

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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MARCH SUNDAY CIRCULATION.

45,364

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of March, 1914, was 45,364.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of April, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Follow the flag, for it follows destiny.

Perhaps it is not war, but it looks mighty much like it.

Where is the man who said there would be no dandelions this year?

Let us trust the go-to-church movement had a conservation attachment.

Happy is the man whose last winter's coal bill is paid up and his home ball team winning.

Looks as if the city of Monterey were doomed to be captured as often as was Torreón.

Now if all the peach crops have been fully destroyed, let our spring lambs proceed to gambol on the green.

The Bible society that distributed 333,000 Bibles in New York City deserves credit for tackling the biggest job in sight.

"The governor of Missouri plays ball," observes the Atlanta Constitution. There comes a time when every governor should.

The pity of it all is that if anyone must pay the penalty of Huerta's murderous regime it cannot be the guilty instead of the innocent.

Seventeen American lives lost and seventy-five wounded in taking possession of Vera Cruz. Don't let anyone persuade you, however, it is war.

It's a tough job these days for anyone outside of the Mexican firing line to command public attention, no matter what his rights or wrongs may be.

But what a Mexican spy would be doing in Sioux City is beyond us unless he were trying his best to find a spot where he would be sure not to be discovered.

Some men are born lucky, some achieve luck and some have luck thrust upon them. If in doubt, ask the lawyers who have gotten out from under their indictments.

Because they are killing people with bullets in Mexico is no good reason why we should recklessly slaughter them with automobiles in Omaha or in other American cities.

Chicago people who are protesting against the "immorality" of crowding street cars evidently despair of winning the fight on the grounds of convenience, sanitation or justice.

Von Moltke knew of eighteen ways of invading England, but none of getting out.—Exchange.

Which once more brings us back to old "Manifest Destiny" as the real commander in charge of our troops in Mexico.

It is gratifying to learn from the undefiled lips of Congressman Hobson that we may safely rely on the privates in the ranks. Such an intimation had already come to him, however, from viewing the records of the past.

We have the word of Mr. Bryan's veracious Commoner for it that "Mr. Bryan lives to serve his fellow men." That is why, no doubt, he is unwilling to try to live on \$12,000 a year without piecing it out on the chautauqua circuit.

The increasing intensity of our lives, the craze for money and the craze for new and bizarre amusements for those who have money, have limited conversation to the stock market, the shop and the affairs of society. I fear it is rapidly destroying American humor.

As signs of the change he refers to "the venerable witticisms" of the Carabao society bringing a reprimand on the most distinguished officers of the army and navy, the after-dinner jokes of our American ambassador being called down by the United States senate and the Gridiron club's entertaining skits being resented by the new generation of high public officials.

Presumably, if these dire tendencies are not stopped and counteracted, our saving sense of humor will be destroyed and our death rate be again speeded up.

If the object lesson of Chauncey Depew's eighty years is to be of any use, it is up to us to keep ourselves fit to laugh, and make others laugh, for that has been his experience, as he testifies:

I have tried, or known others who have tried, allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy, Christian Science, faith cures, Swedish exercises, massage, famous healing springs, Turkish baths, chasing climates, and other famed preventives and cures for relief from ill- or to prevent their recurrence or preserve long and healthy life. All have merited. But still

governs matter and to laugh with our friends, to contribute to their cheerfulness, to find out and enjoy the inexhaustible good fellowship which can be found in everybody, have done more than all else to keep me healthy and happy.

Reason or Prejudice? "I am frank to admit that in arguing to jurors I try to appeal to their prejudice instead of their reason and judgment," says a Chicago attorney of some prominence. "You may think that a very remarkable thing to say and a very unworthy thing to do, but I am only one of many lawyers who follow that rule. I do it, not because I prefer to, but because I feel that I have to; that the average jury can only be influenced by prejudice."

We wonder how many lawyers coincide with this view. The inference is that the average jury is so totally blind to reason that it is wasting time and the chance of winning a case for a lawyer to stand on its merits. Possibly there is some ground for the criticism, melancholy as it is. Possibly the average man who manages to get on a jury is governed more by prejudice than reason, for it takes the strongest of us not to be, but even so, are lawyers ready to admit that the situation is so bad as to require such a practice as this lawyer says he pursues?

The abuse seems to be at least partly due to another all too common custom on the part of lawyers, namely, to screen into the jury boxes only such men as, in their opinion, may be easily influenced by prejudice. For a long time we have been aware that entirely too little premium is placed upon intellectual capacity in jurors. Maybe a reversal of tendencies there would offer some relief at the other end. In any event, it is up to our lawyers to help remedy conditions of which they themselves complain.

Stop Picking on Bryan. The president is visibly harassed by rumors of impending changes in his cabinet, especially in view of his emphatic assertion that, so far as he knows, no such changes are in prospect, and particularly by the vague speculation as to the resignation of Secretary Bryan. If that is the way he feels, let everyone stop picking on Mr. Bryan and give him a free hand to do his best in a job that is hard enough at its easiest.

Of course, it is the way of Americans to discuss their public servants and affairs freely under all circumstances in whatever way they desire, and yet the president has shown some irritation, even under less trying conditions, with the recurring rumors of cabinet changes. While from the first many have inclined to the belief that Mr. Bryan would not complete the four years' term as a member of the executive family, it does not stand to reason that either he or the president would wish to swap horses crossing such a stream of uncertainty as how he before us.

In short, as we view it, no visible good is to come from spreading the rumor of Mr. Bryan's imminent retirement, while on the contrary, mischief of one kind or another might ensue.

The Business of Art. Two of America's most famous sculptors, Gutzon Borglum and Solon Borglum, make themselves responsible for the startling assertion that "nearly 60 per cent of all the monuments and statues in the United States, including those in Statuary hall, Washington, were not made by those whose names they bear." Humbler men, employes, pupils of the more conspicuous artists, are said to have produced them, receiving an employe's wage, while the larger fruits of their skill went to bless their employes.

This evidently means that unless checked the more greedy corporate mechanism, that has commercialized industrial pursuits, threatens to commercialize also individual talent in the field of art. Perhaps it will be said, in view of the fate of many an inventive and artistic genius, that this is not altogether new or unusual; even so, that does not help the matter or call for acquiescence and submission, for the encouragement of art must depend, as it always has, upon the possibility of winning the highest prize. Putting art on the basis of big business, with the artist as a hired man, is calculated to deaden creative effort, and undo in a short time whatever has been accomplished toward developing real art in this country.

Perhaps, now that Messrs. Borglum—sons of an esteemed Omaha family by the way—have had the hardihood to bring the subject to public attention, something will be done toward redressing the grievance. It has been very wisely suggested that the National Academy of Design look into the situation and take such action as seems necessary.

The joke of the season is perpetrated by the Omaha newspaper with the vilest advertising columns printing congratulations on its promise to "clean up" at some unfixed future date. It hides behind a pretense of "unexpired advertising contracts" when everyone who knows anything about it knows no advertising contract compels any newspaper to print anything objectionable to its management if it is willing to forego collecting for the unused space.

To be sure, the victim was shaken down twice to the tune of \$40,000, and a third demand for \$250,000 failed, but be satisfied that there was nothing in the nature of blackmail about it. The money was abstracted and divided by the lawyers in a perfectly legal and professional manner and in strict conformity with the accepted ethical code.

Ocean greyhounds command precious few years of life and much less renown. The steamship Majestic, one of the first five-day boats of the Atlantic, goes on the superannuated list at the age of 24. The Campania, empress of the sea twenty years ago, also disappears among the back numbers.

Come to think of it, that fellow Huerta is making a lot of trouble, considering the fact that he was supposed to have abdicated more than a year ago, when President Wilson told him to resign forthwith and go out of the dictator business.

Big Bill Hayward, leader of the I. W. W., who has been bellowing so long and loud for gore, ought to rush to the Rio Grande if he cannot find enough "blud" to satisfy him in Colorado.

EDITORIAL POPGUNS.

Boston Transcript: And 'Teddy' 'steer thousand miles away! New York World: It was so popular that a doubled income tax will be accepted as a blessing in disguise? Philadelphia Ledger: What makes the Mexicans so peevish is the fear that the Americans may go down there and establish law and order.

Indianapolis News: It looks as if it were the principle-of-the-thing that is making Senator Huerta so pigheaded, and, that, you know, has caused as much trouble as any one thing in the world.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Had a simultaneous salute been agreed to Huerta would have been just the sort of humorist to grin from behind still loaded guns after the smoke of the American salute had cleared.

Springfield Republican: It will be interesting to observe whether Mr. Bryan's "Princes of Peace" lecture will be in as much demand hereafter on the lecture platform. When the secretary of state first prepared that, lecture he had not heard of General Huerta.

New York Sun: The only totem we shall know are those who have been exploiting the unhappy country and its population for their own selfish ends. In this spirit we shall approach reluctantly but serenely the ordeal that may lie before us with clean hearts and unselfish purpose.

Boston Transcript: We do not seem able to earn the praise of German militarist critics, who find the same fault with the demand for a salute that they did with "watchful waiting." If the Germans will indicate exactly what the United States should do to please them we may make a note of it.

HERE AND THERE.

Successful experiments with cotton growing are being carried on in the canal zone by a North Carolinian.

A newspaper in a town in Brazil 2,000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon gets all its telegraphic news by wireless.

The officials of a number of gas companies of Europe have agreed to paint geographical signs on the tops of their gasometers to act as sign posts to aeroplanes.

Figures compiled by the department of labor at Washington show that wages in the lumber industry in the United States have increased 20 per cent in the last twenty-five years.

In Formosa there is a tree between 2,500 and 3,000 years old, with a circumference of sixty-five feet and the lowest branches forty-five feet from the ground. The tree is a species of cypress, the Japanese Beniki.

Vendors of newspapers in Berlin are to be limited to calling out the names of the journals they sell. To make known the contents of the papers or indicate any particular item of news is forbidden.

In many of the Buddhist monasteries of Tibet and Siberia the process of printing made use of before the days of Gutenberg is still followed. Each page is a carved block and no movable types are used.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad company is the largest land owner in the world. Despite the sale of millions of acres from the original grant of approximately 25,000,000 acres the railroad still possesses more than 11,000,000 acres, worth on the basis of sales in 1912, at least \$15,000,000.

The poor cook is the physician's friend. Get busy and dust off your conscience. Hope is the mortar used in the construction of air castles.

Look well to the start and then keep an eye on your finish.

When a mother gives a child a sponge bath she uses a wash rag.

In this age of suffragettes it's a wise child that knows it over mother.

The one sure thing is that one can't be sure of anything in this world.

Fighting your way through the world does not mean treating others unfairly.

If people follow your advice they always have some one to blame their failures on.

And some men get as tired of being married as some women do of single blessedness.

When men love a girl and when women say mean things about her she is a beauty.

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You can't always tell. Occasionally the toughest boy in the neighborhood grows up and becomes a minister.

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The chap who keeps over-eagerly at it accomplishes a lot of things that are not necessarily worth the effort.

When a female lecturer gets off that of saw about an honest man being the noblest work of God, every man in the audience imagines that he is blushing.

AROUND THE CITIES.

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Tarkio, Mo., boasts of a woman resident who hasn't missed a Sunday school lesson in thirty-one years. She is a fat, fancy free and 40.

In New Orleans so one can drive an auto without a license, preceded by a competency examination.

Pittsburghers plan to rear a monument to the memory of George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake.

New York City's population is 11 per cent Italian, 19 per cent Hebrew and 3 per cent Polish.

St. Paul is one of the first western cities to install an auto street sprinkler.

Birmingham, Ala., uses wire cage incinerators to burn up paper waste collected in the parks.

Pittsburgh is discussing propositions for bond issues totaling \$10,000,000.

Let the Battle Proceed. Cleveland Press Dealer.

Now that the French government has made its annual statement that 'last year's wine crop was extremely small, but of excellent quality,' the war can proceed. Our forces are on the wagon, says.

Cheerless News. Indianapolis News.

The announcement that the United States is going to quarantine against Cuban fleas ought to be might observing news to the dog.

Where It Came From. Boston Transcript.

The suspicion deepens that Porfirio Diaz was the genius who invented that quaint old expression, "I should worry."

People and Events

Housefly to the swatter: "If you can't boost, don't knock."

Kerosene burned up Chicago; Gasolene caused the shooting up of Vera Cruz.

People who consider war reports as the greatest thrillers of the spring time should observe the amateur gardener eagerly scanning his beds for signs of growth.

Cleveland put forth superior claims for a regional weather bank. Ninety degrees on the 18th inst. and a snowstorm on the 23th pushed Cleveland so far to the front that Pittsburgh is again a fadeaway.

The New York litigant who won a suit for \$48,000 at a cost of \$138,000, is several leagues behind the celebrated Iowa calf case which started around \$5 and set up \$1,642.25. That's the brand of fighting spirit that puts buttered joy in the legal bread basket.

An eastern clergyman suggests as a forward movement among girls that they stop chewing gum for a year and give up half of the \$300,000,000 annually spent for their quids for foreign missions. It is up to you, girls, to be good for the heathens' sake.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." The Americans who danced all night at a club in Mexico City after Huerta refused to salute the flag realized with greater certainty what the morrow would bring forth than did the participants in similar revelry in Brussels nearly ninety-nine years ago.

According to its Year Book, Trinity church corporation of New York City has property valued at \$143,312, which makes it the richest single church in this country. Trinity is now considered a reformed landlord, getting an average of \$1 a week per room from its tenants, the annual income totaling \$97,298.

The minimum wage scale for ministers, recommended to the New England Methodist Episcopal conference, calls for \$69 in small towns and \$1,000 in cities, with shelter thrown in. These sums are equivalent to a daily wage of \$2.50 in the country and \$1.75 in cities, considerably below the union scale for skilled labor and without extra pay for Sunday work.

A Brooklyn man who married the girl he rescued from drowning in Long Island sound received a medal for his bravery. For the rescue or the marriage?—guess.

A bottle of Jamaica rum left in Philadelphia by the British when the city was evacuated during the revolution has been promised to the Wistar Institute of Anatomy of the University of Pennsylvania. The anatomists must not put the cork in the bottle with the contents just now. That job is reserved for the university directors who may be in office in 1922, when the institution will celebrate its centennial and the rum will be 314 years old. The director who keeps his third key up with anticipation for seventy-eight years will have earned the first snifter.

Posterior will view your actions with discriminating eyes," said the patriot. "Some of it may," replied Senator Borah. "But I suspect that a large percentage of posterior will be out looking at the moving pictures."—Washington Star.

"Well, Bridget, are you going to the new show, or electric light, or the telephone?" "Sure I'm not; the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."—Boston Transcript.

"I can understand how we got along without wives, or electric light, or the telephone," said the society bud. "Well?"

"But how did we ever get along without the tango?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

William Haines Lytle. (Song of the Mexican war period, 1846-7. The author, an Ohio man, served in that war and the civil war, and was killed in the battle of Chickamauga September 30, 1863.)

The Volunteers! The Volunteers! I dream, as in the bygone years, I hear again their stirring cheers. And see their banners battle the north wind, and their feet tread the path of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock. For many a winter I studied a book, With mailed hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! Ah, where are they? Who bade the hostile surges stay? When the black flocks of Monterey? When, undimmed amid the shock of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock, They stood, or rushed more madly on Than tropic tempests of San Juan.

On Anagostura's crowded field Their shattered columns poured to yield. And wildly yet defiance pealed: "Their flashing batteries' throats; And echoed their battle's strife. As deadly as when on the track Of flying foe, in yore, his voice Hade Oriana's dashed their joy's rejoice.

Bent with the roar of guns and bombs, How grandly from the hills came The roll of their victorious drums, Their bugles' joyous notes. When over Mexico's battle-craze, And the fair valleys' storied bowers, Fit recompense of toil and scars, They triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades of your own tried troop, Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop, Of lion heart and eagle swoop, But you alone remain! On all the rest has fallen the hush of death; the men whose battle ruse Was wild as sun-loosed torrent's flow On Oriana's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! The Volunteers! (God send us peace through all our years, But if the cloud of war appears, We'll see them once again. From broad Ohio's battle-craze, From where the Maumee pours its tide, From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore, Shall spring the volunteers once more.

MUFFLED KNOCKS. Past friends will always make a man slow up.

Some people hate to take advice even when they pay for it.

It takes a woman who hasn't any to know all about raising children.

Every now and then you run into a man who always needs a handkerchief and never has one.

Now that automobile funerals have become the thing many a woman will be willing to exchange an ornery husband for a nice ride.

The reformers say a lot of mean things about booze. But the worst thing we can say about it is that it makes men imagine they can sing.

The man who wears a celluloid collar may be a good citizen, but he always smells as though he had spent the night in a bag of moth balls.

Judging from the cuts in the advertisements, some of our athletic young men play foot ball and tennis when they are tired only in their underwear.

The old-fashioned man who used to stay home at night and read books now has a son who stays down town at night and reads programs and menu cards.

If some of the girl agents can't play their harps any better than they play their pianos while here, Heaven isn't going to be such a fine place after all.

When an old married woman sizes up her fat, homely husband and realizes that she once called him "Ootie," she wonders if there is any insanity in her family.

Job may have been patient. But he was never on a street car going to a ball game when a coal wagon insisted upon occupying the track for about five squares.

Whittled to a Point. The poor cook is the physician's friend. Get busy and dust off your conscience. Hope is the mortar used in the construction of air castles.

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"38" Packard "48" CONTROL BOARD The Packard control board on the steering column places ignition, lighting, fuel mixture and electric horn all within easy reach of the driver's hand. Every switch is at the finger tips and the dash is completely cleared of littering control devices. The Packard standard of convenience and safety can be obtained by no other arrangement. Orr Motor Sales Company 2416 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska LINCOLN HIGHWAY CONTRIBUTOR Ask the man who owns one