

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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54,751

MAY CIRCULATION.

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 4th 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.

Let the eagle scream!

Even the chronic kicker has no right to kick on this weather.

The Glorious Fourth is Young America's special holiday.

Well, now, this is the day. Be sure it is patriotism that you fire off.

The old-fashioned Fourth used to be more noisy, but the new one registers more speed.

St. Louis has finally adopted a new charter, but it hangs onto the old Four Courts building.

Oh, sure, to a hide-bound democrat any criticism of the Wilson administration is "unfair" criticism.

It does not require a signboard to inform the male members of the household that this is preserving time.

No adjournment of congress before September in the latest edict. Gee, but that's tough on the chautauquas!

It is more than appropriate for Speaker Clark to be made a doctor of laws since doctoring laws has been his lifework.

Should there be no recess of congress, that may explain the enigmatic statement that there will be no recess appointments.

Those democrats down at Washington act as if they were in distressing despair of never having another democratic congress.

Huerta is said to be satisfied, now that "The dignity of Mexico is saved." Well, a dash of humor injected into the situation will not hurt it.

Omaha's first Fourth of July fatality is to be charged up, not to the fireworks vender, but to the automobilist. The "safety first" campaign must not stop.

The misuse of the senator's stationery for mining stock promotion is put on his son-in-law. No well regulated senatorial family should be without a son-in-law.

That Oklahoma congressman who asked for a leave of absence to go home and "prosecute my campaign for the democratic nomination for congress," might be pointed out hereafter as one of the oddities for sightseers at the capital.

It certainly takes nerve for our democratic senator's organ to lampoon Colonel Roosevelt for criticizing President Wilson after the performance of the senator himself when the currency measure was being railroaded through congress under White House whip and spur.

A minister engaged in sumptuary reform recently made the remark that prohibition of the liquor traffic would result in larger use of other kinds of stimulants and narcotics, including opiates. Official revenue reports show a falling off in the last year in whiskey consumption, but a gain in the use of beer and cigarettes, which may have a bearing on the minister's assertion.



Today is the 10th anniversary of American independence.

The forenoon game between the Union Pacifics and Reserves was witnessed by 1,700 people, and the home team won, 6 to 1. In the afternoon standing room was at a premium with over 2,500 spectators out to see the game, which took ten innings to put the Reserves ahead, 17 to 16.

The Athletic tournament at the cricket park did not draw the crowd that was expected. The hundred-yard race was won by Weinbender, and the long jump by P. N. Duffy, who also won the stone throwing, the hammer by Hockworth and the hurdle race by E. M. Sander.

The Methodists of the Tenth Street church had an enjoyable basket picnic in the north end of Kountze's grove.

Here are the names of the different additions to the city in which Bell & Shriver offer lots for sale: West End, Sunnyside, Irving place, Pelham place, Hanscom place, Howard place, Himebaugh place, Helman place, Parker's addition, Shiner's addition, Colburn's subdivision, Brookline, Reviders, Mayfield and Fisher's addition.

Two girls willing to go to the country are promised good wages and expenses paid. Call on Mrs. Clark, St. Mary's Avenue and Twentieth Street.

One Hundred and Thirty-Eight.

The day we are celebrating is the 138th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of American Independence.

There is no special significance in this particular number, for one Fourth of July has been very much like the other, the change in our mode of celebration being gradual rather than sudden. What we have to ponder and reflect upon is the fact that the spirit of freedom then proclaimed has been marching steadily forward all these years with ever broadening scope and enlarging influence. The seeds sown by the revolution which brought the blessings of liberty to our colonists have continued to work throughout the world, most of the time peacefully, every now and then bursting forth into new wars to unshackle human bondage, but never allowing liberty to lose ground or to stand still.

The spirit of '76 has become a world-leaving power, and the fears of the forefathers as to the permanence of their work have been proved groundless. No one would dare attempt to picture the ultimate goal or fix the relative position of the number one hundred and thirty-eight in the procession of event.

How About Private Business?

Administration agencies put out an array of figures purporting to show unusual prosperity of the government in the first year of the Wilson regime; that the year closes with income exceeding ordinary expenses by \$33,784,000. Officially—on the face of these figures—the year has proved successful, but how about our status, unofficially? How is it with private business? How is it with the individual, the average man? Are these more prosperous today than they were before President Wilson and his democratic associates went into office? Big business or little, has it reached out proportionately and gained new strength, enabling it to resist the usual forces of competition and adversity? Has the average individual similarly prospered over and above his former condition? Has his cost of living come down in compliance with democratic promises and free trade policies and his productive powers correspondingly increased? Are more men employed and fewer business concerns financially distressed today as a result of this year of democratic government?

It may be easy enough for the government to make income equal outgo, but not the same in the employment and prosperity of the wage earner, the business man and the banker.

Can Mr. Ultimate Consumer be convinced that it costs him less to live today than it did a year and a half ago? Brag is great stuff, but it pays few grocery bills and increases no one's earnings.

Missourians, All.

Let us hope for the best in the formal announcement of Ambassador Da Gama that the Niagara Falls mediation has already resulted in averting war, "the practical settlement of the conflict between the United States and Mexico," disposing of international issues, thus clearing the way for the solution of internal problems by mutual agreement of contending factions. A protocol embodying the mediation achievements is signed and Huerta envoys are said to have assented to a friendly conference with the Carranzistas.

All of which, even as it stands, affords some ground for hope to those who nonetheless realize that "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip" in this Mexican drama. Huerta, we hear, is more sullen than ever. Villa and Carranza are not exchanging dulcet kisses these days, and Villa is a proud, jealous bandit-soldier. Still another rumor has it that Huerta has already sent his family ahead to Europe and will join them at the earliest opportunity. This is about the status of things Mexican at present. Of course, should Huerta really quit Mexico, the fortunes of peace might afford to sing his praises. Americans and Britons, too—still fleeing from Mexico City on advice of their minister—while rejoicing in the feeling of war averted, nevertheless will continue the policy of "watchful waiting" for something tangible and dependable. In other words, events of the last few months and weeks have made Missourians of us all.

Pity the Poor Rich Man.

J. P. Morgan went to Washington to spend the day, part of it consulting with the president over business and "reminders," the remainder just bumping about. Now, a man less rich and less famous would have had no trouble enjoying himself in the capital. He would have mingled with a group of congenial friends here and there, probably gone through the capitol with his "home congressman" or senator and maybe taken in the ball game. Not so Mr. Morgan. As secretly as possible he slips in for a little chat with the president, then runs into a battery of reporters in his attempt to escape as secretly as he came. He is not permitted, or thinks he is not, to tell them anything of interest and presently he is lost, incognito, in a downtown cafe. Accidentally he bumps into two cabinet members, who probably scowl at his awkwardness and pass him by unknowingly. Then to the capitol, where he tries to get into the guests' gallery in the senate, only to be turned aside by an autocratic doorkeeper. "But I know Senator Root," pleads the poor rich man. "No matter, up that way for you." And he finds himself seated among the common herd, tourists and loungers, listening to men down on the floor talk about "big business," probably tripping his name often on the lips. In the evening he steals on down to the depot, hops into an ordinary passenger coach and rides back to New York.

And yet folks yearn for the life of a Morgan or a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt. No doubt this scion of the late colossus of world finance would have given a good deal that day to have gone about simply as John P. Morgan, wherever he pleased, said and done whatever he wished, instead of slipping hither and yon under cover as if he had come to make way with the United States treasury.

"More cigarettes than ever smoked in this country last year." More in Nebraska, too, we'll wager, in spite of our cigarette prohibitory law, although, of course, there is no way of proving it with real figures.

According to income tax returns, 15,000 men in this country have combined incomes aggregating a billion dollars. Ours is a billion-dollar country in more ways than one.



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

Just "Bunk."

NORTH PLATTE, July 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: I received a notice from J. H. Grosvener, chairman, dated June 12, to attend a meeting of the people's independent party committee at Lincoln June 20, at 2 p. m., to consider the welfare and reorganization of the party. I attended the meeting, which was composed of eighteen or twenty uninvited persons. Their chief matter of consideration was: Whether to, or not to, disorganize the people's independent party. It was finally concluded that there were 3,000 straight people's independent party voters in Nebraska, and that if the meeting disorganized the people's party most of these 3,000 people's independent voters would go to the progressive party movement, consequently in order to hold this vote to the democratic party the Hastings and Omaha meetings were "staged" up to catch the "pops" on the "tip." There was no purpose set forth as to why the people's independent party, or any other party, should exist.

Let no one who seeks progress in political action be deceived by such "bunk." There is call for progressive action in politics, but it must be on a purpose, well defined. The clamor for merely party supremacy is no good. Nine thousand people's independent party voters is a sufficient nucleus for such voters to rally on to bring success to their movement. Let the "pops" no longer be allured by influences that have hitherto well nigh betrayed and destroyed their purpose. Get wise, you "pops."

LUCIEN STEBBINS.

Again Inquisitive.

OMAHA, July 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: You were kind enough to insert my letter of inquiry a few days ago as to the correctness of "Fontenelle" instead of "Fontanelle" as the name of the new million-dollar hotel.

Will you allow me to ask for the following information: There is a smoke ordinance in this city. There is an inspector to see that it is properly observed. Why does he not call to account the worst offender in the city—the new Douglas county building? This morning shortly before 8 o'clock his chimney was belching forth clouds of black smoke. If the wind had been south, it would have been impossible to locate the city hall in the darkness caused. Why is the Douglas county building permitted to envelop the city in a dense pall of black smoke when small offenders are fined? INQUIRER.

Socialists Favor Votes for Women.

OMAHA, July 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: "Votes for Women" is a matter of justice. Justice is infectious; justice of one form is favorable to other forms; justice anywhere encourages justice everywhere. Woman suffrage—political justice—cannot make conditions much worse; it may mark the beginning of an era such as the world has never known. If we voters have a spark of fairness and chivalry in us, now is the time to show it. Let us give woman suffrage a trial in the nation as well as Nebraska. I prophesy that it will prove to be an act of priceless wisdom.

EDMUND B. BRUMBAUGH, 2701 Camden Avenue.

About Women

Miss Myrtle Nelson goes to jail for three months in Cleveland rather than forgive her mother and return home to live.

If Sylvia Fankhurst's threat to starve to death has triumphed over the whole British empire; if Asquith is bowing the knee, then stomach specialists may well enrage their phylacteries. They are the cause of the future, and order or disorder is within their giving.

Mrs. Martha Medley, aged 25, was crushed to death by the engine of a passenger train near Ceredo, W. Va., after she had thrown herself in the train's path and pushed her 4-year-old daughter to safety. Three other children witnessed their mother's death.

While she was driving her automobile alone on Sunnyside river Mrs. Marian Kauffman, wife of a wealthy farmer, saw a boy struggling in the water. She dived into the water and brought the boy to shore. After finding him safe, with wet clothes and all, she drove away in her car.

"Get knocked down by a trolley car," was the answer Mrs. Dorothy P. Stevens gave her husband when he asked what he could do to make her happy. At least that is what he testified to in a Brooklyn court. Mrs. Stevens is a daughter of Rev. Madison C. Peters, the well known writer.

The dismissal of Isidore Beldler's petition to be recognized as the daughter of Richard Wagner will not end a controversy which ordinary tact would have hushed up long ago, and the discussion of which accomplishes no good whatever. Common sense is sometimes better than publicity.

Refusing to allow her marriage to be postponed, notwithstanding the death of her grandmother, whose body was still in the house, Miss Dorothy Anna Kent of East Orange, N. J., was wedded to Dr. John Andrew Fress. The young women, who were to have been bridesmaids, and the ushers attended the ceremony as guests.

About Immigration

Since 1882, 81 per cent of the whole were from Southern and Eastern Europe. Of the earlier immigration, 86 per cent became naturalized citizens; of the latter, 39 per cent.

In 1913 a new high-water mark—1,367,215 immigrants—was established, the larger part being Italians, Poles, Russian Hebrews and Austro-Hungarians.

From 1864 to 1882, 81 per cent of the 4,000,000 immigrants were received from Northwestern Europe, mainly Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, says the current Leslie's Weekly.

Distribution in 1913—net immigration (arrivals less departures): To the South, 1,000,000; to the West, 200,000; to the Pacific slope, 500,000. To six states, all overcrowded, (New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio and Illinois), 514,841.

In Other Lands

Foreign View of Clafin and Wilson.

European opinion as reflected in the press declines to divorce the gigantic Clafin failure from the influence of the Wilson administration. In Berlin the Lokal Anzeiger, discussing the Clafin collapse recently, said: "This article ought really to bear the superscription, 'Clafin and Wilson,' for the failure of the firm has for the president the full significance of the handwriting on the wall." The editorial goes on to say that in view of statements made by the president subsequent to the failure, "it must be doubted, however, if he understands it." Evidently the German editor does not fully appreciate Mr. Wilson's power of perception or he would know that Mr. Wilson fully understands its significance, even though he may not see fit to disclose his feelings. The Clafin failure, the most gigantic in the history of American mercantile business, is the subject of much grave comment in Berlin and other European capitals and occasion for more fun-making than ever of Mr. Wilson's psychology explanation.

Royalty Still Loves Our Girls.

The recent marriage of Miss Laura McDonald Stallo, daughter of an old and wealthy Cincinnati family, to Prince Francesco Roaspiolodi of Italy, which has occasioned much comment and excitement among Americans in Paris, is taken as indicating the survival of that grand old love which European royals have been wont to bear for so grand American maidens, especially those whose papas possess so irresistible and plethoric purses. The Stallo family has lots of good Standard Oil money, a course this to mention in connection with such a fine subject, but nevertheless it doubtless has been mentioned many times by those more closely related to this little comment. Europe has been reminding of late on the apparent abatement of these kind of marriages, and American maidens of millions become bottled members of royal households on yon side the water, and so it finds relish, indeed, in this morsel of gossip. Albeit, the prince, himself, is a man of no mean standing. One of his famous hobbies is travel. He is going in very strong for travel as a honeymoon affair. He has chartered one grand yacht in which he and his bride will sail away for the cooling shores of the Land of the Midnight Sun, over the broad bosom of the North sea and the Atlantic into the distant Arctic ocean. Ah, there is the place for a prince's honeymoon. The prince says he has visited every land, from China to Patagonia, and avers that no man is better traveled. Forsooth, he will be able to magnify the joy of this trip for his beautiful bride, with enchanting dissertations upon this scene and that, so far from civilization, so strange to the little American girl, yet so, ah, so perfectly familiar to se prince. As we say, Americans in Paris are all agog over this marriage, the more because only last October Miss Stallo broke off her engagement to Mr. Jefferson Patterson Crane of Dayton, O.

Pathos of Militancy.

The good archbishop of Canterbury may look for a brick over his way now most any time. Ajax did a wise and perfectly discreet thing when he went out that day and defied the lightning in comparison with what the great prelate has done. He has in polite language execrated the British suffragettes, referring to them as "unhinged." Says the archbishop: "The outstanding feature of the controversy is the deep pathos of seeing splendid energy and self-devotion distorted and mislabeled by a little group in a manner so mischievous." But the archbishop has some kind and considerate words for the women, nor does he lay on them the fundamental blame for all that is now going on. He has scented the situation with a sage sympathy and sees that back of these orgies of brick-throwing and dynamiting are causes for which the poor women are not responsible. He wishes to be understood, however, as not condemning outlaws or violence, such as the militants have been guilty of, even on the ground of the abuses England tolerates of certain industrial and social rights. He says: "The pathos of it is deepened by knowing that some at least of those who become unhinged and violent owe their hysterical condition to the shock which came to them in the sudden realization of existing facts about some forms of moral vice which casts so shameful a stain upon a Christian community and chiefly on its manhood." As a matter of fact, the archbishop's statement is a clarion call to the conscience of England on this great subject. He by no means excuses those responsible for the conditions provoking this reign of terror by the militants.

Rats Purveyors of Bubonic Plague.

Dr. Juan Gutierrez, the noted yellow fever expert of Havana, gave out a statement in that city the other day in which he expressed the belief that the plague now disturbing New Orleans was not conveyed from Cuba. He says since last February every ship going from Havana to New Orleans has been carefully freed of all rats, and everybody knows that rats and not humans communicate the germs of this dread malady. He thinks the New Orleans plague is due to the outbreak among rats there in 1912. That one rat so afflicted died and from it the germs were spread by other rodents.

Twice Told Tales

Sobriety Test.

At a social session they were speaking about the difference of opinion as to what may be considered an intoxicated condition, when J. Clyde Oswald, president of the National Editorial association, told of an incident that happened in the southwest. The sheriff and one of his deputies were riding down the road one day, he said, when they came across a man lying flat on his back in the burning sun. By his side lay an empty bottle, which seemed to sufficiently explain the situation.

"Jerome is jagged," remarked the sheriff, who recognized the man. "Just take him up to the jail." "Hold on there a minute," suddenly interposed a man who was standing by, "Jerome ain't jagged." "He isn't?" scornfully returned the sheriff. "What makes you think that?" "Cause he ain't," declared the other insistently. "I jes' seen one of his fingers move."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Life Savers.

An English policeman entered the house of a publican one morning and informed him that it would be necessary to hold an inquest there in the afternoon.

Now the landlord had a great objection to anything of the kind, and said: "Oh, I can't be troubled with inquests in my house. Here, what'll you have to drink?"

Robert said he'd have a drop of Scotch, which he did.

"Have a cigar, too," said the host. "After the consumption of two Scotches and cigars the constable said he thought he could get the inquest held somewhere else, but as he was leaving the landlord remarked:

"By the way, who are they going to hold the inquest on?" "No one as I know of now," said the man in blue. "but it 'ud 'a' been on me if I hadn't had these drinks an' smokes."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Up to Expectations.

When Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who celebrated his birthday the other day, paid a visit to his native village at the close of the Zulu war, all the inhabitants turned out to welcome him. Among the crowd was a woman who impatiently asked her neighbors where "the ero" was.

"That's him," replied one of them, pointing out Sir Evelyn's rather spare slight figure.

"What, 'im'?" exclaimed the woman. "'Im kill all them Zulus! Why, even my old muzz could clout 'im'."—Pearson's Weekly.

Editorial Viewpoint

Wall Street Journal: At least the supreme court in Washington knows how to clean up and go home.

Wall Street Journal: New constitutional freedom might help business if it were new, or constitutional, or free.

Philadelphia Public Ledger: The base ball situation could not be any worse if congress had undertaken to regulate it.

Washington Post: Maybe, if Sylvia Fankhurst would go without eating for a month, they'd let her see the king himself.

New York World: Sea captains find it easier to bring their ships into collision than to explain how it happened afterward.

New York Herald: How can the republicans expect progressives to fuse with them when the progressives cannot fuse with themselves.

Washington Star: It might be easier to get harvest hands if the farmers would issue posters as attractive as those used by the army and navy.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Quick on the heels of the year's longest day comes tax-paying time. It seems on occasions that every cloud has a leaden lining.

Washington Post: "If you must have a pet, get a pig," advises Dr. Quicker of North Platte, Neb., but some poor women wait until they're grown up.

Boston Transcript: How many of the Sons of the Revolution of 1914, who are to follow Washington's route from Philadelphia to Cambridge in automobiles, could make the trip on horseback?

Philadelphia Inquirer: A Frenchman has invented a shock absorber for a wheelbarrow, but we don't have any hope it would absorb the shock of a member of the Independent Workers of the World did he perchance see a man pushing one.

FEMINE FANCIES.

Patience—Mrs. Styles says her husband gives her \$5,000 a year to spend.

Patrice—Yes, Mrs. Styles is very extravagant—in her statements.—Tombs Statesman.

First Chorus Lady—What do you think, dear? George is back from Scotland, stony broke and so altered that you would hardly know him.

Second Chorus Girl—I'm sure I shan't, dear.—London Opinion.

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" feelingly asked the high school literature teacher of her class.

"A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just as feelingly.—Topeka Journal.

"Superstitious after all these years? Don't you remember, on the evening we first met how a black cat ran across our path and you swore some misfortune would happen to you?"

"And it wasn't a year until we were married. What greater proof do you want?"—Houston Post.

She—Johnnie needs a new pair of shoes.

He—Why, saints alive! I brought home a pair for him last night!

She—Yes, you did. But as it took you fully six weeks to remember to get them, it might be well to start in now on the next pair.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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