

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

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JUNE CIRCULATION: 52,662

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of June, 1914, was 52,662.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 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.

It will bear repeating: Don't rock the boat.

The box score shows that Huerta was batted out in the tenth.

In violation of all precedent, Omaha's ball team took a double-header. Just like that.

Kansas City must be afraid it will finish its new depot ahead of the St. Louis free bridge.

Let us hope the president's indigestion did not come from an attempt to digest this Mexican situation.

The bread basket of the world bears a strong resemblance to the topography of the Missouri river valley.

To J. R. Nightingale and Eva Wren of Modesto, Cal., just married, life should be one continuous song of joy.

For a man who is not fighting the administration, our democratic senator gives the public a fairly good imitation.

Down at St. Louis they are talking about pumping the River des Peres dry. There goes the last of the old swimming hole.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," are still not as numerous as the candidates that blossom in mid-summer.

So pleased are they with their hand-picked candidates that our bull moose friends are ratifying in advance of their assured defeat.

The militant who leaped into the king's auto may have taken that as the last desperate means of keeping the auto from leaping into her.

As most of the editors began life as printers' devils, their entertainment at Ak-Sar-Ben's hotel must have made them feel quite at home.

Rumor has it that "The People's Paper" has abandoned its policy of hiring detectives to bribe public officials and get something on private citizens.

Those beef packers are an indifferent lot. Here they are raising prices again, just as if they had never heard of the democratic tariff that was to reduce prices.

The Chicago court balliff who says half the world is crazy evidently has it mixed and meant to say the world is half crazy, for we have it straight from a greater seer than in 300 years, we shall all be lunatics.

If the city has been losing money by running its own city hall heating plant as compared with an offer to heat the building for practically the fuel cost alone, repairing the old plant can mean only losing more money.

If there are over 300 entries for primary nominations in Douglas county, it is a conservative estimate that there are over 3,000 throughout the state. More than one office-seeker to every hundred of the population illustrates the possibilities of this great republic.

The democratic ovation to returning convention delegates is pronounced a first class fiasco. About 200 persons impatiently waited in the opera house until half past 5, when C. V. Gallagher appeared on the stage and announced that the meeting had been indefinitely postponed, the speakers having been detained at home by threatening weather.

The Blaine and Logan club had a rousing meeting in their new club rooms and listened to a talk by Church Howe, who was escorted over by a committee consisting of Messrs. Clarke, Blackburn and Shelly. Al Morris also sang several campaign songs, old and new.

C. D. Woodworth has purchased and leased nearly 6,000 acres in the North Loop country for a cattle ranch, where he has erected sheds to accommodate 3,000 head.

The partnership heretofore existing between Dr. E. A. Kelly and Charles A. Wilson has been dissolved by mutual consent.

J. D. King, postoffice inspector, is back from an extended trip through Dakota and Minnesota.

Mrs. C. B. Havens has returned from a three weeks' visit with relatives at Schuyler.

E. F. Latta, formerly in the treasurer's department of the B. & M., and who recently married an Omaha woman, Miss Daisy Jewett, is to be commissioner of the Burlington-Wataha pool at Chicago.

Cutting Off Wastes.

The Interstate Commerce commission's report, in which it recommends increases in certain class freight rates for railroads, contains a severe curtain lecture to the roads for extravagance and waste in operation. It urges them to conserve their revenues and stop up the leaks through which vast sums of money are filtering. All of which is easily understood in view of the fact that the legal adviser of the commission in this work is Louis D. Brandeis, who once became famous by contending that if given the opportunity he could save the railroads of this country at least \$1,000,000 a day that was simply being wasted in their operation.

Of course, any waste on the part of the great public carriers is inevitably reflected in the cost of transportation, which means a burden on the ultimate consumer. All will hope, therefore, that Mr. Brandeis' pleadings are not to be in vain. It would also be gratifying if another injunction of the commission might be lived up to, namely, that these class rate increases are not to add to the consumer's cost of living. Indeed, the commission "warns" the railroads to this effect. How it proposes to make good on the warning is another question.

But even though the government succeeded in having these wastes in the operation of private corporations cut off, what about the enormous leakages in the running of the government? While so diligent to cast the beam of extravagance out of the railroad's eye, Uncle Sam ought first to remove the mote of wastefulness from his own, for, despite all the high-sounding pre-election claims and charges, it is dilating the optic of the present democratic administration beyond all previous appearances.

The Seat of the Trouble.

It is unfortunately true that the fake damage suit has come to be a flourishing institution, and that there are lawyers to be found who encourage it and profit by it.—World-Herald.

That is quite an admission considering the source, which has been so strenuously resenting the insinuation that there are black sheep in the legal fraternity. But the fake damage suit is only the twin brother of the out-and-out blackmail game and as a rule, the same lawyers pursue both species of holdup.

The World-Herald declares it can think of no remedy for this evil except the creation of a jury commission, which, strange to say, is precisely the remedy advocated by the crooked lawyers and indicted blackmailers. Of course, everyone knows that with a jury commission improvement would depend on the kind of a jury commissioner. We have had jury reform before, and the present method of choosing by lot, substituted for the old professional juror system was hailed as the acme of perfection when it was inaugurated.

No new method of choosing juries alone can be depended on to stop fake damage suits or the levy of blackmail through crooked lawyers who divide the plunder. What must be done is to get after the legal crooks and make it dangerous and unprofitable for them to practice their nefarious business. A few blackmailers and perjurer promoters behind the bars would make further jury reform easy.

Canada and the Hindus.

The contention of those Hindu coolies that as subjects of Great Britain they had a right to land on Canadian soil brings to mind Canada's rejection of two shipments of London breadiners, who were sent over a few years ago as "farm hands." They landed at an eastern port. Canadian farmers were desperately in need of workmen, but they did not want loafers. So after the proper officials had looked these chaps over they dispatched them as speedily as possible back to Mother England. It was thought a bold thing to do. It was, but it showed very plainly where Canada stood in its relations to the crown. The incident became all the more impressive when it failed to elicit any rebuke from Mother England.

Now, if the Hindu coolies, who fought so desperately for admission to British-Columbia, can show any reasons why Canada must admit them, they will certainly have to resort to some other expedient than their subject relation to Great Britain. About the most conspicuous fact in the Dominion government just now is its spirit of independence, which strongly suggests the possibility of literal independence. England is not picking any quarrels on that point at present. Only the other day a representative Canadian expressed the thought that if the Hindus from India kicked up too much fuss Great Britain might find itself confronted by the alternative of choosing between Canada and India. Possibly it would elect to keep India, since it comes so much nearer "having" it than Canada, and the task of "keeping" it would, therefore, be so much less.

A Slight Correction.

Readers of The Bee are entitled to a slight correction of the figures recently given in these columns showing the vote in the recent Iowa primary election. It transpires that the returns we quoted were unofficial, whereas we now have the official canvass certified from the secretary of state's office, and we, therefore, give them in this new table:

Table with 3 columns: Party, Incorrect, Correct. Rows include Senator, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist.

The figures previously quoted for comparison as the vote of the respective parties for president in 1912 of course remain unchanged as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Party, Incorrect, Correct. Rows include Republican (Taft), Democratic (Wilson), Progressive (Roosevelt).

The correction, as will be noted, makes the republican percentage of gain greater, the democratic loss a trifle smaller, and the progressive loss considerably greater.

Down in Kansas City an election "worker" with a lunch stand near a booth is said to have sold sandwiches for 5 cents apiece, a dollar bill taking the place of the ham and each patriot being limited to a lone purchase. Reads almost like that Council Bluffs election where the vouchers were cashed in at the World-Herald office at one dollar per punch hole.

Secretary Bryan is again in good standing with the suffrage women, but where his latest pronouncement leaves him with Edgar Howard is the unsolved Chinese puzzle.

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.

Psycho Logical.

COLUMBUS, Neb., July 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: The enclosed letter addressed to President Wilson from the L. S. Sturget company of Athol, Mass., will interest you I am sure.

You are at liberty to publish it if you care to. H. J. S.

Extracts from the letter: "We believe that a large part of the business depression is due to short-time-schedules and poor business generally which the country has suffered for months, and that this tariff law promotes the welfare of workmen in foreign countries at the expense of the workmen of the United States.

"Aside from this, we believe that the present business depression is due in a large measure to a state of mind, but sometimes to a state of mind. Business in general is not 'playing politics,' or crying calamity for political purposes. We do not know anything about so-called 'big business'; we are not in any trust or combination and have no connection with any. We have a little plant of our own, employing 750 people, and we attend strictly to the business of making and selling tools. There are thousands of other factories throughout the country which have no connection what ever with so-called 'big business,' who feel at we do the disastrous result of the new tariff law and the psychological condition, if that is what you prefer to call it.

"We have written to each member of congress and each senator from Massachusetts, asking for an early adjournment of congress. We assure you, however, that our action in this matter was not due to any advice from any publication, association or anybody else. We are members of the National Association of Manufacturers, but have received no communication from that association whatever, asking us to write members of congress on the subject. Those letters and this one to you are written solely on our own responsibility and on our own initiative. We believe that it is a duty we owe to our workmen, their families, as well as our stockholders and their families, to protest against further disturbing legislation on the part of congress and to urge that congress immediately adjourn the session which has kept the country on the rack for the last year and a half, and give business a chance to get busy.

"The writer is not a politician,—never was one,—never ran for office, and does not want any. What he wants is to see the wheels go 'round."

That Manifesto.

OMAHA, July 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: The manifesto of the Nebraska Men's association is a remarkable document in its misinterpretation of history, its false logic and psychology.

Any attempt to fasten the French revolution on women is worse than a blunder—it is a libel on her sex.

If the writer of the manifesto had cited Jessebel, Herodias, Catherine di Medici, Queen Mary, etc., he would have gained something for his cause, but these could easily have been offset by Deborah, Esther, Zenobia, Joan of Arc, Victoria and others, too numerous to mention. Women are not responsible for the horrors of history—they are the result of man's misgovernment.

What is the use of citing twenty-year-old decisions made under a false interpretation of the constitution? Women know very well they cannot vote under present laws and are not trying to. What they are now asking for is a constitutional amendment to give them the right of which they have so long and so unjustly been deprived.

I cannot admire the gallantry of men who palaver women in the next moment seek to rob them of their inalienable rights. To say they are too emotional to exercise these rights, is to add insult to injury. I have never seen a woman's convention; no matter how great the enthusiasm, that produced more demonstration than a chautauqua salute, but I have seen men poke their umbrellas through their hats and roar like howling devils in the old Wyanon in Chicago. Too emotional! Look at the women on that sinking ship or in that burning building! Bah!

D. C. JOHN.

With the Women

Mary Wildcat is a resident of Pawhuska, Okl.

Mrs. W. F. Gibbs of Clairon, Ky., at 90 writes poetry ridiculing fashions.

Mrs. J. W. Laird of Eugene, Ore., has ten children weighing an aggregate of 2,985 pounds.

Dr. Rebecca Stonerod wants, all the public school children of Washington, D. C., taught to dance.

Mrs. D. H. Seaman of Brooklyn, N. Y., will drive her auto to the Pacific coast, taking hubby along to attend to repairs.

Mrs. Katherine McKee, dead in Pittsburgh, leaves a trust fund of \$50,000, the interest of which is to be used to buy coal in winter for poor families.

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, made her first solo Paris flight on Saturday at Chartres near Paris with Airman Garzik. She described the flight as a delightful sensation.

Signs of Progress

Rubber nails, for places where metal ones would corrode, are a novelty from Germany.

Impressions at Sea

Member of The Bee Staff Describes His Ocean Voyage Experience.

We are heading into the Bay of Naples, due to land at 2 p. m., and rejoicing over the certainty of walking on land for awhile. Had a moderately fair voyage. Eight of the twelve days were pleasant, steaming on smooth seas under partly sunny skies. Since entering the Mediterranean this huge arm of the Atlantic has been as smooth and untroubled as Salt river in an off year. The pleasure and buoyancy of sailing over calm seas and under sunny skies makes one readily forget the disagreeable rough-house features of ocean travel and remember them only as shadows on the wayside.

Old Neptune seemed to lure us on to his insidious domain with as much hearty good will as Brooklyn friends bid us "bon voyage" at the dock. There wasn't a ripple on the Bay of New York and no sign of coming trouble was in sight when the "land of the free" disappeared from view. But the following day we were tossed fore and aft, pitched forward and backward, producing that sinking feeling which transformed the shady side of the deck into a marine hospital ward. Friday night, Saturday and Sunday night were a continuous scream. King "Nep" worked all the curves he had in stock, pitched us fore and aft and rolled us sideways, putting the dining room out of business, and filling the berth with people sobbing internally and sighing mentally for a small slice of hard, dry land. A thirty-mile gale touched us up again on the 20th as we neared the coast of Portugal, adding to the shakeup the penetrating coast of a north-east wind. In every direction the huge swells were capped with white, filling the air with spray and occasionally wetting the decks. In the direction whence the storm came, the starboard bow, the vast field of waves appeared like a series of columns of old "Nep's" white-capped infantry pressing forward to the attack. At night the wind whistling through the mast rigging sounded all the weird notes of a storm among the trees at home.

Every landlubber going away from home on a sea voyage is booked for some lumps of information. The first morning out we headed for breakfast at 9:30. New York time, as chipper as youngsters at a picnic. The breakfast limit is 9:30.

"I should have closed the dining room doors fifteen minutes ago," said the steward, in broken French-English. "Look at the clock (it was 9:45). You must see your watch half an hour ahead each morning of the voyage; then you will be on time."

Some novel features and characteristics are displayed by the tourists on the upper story of the steamer. Confined to a limited territory, both sexes, on pleasure bent soon become acquainted, exchange family history and activities, and give some rein to the ego. Out of 122 in the first cabin, ninety-three are women and nineteen men. The predominance of the coming citizens of the republic is appalling to the male passengers, and we feel our insignificance with berthing humility. We are, however, measurably consoled by having four ministers in our limited flock who dispense spiritual comfort and fortitude to bear whatever befalls. One of the male bunch, a democrat of ante-bellum days, hailing from New Orleans, airs a large-sized grouse against the perfidy of the Wilson administration for its treatment of New Orleans and Louisiana!

We steamed between the Azore islands all day of the 20th, with a smooth sea and cloudy sky. Riffs of sunshine pierced the pall of clouds in spots, lighting up spots of the verdure of these lofty rock formations. Carvo, Flores, Fayal, St. George, Glaciosa and Pico passed in review, all of them showing white habitations and cultivation on the southern slopes. Gray clouds rested on their summits, ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height, presenting a picture resembling a snow-capped crest. The volcano of Pico overtopped all, rising to a height of 7,000 feet. Late in the afternoon the tip became visible above the gray clouds pierced by the western sun. Gradually the clouds scattered, revealing the sharp outline of the gigantic mountain in a bluish haze and banded by ribbons of clouds. At a distance of twenty miles the spectacle was entrancing, both in altitude and cloud effects. Just as the sun was sinking we steamed past the miles front of the island of Terceira, in the center of which is the city of Angra, capital city of the Azores. Some of the crests of this mountainous island are 3,500 feet in height, on which clouds roost airy. The roads leading from the city to the farms which intersect the slope are clearly marked with whitewashed houses, the characteristic color of all visible habitations on the islands. Bonfires with big smokes appeared in various parts of the countryside. A large fire in a valley sloping down to the water's edge suddenly came into view with a blaze of electric lights and bonfires, giving the impression of some special celebration. Was this a greeting to the passing steamer? We speculated with this thought for a time, when one of the ministers volunteered the information: "They are celebrating St. John's day, and the islanders being Roman Catholics, religiously observe the holiday." Right in front of Angra is a huge natural breakerwater, several hundred feet high. Approaching it from the west the huge mass clearly outlined the form of a gigantic buffalo wallowing in the water.

Our abundance of spiritual counselors gave our two Sundays at sea the proper religious atmosphere. The first Sunday's service was particularly notable for the fervor and thankfulness of the congregation, illustrating in an impressive way how forcefully the spirit moves us during and after hours of trouble and distress. We had emerged from thirty-six hours of stormy weather, filled with the echoes of distress, physical and mental, our pleasurable anticipations shattered for the moment and our mental prospect as blue as the Gulf stream. I have attended many church services of different religious bodies in my time, and cannot recall one which for heart-reaching and moving power, of comfort and benediction, surpassed this simple service of thanksgiving to the Most High the day after a storm in mid-Atlantic.

The first of the two "grand balls" was held the first Monday evening out under conditions unusual and novel for landlubbers. The upper deck aft the smoking room was enclosed with canvas, decorated with hunting and flags and loops of electric lights. American and French colors were looped over the door. The sky was cloudless and studded with stars, the sea as smooth as a mill pond. Through the canvas walls came a warm southern wind and made party costumes of which there were many quite comfortable without wraps. Novel as the surroundings were, the scarcity of male partners for the girls were, the dance uncommonly so, and very amusing. Male youths and skiers felt their importance for the time, grew quite chesty under the stress of competition for their arms, and distributed their favors as generous as time would admit. As a special tribute to the elders the dance started with the stately Virginia reel, in which the Omaha contingent participated with the old-time zeal.

Tomorrow morning we start on a scheduled round of events in Naples, Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi and Pompeii, and probably up Vesuvius on the forenoon of the Glorious Fourth. On the afternoon of that day we head for Rome.

T. J. FITZMORRIS.

Poor Lo Swats the Paleface

Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the most important decisions the supreme court has handed down in months is that upholding the treaty with the Chippewa Indians in 1850—so far as the liquor clauses are concerned. The effect is to make three-fourths of Minnesota "dry" permanently, irrespective of the wishes of the inhabitants, and it is the biggest victory prohibition has won in years.

Editorial Viewpoint

Louisville Courier-Journal: A traffic policeman nowadays looks like a military hero, but feels like a fried egg.

Washington Star: In the matter of national prosperity, the threshing machine is mightier than the stock ticker.

Washington Star: There is no danger that the Commoner will meet the fate of the Outlook and lose its contributing editor.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: One strange thing about those ideal anti-trust bills is that the more they are changed the better they are.

Indianapolis News: "What are the three most important problems now before the American people?" asks a New Yorker. The same old three—money.

Boston Transcript: Judging by the way a pedestrian has to leap for his life on the streets nowadays we can well understand why Henry Ford thinks the car industry is prosperous.

New York World: Nothing but hard luck for the railroads. First there was no freight at all, and now there is more freight than they can handle. When is this persecution to stop?

New York Sun: Senator Root's acceptance of the temporary chairmanship of the republican state convention is an assurance that the issues of the day will be discussed with insight and courage.

BITS OF HUMOR.

"She is having a perfectly lovely time." "How so?" "She is engaged to one of twins. They both call on her, and she can't tell them apart."—Kansas City Journal.

"Oh, what a time I had last night, doctor. It's only by the Lord's mercy that I'm not in heaven today!"—London Evening Standard.

irate Virginia Colonel (to his daughter)—Elizabeth, how could you be so inhospitable to that young man who called last night?

Bess—Inhospitable! Why dad—Pater—you should by no means have let him go without asking him to breakfast.—Columbia Jester.

"Why don't you send home some post-cards?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Cumros. "If I send home postcards, the folks'll laugh. They know perfectly well that my style doesn't fit the hotel furnishings nor the outside scenery."—Washington Star.

He was cutting an item from a newspaper.

"It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained.

"What good will that do?" a friend inquired.

"A whole lot," was the reply. "You see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife."

"Ray," exclaimed the friend excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"Your boy has all sorts of athletic training." "Yes," replied Farmer Cornsloss. "But there's one line of physical culture he has missed. I wish I could send him to some gymnasium where he could learn to swing a yo-yo without looking like he was going to cut off both his feet."—Washington Star.

SUMMER IN TOWN.

Gordon Johnstone, in Smart Set. The sun pours down a flame of torrid rays.

The breeze that came in morning garments while Has fainted o'er its task to touch the day.

With healing kiss to make its burdens light. The horses reek beneath their hoods of straw.

Blind stricken beasts that plunge like drunken dreams. With belching sides that suck each hot breath o'er.

And thirst for dew-washed pastures and cold streams. A huckster with his wagon wealth of farms.

Profane and sweats; and even the medicant. Forgetting in his pain his plea for aims.

Hugs some dark alley where the street dogs rant. A flower girl, soft, olive fleeced and dark.

With face like Raphael's Madonna. Sighs for the cooling hills of Rome, where lark.

And faint voice compassionate complaint. And staggering, the city seems to swoon. Dry as the caldron of red Hades' bed.

Parched as the yellow desert at high noon. Parched as the souls of love uncom-forted.

Furning with pungent breath like some white pit. With braced glare that smites away. While Titan-like, with flaming armor.

Hot day totters, reels and gasps and dies.



Rats Don't Eat Safe Home Matches

When a fire occurs and no one knows what caused it, the average man is apt to say: "I guess it was rats. They eat matches, you know."

Rats don't eat Safe Home Matches. They can't be made to eat them. That has been proven, time and again.

Safe Home Matches are made of ingredients which, although non-poisonous, are obnoxious to rodents.

Safe Home Matches light easily, but not too easily. They are safe—safe and sure.

The sticks are extra long, and extra strong. Safety again!

They are non-poisonous. Safety once more.

They cost no more than other brands of matches. As a matter of fact, they cost less, because every Safe Home Match is a match.

5c. All grocers. Ask for them by name. The Diamond Match Company

Business Chances

Business opportunities—there are scores of them presented from day to day in The Omaha Bee's Want Ad columns.

The business world is constantly on the lookout for added capital to enlarge the scope of various established concerns. There are chances to secure partnerships or investment interests, and many new business ventures seek capital and proficient executives.

Buying, selling, exchanging—all come within the scope of Bee Want Ads.

You'd like a business of your own? See if the "Business Chances" column haven't a proposition that appeals to you, or state your requirements in an advertisement of your own—the cost is nominal. Call Tyler 1000.

THE OMAHA BEE Everybody Reads Bee Want Ads.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

THE democratic ovation to returning convention delegates is pronounced a first class fiasco. About 200 persons impatiently waited in the opera house until half past 5, when C. V. Gallagher appeared on the stage and announced that the meeting had been indefinitely postponed, the speakers having been detained at home by threatening weather.