

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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.

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

The 1914 tornadoes do not seem to be in the same class with those 1913 twisters. Mayor "Jim" won't run for congress this time. It was a good publicity stunt, anyway.

Wonder how much the money investment in that miscued bribery plot amounts to by this time. It's very evident that that republican "get-together" meeting did not please the democrats.

Roger Sullivan has dared his opponents to find a flaw in his past record. Now, Mr. Bryan, go to it.

Having obtained his diploma and degree, the young college graduate now has nothing to do but make good.

One of the simplest ways of keeping in a good state of health is to temper your work, sleep, food and exercise to the weather.

It is almost time to take that annual anti-Fourth of July inventory of your fingers, just to see how you stand before the battle.

One Chicago newspaper pronounces the "Black Hand" society the bane of that city; another says it is a myth. Both, however, manage to get continuous day-to-day stories out of the subject.

If inside miners was at Butte is, as charged, due chiefly to the reflex action of oppressive strike benefit assessments, it raises a serious question for the serious minded men at the head of the unions.

All these steamship accidents cannot fail to stimulate "See-America-First" travel. With the tourists coming our way, it is up to Omaha to tempt them to stop over, and to treat them right when they do stop.

A Georgia woman asks the court to enjoin her husband from calling her up on the telephone at any old time for any old purpose. If that fails, she might go a step further and have him gagged, or as a last resort take the 'phone out.

Opposition is being voiced to the creation of any more state commissions. The genesis of the commission business is the fee graft. Stamp out the fee grabbing, and make membership purely honorary without salary or perquisites, and the demand for new commissions will subside.

We thoroughly agree with the bathing resort keeper who says that the two things needed to prevent drownings is more precaution on the part of the bather and more guards to the rescue, but whether the latter should be furnished entirely by the state or also by the resort keeper is another question.

"Health Sunday," Philadelphia's latest, with pulpits all filled by leading physicians and surgeons, sounds fair. One and all want good health, but we apprehend that even here dissent will be registered by those who would themselves prescribe the particular brand of medicine to be preached from the pulpit.

Creighton college commencement filled the college hall with 200 students on the stage, and in front of them the faculty: Bishop O'Connor, Fathers Collins, Staffel, Koopmans, Daxacher, and Fort from Omaha, and Fathers Glauber and Serphin from Columbus. Among the prize winners were Charles F. Frenser, Edward McVann, and Francis McShane.

The Protestant Episcopal council took another ballot for a successor to the late Bishop Clarkson, Rev. Worthington having declined the call, and united in a unanimous recommendation to Rev. D. Elphinst Putter of Union college, Schenectady.

Captain O'Donohue of the police department, who was a few weeks ago called to Chicago by the death of his wife, was called back again by a telegram announcing the death of his infant daughter.

A big wind and rain storm did a lot of damage chiefly to signs, windows and bill boards. At Council Bluffs it blew over the tent of Barrett's circus, killing one man and wounding several.

Max Mayr & Co. announce the arrival of Fourth of July goods. "Fire works, flags, fireworks, torpedoes, bucket lightning, etc."

Dorsey B. Houck has received a handsome present in the form of a beautiful wagon from former United States Senator Caldwell of Kansas, who served in the same company with him in the Mexican war.

All in Good Time.

Our amiable democratic contemporary seems to be deeply disturbed because the recent republican get-together convolve was content with hearing orators tell why factional differences should be sunk, and refrained from drawing up plans and specifications for an attack upon the record and policies of the democratic administration. "It is significant," it exclaims, "that the record of President Wilson and a democratic congress was so gingerly criticized. It is significant because the reason for lack of detailed and outspoken criticism has a direct bearing on the approaching campaign."

Our democratic friends should not be so impatient, for their fondest expectations, or, rather, their most disquieting fears, will all be met in due time. The campaign is young yet, and congress is still in session, with the larger part of the democratic program yet to be completed. The first chapter of the record, the democratic tariff, the republicans will gladly take issue on, and for the second and third chapters, the currency bill and repeal of tolls exemption, they will find plenty of ammunition furnished ready to hand by democratic critics. It is possible that before we are through not even the democrats, themselves, will defend "watchful waiting" in Mexico, and the anti-trust bills are only beginning to emerge.

So we say to our prematurely excited democratic friends, be more patient. As soon as the issues are fully drawn, and the tickets nominated and the campaign duly opened, there will be no room to complain of "gingerly" criticism of democratic misgovernment.

"Jones, He Pays the Freight."

Mr. Ultimate Consumer seems to be greatly elated over the supreme court ruling in the so-called intermountain rate case, as a result of which seventeen railroads are to make some \$12,000,000 overcharge reparation on shipments made since the litigation began. Mr. Ultimate Consumer, with characteristic impulsiveness, hails the decision as a distinct victory, failing to note that, though he was the real loser by the high rate, not one dollar of the reimbursement falls into his purse. On the contrary, it is about equally divided between the shippers and their lawyers. Take, for example, the case of yellow pine, on shipments of which \$2,000,000 are returned. Under the original ruling of the commission the reparation was to be 65 per cent of the proved claims, but, according to the official statement, "none of the money reaches the consumers, who had been the real losers through the increased rate."

As a matter of fact it appears from Washington dispatches that certain lawyers have enriched themselves out of this single opportunity. One presented a batch of \$2,000,000 in claims. And Jones, the consumer, he pays the freight, to the lawyer, shipper and railroad. The cost of transportation always figures in the cost of the article to the user and this very situation is so typical that its significance ought not to be lost sight of by the public.

Mr. Wanamaker on Labor.

John Wanamaker's championship of the rights of labor, his vision of its future, his rebuke of the attitude of certain rich men and large employers of labor are all prophetic of that "rising market" in which he finds the men and women who toil.

Asked by members of the Industrial commission before which he was testifying if he believed in the eight-hour day Mr. Wanamaker replied: "Eight hours or less." And he believes in the right of both capital and labor to organize and declares prejudice and misunderstanding and poor labor leadership—more in the past than now—to be the chief obstacles in the way of more satisfactory mutual relations.

Such a man as Mr. Wanamaker is fully qualified to speak on this most vital of all industrial problems without having his motives impugned. The sooner that he and men like him, working in co-operation with responsible leaders of labor's cause, get their heads together on a plan to eliminate from this problem everything but its merits—the strike, the boycott, the blacklist, the lockout and similar devices of the devil—the better for all concerned. If, for example, Mr. Rockefeller, whom Mr. Wanamaker personally criticizes and others with similar attitudes toward labor, on the one hand, and the radical labor leaders on the other, could only be made to see that their mutual hostility is mutually injurious, the first step in the long process of solving the problems would be taken.

Church Unity.

The Omaha Summer School of Missions, aside from taking a rank of national scope, seems to furnish substance for the church unity idea. Forty churches of a dozen denominations are associated in this enterprise. Many forms and phases of religious problems are discussed without reference to creedal distinctions. The missionary propaganda is kept in the forefront, which makes the spirit of unity all the more significant. For, as the foreign missionary boards of various denominations keenly appreciate, creedal differences have made their work more difficult. While it has always been possible to offer the heathen plausible explanations for these divisions of "one gospel," it has not always been possible to get him to see the point as clearly as desired. The result is that Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists and Congregationalists and other Protestant denominations are steadily working toward the unity idea in foreign lands and are even converging some of their lines of administration at home. It is a matter of record, we understand, that this transition abroad has had a very pronounced effect on the churches in this country. Only the other day, the stated clerk of the Presbyterian general assembly issued a pronouncement on the subject of church unity. Men may say that organic union will never come. Probably not so far as all denominations are concerned, but that it may come before long in some rather practical form of co-operation as between the so-called evangelical denominations, there seems little ground to doubt.

If we could only cash in all the time consumed in the canal tolls debate we might be able to build another waterway for the benefit of England and other foreign nations.

The ancient and accepted rule of political strategy is to foment discord among the enemy and keep your forces united. But no one party has a monopoly on the rule.

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.

The Sordid Side. OMAHA, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: When the youthful Ralph Tittel was drowned Sunday, in Carter lake, efforts were made by the lake's competent and by bystanders to save the life of the boy in charge of the bath-house, in rescuing Tittel. A large, perky individual, apparently managing things, was appealed to and replied, "He didn't rent his suit from us, we didn't see him go down—we're not responsible for him."

If the beach had been properly supervised; if it had been in charge of men who wouldn't let their natural humane instincts be banished by anything so mercenary as the rental price of a bathing suit and a level 25 cents! Tittel might have been taken from the water in time to be revived.

As it was, it remained for help from distant points, viz: the Carter Lake club, county officials, etc., to carry on the attempted rescue after precious minutes had been wasted while the bath-house management tarried on shore and hid behind thirty cents worth of profit lost to dodge responsibility which none but those devoid of humane instincts would fail to offer in the moment of distress. A SPECTATOR.

Truth the Only True God.

SILVER CREEK, Neb., June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice a party writing from Phillips, Hamilton county, Neb. (I forget his name, and so we will call him "Jones") wants me, "one Charles Wooster of Herrick county," denied a hearing in the case for the assigned reason that I ridicule the Bible and attack men like Secretary of State Bryan, ex-Congressman Stark and R. L. Metcalfe, and write long and tiresome articles that accomplish no good purpose.

Mr. Jones is one of a class of small souls who have not sense enough to appreciate the force of an argument or ability to answer it, and probably does not know the difference between a syllogism and a monochord. These people are usually idol-worshippers, and if I smash one of their gods or skin him and hang the hide on the fence (if it be proper to assume that gods have skins), they immediately set up a great howl and begin to throw rocks at me and call me all sorts of bad names. If I point out false, absurd or ridiculous things as to Christianity, or in the Bible, they say "Oh, he is an infidel! Let us kill him!" If I should prove out of Bryan's own mouth that he ought to be in the pentagon, and I set it do it he challenged, they would say "He has now committed the unpardonable sin; to hell with him!" If I ridicule Stark (and under the circumstances that was a proper object of ridicule), they say, "and he was a congressman! What a shame!" forgetting that most any sort of a stick may be a member of congress, and that now, when the big schoolmaster does everything, it does not require as much ability to be a congressman as to be a member of a county board of supervisors; if I say that Metcalfe perjured himself to be used as a tool and is not fit to be governor, they answer "Oh that unspeakable Wooster! And Mr. Metcalfe is such a nice Christian gentleman, and once helped some ladies organize a sewing society."

Every man ought to love the truth and be willing to accept it, no matter where it comes from or who or what it hits. If I make a fallacious argument, let it be shown; if I do not state facts, let it be pointed out, and let there be an end of this personal abuse. I admit I am getting tired of this small fry, I envy no one, and wish a whale would come along and swallow me just to see how it would seem.—CHARLES WOOSTER.

Is Dress Immoral?

OMAHA, June 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: A "Practical Reformer," writing for The Bee's letter box today says: "Dress is neither moral nor immoral. It is simply un-moral."

I never criticize a statement merely because I do not understand it, nor because of its bad grammar or faulty construction; but the above statement concerning dress is incomprehensible for two reasons.

In the first place there is no such word in the English language as "immoral"; I have consulted Webster, P. and W.'s new standard, and several other dictionaries, and I cannot find this word; it is not given either as a synonym of "immoral" or an antonym of "moral."

In the second place, if the word "un-moral" was proper, it would certainly be synonymous with "immoral." Just the same as "un-moralized" would mean "immoralized" no more and no less; for I find in Webster the word "unmoralize," meaning "not conformed to good morals."

I therefore conclude that dress is either moral or immoral, and that the use of the word "un-moral" is an offense against the purity of our language. A great many writers, mostly women, are very fond of these quibbles, such as defining "nude" as being different from "naked," etc. One of the ancient philosophers undertook to convince Diogenes that motion has no existence, and after listening a few hours the old cynic answered the argument by deliberately wailing away.

There is moral dress and immoral; moral pictures and immoral; moral conversation and immoral conversation, and people will always believe this, although the standard may change from time to time. But a wax model can be dressed immodestly, and even a child's doll could be decorated in such a way as to corrupt the morals of the child.

E. O. McINTOSH.

Nebraska Editors

The Dodge Critter, J. J. McFarland, editor, appeared last week in a brand new suit of clothes.

Harry L. Parsons has sold his half interest in the Central City Republican to his partner, Robert Rice.

James Schomover has sold his interest in the Aurora Republican to his partners, Clark Perkins and Charles Carlson.

Wert L. Kirk, who sold the Creighton News to Nolan & Strong seven months ago and went to Idaho to grow up with the country, is back in Nebraska. He has purchased the interest of Mr. Strong in the News and his name again appears at the masthead, as editor.

Watterson on Suffrage

Marse Henry Blows His Eagle to Let the World Know Where He Stands.

Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier Journal. "Every one that knew her felt the gentle pow-wow of hostile the per-ar-rer flow-wow-er."

It seems that some incongruous observations ascribed by a reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle to the editor of the Courier-Journal—very incongruous for not only made havoc with his part of speech, but muddled some of his opinions as such methods of publication are wont to do—have stirred the sensibilities of general, the Honorable Rosalie Jones, of the Sky-Scraper Foot Marines. It is the more to be regretted since the particular branch of the propaganda represented by this Lady of the Decorations has from the first drawn from these columns their fervid and admiring acclaim. The following unfolds the melancholy truth and tells the sorrowful tale:

St. Louis, Mo., June 16.—General Rosalie Jones, who won her title as a suffrage leader on famous hikes from New York City to Albany and Washington, today challenged Henry Watterson to debate a result of the Louisville editors' jibes at suffrage.

Really, do you know, I think Colonel Watterson shames his knees breeches and wears nice, fluffy lace and such, said she. "He belongs to the age when they wore such things. I think such attire would be quite appropriate in his case. As for the colonel's attacks on suffrage, he is doing us a great good."

When told that Watterson had said that women, by the suffrage racket, had broken up peace in the only place where a man could find it, the home, General Jones' bright eyes flashed for an instant, and she said with a flash she replied: "Right here and now I challenge Henry Watterson to a debate on equal suffrage, to be held on the St. Louis courthouse steps. Why, if he will only come here and debate with me, he will help us win the vote for Missouri."

"It is such a pity," Marse Henry is wasting all of the brilliant oratory of his old New York town when we need him right here in Missouri to win the cause for us."

Noting that the word "Home" affects some of our would-be-gentlemen lady friends as water affects a hydrophobic, let us say at once that General, the Honorable Rosalie Jones has been misled in one or two matters of fact. She may have girded her lions, but surely she has not studied the newspapers. "Old timers" interposes the St. Louis Republic "will recall that Henry Watterson, when acting as chairman of a democratic national convention, once stopped the proceedings, defied the rules of parliamentary practice and compelled the delegates to listen to a speech by a woman. He knew he was wrong, but, being a southern gentleman and a Kentucky colonel rolled into one, he simply could not refuse the fair orator, and he would not have refused, as we verily believe, if he knew that he was about to wreck the party, bring on a foreign invasion, or stop the publication of the Courier-Journal."

Considering the chivalrous instincts of the colonel, we wonder what he will do with that challenge to debate the suffrage question hurled at him by General Rosalie Jones. It surely puts him in a tight place.

Not on your life! It puts General, the Honorable Rosalie Jones in the predicament of attacking Foxy Grandpa where he lives, as the saying hath it, and of pounding the table with her dainty little toothy wootsy fist when she should have hit it roundly with her heels; for he has been fighting the woman's cause all his days and is not opposing suffrage because he would be denying equality to women—nor at all under certain limitations—but for the reason that he would not brutalize and degrade woman by dragging her into the bull-ring of politics and partyism, with her corruption and dirt.

His opinions are familiar to his constant readers. They have been often and amply set forth in these columns. They were confused a bit and distorted a lick or two by the Brooklyn reporter who took no notes but relied upon his memory to misadvise him with regard to exact expression. For example, he ascribed some remarks of his, which touching the Feminist movement and the suffrage movement at large, to a denunciation of the suffrage movement at large. That was an error. It lured general, the Honorable Rosalie Jones into melodramatic attitudes unbecoming to what the Republic calls "her lustrous dark eyes" (see, we are glad she is not a blonde!), along with some criticism of Foxy Grandpa's wearing apparel; though here it gratifies him to note that the maternal instinct of the woman shine through the masquerading of the Foot Marine, suggesting "knee breeches" and "nice, fluffy lace," quite fitting to second childhood and delightfully redolent of the nursery. It may indeed be that he belongs to a by-gone age; but such have been his love and care for his girls, that, being in this at least up-to-date, he much prefers to have her clad than nude, and his sympathy has gone out to her to that degree, that, seeing the lady "as she is dandied," he has in almost every instance favored forcing the man on the floor to marry the girl in his arms. What better proof could he give that he is ever and ever for the woman, the weak and unprotected woman, as many Kentucky statutes, likewise in her interest earnestly and constantly promoted by him, might also attest.

It is true that the Courier-Journal has refused to take suffrageism on its face showing. Back of the suffragist it has seen the militant; back of the militant, the Feminist; Feminism, at once the militant, the terminal of the agitation responsible generally and the prevailing unrest of woman, among the more advanced, avows itself the enemy of a man-made world and a man-written Bible, and all existing institutions including marriage and the home; it proposes the abolition of sex and the recreation of woman in the barbaric image of man, each woman to choose the father of her child, and as many fathers as she cares to have, polygamy and the polygamist instinct to be shifted from man to feminine initiation. The suffragists of America are but a little behind the Furies in England; the Furies of England but a little ahead of time, Feminism being the crux of the movement.

To be sure the leaders of the crusade seeking "Votes for Women" deny this, most of them, we doubt not, sincerely. But revolutions go not backward. Already it is declared in England that suffrage is merely an "outpost." Already has the richest and most potential leader of suffragism in the United States announced the coming of militancy of the Pankhurst variety unless the franchise be granted within the next two years. No question so momentous to organic society exists in any part of the world and the Courier-Journal, disdaining the cowardice alike the levity and of gallantry, has alone among American newspapers so treated it.

It plants itself upon the blessed truth that woman was created to civilize and humanize man; that she is a superior being; that without her we would drop into savagery; that without the ballot she has achieved the crown of glory God designed for her when He made her the moral light of the universe; the homemaker and shrinekeeper, securing to the man to her children and to herself, one spot on earth where love abideth, which may not be invaded by the selfishness, the hatred and the slime of rival ambitions, within whose sweet and safe seclusion and repose the religion of Christ may continue to be cherished and taught and whence prayers of adoration and gratitude may still ascend to heaven.

Nay, nay, Rosalie, dear Rosalie—shall we not drop the unwomanly and unmeaning "General" and call you pet names—you have the wrong pig by the ear. Let Foxy Grandpa press an ice upon you, and stick your patalettes in your boots, little girl, and instead of facing that dreadful mob from the courthouse steps, let us go and hunt butterflies. Your brains, Rosalie, if we may say it without offense, still run to yowling with—yowling brains—yowling brains were made to think with—yowling brains were made to walk with, and walk with, not debauch with, as may be over in your long and short.

LEADS TO LAUGHTER.

"Was your outing a success?" "I suppose so," replied Mr. Growcher. "It was about the usual program as I have observed it. The merry party barely had time to eat lunch and then line up to be photographed before it was time to catch the train home."—Washington Star.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying: "Did he leave you much?" "Nearly every night," was the reply.—National Monthly.

She—You vowed that it would be your aim to make my life laugh but one of happiness. And to think that I believed you!" "He—That's nothing! I believed it at the time myself."—Boston Transcript.

"She ought to make a good business woman." "What makes you think so?" "She doesn't insist on getting down to the depot an hour before it's time for her train to start."—Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, my son is going to spend a few days in the city." "He'll get bunched sure." "Well, he's sure of carfare home. He's wearing a \$10 bill underneath a porous plaster on his chest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Glady's—Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me. "Muriel—How do you know?" "Glady's—He says he is always thinking of me." "Muriel—Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head."—Judge.

"But, see, my dear, you do wrong to be angry with him. Your husband could very well have passed the evening at Gaston's and not have deceived you." "That's just what was impossible, for

Gaston passed the evening with me."—Paris Pages Folio.

"Tell me, old man," said the perennial seeker after knowledge, "why is your hair gray and your beard brown?" "Easy," answered the factious O. M. "My hair is twenty years older than my beard."—Michigan Gargoyle.

SOME READERS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While down the street at morning time The crowded street car sped, I took a look, and set in rhyme, The things that people read. The fat man scanned the sporting news Or ring and base ball field, The things that people read. His neighbor read the expert views On cotton growth and yield. The facts from Mexico enthralled On text and yet the next, And gossip from the City Hall Who's one large man's pretax, Who truly did not read at all. But eyed, till she was vexed, A beautiful maiden, broad and tall, And muchly female-sexed.

And just behind a solemn gent Pursues the Van Loons. The eyes of ladies next are bent On "ads" about the tines. That form the "old song" picture game; And social happenings. Are studied by the haughty dame With three large cluster rings. The page of editorials Is food for the next reader; Attention of the next one falls On "Fine of Auto Speeder." A lady, sitting further on With two fine looking lads, Has fixed her eyes and thoughts upon Department store "ads." Two "stenos" read the want ad page In search of better jobs; And miss, of an uncertain age, Reads all the shipwreck "sob." Then, in the very foremost place— On narrow seat at side— A lady reads, with smiling face, The list of those who've died.

Something About Government Ownership

No. 9

Contrary to the American custom of 24-hour telephone service, practically every government-owned European telephone exchange, except in the very large cities, is closed all night.

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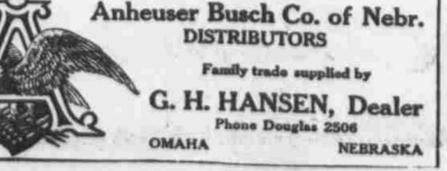
By this plan, you would within a very few years own the title to the house you live in and would no longer be paying rent every month.

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