THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

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The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	By carrier per month.	By mail per year.
Daily and Sunday	65c	$6.00
Daily without Sunday	45c	4.00
Evening and Sunday	45c	6.00
Evening without Sunday	25c	4.00
Sunday Bee only	20c	2.00

Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—901 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—502 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—726 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAY CIRCULATION.

54,751

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 May, 1914, was 54,751.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 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.

A little P. D. Q. seems to be needed in that A. B. C. conference.

Keep Omaha topping the list of safe and sane Fourth of July cities.

The grade crossing must go—in the country roads as well as in the cities.

And yet there are several Nebraska democrats who have not filed for governor.

If John Bull ever read the "Taming of the Shrew" he must have forgotten all about it.

That dove of peace may get his head shot off if he doesn't stop perching on the nose of that cannon.

When the militants invade Westminster Abbey with their bombs they tread on dangerous ground.

No one need be surprised if the matriculation at the new Wilson school of psychology falls short of the prospectus.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—"with three on bases and two out in the last half of the ninth, Mighty Casey fanned."

Uncle Jim Hill has been made a doctor of law He managed to pull safely through some seventy-five years, but fell at last.

Somehow or other, all the sleuths who are so eager "to tell all" give the impression that they are holding something back.

"Governor Morehead pulled out of Marsh lake the largest bass caught here this season." Keep it, governor, for a consolation prize.

The nominee for governor of the South Dakota bull moose convention positively and absolutely declines to run. What's the use?

A statewide anti-noise campaign is the latest Kansas craze. Shades of John Brown, Sockless Jerry, Mary Lease and Carrie Nation, what next!

The United States supreme court is almost even with its docket. It is hoped the example wil not be lost on numerous state supreme courts.

"While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return." And that includes any home team that has been losing games on its trip abroad.

Total enrollment for the University of Nebraska during the last year reached 4,133. Better relocate on the farm campus with plenty of room to grow.

Live and lively Dundee is not afraid to vote bonds to build new schools. It's all right. Before the bonds run out Dundee will be part of Omaha, and we will all help to pay them.

The two principal topics of discussion among federation club women assembled at Chicago seem to be "suffrage" and "dress," or "dress" and "suffrage"—there seems to be doubt which comes first.

It must not be at all surprising to the most unsuspecting among us if Sir Conan Doyle's pleasant visit is abruptly followed by the publication of another thrilling novel with aspirations to land a six-best-seller prize.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

The marriage of Charles P. White and Miss Clara Bonewitz took place last evening at the residence of J. E. Bonewitz on Georgia avenue. Mr. White was employed at Charles H. Buffett's, but has recently moved to Tobias.

The Madison Square company presented "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at Boyd's. The characters eliciting mention were "Buxton Scott," played by Mr. Gillette, and "Mrs. Dicklehetwyer," by Miss Ada Dias.

Russell Benjamin Harrison and wife are here as the guests of ex-Senator Saunders until Monday.

Herman Drexel, son of Fred Drexel, has returned from Tabor, Ia., where he has been attending school.

J. M. Kirkpatrick of Monmouth, Ill., is visiting County Judge McCullouch, who was his pupil in his law studies.

By request Rev. J. W. Harris will repeat his last Sunday's sermon, entitled, "Lawlessness in Our City; Needs and Better Government."

A competent cook can secure employment with Mrs. W. V. Morse, corner Capitol avenue and Ninth.

Nebraska Development.

I admonish you not to let this great agricultural state drift into the condition of more than half the states of the union, where country life has relatively decayed, and where the brilliant allurements and the rich opportunities of town life absorb the human energy and the material resources that ought to make the farms ever more productive and country life more wholesome, intelligent and desirable.

Dr. Albert Shaw of the Review of Reviews in his commencement address at the University of Nebraska could hardly have offered us more appropriate advice than this. Here we are in the United States exerting every effort to divert the tide of population from the city to the country. In the last quarter of a century we have seen that tide and tendency increase to alarming degrees. Even boys and girls born and reared on the farm cannot be held there. All sorts of economic ills exist in consequence. The overweening lust for the fleshpots of urban life have wrought disastrously with the cost of living and character of the people both on the farm and in the town; have complicated the problems of both producer and consumer in a hundred ways. Our economists have racked their brains, our publicists almost written themselves out of ideas, if not words, in an attempt to remedy the evil. State and federal governments, private social and altruistic agencies have pooled their energies behind the "back to the farm" propaganda and still it makes little headway. But discouraging as is the present, it is dazzling with hope as compared with the future unless the course of events is soon reversed.

As Dr. Shaw points out, we in Nebraska have thus far not seriously fallen into this wayward tendency, not suffered as some have from its consequences. That is all the more reason why we should act upon such advice and warning as he gives, remembering that prevention is better than cure. Ous is, indeed, pre-eminently an agricultural state and should be kept so and will with the effort and energy of our people properly directed. The state will never come wholly into its own if that is not done. Let it develop, as it will, its natural centers of population with their great industries, but they are only by-products, the superstructure, so to speak, with agriculture as the basis and foundation. Magnify, solidify and build up our agricultural resources and the rest will normally take care of itself.

Grade Crossing Death-Traps.

How many more lives are to be sacrificed before grade crossings are adequately protected?

The recent catastrophe in which four autoists were instantly killed is only one of many such grim reminders of the need of better fortification. Various theories and explanations are advanced to determine the facts and burden of responsibility, but, after all, there stands the grim specter—four lives lost in a collision of an auto and engine. Something more than merely the "human element" on the part of those in the accident manifestly is required to make that intersection reasonably safe. It is provided with an alarm gong, but is the gong audible over the clanging noise of three trains passing at nearly the same time? There is also an embankment at this point, obscuring trains and road vehicles from each other under certain circumstances.

But this is not the time or place to thresh out the details of the situation. That is a dangerous crossing; it is one of the many similar death-traps in and about the city. Are those responsible going to wait for another such awful tragedy before doing all they should to prevent it? The Bee but reiterates a plea it has been making for many years in urging scientific protection at these intersections.

Cost of Commission Plan Government.

The census bureau's latest bulletin of financial statistics of American cities offers some figures for comparison between so-called commission-plan government and the customary mayor-and-council cities. The principal argument for the commission plan wherever it is proposed is economy and efficiency. The question is a natural one, therefore, as to whether the expectation of economy is, in fact, met.

The census bulletin includes 195 cities of over 30,000 population, of which sixty-nine are under commission plan. It is only fair to say, however, that the sixty-nine commission-plan cities are, with few exceptions, cities of less than 100,000 population. For the entire 195 cities the census bureau finds the average per capita tax to be $17.34, and the average net debt $68.74. As against these figures we have for Omaha an average per capita tax of $16.36, and an average per capita debt of $109.23. Of the commission-plan cities not more than three or four, mainly certain California cities, have a higher per capita tax than Omaha, and only one, Atlantic City, a higher per capita debt. It should, of course, be understood that the big part of the Omaha debt represents money borrowed to pay for the water works, although the purposes for which the debts of the different cities have been incurred do not show in the figures. Another thing to be remembered is that most of the debt, and much of the tax burden, has been accumulated before the cities adopted the commission plan.

Summing up, all that can be said is to repeat that no particular scheme of municipal government has any monopoly on extravagance or economy.

Late registration figures emphasize the fact that California's great and glorious reform administration has done about all the reforming possible, and that a more or less grateful public is cheerfully preparing to perform appropriate obsequies next November.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Remembering how the life-long republicans of California were disfranchised at the last general election by a spasm of intolerance, the country is fully prepared for this truth. The boomerang has done its work swiftly, and now the state seems on the eve of swinging back into its old-time genuine republican form.

If the democrats could only pick the republican candidates for us they would pick them with a view of making democratic victory easy in the election. Just remember this when you find democrats boosting particular candidates for republicans to nominate.

The question George W. Perkins will be asking himself is, "Will he hand me what he handed Mr. Harriman, or will he stand by me the way he stood by Paul Morton?"

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Office Seeking and Improvement Club.

OMAHA, June 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: This paragraph on your editorial page:

Omaha taxpayers are, of course, interested in all sorts of improvements that go to build the city, but they care little about improvement clubs built only for office seekers.

Expresses the sentiment and the crux of the policies of the ten improvement clubs, viz., the Southwest Improvement club, the Omaha View Improvement club, the Lincoln Heights Improvement club, the Northeast Improvement club, the Lincoln Avenue Improvement club, the Walnut Hill Improvement club, the Elmwood Park Improvement club, the Fifth Ward Improvement club, the Fontenelle Improvement club and the Clifton Hill Improvement club that elected officers of the Federation of Improvement Clubs of Douglas county at the city hall last Thursday evening, and that have and will maintain in their respective constitutions, provisions barring all matters in and before such club of a partisan, personal, or religious nature, and we believe that our officers in the federation will enforce those provisions.

My experience as president of this club in years past has demonstrated that the very life of an improvement club depends upon the elimination of such features as "the office seekers" from its midst. The federation as now composed has efficient officers and will devote its interest to the upbuilding and material prosperity of Omaha and its surrounding country, upon which it depends for its very life and existence. J. W. MALONE.

Safety First.

OMAHA, June 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Men love danger. I ride in a baggage car every day at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per hour, and it would suit me better if it was 100. The safety of every passenger on the train depends, for one thing, on the intelligence of a Greek section hand who cannot read the book of rules, and may be sent out to flag the first train he ever saw. But the public don't care and I, who knows every point of danger on the road, and have been in wrecks where people were killed, never worry the least bit about it. Let 'er go! the faster the better.

The same way with a ship. Do the passengers on a liner bother their heads about the crew, who are a poorly paid bunch of casual workers who often do not understand each other's language? Yet in a storm or collision, these "shocking sailors" must be depended upon to man the boats and keep the big ship off the rocks. But the passengers are busy throwing rice, emptying bottles, playing poker and having a good time.

People love danger. If an automobilist can cross ahead of a limited etxpress and "beat the engineer to it" by three feet or so, he puts his thumb to his nose and wiggles his fingers, and the ladies laugh and wave their handkerchiefs. I see this trick performed every day. As an automobile load were starting out from a small station a few evenings ago, the driver said to me as he passed the car door: "We are going to Herman, and we are going to cross every crossing ahead of your train." And they did, too; but it was a close shave at one or two of the crossings.

Part of the joy of riding lies in the danger of getting killed. Few men ever quit a job because it was dangerous and few women ever refused a joy-ride because the driver was drunk, or inexperienced or both.

I said to the conductor last night: "Dad, four more killed at a public crossing." "What," he said, "is that so? Well I'll be damned, that's a dozen or more this month right in this vicinity." BAGGAGEMAN.

Political Tips

Fire Alarm Foraker of Ohio, commenting on his son's hurried marriage, thinks the young man is too progressive to suit his conservative notions.

Senator Vardaman, the long haired statesman from Mississippi, has blossomed out in a white suit and it behooves Senator Lewis to bestir himself to retain his sartorial pre-eminence.

Evidently there's mighty little doing in the higher circles of politics these merry June days. The latest bit of news put out by Republican Chairman Hilles is to the effect that "bad teeth cause bad boys."

Governor Glynn of New York declined to speak at a suffrage mass meeting in Albany, not because he is unalterably opposed to woman suffrage, which he thinks will come, but because he "probably could not make the right kind of speech."

Congressman Bartholdt of the Tenth Missouri district is probably the only representative in congress who ever had to open regular headquarters to prevent constituents from renominating him. In spite of its "Show Me" shibboleth Missouri is chock full of political mysteries.

According to the dictum of the Missouri supreme court a candidate for public office cannot place his name on two tickets. Gee whiz, if the Missouri example is followed the nimble art of riding two horses at the same time will be monopolized by the circuses.

Chancellor Day of Syracuse, N. Y., who hasn't said anything of public interest for many moons, rises up long enough to remark that "politics in business wrecked one of the most stable, reliable and profitable railroads in the world." Chancellor Day and Charley Mellen should hold a conversation-fest.

Tom Rye, who on the ninth ballot at the Tennessee democratic convention received the nomination for governor, is described as a "hill billy" candidate. Not out of the four large counties where hostility to prohibition is strong gave him a vote. He is 32 years old, has practiced law in Paris since 1902, and for the last four years has been attorney general of the Thirteenth judicial circuit, where he is said to have been efficient in breaking up "bootlegging."

Agreeably Surprised.

Springfield Republican.

The Mexican population at Vera Cruz are surprised that the American invaders do not massacre men, insult women nor fire and pillage homes. Perhaps the practical experience of American up-to-date civilization may have the desirable result of making them wish for more.

In Other Lands

The New French Ministry.

Alexandre Ribot, the septuagenarian prime minister of the latest French ministry, has been at the head of several previous ministries. As an old hand at the helm of the ship of state he is fully aware of the uncertainties of his position and the difficulty of holding together a working majority of half a score of man-following party factions. M. Ribot is the first of three leaders to succeed in forming a ministry with sufficient support of the new chamber of deputies to insure a start. The chief issues at stake are financial measures and a modification of the three-year military service law insisted upon by the socialists, but this of itself would not explain the failure of two leaders to form a cabinet. Delay was due more to the maneuvres of party leaders for position and power, and the determination of the socialists to secure all the benefits accruing to increased membership. There are 391 socialists with various prefixes in the chamber—an ample majority to put over a socialistic program, but their aims are as uncertain as the weather. Though the extremists under M. Jaures have fought the extended military service bill, and campaigned on that issue, their gain will come from some other source. Three-year military service is as good as settled in France so long as Germany presses onward with increased army strength.

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Alarming Military Budgets.

Every nation in Europe is swelling their budgets for armies and navies. Great Britain for the first time reaches the billion dollar mark in the pending budget, the greater part of the increase going to naval defense. Germany's militarists demand more revenue for a bigger army and a bigger navy. Franco must have more money. Italy haggles about paying living wages to its railroad employes because militarism drains its resources. Russia contemplates the expenditure of $500,000,000 on the army and navy for the current year and of $3,750,000,000 for the next five years. Army and navy expenditures in Austria-Hungary this year will total $200,000,000, or double the war budget of seven years ago. In this instance the increase is out of all proportion to the country's material progress, and creates greater alarm in the dual empire than the swollen budgets of other nations. The Austrian war minister took advantage of the Bosnian annexation and the Balkan wars to pull off two army mobilizations and burn up national money for war equipment. The pace then set has been kept up, and no sign of economy is visible. Meanwhile the groans of the squeezed taxpayers are everywhere drowned by manufactured war scares.

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What Flag Shall Ireland Fly?

The soul of Fionn MacCumhall and his Fenian militia rising up from bygone centuries finds expression among the Sinn Feiners of today with respect to the new flag for home rule Ireland. The Ireland of the past has had many natonal flags of various designs representing various epochs. The Irish flag of today with the sunburst on a green field originated in 1798, when the United Irishmen, to signify the blending of the north and south, evolved a national flag of the hue formed by the amalgamation of the blue and orange—namely, green. The sunburst on a blue field was the standard of the MacCumhall's Fenians, and is pronounced the favorite design for the new flag. "In all probability," writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun, "Ireland will adopt the sunburst upon a blue ground, the chief reasons being its antiquity, its distinctly Irish origin and its symbolism of Ireland rising to take her proper place among the nations. But come what may, the ground of the new flag is going to be blue. The Sinn Feiners are resolved upon that, and that the flag's material shall not be silk or cotton, but good Irish linen.

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League Against Bribers.

The recent prosecution and conviction of persons implicated in the British army scandal had its beginning in the activity of the "Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention league," an incorporated body organized seven years ago. The league has a membership of 400, chiefly representatives of important firms and corporations doing business with governing bodies. During its brief career it has procured 180 prosecutions of bribers, and secured a very high percentage of convictions. The army bribery cases, which culminated on May 27 with the sentencing of nine army officers and eight civilians, is the most conspecuous service rendered by the league in behalf of public honesty.

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Backset for Suffrage Reform

Progressive Germans in Prussia, which means two-thirds of the German empire, have had their hopes of suffrage reform dashed by the first public utterances of the new minister of the interior, Herr Von Loebell, a former political lieutenant of Prince Bulow. In his maiden speech in the Diet, recently, Herr Von Loebell said he had no desire whatever to be known as "the Minister of Suffrage Reform," and was enamored of nothing in the world so little as of the prospect of "a democratic parliamentary paradise in Prussia." So the fight to overthrow the arbitrary and archaic three-class voting system, which, to quote a deceased Liberal statesman, "makes representative government in Germany a lie," will have to go on. Many a man thinks it will never be won till the streets of Berlin have run red with proletariat gore.

Twice Told Tales

[illegible] asking him a question while the convict laboriously continued on his task. At last it was said for the reporter to hear.

"Would you mind stopping for a few minutes?" asked the reporter.

"All right, boss," said the convict, "go to it. I've got twenty years to finish this job."—New York Tribune.

Up in the Air.

"General Funston," said a war correspondent, just back from the front, "was admiring one day in Vera Cruz the splendid flying of one of our army aviators.

"'No uncertainty about that chap,' the general said. 'He's not like a flier I heard about recently.

"'A millionaire paid this flier $100 to be taken up in his monoplane. Up they rose, but the dipping, the zigzagging and the sideslipping were terrible.

"'Easy, man; easy!' the millionaire roared above the shriek of the wind and the thunder of the motor. 'Easy! This is only my second trip, remember.'

"'It's my first,' said the pilot.'"—Washington Star.

People and Events

Thirty tons of candy have been forwarded to the American fleet at Vera Cruz. In the making of heroes candy will beat grape juice a mile and then some.

Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr college, says college girls will make a serious mistake if they do not fit themselves for some serious work to interest them after motoring and tangoing lose their charm.

There's nothing the matter wth Kansas girls, either. Miss Henrietta Hossfeldt, a chorus girl from Wichita, is seeking the gold cure for a broken heart in New York. She doesn't want an unusual dose—$50,000 from a marriage-promising doctor will do it.

Philadelphia is several laps ahead of its reputation for speed. Melville Freas, a native son, relieved his heirs of the task by putting up a monument to himself in a local cemetery. As a promoter of longevity a cemetery monument, built in advance, has 'em all going to the rear.

LAUGHING GAS.

Bix—Would you marry a woman who couldn't cook?

Dix—In a minute—if she didn't think she could cook.—Boston Transcript.

"How is it that Jorkins dances the tango with so much expert agility?" I know he has little time for practice."

"No, but he gets the practice dodging the automobiles down town."—Baltimore American.

Willis—I am organizing a regiment for service in this war that will make them all sit up and take notice.

Gillis—Good men, eh?

Willis—Regular blood-curdlers. It is composed netirely of men who have been stung on Mexican mining schemes—Puck.

"Yes, he's one of our leading citizens. He certainly has climbed high in a few years. Why, he holds our best federal job."

"Indeed! How did he get it?"

"His brother-in-law is our leading politician."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Who is the most capable boy in the graduating class?"

"Wish to give somebody a medal?"

"Not on your life. I want to give somebody a job."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I don't believe any man remembers the first dollar he ever earned, though a great many claim that they do."

"I do."

"Now, what was there about it that fixed it so firmly in your memory?"

"Because all I got was a nickel."—Houston Post.

The Doctor—I find you have five distinct diseases.

The Patient—Great Scott! Does that mean five distinct specialists?

TheDoctor—Don't let thatworry you. The five physicians who are associated in our firm happen to be experts in these very diseases.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW TO FISH.

Strickland Gillilan.

A slaty river riffled with a wind that's from the south;
A hummock high and dry beside some tributary's mouth,
Where pours the clear, flood-laden tide into the larger stream—
That is the time, the place and all to sit and fish and dream.
(I've been so told by fishers old, who claimed they knew the game,
But they were liars by the clock, and I can prove the same.
For tho' the rules they thus lay down are fine for dreams de luxe,
The fisher's lucky as a dog if he gets back his hooks.)

An old snag, by the flood dislodged, its horrent roots in air,
With cornfield wash and foamy drift caught round it everywhere,
With shadowy depths and cozy nooks where crafty bass may hide,
And redeye, perch and channel cat may shun the rushing tide.
(That is the sort of spot I ort to fish in, so they said.
I found it, and I fished and fished till all my worms were dead.
And all I got was two craw-dab, a mussel and a chub—
I'm laying for those wise guys now, and laying with a club.)

When I am old and past my prime, when young men would not strike me,
I'll settle by some stream somewhere with other dotards like me,
And tell the gullible who camp beside that limpid streak
Just where to fish and how to fish within that fishless creek.
I'll tell of how I used to bow beneath the loads I caught,
When I was young and full of pep and when I went and sought
A mess o' fish. But as I tell the others what to do
I'll have my fingers firmly crossed, to show my talk's untrue.