

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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 17th 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.

The royal Mr. Voter is coming to the days of free campaign "see-gar."

Dog days in New Orleans are not destroying the bubonic rats as they should.

Hoop, moon, but these are the terrible days of the peaceful dove cotes of Skibo.

How would you like to be the "morals inspector" of the gunman's acre in Chicago?

The senate decides to hear the colonel on the Colombian deal—next winter. Tee, hee.

If he hurries, Huerta might reach Europe in time for another whirl at his favorite sport.

And France is wondering if in the shuffle she may be able to recover that dear Alsace.

Senator Ollie James of Kentucky is the biggest man in public life; he stands six feet six.

The bulls and bears of American markets, as well as those of England and Russia, are excited.

Poverty may be uncomfortable at times, but it is not a disgrace if not made so by the one it touches.

Being the home of The Hague peace palace, Holland finds itself obliged to remain neutral or the looker of things.

The president says he will not oppose democratic congressmen who have failed to keep the faith. It will not be necessary.

The "oldest Yale graduate" has just died again at the age of 99. He is almost as numerous as the youngest civil war veteran.

Perhaps Mr. Warburg is not the man some thought him; he is said to have put himself at last on the senate's legislative rack.

The bandits who held up the Yellowstone stage ought to collect from the resort-keepers for their share in the extra attractions.

The inevitable result of a clash between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente is another (right)—death, debt and devastation.

The honorable mikado is in great good luck to be able to land on the side of both his honorable friends, J. Bull and the czar, in this mix-up.

On one hand they say Russia holds the key to European peace, on the other Germany, another England, but whoever holds it seems to be simply holding it.

The belligerent soul of William Randolph Hearst should be at ease now, for, though he was disappointed in his hopes of war with Mexico, Europe promises to satisfy his minutest desire.

More than half the counties in Nebraska are without a bull moose local ticket for the coming primary. That hardly supports the overzealous declaration that the 70,000 Nebraska voters who marked their ballots for Roosevelt two years ago are still wedded to the third party movement.



A fierce fire consumed the four-story building on Happy street between Eleventh and Twelfth, occupied by Leighton & Clark, wholesale druggists. A circular letter has been sent out by Father John Williams as chairman of a committee of the Omaha churches for co-operation in erecting a monument to the memory of the late Bishop Chubb. Charles Ayler, captain of the hook and ladder company, was named by his corps. On the head of the caniers engraved these names: George Schmidt, H. Lopez, S. Schmidt, A. C. Uthoff, F. H. Koesters. The public was invited to patronize the popular cream parlors of Stephen, Vogel & Dinning, 135 Douglas street, Bindorf's old stand. Dr. Grady, dentist and artist, has removed his office to Rogers' new building, opposite the Post-Office. The Capitol avenue roller skating rink has passed into the hands of W. H. Shields, who proposes to make it a more popular resort. Superintendent James is back from his vacation, during which he spent a few days in Chicago, and attended the N. E. T. at Madison. Mrs. S. D. Barkalow is entertaining the Misses Bells and Jessie Taylor of Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. Mack and Miss Josephine Lela have gone on a trip to Europe.

Civilization's Shame.

What a commentary on our boasts of twentieth century civilization. "Only a political miracle can avert war," St. Petersburg says. If so, that means war from London to Port Arthur. Germany's demand that Russia explain the mobilization of its troops in twenty-four hours caps the climax of the swift-moving events plunging all of Europe and probably Japan into what threatens to be the most devastating war of history.

Only yesterday earnest pacifists were breathing out their gentle dreams of disarmament. The United States has just concluded treaties with twenty nations looking to the extinction of war, but self-deceit only has denied that every step in the progress of recent European events has pointed unerringly toward the purpose of war. The Balkan turmoil was never settled. It only ceased active operations.

Not in the last few days, certainly not in the last few months, weeks or years, has any serious effort toward averting European war been exercised. If it had been the world would not now be trembling in the balance of fate. Peace was as easy as war, but it was not wanted. War threatens because too many powers have been determined that it shall come. The assassination of Franz Ferdinand was but a circumstance and Serbia's refusal to concede Austria's demands a nominal incident. Shall the star of Slavonic freedom and independence hold ascendancy? The issue is as old as history. It should be settled peacefully and would be if our civilization were as far advanced as we love to think it is.

As all things are possible, so is yet peace, but war just now is ominously probable.

Getting Their Eyes Open.

No man can affiliate fully with two parties that are hostile to each other. The more hostile they are the less it is possible for a candidate to affiliate with both. To attempt to pretend to do so is trickery, if not dishonesty.—Lincoln Star.

As truth is mighty and will prevail, it is gratifying whenever the wilfully blind get their eyes opened. What our democratic friends now denounce as "trickery, if not dishonesty," is no less "trickery" and no less "dishonesty" now than it was when by a similar theft the electoral vote of Nebraska was stolen for Bryan in 1908, when by rights it belonged in the republican column. At that time, over protests by the editor of The Bee, the democrats perjured the label of the populists, and thus transferred all the votes intended for Tom Watson to the democratic standard-bearer, William Jennings Bryan. With the democrats and the populists each committed to a presidential candidate of their own, for a presidential elector to pretend to affiliate with both these hostile parties at one and the same time was merely a polite form of highway robbery, and no less robbery because it proved successful.

Deporting Fakers.

With the American occupation of Vera Cruz, the War Department reminded all newspaper correspondents of its ban on faking and undue sensationalism, warning them that infractions would be followed by deportation. The Associated Press and reliable newspapers emphasized the warning to their representatives. It is greatly to the credit of both the Associated Press and the papers it serves that they have rigidly adhered to the rule of accuracy and sanity in their reports of the Mexican situation. Not one of their correspondents has incurred any liability under the rule.

A deportation, however, has just been ordered by Secretary Garrison. The offending reporter belongs to the "Newspaper Enterprise Association," which supplies a number of evening papers in a few cities. He sent out a sensational story to the effect that an American naval officer had applied the "law of flight" to Mexican prisoners. The story at once attracted general attention, very particularly arousing the interest of the War Department. An investigation by a duly constituted court of inquiry followed. The court found the story to be a palpable fake, one of the kind of "scoops" which this young man and others of the same service doubtless are getting on their rivals every day. It is reported to the secretary of war, who ordered General Funston to deport the enterprising correspondent of the "Newspaper Enterprise Association."

We are not advised of the total number of American newspaper reporters serving in Mexico at present, but we know it is large. That only one should thus far be punished for faking is a tribute, not only to the young men, but to the press as a whole, which deprecates the fact that it has within it newspapers that stoop to a deliberate fraud or to toy with human emotions on the gravest occasions. The fight for facts is the big task of the decent paper, because accuracy is its chief asset. Yet, as this case shows, we have a class of papers with which accuracy is a liability.

Trenching On Sacred Ground.

It has remained for dear old conservative bean-eating Boston to cap the climax of fanaticism in the sitting aside of "days" and "weeks" for some concerted public benefaction. Boston springs a "take it back week" on us. And what do you suppose Boston would have taken back? The champion old-line conundrum guesser would hardly divine.

Umbrellas—borrowed or stolen. Merely a means of teaching persons to remember that they have certain obligations to others, says the pronouncement. A fine bit of altruism, but has even Boston reached the stage of development when it can say with a straight face that a "borrowed" umbrella shall be taken back? It seems to us they are trenching on almost sacred ground down there when they go to encroaching on this ancient and honorable prerogative of Americans.

But Boston has proposed it, now let us see it make good on the proposition, and then maybe the rest of the country will try it.

Why do great reformers who expect to have a big voice in the coming New York campaign continue to thunder their anathemas at poor old Tammany, when we were given definitely to understand that Tammany was put out of business at the last election?



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

Democratic Inevitability.

HASTINGS, Neb., July 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: Now that our treaties are put on the shelf and the "dogs of war" are out in Europe, why not offer to send our secretary of state over to lecture on the "prince of peace" at \$400 per talk? It might result in filling up the difference between walking and having an auto footman, etc.

By the way did it ever occur to anyone that there might be some connection between that \$25,000,000 to be paid to Colombia and Kuhn Loeb & Co., who in some cases have purchased these bonds at a low price, and the appointment of Paul Warburg. If I am informed correctly he has only been a citizen three years. What a howl would have gone up had the republican party done such a thing. Have we no one on this side big enough to handle this question?

I was located twenty-two years in Chicago and was in touch with the many able bankers and yet I never heard of Jones as a banker. Years ago I did know he was connected with the Piano Manufacturing company, movers, repairers and binders, and I think sold out to the trust. If you had a dear friend and wanted to allow that friendship, would you give him only one poor little share of stock? But if you wanted two votes on a board and you could influence the selection of a man who would be able by his knowledge of what you wanted and was ready and willing to do it, you would consider him cheap at one share. Draw your own conclusions, dear reader.

The democratic party each day is making more clear the fact that they do not know how to run the government, and those who believe to put them in, will this fall throw enough old wheels-horses back into the machine to at least prevent any further disaster. C. S. HAMMOND.

Editorial Viewpoint

Philadelphia Record: This is the chance for the War Lord to prove that he is also a Peace Lord.

Boston Transcript: "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord—at 50 cents on the dollar."

Washington Star: There is no Mexican general, who would not rather have arms and ammunition than advice.

New York World: An armed clash of all Europe might prove to be the spectacular finale of earth's game of war. But it seems that world's peace might be won with less disaster.

Springfield Republican: Texas is more or less in the arid belt, but the democratic primaries indicate that it does not propose to go entirely dry.

Boston Transcript: We have generally noticed that it is a good deal easier to criticize the "Star Spangled Banner" than it is to compose a substitute.

Philadelphia Inquirer: The statement that one can reduce the cost of living by eating fish is about on a par with the average run of fish stories.

Wall Street Journal: Wonder the administration permits the deposit of treasury fund to move crops, when it knows the railroads get paid for freight.

Minneapolis Journal: Bread and butter is no longer to be free on the dining cars. The right of the passenger to tip the waiter is not to be interfered with, however.

Indianapolis News: When the Massachusetts state committee of the progressive party settles its debts at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar, it looks as if social and industrial justice might get something of a bump.

New York Commercial: National honor, the integrity of dynasties and the permanence of present forms of government are based upon the success of the governors to insure peace for the governed. Hence, Triple alliance and all the combinations and maneuvers known in the composite as world politics.

Here and There

Of 18,000 cigarmakers in Italy, 16,000 are women.

Chinese mutton exports are falling off heavily.

Cincinnati is waging war on its rat population.

Dresden has had a municipal newspaper for fifty years.

Rosario, Argentina, has eighty-one miles of electric railway.

China exported 2,472,823 pounds of human hair last year.

Van Wert, O., is to have a new \$100,000 Young Men's Christian association building, the gift of G. H. Marsh.

Hammers Versus Visions. Pittsburgh Post.

Superintendent Davidson of the public schools hit upon a happy phrase in his comment on the "moral" shown at the convention of the National Educational association, when he said that some of the delegates were "men of hammers instead of visions." They could criticize everything that is or was, but could see nothing in the way of a remedy. This is a good thing to reflect. How do your visions compare in number with your hammers?

Laborer of a Reformer. New York World.

Judge Ben Lindsey is now reforming Denver by reforming Newport. As is usual with reformers of his type, he casts reflections upon young women of irreproachable lives whose only fault is that they happen to have been born into families of wealth. The fact that this wandering judge found delightful sympathy and companionship in the company of a British duchess ought to help him a whole lot with the robust Americans of Denver the next time he appears as a candidate for office.

Solace for the Plutocrats. New York World.

The income tax returns offer no comfort or support to the western gentlemen who take the position that New York City is in but not of the Union. There is a good deal of well-placed patriotism in paying up.

William's Opportunity

Kaiser Has It in His Power to Do Humanity Great Service by Stopping War.

New York Times.

In this time of passion and of peril the eyes of the world turn to the German emperor as the chief man of Europe, the man who more than any other has the power to provoke or to avert a great war. Undoubtedly William II, by encouraging Austria in its madness and by giving to its quarrel with Serbia the appearance of a renounce to Russia, might bring the czar's great armed forces into the conflict as a pretext and provocation for a German march to the front. Then France and England would be involved and the civilization of Europe would give way to savagery, the greatest war of all human history would be in progress. This is too dreadful for imagining, and because it is too dreadful it cannot happen.

It is equally beyond doubt that the Kaiser by exercising his great influence in Vienna and by reassurances and counsels of moderation given in St. Petersburg can prevent war altogether or confine it within local and narrow limits. That would be the course of highest wisdom for Germany, and in availing a general war William II would render such an inestimable service to humanity and would lift himself so far above all other living men in the world's respect and admiration that it may confidently be expected that he will in this critical time prove himself again to be, what so long he has been, a man of peace.

The interest of Germany, the true policy of Germany cannot be a matter of doubt, there is no place nor room for speculation. German interests are not imperiled by the incidents which Austria has made a cause of quarrel. Germany has nothing to fear from the ferment going on in the Balkan states, or, so far as the world is informed, by any present tendencies of Russian policy in that quarter. Germany, the Kaiser has said, wants its place in the sun. It is getting it, it is sure to enjoy it, but by peace, not by war. In forty years of peace the empire has made enormous strides in commercial and industrial development. The growth of its manufactures, of its internal trade, of its foreign commerce, now amounting to more than \$4,000,000,000 a year, the opening up of its resources, and the increase of its industrial production, and more than all this, above all this, that marvelous advance in technical training and proficiency which has aroused the wonder and the envy of all other great nations—these things are determining for the interests and for the policy of Germany, these are its treasures, this is its place in the sun, and no man knows it better than the emperor. From the effects of a great war Germany would not recover in forty years. Europe would not recover in forty years. The inestimable benefit of those decades of peace which it has been the Kaiser's pride and purpose to prolong would be destroyed. About the motives of kings there can be no certain reasoning, but the compelling reasons which must now make Emperor William a man of peace are visible to all the world.

A general European war is unthinkable. With 15,000,000 in the field the bill of costs would be certainly not less than \$30,000,000 a day, and the waste and destruction would enormously add to it. Europe cannot afford such a war, the world cannot afford it, and happily the conviction is growing that such an appalling conflict is altogether beyond the range of possibility. Austria is unreasonable. Serbia's reply to its ultimatum was a humiliating assent to hard conditions, such an assent as none but a weak power would have given. Everything was granted, save only that a little time for consideration was asked upon one demand which never ought to have been made. Austria's interpretation of the reply is such as no nation careful of its reputation would ever have made, since all the world can see that it wantonly perverts the meaning of the Serbian note. Thirty years ago Mr. Gladstone in an impassioned electoral address asked, "Where can any man put his finger on the map and say there Austria did good?" That was an extreme utterance, as Mr. Gladstone afterward admitted, but we should suppose Austria would be most anxious to rid itself of that reputation if in any degree it still attaches to it. Its unreasonableness is so evident that the universal interpretation of its course is that it has used Serbia as a pretext for the accomplishment of a purpose not avowed. No war could be more unholy than one provoked by such methods. But while the war which has made the whole world tremble with dread may not be averted merely because it would be unjust and unholy, there is solid ground for the expectation that it will be prevented because the sober-minded statesmen of Europe, and above all the Kaiser, are not men of blood but of peace.

Twice Told Tales

Terrible Misfortune.

"They are shifting consuls on the merit system," said Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth collector. "Here's a man in Shanghai at \$4,200 getting shifted to Barcelona at \$3,000. Another consul with a Warsaw job at \$4,000 is shifted on the merit system to Fiume at \$2,000. A few more such shifts and where will the poor fellows land?"

"Shifting consuls on the merit system—that's a good way to express it. It reminds me of Bilson: 'Have you heard of the terrible misfortune that has befallen Bones?' Bilson said to me: 'No!' I said: 'No!' 'Bones, poor fellow,' said Bilson, 'has eloped with my wife.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One on the Weather Man.

Shortly after the establishment of a station in Wytheville by the weather bureau, a youth named Tom erected a signal pole on his mother's oak shed. He would daily hoist flags of his own in imitation of the ones of the government. This was done so persistently that Mary, a neighbor's daughter, soon adjusted her movements for the day to Tom's flags.

On the morning for a picnic she was rejoiced at the sight of a fair weather flag flying from Tom's flag pole. Her mother being discouraged by the number of clouds, remarked: "You cannot depend on his flags, for he may not have followed the weather man's." Mary, thinking them thoroughly reliable, said: "You can depend on them, mother, for Tom does his own guessing."—National Monthly.

People and Events

Victor Berger, socialist, says that all great men are drinkers, and then modestly adds that he takes an occasional drink himself.

Edward H. Brink of Cincinnati has been elected president of the Commercial Law League of the United States in Chicago.

John Bunny, who in the moving picture field is a popular comic idol, is to return to the regular stage and make a world tour at the head of a big company of entertainers.

William Faversham is to produce an adaptation from the French, called The Hawk, in New York in September. Some of the French actors of the original cast will appear in this production.

Colonel Roosevelt refused to discuss politics Saturday. He got in a lot of good vigorous exercise. For three hours he pushed a lawn mower about on the lawns at Sagamore Hill, and the exercise did not seem to tire him at all.

John Sutherland Sinclair died and was buried at Los Angeles, a few days ago, with only two friends knowing that he was the seventeenth earl of Caithness, a sovereign peer of Scotland and head of a family that dates back to times before Bruce. His wealth in Scotland amounting to several millions and his title go to his brother.

FUN FOR FRIDAY.

"Last summer I was engaged to a girl I met here named Louise. See, I cut an 'L' in this tree." "How does that interest me?" "It's like this, Elythe. I could easily change that 'L' into an 'R'."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"Are you spending the summer at a watering place?" inquired the Great New York broker. "You might call it that," answered the other one. "I'm going to stay right here on the stock exchange."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Are you putting away something for a rainy day, Tommy?" asked the little boy's aunt as she saw him at his little savings bank. "No, ma'am," was Tommy's reply. "There ain't no ball games on rainy days."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The woman threw herself into the river," read the teacher. "Her husband rushed to the bank. Now, tell why her husband rushed to the bank?" "To get the insurance money," yelled the class.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Tell me about your aunt, old Mrs. Blank. She must be rather feeble now." "We buried her last year." "Buried her? Dear me! Is the old lady dead?" "Yes; that's why we buried her."—Tit Bits.

"Summer has its inconveniences." "I don't get you." "I was just thinking of the vestless man who tried to carry a lead pencil, a fountain pen, his watch and his cigars in the top pocket of his coat."—Detroit Free Press.

"I don't care for these vicious plays." "But they sometimes point a moral." "Well, when I want a moral I can get a seat in the police court for nothing. So what's the use of coughing up \$27 I'll leave my money for a musical comedy."—Pittsburgh Post.

JOHNATHAN.

My friend, once we in youthful joy and mirth, tripped care-free o'er the flowery plains of earth; Singing with all the birds, humming with bees; Plucking the gay flowers and dancing 'neath the trees. Without a thought of serious intent; I with you, and you with me content. My hand, so softly, gently touching thine. We journeyed on together—friend of mine.

When duty called me from the wind-swept plain To spend the days in irksome toil and pain. Rubelious grew my wayward, human heart; I read the teacher. That now our ways would lie far, far apart. But at the turning of the road, dear friend, You closer drew, and closer, to the end. Thus with my hand clasped steadfastly in thine. We journeyed on together—friend of mine.

When rocks and pitfalls each beset my way, And shadows darkened, shutting out the day. When all earth's joys and blessings faded quite Beyond my feeble, wavering human sight, You lingered still, and love its radiance spread About my stumbling feet. Thus onward led. Enfolded in that loving arm of thine. We journeyed on together—friend of mine. DAVID.



Which Will You Buy?

One curious thing about matches is this: You pay no more for the best than for the worst.

Five cents a box is the standard price for matches.

For five cents your grocer will give you a box of ordinary matches or a box of SafeHomeMatches.

Under certain conditions ordinary matches are very dangerous.

Under all conditions, Safe Home Matches are the safest matches in the world. They are absolutely non-poisonous.

They ignite at a temperature in excess of 300° Fahr.—150° more than ordinary matches. They do not sputter. The sticks are strong and sturdy and do not break easily.

Which will you buy?

The Diamond Match Company

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