with care. For mother walked eight miles today. Until she gets rested and fluffed up for fair. Oh, please keep your face turned away.

What In the World Is "HOLSUM" A PLACE TO REST and grow STRONG COLFAX MINERAL SPRINGS The Carlsbad of America Hotel Colfax is a new, perfectly appointed modern hotel. Built of concrete and steel. It is now under the personal management of the owner, who assures most courteous and polite attention to guests in every department.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM THEO. N. VAIL, PRESIDENT Money transferred by Telegraph at greatly reduced rates, with perfect safety, but without red tape, is the Western Union's latest contribution to a broader and more effective use of the telegraph.