

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR... BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50... Daily Bee, one year, \$1.50... DELIVERED BY CARRIER...

REMITTANCE: Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company...

OFFICES: Omaha—The Bee building, South Omaha—231 N street, Council Bluffs—14 Main street...

CORRESPONDENCE: Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha, Bee, Editorial department.

MARCH CIRCULATION: 52,544

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 March, 1913, was 52,544.

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

"Boast not thyself." Many a cook, unknown, crows just before the axe falls.

Speaker Clark at 63 says he feels like 30. He looked like it at Baltimore, too.

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis says he understands women. Well, explain, then.

In this turbulent turmoil for pie, we wonder if the "original Wilson man" has landed.

Another week and the temporary tornado relief work ought to be down to a minimum.

Mrs. Pankhurst may have dieted herself on force, but, if so, she missed the Sunny Jim effect of it.

Some saloon keepers in various Nebraska towns will also have to learn when to let well enough alone.

Wedded in the Surf at Palm Beach—Headline. And what did the sad sea waves say?

Relief for the needy and help for the worthy. Whatever goes to impostors is diverted from the deserving.

Well, if Howell's perpetual tenure bill fails, he cannot charge his friend Hitchbranch with failure to go the limit for him.

The First ward in Chicago does not get its rank from its part in the "We will" campaign. It is Hinky Dink's and Bath House John's ward.

Editor Page's consenting to become Ambassador Page will, of course, not interfere with the World's Work, which he has been doing.

A German dirigible has been seized by French officials charged with spying. Wonder what they supposed army airships were for, anyway.

It looks as if Omaha taxpayers were chipping in \$5,000 a year to maintain a special correspondent at Lincoln to write dispatches for the World-Herald.

Hearst objects because Bryan offered use of the American embassy at Rome for Morgan's funeral. Mr. Morgan was a distinguished American. Where is the objection?

In grateful appreciation our Chinese friends might have Mr. Bryan's famous peroration. "Behold a Republic!" translated into Chinese, and put in all their school books.

"Men die and the world goes on." James J. Hill's characteristic comment on Harriman's death. Cold, but comprehensive. No Washington, or Lincoln or Morgan was ever indispensable.

True, that water district bill concerns 150,000 people. It is also true that they are amply able to attend to their own business if the legislature only lets them settle it for themselves.

Not since the middle ages has the voice of a moral crusader proclaimed, "Human life is now in peril, for we have resolved no longer to respect it." Are the British suffragettes really friends of the cause?

Postmaster Wharton is down at Washington asking the authorities for further improvements in the service here. Omaha fared pretty well at the hands of the Postoffice department during the last administration, but we would be glad to have the democratic succession do still better.

Recognition of China.

It is not inappropriate that the call for a concerted recognition by the other powers of the Chinese republic should come from the United States, which thus takes the initiative in this historic movement.

The chief reason why the new republic should be recognized is that it is an accomplished fact. The oldest monarchy converted itself into the newest republic by the process of a revolution, which in view of its transcending achievements, is almost unparalleled in history for facility of action, moderation and humanitarianism.

The President's Tariff Task.

The democratic tariff bill now ready for action at the extra session of congress, places wool and eventually sugar on the free list, despite the purported belief that the senate will not sanction both demands.

According to best reports, President Wilson insists on nothing specific "save a tariff that will effect a cut in the cost of living and at the same time reduce the monopoly of opportunity that has been enjoyed by some of the trusts."

Another prisoner escaped from the county jail, making five in two days to depart from Sheriff Bennett's bed and board.

A Ray of Hope.

Huerta's avowed willingness to abdicate the provisional presidency in favor of Lascurian, the ranking member of the late Madero cabinet, seems to offer a ray of hope for peace in Mexico.

Yet, in view of the events of the last two years, the question obtrudes itself, has the time come when the complex factions of Mexico will unite on any one man?

Antidote for Over-Insurance. The Kansas state insurance commissioner warns fire insurance companies not to encourage incendiarism, as he says some do by permitting over-insurance regardless of property values.

Christian Hoffman, who according to physicians was the oldest patient ever treated in the St. Louis City hospital, lies dead there from senility and bronchitis.

Miss Florence Markham, who has traveled 36,000 miles as mail carrier between Stockbridge and Intertaken, Mass., has renewed her contract for four years.

The number of national banks in the country is 7,455, and their aggregate capital more than a thousand million dollars. Big country this country of ours.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha Compiled from Bee Files APRIL 5.

Thirty Years Ago—

Although the evening was chilly and threatened rain, upwards of 300 persons visited the dry goods store of S. P. Morse & Co. for its spring opening.

W. H. Alexander, who recently removed from Lincoln to Omaha to accept a position with Dewey & Stone, has brought his family to Omaha and they are living on the northwest corner of Twentieth and Davenport streets.

The telephone company announces communication with new stations for which for five minutes talk the prices are as follows: Papillon, 30 cents; Springfield, 30 cents; South Bend, 40 cents; Waverly, 40 cents; Elk City, 35 cents; Greenwood, 35 cents.

Mrs. H. M. Whitmore has gone to Little Rock on a visit to her daughter, Hattie.

Mrs. T. M. Orr has gone to Buffalo on a visit to her parents.

The converted pugilist evangelist, Dan Hogan, continues his prize fight with the devil at the Baptist church. He is hunting for the gambler, drunkards and love of fascinating pleasures of our city.

M. Toft has purchased of A. J. Hanscom twelve lots in Hanscom place, and will build a house there this spring.

C. H. Frederick, the hatter, has transferred his immense stock from rooms in Brown building to rooms in the Paxton hotel. His move is necessitated by the fact that the Brown building is to be replaced by a substantial brick block at once.

Jerry Mahoney has resigned his position as assessor, and Joseph Leta appointed in his place.

Dolph McGregor of the Union Pacific headquarters has received a unique and valuable present from Mr. Alton in the shape of an Indian pipe which was a personal gift from Sitting Bull to Mr. Alton.

Twenty Years Ago—

Miss Annetta Randall of Bridgeport, Conn., was the guest of Miss Van Camp.

Anton Busch of Mainz, Germany, an extensive wine producer, was in the city for a few days. He was a brother of Adolphus Busch, the famous St. Louis brewer.

Louis Helmsrod and C. E. Forbes went to Clark, Neb., for a duck hunt.

Judge Eiler of the county court was compelled to dismiss his court on account of trouble he was having with his eyes.

Judges Hopewell and Ferguson of the district court exchanged dockets for the term.

United States Marshall White was in the city getting acquainted with his duties, preparing to taking over the office.

Another prisoner escaped from the county jail, making five in two days to depart from Sheriff Bennett's bed and board.

Mrs. Nellie A. Parker, mother of Elmer C. Parker and Mrs. Edwin C. Cook, died at her residence, 315 Corby street.

Ten Years Ago—

Omaha Irishmen appointed the following committee on reception and entertainment of Joseph Devlin, the Irish patriot, who was to visit Omaha, in company with John Finnerty, the Chicago editor.

In the first ante-season game the Lee-Glass-Anderson Originals defeated the Omaha Western league team 4 to 3. The original lineup was: Walter, 3b; Bradford, 2b; Whitney, 1b; Harry Welch, c; Baffelder, p; Taylor, r.f.; Kennedy, s.s.; Foley, 1b; O'Keefe, c; Creighton, c.s.s.; Carter, r.f.; Waidly, 1b; Wright, 1b; Genina, c.f.; Dolan, s.s.; Stewart, 3b; Patterson, 3b; Gending, c; Pullmer, c; Schaffstall, p; Galassi, p; Companion, p; Herman Long, utility hitter. The Hon. Buck Keith umpired.

Detective Hudson broke his thumb while twisting a revolver out of the hand of a holdup man, whom he and Detective Dun arrested.

Miss Gail Laughlin, who was in the city speaking on suffrage, addressed the Omaha Philosophical society, telling it why she believed in the ballot for woman. She based her claim on the theory of government "by the people," urging that with only man voting the "people" were being denied their constitutional rights, as women were "people."

People Talked About

In the shadows of the wind-swept pier counter, Secretary Bryan is known as "the man with the Mona Lisa smile."

Walter H. Page, the coming American ambassador to Great Britain, is a North Carolinian, and a Bostonian in business enterprise.

C. H. Bryant, the proprietor of a hotel in Mattawamuck, Mass., claims to have on his hotel register the longest name ever given at a hotel. The name is that of Mrs. Ethel Devine Rumbleburghen-dorfenstein.

In behalf of the English suffragette held up at Ellis Island as a window smashing convict, it is urged that she should be admitted in order to secure from her American sisters a few needed lessons in good manners.

In Other Lands

Nearing the End. The fall of Adrianople to the Balkan allies after a prolonged, desperate resistance surpassing Plevna in duration, releases a victorious besieging army to assault the last ditch of the Turks at Thohatta.

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Twice Told Tales

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter. The diner nodded, but the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again, presently. Again the diner nodded.

"Potatoes done the way you like 'em, sir?"

"Yes."

"Another period of silence. 'I hope the service is satisfactory, sir?'"

"Are you asking for a tip?" demanded the diner.

"Well, of course we get the tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so—"

"You'd like the tip now to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here's the tip: I have a powerful voice that I'm capable of using. If anything is wrong I'll let out a roar. If you do not hear from me you can know that I am dining in peace and comfort and I am in the seat regarding your silence."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is, too."—Boston Post.

Muffled Knocks

Even snuff is contagious. At least it is apt to make other people tired.

Some men can't stand prosperity, and some can't even understand those who can.

There is nothing that makes a man feel so small as to realize that he has been taken in.

After Three Weeks

By MARSE HENRY WATTERSON.

Down by the sea sea waves—actually under the bamboo tree—amid rose gardens and orange groves, I have been perusing "Three Weeks," not the vulgar sort of that vile woman, but the first installment of the drama of the Wilson administration. I have read over again the president's inaugural speech. I shall not say it may be, when I reflect how preachers have fallen upon closed hearts and deaf ears, I may be forgiven if my optimism fails to answer its call upon my faith.

This, however, is not to discredit its phraseology, which ranks high among essays of the kind, or its purpose whose patriotism and philanthropy admit of no dispute.

To take no account of Buddha, Confucius and Mahomet, the progressive world has been now nearly 1,900 years affecting to believe the teachings and pretending to square itself by the example of Jesus of Nazareth. Men have been burned at the stake; armies have triumphed and been trodden down; the Sermon on the Mount has thundered through the ages and echoed round the universe. Yet what real hold has Christianity, as Christ delivered it upon human kind and where is the Christian church, where the Christian people, where, in the conscience and conduct of men and women, is the religion of Christ and Him crucified?

Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan might be likened to two beaming, buoyant boys, given a dollar each to go and see the show. They are hidden to keep together. The money is declared for common use. Good intentions and self-confidence animate both. The weather is fair, the walking easy. If they hear the distant roar of the lions, the howling of the wolves and the growling of the tigers, it is to them the music rather than warning. With the bravery of youth and the joy of possession, they seek not the dangers ahead. They think they have, and, as it were, they have the world in a sling.

Woodrow Wilson, born in a manse, grew up to pick, and fairy tales a child of books and destiny. William Jennings Bryan, likewise a predestinarian, has dwelt in a peach-blow vase a thousand leagues beyond the moon. Yet has he been in some sort a victim of circumstance, for thrice has he fallen—

From moon to moon, From halo to dewy eve, A summer's day!"

out of a balloon, as it were, though not like Lucifer, "never to hope again." An ill-mated twin for team work, the two of them; for one is dark and t'other fair, and this is a game where it is each for himself and devil take the hindmost!

I cast my eye out upon the gulf yonder. It is as calm as summer. Inevitably the launching of the ship comes across the mental vista. How gaily she looks in her dress of flannel! What cheering throngs! "Smash" goes the bottle of wine—"crash," the bands of music break above the din—hip, hip, hooray! Overhead, the sun shines unclouded. Outside the harbor mouth the waves are dancing. Eut there is an undertone; the voice of the billows saying: "Let her come out to me."

Ab, well-a-day, there be wrecks at sea and wrecks on shore, and politics is very like the briny deep, or what I say, a woman, an angel or a fury, according to the feminine nature and mood with which the ocean and the state are commonly gendered and supposed to be endowed?

Good luck to you, lads, both of you! May you ride the tempest, clear the icebergs, steer safe through the fogs off the banks. But don't go upon the bridge together. Take a life raft aboard. Take two life rafts!

LAUGHING GAS.

"Isn't that Dubs, the artist, straggling along the sidewalk? By Jove, I didn't know he drank like that!"

"Hush, that isn't Dubs. Dubs is one of the new Angliarists."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Say, mates," said the old sailor guest after a vain search for the seaboard, "I want a pilot."

"What for?" asked another guest. "I need one," answered the mariner, "to steer me to port."—Baltimore American.

Misses (getting ready for reception)—How does my new gown look in the sack, Sarah?

"Maid—Beautiful, mum. Sure they'll all be delighted when you leave the room—Boston Transcript.

Young Man—I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make a suitable wife. Lawyer—No, I don't think she would. Five dollars, please.—New York Mail.

"Is he very sick?" "We don't know yet. The doctor hasn't completed the diagnosis."

"What seems to be the trouble?" "He got his feet wet and went home and read through three patent medicine almanacs."—Chicago Post.

"We shall have a bath attached to every bedroom in our new house," said Mrs. Singleton.

"That'll be fine," replied the man who had been a widower for nearly a year, "but don't you think it will be rather troublesome to keep them all filled with flowerpots?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You disapprove of the custom of hand-shaking?" "Not at all," replied the eminent official. "I like it. But I don't quite admire the tendency of a crowd to pick on one man when they might be shaking hands among themselves."—Washington Star.

O'er Omaha "death ruid clouds" glow, On Easter eve the sun rode low; In hall and cot rang laughter's flow; Death stands beside.

Now every heart with fear grows cold, As inkly might unwinds his roil, And loud the bolts of heaven rattle; Death stands beside.

Aeolus' blasts have burst their prison, And shake the city, startle heaven, Of tree and house the earth is riven, As death takes toll.

But lo! under still the wild blast blow, In lindy sky Jove's red hand glows, The level earth the tempest mows; Death dials his scythe!

Mid crash of timber and falling walls, The stoutest heart will fear appall, While clear the voice of the angel calls To the doomful deep.

'Tis morn' in Omaha the dirge is sung, In morgue fond mothers seek a son, From many home there's a missing one, An unfiled chair!

March 31, 1913. G. W. DUDLEY

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