

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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JUNE CIRCULATION
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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 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.

Somebody seems to be throwing a few lemons in those Orange riots at Belfast.

Wage issue is up to Wilson—Headline. Of the railroad employes, not cabinet officers.

"Must a legislature be an ass" asks the New York World. If it comes natural, yes.

Germany has lost control of Sing Sing—News item.

Inside or outside? It looks as if the various Pinchots were in danger of being "mixed up" like Buttercup's babies.

It certainly is not the high price of grapefruit that runs Mr. Bryan's living expenses up so high.

It will be necessary to revise the old song. It has been discovered that the Danube is golden, not blue.

Weather conditions must be normal again in West Virginia. We has been resumed in the mining camps.

What in the world made Colonel Mulhall so sore all of a sudden? Was it the fact that he was dislodged from the payroll?

Let us cross one bridge at a time. The first special election confronting us is the one next week to vote the tornado loan bonds.

Secretary Bryan should have explained that he is merely responding on his part to an irresistible spontaneous popular demand.

How is this for a fish story? A boy uses a mosquito for a bait and catches a thirty-pound trout. It is a California story, of course.

Whenever one hears of the issue raised in a New York political scrap the mind's eye instinctively pictures to itself the face of a tiger.

Surely it cannot be that Senator Bristow, one of the country's great "unafraid" men, fears the competition of Secretary Bryan on the cha-ta-naqua stump.

Those Richmond officials who arrested the young woman with a slit skirt are the kind of gentlemen who would not stand and gape at women in tight skirts boarding street cars.

Nebraska's new hotel law requires every hotel and rooming house to furnish every guest two clean towels every day. Where the law falls short is that it does not require the guests to use the towels.

Criticism of Secretary Bryan seems to have reached the boomerang stage with this from Cole Blease, the fire-eating governor of South Carolina: "He reminds me of a cheap circus horse rider, operating under the track of a whip."

A Kansas City jury unanimously agrees on the guilt of a man tried for second-degree murder, but acquits him on his promise to go home, be a good boy and remember his aged mother in the future. Yet some folks think justice is stern.

Buffalo Bill's part on the program last season was to announce his coming retirement from active leadership in the arena. This year it seems to be the announcement that he has retired. The colonel for a third of a century has been the best showman in the business.

Secretary of State Wait is foxy, all right. He disclaims any duty devolving upon him to read through and verify those initiative and referendum signatures, and insets that it is for their opponents to challenge them. In other words, Mr. Wait explains, "I should worry."

Coming to a Head.

Evidently things are rapidly coming to a head in Mexico. Reports of acute dissatisfaction with our policy of non-interference on the part of leading European powers with interests in the troubled republic, accompanied by a purported demand that we either recognize the Huerta government or essay the task ourselves of restoring order, or step aside and leave the job to Europe, are, of course, significant. So is the assertion by the governor of Sonora that Huerta has inspired these protestations and demands, and also the further fact that Ambassador Wilson has been recalled, temporarily or permanently.

It is hardly necessary, in view of the obvious, to seek an explanation for European activity in the unpleasant charge of subservency to Huerta. It is but natural that these countries should manifest a desire for action, although Germany disclaims participation in such concert. All assuming that if there is to be outside interference in Mexico, the task must devolve on the United States.

Almost, But Not Quite.

A fine-spun point has been raised against the referendum petitions that would hold up the \$20,000 appropriation to build an armory at Nebraska City pending submission to a vote of the people. The constitutional provision, we are reminded, makes an express exception from referendum nullification of "acts making appropriations for the expenses of the state government and state institutions existing at the time such act is passed."

It is urged that the company of the National Guard which is to be housed in the proposed armory is an existing state institution, and that the construction of a building is simply a substitute form of paying rent and, therefore, an item of expense of the National Guard within the exception of the constitution.

This demonstration is ingenious, if not wholly convincing. It would be more convincing were it not for certain circumstances in connection with the referendum that are of common knowledge, namely, that the petitions were prepared and circulated by a group of distinguished and patriotic reformers, who, although hidden behind the high-sounding name of "Legislative Voters' league," are, in fact, the most unselfish self-constituted guardians of the people of Nebraska ever had. It would be near less majestic to question the legality or the wisdom of any proposal or proposition emanating from the source from which this armory referendum comes.

Fine—but for How Long?

This newspaper does not believe in calling names. It does not believe in appealing to prejudice.—World-Herald.

Good. It sounds fine, notwithstanding the notorious and chronic failure to practice the preachment. But if it's notice of turning over a new leaf, it's entitled to approval and applause. Let us see how long it lasts.

Woodrow's Weather Eye.

A woman democrat has been appointed to a \$4,500 federal office in California. Evidently President Wilson is not the sawney in politics some thought. He seems to have a fine weather eye. Women vote in California and women have a way—and nowhere more than in California—of expecting recognition of their rights as well as powers of assistance. For all we know, this might have been just the most worthy and befitting appointment, but in any event it is likely to prove a clever political stroke.

It will be remembered how the president parried words with the good women who recently waited upon him to learn first-hand his views upon woman's suffrage. Perhaps he has wisely decided that it will be quite as well to show as to tell the women what he thinks of them in public places. But to favor a woman over a man in a state where women do not vote would be like wasting fragrance on the desert air.

It turns out that the new Nebraska law giving penitentiary convicts half of what they earn at their enforced labor must remain for a time ineffective because of no appropriation. Wonder if this is intentional or accidental. What a nice craft it will give the energetic lobbyists who undertake to divide with the convicts by collecting their claims on a 50 per cent commission.

Our former school superintendent, who since leaving Omaha has been the stormy petrel of the Milwaukee schools, has been offered a life tenure normal school presidency, and is said to be inclined to accept, although it carries a salary smaller by \$1,000 than what he has been getting. Any other city trying to take our Water board boss away from us? We haven't heard a single bid.

Iowa railroads are combatting an order of the State Railway commission requiring them to make an excursion rate of 1 1/4 cents a mile for the Iowa State fair. The railroads look upon this as the levy of an enforced contribution on them to help out the state fair gate receipts. The joke would be on the roads, however, if they were compelled to make the rate and found that it proved profitable.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
JULY 18, 1913

Thirty Years Ago—

Port Huron handed another package to the crack Union Pacific, but only by a score of 7 to 6. Fully 1,500 anxious spectators crowded the St. Mary's avenue grounds, to say nothing of those on the housetops and hilltops. "Tomorrow is the last chance for the U. P. to save themselves," says The Bee.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Sando F. Woodbridge and Fannie E. Wilson, were married by Rev. W. J. Harsha. Governor Dawes has issued notarial commissions to David S. Seldon and John T. Paulson.

Frank Bryant of the auditor's office of the Pacific Express company will erect a handsome residence just south of John L. Webster on Pleasant street.

The city treasurer's report for the year ending June 30 shows total collections of \$67,000, of which \$19,000 was from bonds and \$48,000 from licenses.

George A. Joslyn is back from Colorado, Mrs. Joslyn remaining there a few weeks longer.

Ex-Senator Saunders has gone to Mount Pleasant, Ia.

N. Marston left for California on a pleasure trip.

Miss Minnie Adams of the Union Pacific freight auditor's office has gone on a six weeks' visit to relatives in New York City and Paris.

Contractor Grant has cleaned the mud off the Douglas street pavement again. The latest organization to be launched is the Catholic Knights' Insurance company.

Prof. S. F. Davies, 86 South Tenth street, would like to give music and singing lessons, and incidentally is willing to tune pianos.

Twenty Years Ago—

Jack Linton, one of the most popular switchmen in the Union Pacific yards, residing with his mother at 1311 Pierce street, laughed himself to death. He was returning at night from a meeting of the Hibernal lodge in company with Block Watchman Jerry Murphy, Thomas Barrett and Phillip Terrill. One of the men told a funny story, which tickled Linton into a hearty laugh. Near Thirteenth and Dorcas streets he stepped over to one edge of the sidewalk to have his laugh out.

His companions strolling leisurely along until getting some distance away they missed Linton. Returning, they found him lying on the ground, grasping for a telegraph post by which to help himself up. Two friends knelt to help him and the other ran to call a doctor. He died in the friends' arms of apoplexy. He was 28 years of age, hard-working, sober and jovial.

Hugh Murphy completed the paving of Douglas street from Nineteenth to Twentieth with Colorado sandstone.

John L. Webster and family were in Chicago visiting the World's fair. Ed Maurer took out a permit to make alterations in the store building at 1306 Farnam street costing \$5,000.

Major Furay as sewer commissioner made his first appointment in giving Joseph Doherty, an old friend and Grand Army of the Republic comrade, an inspectorship. The other members of the Board of Public Works backed up the appointment.

Ten Years Ago—

"It will be a crime for the city of Omaha to purchase the waterworks this year," said City Treasurer Hennings. He was thinking of the redemption of several hundred thousand dollars worth of city warrants that could not wait, water works or no water works.

"If we had proper buildings for them I believe that thirty new jobbing houses would locate in Omaha during the next twelve months," said W. S. Wright of the firm of Wright & Wilhelmy. And John Utz, secretary of the Commercial club, coincided with him.

The board of directors of Brownell hall at the First National bank set aside \$1,000 for improvement of the school for the next school year. Expenses at the meeting were: Bishop A. L. Williams, Herman Kuntze, F. H. Davis, G. C. Barton, C. W. Lyman, I. D. Richards of Fremont, G. W. Doans, Rev. Benjamin J. Fitz of Lincoln.

H. D. Neely and John Dale went to Wondress lake in northern Minnesota on a fishing trip.

The Omaha team continued its generous work of promoting the standing of the other seven teams of the Western league by contributing a game to St. Joseph, 2 to 1. It was a good game, in which Omaha outthrew the visitors.

The True Voice, Omaha's exclusive Catholic weekly paper, made its initial appearance with Charles Curtis Hahn, a local poet and writer, as editor.

Twice Told Tales

Looked Like Dad.

The immorality of French fashions was being discussed at a tea in Denver. The new idea of American fashions for American women was being praised. The Rev. Alphaeus C. Kerr then said: "It is time that we removed our women from the perils of French fashions, with their suggestive lines. I attended the opera last year during the Easter holidays. My companion pointed out to me a young matron blazing with diamonds, and he said: "That is old Gohas Gold's daughter, the countess. I knew her father when he went about with his pants held up with one suspender."

"I regarded the beautiful young woman through my glasses. Her dress was audacious. I said dryly: "She must take after her father, then. Her gown, I see, is held up by one strap."—Denver Post.

Suspicious Haste.

"The trusts are in the position of the man whose wife has gone to the country—no matter what they do, it lays them open to suspicion."

The speaker, Charles M. Schwab, ground his teeth. Then he resumed: "The man whose wife is in the country, or at the shore, or on the mountains, is always a suspect."

"For example: One woman said to another on the piazza of the Hotel Ball Eieeze: "What's leaving today? Why, I thought you were staying till the end of August." "I did intend to," explained the other woman, "but my husband has just sent me a \$500 check without a murmur."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Another Mild Drinker.

The testimony brought out at the trial of Colonel Roosevelt's case in Marquette, Mich., reminds a Kansas story teller of this incident: Once there was a college professor who had been a total abstainer all his life. He became run down in health and had no appetite and his family physician recommended that he take a little beer before each meal. In a week he reported to the doctor: "That beer has done me no good, and I have taken it regularly before meals each day."

New Comus Mentis.

A commission in lunacy had called a woman to the witness stand. "And now," said the commission's counsel to her, "what is your ground for claiming that the accused is insane?" The woman gulped, wiped her eyes, and answered: "Well, gentlemen, he took me to the theater twice in one week. Each time we went in a taxicab; we had supper each time after the performance; and each time he bought me chocolates and flowers. He didn't go out to see a man before the acts, either."

"That man," said a commissioner, "surely these actions do not prove insanity on the accused's part." "But you forget, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile, "you forget that the accused is my husband."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Women's Activities

Illinois women suffragists say they will not seek office, but content themselves for the present in seeing to the election of proper men.

Miss Frances Greeley Curtis, recently elected a member of the Boston school board, the first woman elected to that committee for eight years, says that she is interested in two things, first the health of the children and then the continuation of schools.

Miss Katherine Comua, professor emerita of Wellesley college, is chairman of the board of trustees of the Inheritance Institute for Girls at Madrid. It is a nonsectarian college for women, and in the twenty years of its existence it has succeeded in opening institutions of learning to women that had been closed for centuries.

Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt of New York has been trying to persuade the park commissioners to establish a model farm in Central park. The plan contemplates a farm cottage, the best farm stock that can be purchased, an 800-ft.-diameter flower garden and other things connected with a farm that would enable city people to see farm life under the best conditions.

Mrs. Charles J. Starkey of Ashtabula, O., passed the examination for lawyers the other day, which is not remarkable of itself, except for the fact that her husband passed at the same time and this is the first instance in Ohio of certificate to practice law being given to a man and wife at the same time. Their children had all been graduated from college before they began to study.

Gambling Bankers. Brooklyn Eagle. A Pittsburgh bank carrying \$25,000,000 in deposits has closed its doors, and we get new light on the art of gambling: The bankers were juggling a water company and the banking department did not come to the rescue until the game had been carried on for years. Our local Miller syndicate would have lasted longer if it had organized the dignity of a regularly organized bank.

Pleasing Figures in Limestone. Baltimore American. The fair city graduates and the college orator occupy the limelight to the exclusion of lesser subjects of nation-wide interest. And they take themselves so seriously that the world, with a sigh of regret that youthful enthusiasm and seriousness are so fleeting, views them with an indulgence that makes the limelight particularly distressing to all present.

Nebraska Editors

C. F. Benshausen, editor of the Loup City Independent, has been appointed postmaster of his town.

E. F. Kestehke, publisher of the Scribner-Rustler, has completed the construction of a new home for his paper and is moving his plant into it.

The Burwell Sun has suspended publication after fifteen months' existence. The subscription list and advertising contracts were taken over by Publisher Parsons of the Tribune.

The Pers Pointers, S. W. Hacker & Co., publishers, celebrated its seventeenth anniversary last evening connected with a party at the residence of the Hon. J. H. B. Leader is publishing a dandy during the chaotic period in his city.

The Bees Letter Box

A Come-Back from Dey.

BRADSHAW, Neb., July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Our friend Yeiser of Omaha, in his reply to our article makes a weak effort, we think, and fails to explain anything, except to still hold to the idea that there might be some cause for us to abuse him, which, to our knowledge, there is not. He still seems to hold to the idea, also, that he had sent us a blank petition and had written us a letter, in which case he is mistaken.

One statement of his we certainly do not understand, when he says: "In order to get ready to close the letter to Mr. Dey by suggesting that when he comes to Omaha, if they put him in jail, to call me."

It is very evident, Mr. Yeiser does not know us, or understand our moral and religious makeup. We never perform political favors when anything like a bribe is behind it. Furthermore we are not in the habit of getting in jail in Omaha or any other city. We are now 65 years old and have never been in jail, and more, during our entire time in the army. We were never in the guardhouse, so the appeal to us by our "good fellow" Yeiser to help us out of jail does not touch very close. As to Mr. Yeiser's referendum petition, we know nothing about it, having never seen one. We do not think if we had seen it that we would have signed it, as we do not think that the occasion justifies the end when it comes to putting the state to the expense of an election. We are in favor of the initiative and referendum if judiciously used, but when any kind of a poppen-jack lawyer can for personal objects jump in and put the tax payers to expense just for self satisfaction, we say no.

With these few remarks we rest our case for a while, at least. JOHN B. DEY.

An Unconceivable Dispute.

OMAHA, July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I will admit it is degrading to pay attention to the slush and foul rot of the sheet which belches forth from day today, what is intended to be criticism and condemnation of the proposed new city charter. What a juggling of facts and what a distortion of truth! It must be extremely offensive and nauseating for any man with self-respect to think that such stuff could be dished out for the readers of that miserable little sheet as a daily diet without a word of protest. It is really a reflection on the good nature and patience of the public to presume that such lies would be swallowed without holding the nose.

Thinking people who followed the proceedings of the convention and watched the deliberations and actions of its members are disgusted with the distortion of truth and malicious libel of the members of that convention, who are men of good standing in the community and who gave their time and labor gratis for the benefit of the city.

And what logic! What flimsy arguments are produced for the sole purpose of befuddling the public or befogging the real truth for the readers! Truly, an inmate of a house of imbecility would blush at such argumentation as set forth in the "Star Chamber Charter" articles. X. X.

Saving and Hoarding.

OMAHA, July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Lo, another champion of infidelity stands forth, and with his "sublime ignorance" he fearlessly hurls his defiant interrogations at the creed of our greatest scholars. And inspired by his matchless logic the theory of "Inherited religion" is evolved red hot off the pen of John Soto.

Let us, however, Mr. Editor, coolly inquire into the boundless depths of his questions. First—"God permits the triumph of the hellish when he ordains a blessed peace." Mr. Soto seems to have a strange view of life. Is not man a free moral agent? Can he not choose for himself? If this is so, does not a man reap what he sows? If a man puts his hand in a fire will he not be burned? Does a thistle bear figs? If a man commits a sin he will reap just what he sowed.

Second—"Religion is essentially a matter of heredity." Why do we not all have the same religion that Adam had if this is so? Do the converts to Christianity inherit their religion? Do you think that your children's children will have the same belief as you? Have you the same belief as your grandfather? "The desire for religion has expressed itself in man from his earliest state." This is very true, but why is this? I suppose because he "inherited" it. Where did the first man inherit his religion? "Suppose that a youth had grown to maturity, reared in ignorance of religion in a form, etc.," seems very strange that you don't meet those kind of people very often. Why?

Third—"Would W. T. label a Chinaman before his idol, etc., a heathen? And if so, by what right?" Mr. Webster says (and surely he is an honorable man) that a heathen is "an individual of the nations that worship idols and do not acknowledge the true God; a pagan; an irreligious person." Yes, Mr. Soto, our curiosity is aroused as to its application in your case. As to your terrible fear of hell (of which real Christians have none) I advise you to read a book entitled "Eternal Hope," Bishop Farrar.

Finally, Mr. Editor, may we venture to ask of this "nonbeliever" who "does not wish to disparage" the Christian religion, what good has infidelity done the world? "What lost soul has it saved? What widow has it comforted? What orphan has it cherished? What actual benefit to humanity has it achieved? What hope has it inspired in the breast of any human being? For what ultimate end do you hope? Will you be like that of Robert Ingersoll when dying, who cried out, "God forgive me!" Remember, "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." W. T.

Editorial Snapshots

Boston Transcript: Many a self-made man is too mean to admit that his wife was the architect.

Chicago Record-Herald: Japan has sent a professor to this country to study the proper culture of the cherry tree. Carrying coals to Newcastle was certainly nothing to this.

Indianapolis News: A lot of money might be saved on souvenir post cards if the vacationists realized how unconvincing they are to the folks at home.

Baltimore American: The remarkable revelations of Lamar, the New York stock broker, before the Washington senate lobby committee, show how easy it is for a voice to fool identification and to evade easy credence into belief of its ownership.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Employees of German government railways have been warned to practice more politeness or resign. A railroad job is a "government position" over there, and incumbents get too cheery for their uniforms. Even here—but then the weather is so trying.

St. Louis Republic: Secretary Garrison says he is going to set rid of about 100 useless army posts. Similar remarks have been made by other secretaries of war and by secretaries of the navy with respect to useless navy yards and dry docks, but did any of them ever get past congress with their plans?

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The progress made in military sanitation is strikingly illustrated by the happy failure of the fears of the effects of the Gettysburg camp on the assembled veterans. But the same improvement had been noted in the mobilization of troops on the Mexican border. Comparison with the ravages of disease in the southern camps in 1908 shows what has been accomplished.

New, Suppose Indianapolis News. But if they make the shirts tighter than ever and with only an eight-inch slit, will the eight-inch slit stay an eight-inch slit?

Inspecting Inspectors. Indianapolis News. An order providing for the inspection of the meat inspection of the country once more reminds us of how hard it is to keep getting anything done right, even by federal officeholders.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

Mr. Underline—I wish I could have known you in my salad days. Miss Pert—I don't. I never cared for shrimp salad.

Heiter—What sort of town is New York? Skeeter—Judge for yourself. Two of its burroughs are named after cootails.

Jones—What a puff ball Burleson's got to be since he bought that farm up-state. Why, every day the grinning nut comes to the office wearing a raw potato for a watch charm.

Smith—Yes; he explained about that potato to me. It was his share of last year's crop.

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?" "No. How can he be without a leg to stand on?" "Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"

LITTLE STOMACH.

Little Stomach wakes up bright. Feeling good—slept well all night. Master sends his breakfast down—Breakfast scarcely finished. Little Stomach goes to work. To digest without a snirk; Breakfast scarcely finished when Here comes lunch for two brave men! Little Stomach onward toils. Everything from soup to nuts; Dinner measures two hours long—Fruit, the courses, wine and song; Not the sparkling champagne drink. But a wine a la red ink; Little Stomach buckles down To his task without a frown; Works like fury there below While good master sees a show; Table of hot steamed away; Little Stomach's earned his pay: "Now I rest till morn," says he; But, alas, that's not to be! Just as he curls up to sleep Comes a high ball broad and deep. Crying, "Cheer up, Little 'Tum! More to follow! Here I come! Cocktails lands on top of that. Let's the Brothers Gin stand pat; Tom and Gordon are their names; Most illustrious are their names; Holy Smoke! Hang Haman high—Splash—a quart of extra dry! Little Stomach now is peeved; Hurt, indignant, sorely grieved; Joke's a joke, when it's at par; But this joke has gone too far; Little Stomach has gone too far; "By my sacred stomach oath, I'll get even with this drink. For this too excessive drink!"

LEVENO! "Oh, my! (The Morning After.) Would it to goodness I were dead! Oh, so very sick am I. For 'twould give me just to die!" Little Stomach laughs with glee; "Serves him right! Ho-ho! Tee-hee!"

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