

OMAHA DAILY BEE
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER,
EDITOR.
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THIRTY YEARS AGO—
John A. Nye of Livingston, Mont., is visiting in Omaha. He has with him a pair of mountain horses which attract much attention from the curiologists of the city.

That was a fairly good job at capturing the murderer, anyway.
Pass Christian has passed, but Huerta is still standing his hand.

It looks like the police really knew what they were doing, doesn't it.
Huerta has defaulted on his foreign loans and about everything else but his meal ticket.

Theodore Roosevelt will run again," says his old friend, Jake Rilla. Again, or yet?
Here is somebody fearing Thaw, if released, may leave the United States. What more could we ask?

Every soul was saved as the result of the wireless," which gives it a spiritual as well as material value.
The county attorney stands ready to make good on his promise that if they do it again he'll prosecute 'em.

Thus far our celebrated huntsman has apparently not run across many moose in the South American jungles.
Older criminals than the bawdy house murderers have learned the mistake of having "a woman in the case."

Mendel Bellis is going to the Holy Land. But it is doubtful if his Russian persecutors will ever see the New Jerusalem.
Blessed Writes Sizzling Message.—Headline.
South Carolina's fire-eating governor always makes good on his name, at least.

With New England swept by a blizzard and Vic Murdock running against Senator Bristow in Kansas, the storm center seems rather well balanced.
Some apologies are due to the Omaha police from a lot of "efficiency" experts and theoretical criminologists, but will they be forthcoming?

Ever though the Oklahoma penitentiary keepers may be a little careless in letting convicts escape, one has to admire their way of recapturing them.
Remember, the Albert law makes it the duty of the county attorney to proceed against disorderly resorts, and against the owners as well as the inmates.

President Wilson's Plans.
Having hog-tied the tariff and dehorned the Money Devil, President Wilson is now proceeding to re-establish the commerce and industry of the United States on such an altruistic foundation as will nearly, if not quite, realize the fondest dreams of the most ardent advocates of reform.

Certain economic conditions, whose stability amounts almost to law, will have to be overturned, and certain deep-rooted attributes of man's imperfect nature will have to be expunged before the president will be able to say his work has been accomplished along the lines he lays down.

That certain well understood abuses are in need of corrective measures has long been known; these the president plainly points out, and as plainly suggests the remedy. Some of his further proposals are in the nature of experiments, supported perhaps by theoretical reason, but as yet untried in actual experience.

Woman as a Political Boss.
The first woman to attain the position of state chairman of a great political party, Mrs. Gertrude A. Lee, elects to follow the beaten path of machine politics, announcing herself as a staunch believer in the boss system and determined to build up for the democracy of Colorado an impregnable party machine.

Just how this will suit some of the other feminist leaders of the land remains to be seen. This is the first one to get such a chance. Of woman's capacity in this line we imagine there is no general misgivings, although in the realm of politics she has not as yet had opportunity to demonstrate just what she can do.

Perhaps, after all, the condemnation of bossism, it is the right system, and perhaps, like certain forms of municipal government, the fault is more in the personnel than anything else. Maybe men are inherently too weak or bad to have such power vested in them.

Georgia and Judge Lynch.
The officers of two counties in Georgia have proved in two notable cases that it is possible to thwart the wildest of mobs in the south bent upon lynching a black man, and newspaper applause of the "object lesson" from other portions of the southland encourages the belief that the south as well as the north is sincerely striving to abolish this old expression of race prejudice.

The Houston Post, in commending the Georgia example in the name of justice, points out that in one of the two cases at hand a white woman, while still hysterical, positively identified a black man as her assailant and the next day after she had regained her composure as positively declared him guiltless, and he was thereupon released from custody, though the officers had had their hands full the preceding day in saving his life from the savage mob.

All of which support these vital contentions that mob law can be thwarted, that it is safe to let justice have its way and that it is not only unsafe, but unwise, to let a mob have its way and determine as to the guilt or innocence of the victim in the vortex of the storm of excitement inevitably following the commission of this particular crime.

Another solar plexus blow has been struck at the high cost of living. The board of general appraisers has decided that radium shall be admitted to this country free of duty.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM THE BEE FILES
JANUARY 21.

Thirty Years Ago—
John A. Nye of Livingston, Mont., is visiting in Omaha. He has with him a pair of mountain horses which attract much attention from the curiologists of the city.

Millard & Peck received a carload of oranges direct from Florida today. District Attorney Poppleton is back from a three weeks' visit with his parents in the east.

Frank Langhorne of the depot eating house has returned from a six weeks' visit in Pennsylvania. Mr. Lovejoy, general manager of the Rio Grande, came in from the west in S. H. Clark's private car.

Mrs. T. S. Stander died at the advanced age of 75 years at her residence on Cass street. Max Meyer is advertising for rent his furnished residence and stable, corner Capitol avenue and Twentieth, for one year.

The real estate records a deed by Augustus Kountze and wife conveying lot 4 in Kountze's Fourth addition, to Thomas Redfield for \$657.75. The teachers who have helped at the industrial school at the City mission during the last year included Messames Elliott, Merrill, Orr, Knight, Kennedy, Monnell, Bright, Welshans, Marshall, James and the Misses Julia Knight, Mary Knight and Estenberg.

Twenty Years Ago—
The Union Pacific received the news that its depot at Cosad was gone up in smoke. Rev. J. M. Patterson preached his second sermon at First Presbyterian church in the evening on the result of his letters addressed to young men asking why they did not attend church. Some answers, he said, based objections on "preachers who are in the show business," "others, too much sectarianism," and "quack Christians." The minister coincided with some of the criticisms, though not excluding any man from his duty because of the faults of others.

Rev. A. W. Clark, superintendent of Rescue hall, defended his position in seeking work for his unemployed wards cutting ice at 50 and 75 cents a day, as not unfair to regular labor. It had been severely arraigned as unfair by the Knights of Labor. Ten Years Ago—
News was received from St. Louis of the death of Mrs. McDermion, formerly Miss Bertha Jordan, sister of Harry Jordan, Mrs. J. J. Dickey and Mrs. J. R. Scoble and well known in Omaha. Lulu Glaser and company appeared in "Dolly Varden" at the Krug theater.

The Board of Equalization of the city raised the tax levies of the five leading railroads converging in Omaha, Union Pacific, Burlington, Northwestern, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha and the Missouri Pacific Belt Line, from \$21,175 to \$1,155,775, being five-fold. The Belt Line topped the list, advancing from \$8,570 to \$494,550. W. W. Bingham, republican, showed up in the contest for district clerk, with ten votes ahead of F. A. Broadwell, democrat, who has the office clinched on the face of returns.

Three postoffice inspectors from Washington, D. C., were taking stock at the Omaha postoffice, preparatory to turning it over from Joseph Crow to H. E. Palmer as postmaster. Emperor William is reported taking exercise by sawing and chopping wood on the imperial estate at Sans Souci. Anything to keep the "malted fluid" out of mischief.

Twice Told Tales
Tip for the Judge.
A woman whose husband was killed in a railroad accident consulted a lawyer and brought suit against the company, but when the case came up for trial it was always postponed. Naturally, the widow was becoming more or less irritated, and calling on her lawyer she spoke scathingly of courts and matters judicial.

On the day following the case came up again, and right eloquently the widow's attorney argued against a further adjournment. "I am very sorry, Mr. Smith," said the judge, "but your opponent, Mr. Jones, has shown good cause for adjournment. The case, therefore, will go over till the next term."

"Very well, your honor," returned the widow's attorney, "but in connection with the matter might I ask a favor of you?" "Certainly, Mr. Smith," was the gracious reply of the judge. "What can the court do for you?"

"The widow is down in my office," smilingly answered the attorney. "I would thank your honor to go and tell her that you have adjourned the case.—New York Tribune.

Just What He Said.
In the early days of Arizona an elderly and pompous chief justice was presiding at the trial of a celebrated murder case. An aged negro had been ruthlessly killed and the only eyewitness to the murder was a very small negro boy. He was called to give his testimony to the lawyer for the defense objected on the ground that he was too young to know the nature of an oath, and in examining him asked:

"What would happen to you if you told a lie?" "De debil 'ud git me," the boy replied. "Yes, and I'd get you," sternly said the chief justice. "Dat's jus' what I said!" answered the boy.—National Monthly.

Perfectly Satisfied.
A large, slouchy colored man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty, for he was carrying a tin can on his head. As he passed a prosperous looking house a man stepped from the doorway and halted him. "Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?" "No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Hammer Taps
A wise man is a person who realizes that a darn fool he is. If it wasn't for Worry, some people wouldn't have a blame thing to occupy their time. When a man gets over \$20 per week his wife brags about his salary. And when he gets a \$5 raise she brags about his income.

The surest things in life are the expenses we forgot to count in when we were figuring what it would cost us if we took a chance. The finest and most inspiring thing that nature ever produces is a pretty, rosy-checked, clear-eyed girl. And yet the fool conventions of our social system pretend that it is inspiration to stare at the Alps and degeneracy to stare at the girl.

Life is all a big humbug, anyway. You would give a fortune to be able to feast your eyes on the clear face and graceful curves of the girl who sits opposite you in the street car, but you remember that you are a good citizen and try to interest yourself in the advertisements above her head. One morning father missed some money out of his clothes and thought mother had frisked him during the night. So, while mother was busy in another room, father went through her hand bag in search of his coin. He found a receipted milk bill, an unpaid ice bill, a big hunk of prepared chalk, a dirty powder puff, two coupons six months old, representing the last time he had taken her to the theater; a button hook, six samples of dress goods, a clipping containing Gene Field's "Little Boy Blue," two safety pins, a sample of talcum powder, one of the baby's mittens, an old styptic of himself taken before marriage and 7 cents in coin. And father felt so mean that he kicked himself all day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Bee's Letter Box
Knocked Out.
NOWHERE, Jan. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: On hearing that the democrats of South Dakota had declared for prohibition and woman suffrage I was knocked silly and have just waked up (Gabriel, blow your horn. DER HEIDE.

The Suffrage Question.
BRADSHAW, Neb., Jan. 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is much tomy not going the rounds of the press in regard to "woman's sphere," and "woman's true place in the world." "Woman's sphere" reaches out on all sides to the lines that circumscribe the sphere of womanly. Her "true place in the world" is in the highest place to which she may be able to climb. She has just as good a right as any to occupy the position for which she is best fitted by inclination and by mental endowment.

There are thousands of women who are better fitted to hold the reins than are thousands of men who are doing the driving. And some of the men who are driving would be more gracefully successful at the wash tub than they are in the positions they are occupying. There is but one thing that gives any human the right to demand or lay claim to any "sphere" as his or her particular right and that is superior qualification to discharge the duties devolving upon those who move in that "sphere."

When it comes to questions involving principles women are just as capable of arriving at conclusion as are men. Their perceptions are keener, as a rule, and having convictions they have the right to express them; and they should have the right to express them at the polls, if they desire to do so. There are just as much defects in the solutions of questions that affect national life as men are. They should be allowed to speak and vote in solution of these questions if they wish to. They are subject to the same laws that govern men. Why should they not be permitted to act on the question of the adoption of laws? They own property, and it is subject to the same assessment and the same tax levy that is imposed upon the property held in masculine names. Why should they be forbidden to speak on questions affecting taxation? They have the same physical needs to supply that men have. Why should men arrogate to themselves the privilege of circumscribing the "sphere" in which they shall labor to supply them?

The brutal truth is that many a wretched devil has succeeded in getting a pretty fine lady of a wife, when he couldn't have approached within 100 yards of her if she had not been taught to believe that she was created to revolve in a certain "sphere" and to fall a prey to the first "dog star" that crossed her orbit. JOHN B. DEY.

Alsatian History.
OMAHA, Jan. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to your article of Saturday, 17th inst., headed, "In Other Lands—The Sabers Affair in Zabern" I will give a little detail in regard to your article about Alsace. As I spent the greater part of my boyhood days in that country and received my schooling in the very city of Zabern, I am more interested in recent affairs in that country than most of your readers.

To go back into history, Alsace is a German name, originated from the tribe of Allemannen, that settled on the river Ill, a tributary of the Rhine, entering that river at Strassburg, hence the name Illasser, or "settler" on the Ill. Alsace is a beautiful country. Louis XIV, while overlooking it from the Vossean mountains, exclaimed, "Oh, quel beau jardin!" It was always the desire of the French to possess Alsace. Early as the fourteenth century, after France was somewhat freed from her troubles with England, Louis XI tried to annex Alsace, but the cannons of Strassburg sent the French home with bloody heads. Louis, in revenge, raised a large army under the leadership of Duke of Armaigne, which invaded Alsace in 1444 and destroyed it with fire and sword. Before the gates of Zabern, 15,000 Alsatians were tortured and murdered and so fared every city in Alsace. I have read a great deal about the Indian atrocities, but so far I found nothing to compare with those murderers. With the aid of herio Switzerland, Alsace regained and drove the hands of Armaigne out of the country, but peace was brief. The thirty-year war which raged in Germany severed and weakened that country and gave Louis XIV the best chance to seize Alsace. Not satisfied with Alsace alone, he greedily reached out for Palatine and other German provinces on the Rhine. Many ruins bear witness today of the French invasion under Marshal Melac and Montclair. Everywhere in those unhappy provinces the French left ruin and death.

Louis XIV seized Alsace despite the protest of the people and made it a French province. The French revolution was carried from Paris to Alsace-Lorraine, hundreds of citizens in Strassburg and Metz being beheaded. Religion was suppressed, the churches robbed of their valuables and turned into public houses and stables. The cathedral of Metz, a beautiful Gothic structure, was used as a stable for cavalry horses. Through the influence of Napoleon's victories Alsace became politically French. It furnished the majority of Napoleon's generals, also the best of his soldiers, but in all those centuries of French rule German traditions and German language continued.

Germany did not forget Alsace-Lorraine, and the victorious campaign of 1870 restored to the Vaterland the long-lost provinces, under whose rule Alsace and Lorraine prospered, and will continue to be a German province as long as there is a Germany. And I assure you, that if today Alsace and Lorraine would come under French rule again, 99 per cent of the population would wish for the solid rule of Germany!

The lamentations and howling about Alsace-Lorraine is one of those "many" French schemes to create sympathy. For over forty years France has been crying for revenge, and if there is any trouble like this last one in Zabern, it comes from across "the blue Alsatian mountains." In speaking about Sabers rule, court-martial and warning visiting Americans from Germany, I would remind the writer of "In Other Lands" not to throw stones. Look around in the land of the free and the brave. How about that military rule in Michigan? And how about the conditions in Pennsylvania and Colorado? Yours truly, CHARLES M. PLEIN.

CHEERY CHAFF.
"Tha' Mexican general's pictures make him look terrible fierce. Tha' the facial expression every body gets just after eating chile con carne."—Washington Star.

"Are you sure this play of yours is going to make for the uplift of the race when you ask our club to endorse it?" "Of course, it is both enlightening and uplifting. The police have raided it three times."—Baltimore American.

"I see in a station a yoked rube with fowling-piece rust-crusted, old and crude— Yet, strewing the floor 'round his mud-die feet. Are trophies of game for a monarch meet. Again the lesson that goes to show: Some one knows something that I don't know."

"I raise my gaze to the stars of night, Lending, through legends of leagues, their light. Amazed I murmur: 'And yet I see The measureless marge of immensity!' So I whisper humbly, with head bent low, 'Some one knows something that I don't know.'"

"Why don't you quit writing those fool mother-in-law jokes of yours? You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I have and I am. The dear old lady became a grandmother for the first time this morning."—St. Louis Republic.

Strickland Gillilan in Leslie's. "Some one knows something that I don't know. This is life's lesson, wherever I go. My train pours on through the night's black sieve: I feel her joggle and veer and give. Yet she clings to the rails, by laws divine Applied by canister handle than mine. And she sings me to sleep with her rhythmic flow. 'Some one—knows something—that you—don't know.'"

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A Tasty Spaghetti Dinner at 10c or A Porter-house at 40c?
A lot of folks would decide to take the steak, jumping at the conclusion that it makes the more nutritious meal of the two. That's not so. A 10c package of Spaghetti—enough to make a substantial meal for seven people—contains four times more nutrition than 1 pound of meat.
FAUST SPAGHETTI
is a food very rich in gluten—the bone and muscle-building element. One of the main reasons why housewives don't serve Spaghetti is because they don't know the great variety of rich, savory dishes that can be made of it. Our free recipe book will open your eyes to its many uses—write for a copy.
5c and 10c pkgs.—buy to-day.
MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo.

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