

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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APRIL CIRCULATION. 58,448

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of April, 1914, was 58,448.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 26th day of May, 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.

No more doubt about the River of Doubt.

Come on in, Brother Charley, the water is fine.

Don't imagine every little wind storm is a tornado.

Those imported bribery sleuths don't want to come back; that's very evident.

Several new memberships in the Ananias club are due to be awarded as a result of this New Haven mixup.

This is just about the time of the year our last furious summer set in, you know. Take what comfort from that you may.

One set of the colonel's friends advise delaying the attack, another set wants him to start in at once. Guess which advice goes.

"After a prolonged hesitation" Governor Morehead "consents." He wants to hesitate while the hesitation is all the style.

Look at those other democratic boys on the bank making faces at that Morehead lad for muddying up the gubernatorial water.

Constitutionalists are said to have offered \$75,000 for Huerta's head. The old dictator sure has some head, it must be admitted.

Now, let Thomas Wakefield Blackburn, as president of the Omaha Bar association, address a facetious letter to Hon. Edgar Howard.

After scanning the forty-nine or more things Ireland may not do under the new home rule, one wonders just what power it is really to have.

The latest real sensation from Mexico seems to be the discovery of a newspaper there which prints telegraphic news of events in the United States.

A Wall street man was arrested for crossing a street diagonally in St. Joseph, doubtless not realizing that everything is on the square in our Missouri neighbor.

Jimhamlewis says prohibition will be the central issue in the next Illinois senatorial campaign, but with Jimham dipping into it, it will not be a dry fight.

Though Ross Hammond is eager to quit as soon as Senator Hitchcock and Secretary Bryan agree on his successor, it is still "watchful waiting" for democrats aspiring to wear his shoes.

"Brother Charley" has expressed a hope that it would not be necessary for him to throw his own hat in the ring, but has discreetly forborne so far from saying what circumstances might make it necessary.

Governor Morehead thinks he can fool the Bryans into believing that he is merely responding to a universal popular demand. Let him win out, however, and then hear the shouts of jubilation of the anti-Bryansites.

Chicago is put down as a no-cow town on tax returns, showing only eighty-one of the bovines within its city limits, and, strange to say, most of those are on the North Side, where dwelt the O'Leary cow of lamp fame.



The meaning of flowers and plants from Prospect Hill cemetery has become so annoying that a reward of \$50 has been offered for apprehension of the thief.

Mrs. Emily Williams, 218 Florida street, was found dead from heart disease on her kitchen floor by her husband, John Williams.

An ordinance presented to the city council proposes to change the name of Center street to Corby street.

Named by the mayor for members of the police force are: Daniel E. McBride, Patrick Maystans, John Nations, Richard Burgess, Al Sigwart, John Curley, M. W. Pettit, William Astman, James Hyland and John Chase.

The appraisers to assess damages on St. Mary's church of grade are William Hogan and W. J. Broarty.

Colonel T. H. Stanton is back from a trip to Fort Washburn and other forts in the west of the department.

J. P. Potter of the wreck and of Saunders street offers a steady job in a good sand brick molder.

Mrs. Hitchcock of Mitchell, Dakota, has been visiting her father, W. H. Lawton.

William H. Fay, a carpet manufacturer, was the guest of J. S. Richardson.

Governor Morehead Draws Cards.

Despite his repeated solemn pledges to be content with a single term, Governor Morehead has yielded to "irresistible pressure" for him to draw cards and sit in the game another round. The artificial production of the "irresistible pressure" has been so apparent and transparent that no one crediting Governor Morehead with ordinary common sense can believe that he thinks he is deceiving anyone, not even himself. But with all the illustrious precedents of breaking sacred covenants with the people, and repudiating political pledges made to get in on, but not to stand on, the governor would have done better to announce simply that he had changed his mind; that the game was so fascinating that he could not stop playing.

The demand of Governor Morehead for renomination in the democratic primary will lend zest to what was already slated to be a lively preliminary campaign. The governor seems persuaded that he can ask for endorsement of his administration regardless of side issues, but we believe his chief task will be to square his candidacy with his previous promise not to run, and the inevitable corollary that no promise he now makes may be safely depended on.

Home Rule for Ireland.

The long fight for home rule for Ireland is practically ended, and all who have participated in that stubborn struggle for greater freedom for the people of the Emerald Isle have a right to rejoice, and are entitled to congratulations. Some slight obstacles may yet remain in the way, but it can be only a matter of time and adjustment when the restored Irish parliament will be a reality. Liberty loving people in this country have from the first steadfastly sympathized with the Irish cause, and were it not for the substantial response always made by Irish-Americans to the successive calls for help at critical times, the battle could not even now be won. Hence, the final success may be regarded as a joint Irish and American victory.

Mellen Versus Morgan.

"Wall street recognized the Morgan it knew it. Mellen's description of how the Westchester road was acquired," says the Chicago Tribune's Wall street correspondent. And more: "Wall street believes that Mellen was simply relating facts when he said that he became president of the New Haven at Morgan's request, the matter being negotiated over the telephone without reference to salary. That was Morgan's way of doing things." Further he says that Wall street also believes Mellen accurately pictured Morgan, when he said: "I do not recall anything in which Mr. Morgan did not have his way."

It is natural and admirable for the son of the late colossus of finance to come forward in his father's defense. The public that thought it knew the late Mr. Morgan, however, is apt to allow for the element of filial devotion and give ear to the dictum of Wall street in deciding as between young Morgan and Mellen on the witness stand. What the public is more interested in than splitting hairs of veracity between these two men, is the hope and belief that as a result of this expose laws will be enacted to confirm the already-aroused public sentiment against possible repetition of the questionable New Haven deal.

Warning Investors.

The gold brick man of past days as a bunko man was a blunderer as compared with those who promote fake oil companies. If the people who are solicited to buy oil stocks on the strength of an alleged endorsement by the government would insist upon publications in which it is distinctly stated that oil may be found in the field that is being promoted, or would write to the survey at Washington, inquiring if there are such indications, the loss of their savings would be avoided. So carefully are these advertisements worded that after having read them once or twice you are almost willing to take oath that the government geologists are enthusiastic over these lands as a rich oil territory, when as a matter of fact no government geologist would risk 10 cents on their oil possibilities.

This statement from Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States geological survey, will, undoubtedly, have far-reaching influence. It certainly should. It is a sort of climax of the long-extended effort by the government to protect the gullible public from the ravages of fake stock promoters and gold brick artists of every description. These commercial pirates have reaped their fortunes, and all the while with their good friend, Uncle Sam, standing by warning them to be careful. The speculative instinct of the average American has proved itself a hard master to curb or control. People ought to take the word of their government for it, though, that these palpable frauds, despite all the campaign made to abolish them, are still being practiced. Such warnings must not be taken to apply to the legitimate stocks, but there must be this weeding-out. The government cannot afford to make itself a party to "rascality by keeping quiet."

On Running Prisons.

Thomas Mott Osborne of New York, who voluntarily spent six days in a state prison, has written a book of his impressions and conclusions as to necessary reforms in the conduct of prisons, which seems to contain a lot of hard sense. He is not one of those who would abolish prisons or penal correction, but looks on these institutions as a human necessity. Some of the terms he employs in describing modern penitentiaries and their methods are "organized lunacy," "monumental imbecility," "hideous, degrading and unsuccessful." And, judging from the detail of his own experiences, he is not far wrong.

The problem is to strike the proper medium between discipline so rigid as to have the effect of revenge on the part of the state and a soft sentimentalism, which a certain class of newspaper space-writers and mushroom reformers are now preaching. The prison loses its function and thwarts its purpose when instead of tending toward improvement, it turns a man out worse than it found him, more hardened in sin and the sense of crime. Mr. Osborne says he had to cut short his voluntary imprisonment to save himself any respect for the law, at all. No doubt many a man comes out of the penitentiary theoretically an anarchist, an enemy of law and government, determined to deal it a blow at the first opportunity. Where such is the case it must be the fault of the prison system and management. Is it not time for the state to address itself gravely to this grave task of making the prisons more nearly what they ought and were intended to be?



Stick Close to the Facts. OMAHA, May 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: A few days ago there appeared an article in your paper wherein it was stated that Election Commissioner Moorhead made a talk or speech in one of our churches on the question of elections and election officials. In the article it is stated that Mr. Moorhead said that there were not thirty-six honest men in the Third ward, or men he would trust as election officials. I don't know whether Mr. Moorhead made such a statement, but if he did, I wish to say that he is either ignorant of the facts, or is making a deliberate mis-statement.

I have lived in the Third ward and voted in the ward for many years, and before Mr. Moorhead landed in Omaha, and have acted as an election official for many years before Mr. Moorhead was election commissioner, and I can truthfully say that out of the 36 to 100 registered voters in the Fourth precinct of the Third ward I can pick out about 200 voters within my personal knowledge whom I would trust as quick as I would Mr. Moorhead as an election official. Why such a statement was made in a church cannot be accounted for excepting on the grounds that Mr. Moorhead thought it would be stronger. Surely it is not a good advertisement for Omaha, as the statement is heralded over the country and gives those not knowing the opinion that Omaha is a bad place. Mr. Moorhead may have done much good in his office, but he should stick a little closer to the facts. C. H. KUBAT.

Belief in Suffrage Makes Them Fit. OMAHA, May 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: The anti-suffragists do not want competent men for office is of no value, because it is not based on a statement of fact. Even if women did organize to work against anti-suffrage candidates that does not imply that these candidates are unfit. According to that theory all democrats must consider all republicans unfit and vice versa. All voters either support or oppose certain candidates because they agree or disagree with the views advocated by the candidates. This anti must prove that the anti-suffrage candidates were cleaner and better men or withdraw from his position. SQUARE DEAL.

Political Tips

Lieutenant Governor Barrett O'Hara's scheme for licensing people who write for newspapers in Illinois, includes in its barbed folds such veterans as Vox Populi, Pro Bono Publico and Old Subscriber. O'Hara will limit his literary efforts to sermons.

One of the primary aspirants for a state office in Oklahoma is temporarily out of the race, having incurred the displeasure of Uncle Sam by impersonating a federal officer.

Roger Sullivan is using an automobile with muffler off in his campaign for the United States senate in Illinois. So far the speed limit gets the worst of it.

Massachusetts solons are wrestling with a bill proposing a license tax on cats. Anti-catters hail from rural districts, where cats are ravenous bird killers. City people defend pussy by acclaiming its worth as a rat catcher.

Out in California, where they have been experimenting in legislation by petition and otherwise, some of the women aimed the petitions in bulk. So did some of the men, who have been indicted for forgery.

In the case of the women the grand jury decided that no true bill would be brought against them, because they had no criminal intent and were scarcely aware of what they were doing.

A. J. Beveridge is struggling to "come back" as a candidate for the United States senate in Indiana. Among the political shorts of Indianapolis, Beveridge is the favorite for second place.

Mellen's Revelations

Indianapolis News: Though Mr. Mellen got a very large salary as president of the New Haven road, his own testimony shows that his work was some times extremely difficult and frequently very unpleasant, to speak conservatively.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Mr. Mellen's idea that Westchester stock was worth 10 cents a pound may be true; but he had a notion he was getting something else. He was getting, or supposed he was getting, some Tammany politicians, and you can't buy Tammany politicians at 10 cents a pound.

St. Louis Journal: Mr. Mellen's acceptance of the Northern Pacific presidency from Mr. Morgan was not unlike the action of the young woman who was asked over the telephone if she would marry the party on the other end of the line, and who made reply, "Sure. What is the name, please?"

St. Louis Republic: According to the law, corporations may do only those things which are included in the powers granted to them, and we suppose that the New Haven honestly thought that subsidizing a newspaper had something to do with running a railroad.

Transplanting a Newspaper

How an American Daily in Mexico City Was Moved Bodily to Vera Cruz

Moving Cause of the Move. At precisely 10:35 o'clock on the night of April 21 a shower of brickbats smashing through the windows into his drawing room convinced Paul Hudson of the Mexican Herald that the publication of an American newspaper in Mexico City scarcely would continue to meet with general and popular approval. There was a mob behind the brickbats, and picturesque Spanish epithets, shouted by the throng in the street, furnished anything but a comfortable accompaniment to the sound of smashing glass.

Acting on one of his own editorial paragraphs to the effect that "snap judgment usually is forgiven if it contains either snap or judgment," Mr. Hudson reached a decision that the next edition of the Mexican Herald would see the light in Vera Cruz, within the American lines. This was a decision reached to abandon the building and plant in which a newspaper had been issued under rifle and shell fire during ten days of bombardment of Mexico City which preceded the tragic end of President Francisco I. Madero.

The occupation of Vera Cruz by the marines and bluejackets of the American fleet had been announced in Mexico City by extra editions of the newspapers. Mobs quickly formed and started to parade the streets with shouts of "Death to the Gringos." The Mexican Herald building, in which Mr. Hudson had apartments on the second floor, facing the street, was naturally an object of attack, in view of its character as an American institution.

Newspaper Packed Over Night on a Train. After the attack on the building and the street demonstrations had shown the feeling in the capital, Mr. Hudson decided not to attempt to issue a paper for the morning of April 22. Instead he called together certain members of his staff and announced his decision to move the Mexican Herald to Vera Cruz if there was a train to be had. Railway communication had ceased with the landing of the Americans at the Gulf port. Apparently intervention had begun and Americans in Mexico City were bottled up until the conclusion of the war or American troops could reach the city. Acting on the theory, however, that perhaps there would be refugee trains out when the American diplomatic representative was handed his passports, Mr. Hudson ordered members of his staff to be ready to leave for Vera Cruz at a moment's notice.

The next afternoon, the announcement came that a refugee train would leave for Vera Cruz. The arrangement to get foreigners out of the capital had been made through the efforts of the British minister, Sir Lionel Carden, and the German minister, Rear Admiral Baron Paul von Hintze. At the time the announcement was made that perhaps this would be the only train for Vera Cruz which would be allowed to depart from the capital. While darkness was bringing to an end the second day's fighting in Vera Cruz, the refugee train pulled out of Mexico City. The equipment of the Hudson party, aside from scant personal baggage, consisted of nothing but the matrices of a few issues of the paper, for the purpose of casting the front page head of the paper, and so that casts of contract standing advertisements might be made.

Resumes Publication at Vera Cruz. Arriving in Vera Cruz Thursday afternoon a contract for the printing of the Herald was made with the proprietor of La Opinion, a local morning and afternoon paper, and by Saturday morning the first edition of the morning Herald was on the streets of Vera Cruz. Three issues only had been missed from the time of closing in Mexico City. Since that time Mr. Hudson and his staff have been accumulating experiences which would make fine material for a lecture before a school of journalism on the difficulties of making a newspaper.

That a carpenter with an ordinary handsaw should be spending eight hours a day in the office sawing down extra length rolls of paper to a size for four-page editions has become commonplace. That linotype machines, which have never known the touch of an intelligent machinist, should go down just after composition had begun and stay down for periods of six to twelve hours, making it necessary to issue a morning newspaper the following afternoon has become of such frequent occurrence not to cause a ripple.

A few days ago a tropical rain flooded the patio of La Opinion's building. A choked drain and the overflow was turned into the composing room. For more than an hour a stream of water half an inch deep covered the floor and flowed off into another inner patio, while the heavy downpour continued to supplement the original supply. The incident was taken as a matter of course; linotype operators with their feet on boxes continued to set type; planks were laid from the dump to the old-fashioned composing stones so that the make-up man could continue to work; every one grinned and kept on the job.

"Sparks" Right Out of the Fire. The paragraph column of "Chispazos," which is Spanish for sparks, for many months has been a feature of the Mexican Herald. With Mexican operators who had never set a word of English in their lives, working on the copy, it was impossible to do much with the proof, but the editorial column, all hands decided, ought to be "clean."

Struggling with this problem and reading the tenth revise on his paragraphs, Mr. Hudson went down into the composing room and spoke personally with the operator. "If we stay here until noon," he said, "I will keep calling for revises until I can get a clean proof." Not caring for any more work that absolutely necessary, the operator devoted all his attention to setting lines correctly. After half an hour the number of errors was reduced to two. Then a final attempt was made. The result was not perfect. But with a penknife, two commas and a superfluous final "c" which had been added to the good English word "government" were eliminated and for the first time a full column of English type, without errors, had been produced in the offices of La Opinion.

Mr. Hudson is a son of the late Brigadier-General Joseph Hudson, who owned the Topeka, Kan., Capital, and has lived in Mexico for seventeen years. The policy of the Herald has been frequently severely criticized of the manner in which the State department at Washington has handled the Mexican question. Hence the Chispazo. "It was William who put the shun in intervention" and another, "Jones is a queer gink who never tasted grape juice," and "Jones thinks that a peaceful occupation is a mighty queer occupation for an army."

Therefore he smiled when the Mexican headline artist on the Herald, in setting the line, "Bryan wants mediation" made it read "Bryan wants medication" and all Vera Cruz that knows English smiled with him.

People and Events

James Wolfe, the Glasgow swimmer, famous through his efforts to swim the English channel, is to make an attempt to swim from the Edvona to Rock to Plymouth, a distance of fourteen miles. The swim has never been accomplished, and it is thought impossible of accomplishment, as it is across the tidesways.

By making twenty up-and-down trips a day in the elevator in Washington monument for twenty-four days, James B. Evans, the operator, declares he has traveled 2,000 miles.

LITTLE-Oh-DEAR.

Eugene Field. See what a wonderful garden is here. Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dearest! Poles, so gaudy and grass of such brown— Search ye the country and hunt ye the lawn. And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer. As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dearest! Marigolds white and buttercups blue. Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew. The cactus that trails over trellis and wall. Roses and pansies and violets—all Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer When into her garden steps, Little-Oh-Dearest! And up at the top of that lavender tree A silver bird singeth as only can she. For, ever and only, she singeth the song "I love you—I love you!" the happy day long! Then the echo—the echo, that smetheth me here: "I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Dearest! The garden may wither, the silver bird fly— But what careth my little precious, or I? From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart She sauteeth the tendered way in my heart. And oh, it is always the summer time here With that song of "I love you," by Little-Oh-Dearest!

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

"As a Boston manager, you ought to like this. This is a comedy of life in Boston." "Sir, you are presumptuous. How can there be any comedy about life in Boston?" Downward—What caused this money stringency, anyhow? Out—Why, the thing originated with me and spread over the whole country. Rankin—I thought you said Rosemary was a strawberry-blond. Phyllis—She used to be; but since purple hair came into fashion, she is a huckleberry-brunette. Madge—She's a woman who is always seeing things she shouldn't. Marjorie—Don't tell mamma about that, or she'll want to hire her for my chaperon. "Isn't it very embarrassing," Mr. Skittles can hardly tell his wife from her sister who's come to stay with them. "Is he worrying?" "Oh, no! He'd just as soon remain in the dark." First mountaineer—So you're unhappy in your married life, Pete. Second mountaineer—Yes, I made a big mistake. I ought to have married a society woman. My woman is allus kicking because she ain't got more children than dogs.

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