

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

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JUNE CIRCULATION:
50,401

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
I, Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of June, 1913, was 50,401.

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

And don't forget to hand the fly what is coming to him.

The rain gods have been letting the sunny lumps put it all over them.

It would seem that vacant lot gardening is not strong enough to survive the fat stage.

Doc, Friedman must have concluded that all Americans lived in or came from Missouri.

The song to greet the returning veterans: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Again."

If you doubt progress of the safe and sane fourth, compare the Gettysburgs of 1863 and 1913.

Dr. Van Dyke, our minister-elect to the Netherlands, has the name, but J. Ham Lewis the whiskers.

What would you do to a man who sent you notice these days that it was time to lay in your winter coal?

"Fleeing Bulgarians Slaughter Greeks and Dan Villages"—Headline. All is quiet along the Balkans tonight.

The cleanliness and dyers are with us this week. There may be some dyed ones, but no dead ones, among them.

One way to stop the dangerous business of putting torpedoes on car tracks is to get the ones who do it.

The Fourth of July means more to Johnny Bull since Mrs. Parkhurst fired off his first giant cracker.

A lot of folks are still debating whether Secretary Bryan's endorsement of the currency bill is a knock or a boost.

Colonel Mulhall at any rate did his best to help the president to make good on his "insidious lobby" declaration.

By the way, have all the dandelions been dug pursuant to that ordinance made and provided in such cases by our honorable city council?

David is often quoted as saying "all men are liars," by those who forget or do not know that David was offering an apology for a nasty utterance.

Honesty, it seems, consists in not taking a personal interest in legislative matters.—Detroit Free Press. Oh, no, in taking a personal financial interest in them.

Remember, whatever comes of the McReynolds-Whelan case that Secretary-Editor Bryan in his Commonsense has exonerated and exculpated the attorney general.

Our two new Pages in American citizenship, Walter N. and Thomas Nelson, will always be read with diminished interest as compared with Secretary Bryan's grape juice chapter.

Note how judges of our supreme bench have decamped for different beaches and recreation grounds and read herein a judicial decree that there will be no general state elections in Nebraska this year.

It will not make much difference whether you decide to go to the beach, mountains or lakes. For after you are there it's a two-to-one shot against you that you will be there at the other place.

Here is a hot one: The Johnstons (Pa.) Democrat refers to Mr. Munsey's Washington Times as "a bull moose organ with predatory trust propensities." Mr. Munsey, being one of the country's great "snuffers," may, will now speak.

Unmasked. Water board management of our waterworks has so far given water users little, if anything, they've promised in the way of lower rates and better service, but it has one signal achievement to its credit—the unmasking of certain hypocrites. The fake reform organs that were so loud with demands when they knew compliance was out of reach and so apologetic when the same demands were refused by recalcitrant officials in position to meet them, have been thoroughly exposed.

One of those fakery for weeks ran red-ink "primers" to impress people that Omaha was paying for water from four to eight times what municipal plants in other cities charge and to make believe Omaha could and would do the same the moment it secured possession of the plant. But since the water board took hold it has been unanimously eating its words and defending a little 2 1/2 cent reduction as more than anyone has a right to ask. More brazen yet, it has the gall to upbraid the charter convention for writing into the charter the 25-cent maximum water rate for which it once pretended to be fighting.

Another gallery play now exploded is the promise of extensions held out by the water boarders as bait to the credulous. The old water company was rightly excoriated for not building needed mains into new territory; yet although over \$1,030,000 in bonds was voted for this purpose, no extensions have been forthcoming and the mockery of it all comes back upon those who perpetrated the false promises.

The only open question is to what extent intelligent people will let themselves continue to be fooled by the mendacious hypocrites.

Ex-Members as Lobbyists. The report that as a result of the Mulhall confession congress may enact a law preventing former members from engaging in the business of lobbying, doubtless has reference to a determination to deny the privileges of the floor to such former senators and representatives as may become lobbyists, for that is the most that congress can do. Of course, it could not assume to say what occupation an ex-member might engage in and probably the plan contemplates nothing of that sort. Congress owes it to itself and the public interests, though, to take action that will stop the shameful abuses some men have made of their privileges as former members. If such action will strike a telling blow at the root of insidious lobbying at the national capital, then so much the better. In the meantime, it may be but fair to hear the other side of the Mulhall case from those upon whom he has thrown his blanket charge. Nothing should obstruct a full revelation of the facts.

Cocktails and Highballs. Comes now Martin M. Mulhall, former chief lawmaker at Washington for the National Association of Manufacturers, saying he saw former Congressman James E. Watson of Indiana drink six cocktails in one evening. "A wicked diabolical lie," declares Watson, who denies the whole story in language as vigorous as ever was denied the drinking of a highball by anyone ever accused of that heinous offense. Of course, Mr. Watson was talking without equivocation or reservation. Yet even though it be proved that he drank a dozen cocktails or whiskey sours, or mint juleps, or even the straight, unadulterated stuff on his doctor's prescription as a pain killer or even a mental or nervous brace, then it is wholly a horse of another color, and he may recover damages in court from his slanderer.

The policy of our water boarders seems to be to figure out, not how much they are warranted in doing for water users, but how little they can do and have folks believe they are doing something. In other words, although running a water plant bought by and belonging to the people, the water boarders are proceeding just as if it belonged to some private profit-making company.

Nebraska taxpayers are being assured that they will lose nothing by reason of investment a few years ago of permanent school funds in Tennessee state bonds, now matured with no money in sight to pay them. Just put this down that no Nebraska money would ever have been planted in Tennessee bonds unless someone with a pull was getting a commission or a rake-off.

There is just one sure way to put the management of city affairs out of politics, and that is to make a few officers elective by a nonpartisan ballot, and fence up as many of the other employes as possible behind civil service rules.

President Wilson has received two or three compliments upon his Gettysburg address, but it will hardly pay him to engage a press clipping bureau to gather and compile the plaudits.

Wolcott's Tax Hoax. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The fact that the big packing concerns of the United States are warring with those of Australia and Argentina may make it possible for the average American to renew his acquaintance with Fresh meat.

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Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
JULY 7, 1900

Thirty Years Ago—A compilation completed by County Clerk Baumer shows the total assessed valuation of Douglas county to be \$18,817,754, of which \$7,372,161 is real estate and \$11,445,593 personal property.

John Kerr, for four years with M. Hellman & Co., left for Portland, Ore., and expects to go into the business of raising sheep.

Samuel Avery, proprietor of the fine horticultural gardens near Fort Omaha, left at this office a sample box of "Turner" raspberries. The fruit was delicious, and no finer can be raised anywhere.

Hon. James E. Boyd received a cablegram from Liverpool announcing the safe arrival of the steamer Wisconsin, having on board Misses Eleanor and Margaret Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Caldwell and Mr. Rich and daughter.

Rev. Dr. Satter, pastor of the First Congregational church of Des Moines, and his wife are guests of James Morton. Dr. Stone has returned from Dakota.

The industrial school of Trinity cathedral closed its sessions, giving the girls, 104 in number, a picnic in Hanscom park. Resipients of prizes awarded were: Iona, Blinnbury, Gerlie, Puley, for punctuality; Mary Johnson, Sophie Larson, Matilda Oleson, for sewing; Julia Larson, Laura Towner, for hemming; Lillie Gallatine, for gathering.

The Woodman Lined Oil works is running again with capacity for sixty barrels per day, and employing forty men.

The Union Pacific received what is called a railmining from the Grand Avenue of St. Louis, with a score of 4 to 5.

Twenty Years Ago—John Francis, general passenger agent of the B. & O., and E. L. Lomax of the Union Pacific were in Chicago on official business.

Julius Schamus, a soldier on a furlough, member of Company H, Eighth Infantry, stationed at Fort McKinney, Wyo., fell off a motor car on Leavenworth, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, at midnight and was killed. He had been standing on the platform conversing with Conductor J. H. Reed when suddenly he lost his footing and went down.

Mr. Dave Rowe left for Chicago to visit the World Fair sister, after which he expected to go to Denver, between which city and Omaha she was casting lots in her own mind as a residence.

Joseph S. Bartley, state treasurer, sat in the cool evening breeze fanning guests in front of the Millard hotel and responding to the importunate pump for a few interesting remarks. He said: "I believe I do not state it too strongly when I say that nine out of every ten people in Lincoln would have been better pleased to have seen C. W. Mosher permitted to pay to the bank receiver the \$100,000 his friends proposed to pay than to have seen him," etc. Mr. Bartley congratulated himself on having practically no state funds in banks that had failed.

Father Patrick P. McCarthy, for seven years pastor of St. Philomena's cathedral, resigned and said he intended going to his old home in Newark, N. J.

Ten Years Ago—Bye Lewis, better known as William Lewis, 134 North Nineteenth street, lost his life in a runaway accident at Fourteenth and Farnam streets at 4:30 p. m. The team Lewis was driving started to run. He did not have hold the reins and stepped down on the tongue to get them. The wagon hit a curb and three wheels went to the ground in time for the rear wheel to pass over his head, fracturing his skull. He was picked up insensible and died later.

By a happy combination of the weather and the typical Omaha spirit of hospitality the city was able to give the National Editorial association a hot reception. Dr. George L. Miller, a veteran Omaha editor of other days, made the address of welcome when the convention opened and Mayor Frank E. Moore, Edward Rosewater, O. M. Hitchcock, John L. Webster and others followed, and the visiting editors admitted they were duly and cordially welcomed.

Omaha managed to win a game off old Fort Ryker, the Davey pitcher who held the team a consummate hoodoo over the team. The Bourkas pounded him for thirteen hits and won the game, 7 to 2.

Harry Cartan returned from the Pacific coast. Following a meeting of Western league magnates in Omaha, Pa. Bourkas announced changes in his lineup, which were regarded as strengthening. He said middle hitters, the Davey pitcher, who held the team at third and short, were respectively, by Frank Genins and a new man, Ralcliffe. He had bought a pitcher from St. Louis called "War" Sanders and Dusty Miller for the outfield. Joe Dolan, it was said, had shown an indisposition all season to get into form.

People Talked About Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch of Chicago, former justice of the peace, has been tendered the position of dean of law in its relation to women at the Chicago College of Law.

Dr. J. J. Mulowney of Philadelphia says money spent in missionary work in China is money thrown away. Here's a fifty dollar note to be turned into in the words of Minnesota. They come from the Yellowstone region.

Most of the later-day commentators on the battle of Gettysburg agree in clothing it as a fierce struggle, but it wasn't near as "heroic" as the poetry provoked by the fiftieth anniversary of the fracas.

Dona Juana Rosa de Edwards, the richest woman in Chile, is dead. She was noted as a philanthropist. One of her grandsons is the Chilean minister at London.

A year ago Samuel Williams, Indiana citizen, township trustee, bachelor, aged 62 years, was fishing in the Ohio. He fished out a bottle containing the address of Leah Pritsker of Brookburg, aged 32 years. Now she's Mrs. Williams. Clyde, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dettling, near Linden, Pa., has plowed between five and six acres of side-hill surface last spring, and he is now teaching a three-months' class Jersey calf to take him about the farm in his express wagon. The calf is proving an apt pupil.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the secretary of the interior, finds no many women faddists that she thinks it would be a good idea for society women to wear tags that indicate what special fad they are interested in. Then, as they passed, they could easily find a subject for conversation. And his two having the same fad need have one another.

Twice Told Tales

Professors of Base Ball. "Well, dear," asked the ball player's wife, "who won the game this afternoon?"

"We did," said the star batsman of the home team, "and I tell you I had a mighty profitable afternoon. I was at it but four times. The first time up I made a two-base hit. A little bit higher and it would have been over the fence; but as it was it hit the elephant at the Elephant cigarette sign square on the right base, and I got \$10 for that, besides 1,000 cork-tipped cigarettes."

"Fine!" "Yes, and the second time up I hit the fence again, this time right in the middle of the Red Hot can that advertises Bobbitt's Pure Food soup. That netted me \$15 more."—Brooklyn Times.

Everybody Was Happy. A recently young woman from out west was wedded to a member of the nobility of England, and the ceremony occurred in the most fashionable of London churches—St. George's, Hanover square.

Among the guests was the cousin of the bride, as sturdy an American as can be imagined. He gave an interesting summary of the wedding when asked by a friend whether the marriage was a happy one.

"Happy? I should say it was," said the cousin. "The bride was happy, the mother was overjoyed; Lord Sticklethill, the groom, was in ecstasies, and the creditors, I understand, were in a state of absolute bliss."—Lippincott's Magazine.

On the Wrong Side. Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the Philippine commission, smiled gleefully the other afternoon when he heard several of the brethren boastfully telling each other who ruled the domestic roost. He was reminded, he said, of the keen perception of little Willie.

One day, according to the story told by Mr. Worcester, Willie's grandmother, who lived a thousand miles in the beautiful mountains, came for an extended visit. It was the first time that Willie had ever seen her, and naturally his examination of the elderly one was long and critical.

"And so you are honestly and truly my grandmother?" finally remarked the grandchild, going closer to the visitor.

"Yes, my dear," was the fond rejoinder of the old lady, "on your father's side."

"Well, that's where you're in bad to begin with," was the startling response of Willie, "you're on the wrong side."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

An Impressive Truth. At the booksellers' recent annual convention in New York, Irvin S. Cobb pointed out the great field to book-selling that advertising affords.

"A book," he said, "gets a good review—the author, perhaps, is called a genius. That review of itself sells, perhaps, 100 copies. But that review, quoted in a good, big advertisement, might easily sell 10,000 copies."

Mr. Cobb paused, then added impressively: "The temple of commerce, gentlemen, is supported by columns of advertising."

Editorial Sittings Springfield Republican: The Xerophilism club thinks that by 1915 the dirigible will be so perfected that a flight across the Atlantic may be attempted without risk. But it will be safer to wait and see how many airplanes have blown up by that time.

Chicago Record-Herald: Professor Willard T. Grew tells us that he has been losing about a pound since he left the White House, which would seem to indicate that teaching the young idea is less of a strenuous than running a government of a hundred million people.

Philadelphia Ledger: Mr. Metcalfe should make a reasonably successful civil governor of Panama. He never had any trouble disciplining the office force of the Commission, both members of which are unamiable in their approval of the appointment; to-wit, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Metcalfe.

Baltimore American: Japan active in Mexico; Japan active in Hawaii; Japan active in the Philippines. In short it seems to be Japan's busy time all over the world. Also, that Japanese war debt is active—and is drawing more interest than the little brown kingdom can conveniently pay.

London Globe: News: By cutting out naval snipes, motorcycle outriders, uniformed aids and the like, the president is rapidly getting things down to a basis where the plain, but sometimes sarcastic, citizen will not feel like laughing when he reads about the chief executive's movements.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: When Mr. Bryan was his editorship to declare that Attorney General McReynolds was a postmaster of the commonwealth card to please Secretary Wilson was a proper compliance with a reasonable request, he illustrated how a position on the inside can turn the fiercest reformer.

New Inventions An Omaha mechanic has patented and sold a movable device carrying water which it feeds into hot journals while a train is in motion.

Photographic paper that can be printed on both sides has been invented for copying documents and public records.

Harness to hold a fishing pole so as to leave a fisherman's hands free to manage his bait or catch is an English invention.

A new printing, gumming and perforating machine in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington turns out a mile of finished postage stamps every five minutes.

By equipping an orchard heater with a reservoir to hold additional oil and feed it to the burner slowly a Kansas farmer invented a device that would burn all night without attention.

One French inventor is hanging the outlines of his aeroplanes under the shaft to aid stability, while another is trying out a propeller with six blades, instead of the two commonly used.

The Dees Letter Box

A Confession of Faith. SILVER CREEK, Neb., July 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: And now comes Frank O. Shaw of Harlan, Ia., bringing with him a great bump of curiosity! He wants to know what good "belong to" what part of the Bible I get my arguments from; how many gods there are; to which god I belong; and how I stand with that god.

I wish you would see Mr. Shaw's mind by telling him that I don't "belong" to any god, and that, so far as I know, no creed "belongs" to me. But I think the Bible is mostly a series of miscellaneous fiction and not the place to go to find arguments; that I don't know how many gods there are, never having counted them, though I think there are about 14,000,000 of them of which Christians, like Mr. Shaw, have barely three; that I belong to a wooden god, but don't exactly know which one, and that I think I stand very well with that god, whichever he may be for the reason that he never gets mad at me and threatens to send me to hell because I find myself unable to perform some impossible stunt.

Tell him further, please, that I am sure I don't belong to his God. For I love children, and I have no use for a God that would send out from the wood hungry bears to chew them up simply because they made fun of an old man with a bald head. I hope I have some regard for maidenly virtue, and I hate and despise a God that would give into the hands of a ruthless soldiery for their own use the innocent girls of a whole nation or tribe, after having first butchered their fathers and mothers; I take no stock whatever in a God, who, to satisfy his "justice," would kill his own son who had done no wrong, and then let the devil, who ought to have been killed long ago, roam at large "seeking whom he may devour," and I utterly abhor a God who would create untold millions of men and then burn them forever in hell. After you have told the Iowa gentleman all this, I think he will feel better in his mind.

Of the supreme Architect of the Universe, I know nothing, absolutely nothing. When I am out of night standing in His presence, I look out on what I know to be but a faint shimmer of an illimitable array of shining worlds and try to fathom the infinite depths of space. I am awed and dumb; I realize that I am only an infinitely insignificant part of that vast whole, not attaining even to the dignity of a ripple on a boundless sea, and am quite content to bide my way until I shall drop back into that boundless reservoir of force and matter from whence I came.

Mr. Shaw has also a bump of credulity bigger than a goose egg. He thinks every alleged fact recorded in history is true. If we were to take history as a whole, it would be a mere mass of shivering words and try to fathom the infinite depths of space. I am awed and dumb; I realize that I am only an infinitely insignificant part of that vast whole, not attaining even to the dignity of a ripple on a boundless sea, and am quite content to bide my way until I shall drop back into that boundless reservoir of force and matter from whence I came.

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He would understand the connection between the different sentences in the quoted paragraphs appearing in his letter. The shakier, "I may eventually be reduced to silence," has reference to the fact that some contributor had attempted to refute some of his statements about man in his natural state. If E. O. M. were to expose his identity he would be annoyed by communications from readers who, not fully comprehending the depth of his statements, take issue with him about various passages. As for myself, when I turn to the letters of the editorial page I first seek a contribution from E. O. M. As he has attacked no man's character, there is no occasion for the publication of his identity. Let him continue to enrich the letter box with his communications.

APRECIATOR OF GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

Here and There

By holding up reduced freight and passenger rate laws for three years a Missouri legislator calculates the people of the state paid \$17,500,000 in excess rates. Minneapolis broke the June bridge record with a list of 32.

Out of a total of 170 applicants for lawyers' certificates in Missouri, 170 passed the state examination and were given permits to break into the firing line of trouble.

The Pennsylvania legislature has imposed a tonnage tax on the output of hard coal which is expected to yield \$2,000,000 a year. The consumers will get it.

The National Union of Women Clerks, founded twenty-one years ago in Berlin, is one of the best organized unions in Germany, numbering over 2,000 members. The distinction of having the best paid one-room country school-teacher in the United States is claimed by Logan county, Illinois, which pays its teacher \$10 per month for a term of nine months.

In consequence of the scarcity and high price of labor, particularly farm workers, the Pennsylvania legislature has imposed a tonnage tax on the output of hard coal which is expected to yield \$2,000,000