

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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JULY CIRCULATION.

52,328

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 July, 1914, was 52,328.

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

Not so very long now for the last call on straw hats.

Oh, yes, come to think of it, this war started between Austria and Serbia.

The steamer Cecilia managed to bring back the golden bacon just in time.

Looks as if it might have been better to let Austria and Serbia fight it out.

No one has to guess twice whom the crooked lawyers favor for congress or for county attorney.

Suppose we let the debate rest temporarily as to which is the higher type of civilization, Teuton or Slav.

The newspapers known as chronic fakery are busy now trying to convince people they are not faking all the time.

The good women demanding equal rights will note that the queen of Holland has ordered her troops to mobilize.

Thirty-eight killed in a head-on collision of a railroad train and motor car at Joplin. Toot, toot! Clear the track.

In surrendering the Mexican government to the constitutionalists, which faction will it be, the Villistas or Carranzistas?

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Sir Tom Lipton has withdrawn his yachts from the America cup race on account of the war.

Because "Mike" Lee was permitted to sell out Greater Omaha once is no good reason why he should be given a chance to do the sell-out act again.

When a newspaper that fakes it day in and day out tries to tell you it has reformed and is no longer faking, take what it says with a grain of allowance.

Greater Omaha is bound to come, but it will not be expedited by sending sell-outs to Lincoln to trade off our consolidation law for salaried jobs for themselves.

While the Interstate Commerce commission raises rates, the Nebraska State Commerce commission attempts to reduce them. That should even things up a trifle.

Now if T. "Withdrawal" Blackburn should publicly withdraw all those fool open letters he has been writing from time immemorial there might be some sense in it.

One of the shining lights on the water-marked slate was kicked out of the legislature not many years ago for pernicious activity as a hold-up lobbyist. "Birds of a feather—"

Did you get the size of that "slush" fund accumulated by the Fontenelle slate-makers as their political war chest? With thousands of dollars to distribute, those pretentious headquarters should become immediately popular.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

County Superintendent Brunner has concluded the program for the Douglas County Teachers' institute, which begins next week. The instructors are Miss O. T. Plum, Miss Kate M. Ball, B. D. Boala, W. J. McCandless and J. B. Brunner. Farnam street, between Sixteenth and Twenty-sixth, has presented a scene equal to that of the construction of a new railroad. Nearly the whole of the available space is taken up for cutting down the hills at each end and making the fill in the center. The deepest cut, thirteen and a half feet, will be nearly in front of the court house, and the next deepest, ten feet, near Twenty-fifth street, while the heaviest fill will be in front of Dr. C. L. Harz's residence, being seventeen feet, three inches. Parties desiring to enjoy boat riding may find a new steam yacht, "Undine," near Sulphur Springs. Cut-off lake, charges, \$10 a day, \$5 a half day, and 25 cents each, round trip. R. C. Patterson has returned from Lake Minnetonka. Mrs. C. H. Dewey and daughter have gone to Ohio on a visit. Mr. A. Tremain, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Sadie, left for Buffalo, N. Y. W. N. Babcock has been appointed agent for the Northwestern for Omaha and Council Bluffs. Mr. F. M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and his son are here, being entertained by the engineers during their stay.

Dreading the Responsibility.

Already European nations begin to dread the responsibility of the threatened slaughter. Their faces shorn of the mask of peaceful pretense, yet reveal the fear of consequences. Germany thus early issues its "White Book," explaining the progress of events leading to war in justification of its course. Each nation in turn blames the other. A cartoonist who senses the situation shows Austria pointing a scornful finger at Serbia and Serbia at Austria; Russia, France, England and Belgium at Germany and Germany at Russia, while Italy stands with arms folded in the background.

But fixing the blame is the task of history. It probably will divide the responsibility as between the several nations so long engaged in mounting momentous machinery of destruction and desolation. Europe has been sitting for years at the mouth of a volcano awaiting the eruption. Too many monarchs evidently have been seeking a means of vindicating their mad military policies for any one to be solely at fault. Now, the war lords seem to have decreed the time has come to demonstrate the necessity and, therefore, the wisdom, of their extravagant systems.

A National Sorrow.

While hesitating to intrude upon the sacredness of the president's grief, the American people share the affliction that death lays upon the official head of their nation. They sorrow with the president and those about him bereft of wife and mother. Mingled with their sorrow is the spirit of admiration for the unassuming fortitude with which the approaching inevitable was endured in the privacy of the family circle.

Mrs. Wilson was said to have been one of the most accomplished and capable women to whom the honor of being "first lady of the land" ever came. Yet she lived her attainments largely in the quiet seclusion from publicity, not without extending her influence and her works through channels of human need. She was one of the wives who rendered practical help and service to the devoted husband on whom devolved the stern duties of a chief magistracy. Her legacy to the country, therefore, lies chiefly in the example of the worthiness of woman exalted and exalting her sphere.

"Uneasy Lies the Head."

Once more the cry of "God save the king" has more than an empty meaning in Europe. The biggest stake in the present war is monarchical government. Napoleon III tripped lightly off to meet Von Moltke's army, and the French republic rose from the ruins of the struggle. In America, at least, the belief will not dawn that this is chiefly a war of royalty. Long have the masses been oppressed by the burden of militarism and the high cost of living that war might come. Strange people they are to covet such conditions.

"God save the king" is no vain cry today, at least with the king.

The Value of Control.

The opposing pitchers in a twenty-one-inning game of base ball, the Messrs. Rube Marquard and Babe Adams, when asked what they regarded as the chief element of their achievement, replied alike:

"Control." They both expressed the feeling they could have thrown every ball pitched into a tin cup. The peerless Mathewson is made great because of his control. So is every other great pitcher. Youngsters aspiring to fame in the box on base ball diamonds make the fatal mistake if they fail to put control above every other factor of their work. They may have all the curves and speed there is, but without control they will go back every time.

So it is in every other game of life, the fellow without control of his own powers fails. Only he who has it wins. It has been so all through history. Mighty men have vanquished their hosts in battle, destroyed or built empires and wept for larger conquests, yet lacking the power of self-control, been consumed at last by selfish lusts.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Perhaps if there had been more of this power of self-control among some of the great monarchs of Europe war would not now be darkening the universal sky. In the big as well as the little channels of life this power of self-control shows itself nowhere more conspicuously than in the ability to ward off or ignore purely personal affronts without magnifying them beyond all sensible proportions into causes of bitterness and war. Men too often mistake power for the vain exhibition of force or might. Power may be both developed and demonstrated best by rational conservation than a wild exercise of it.

The Pace of Progress.

A scientist recently predicted as the next step in wireless development telephonic communications across the seas. Who will doubt it? Read your war news of the day and note the prominence given to the failure of steamers heading into port without having signalled their approach by wireless for fear of disclosing their positions to an enemy. The idea of a ship captain doing such a thing in this day and age! Yet only yesterday Marconi, still a young man, was dreaming out his secret. Who knows what we may not next do with the mysteries of science?

The war has already caused a great rush locally of foreign-born to take out American citizenship papers. That makes District Court Clerk Robert Smith smile as he contemplates pocketing the plethora of naturalization fees in addition to his \$4,000-a-year salary.

Those notes exchanged by Nicholas and William, couched in the solemn style and endearing terms, read a good deal like the effusions of two rival society beaux with their hands behind their respective clutching a nice, sharp hatchet.

This war diversion is doubtless a welcome relief for some folks tangled up in that bribery plot conspiracy to the point where it was becoming uncomfortable.

The Bee's Letter Box

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

Another Irish View. OMAHA, Aug. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am very much surprised at reading a letter in your letter box written by Mr. McChristal, to think that there was ever an Irishman (or he is an Irishman) with such views. Ireland has been fighting for home rule for a good many years, and yet any time England was in trouble the Irish forgot their troubles and helped out the mother country, as I hope they always will.

I was born there myself and consider myself as good Irish as ever was. I have two uncles, as good Catholics as ever were brogan—one in the Dublin Killen Dragons and one in the Dublin Fuedlers—a brother who has just served twelve years in the British navy and will go out again as a member of the reserve; a brother-in-law, who is an officer in the British navy, and a rather who served fifteen years in the British navy. Every one of them wants home rule, but I will not interfere with their fighting for the old country.

In his letter to you he says: "Yes, in the name of God, render up the scepter of authority to some other Irishman, who will wield it more effectively for the honor of Old Ireland and for the glory of the Gael." That does not sound Irish to me, and a better leader than John Redmond for the Irish never was yet, and he did just exactly as any leader of the Irish, who was worthy to be a leader, would do in such circumstances. The sentence, "England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunities," which he uses, was never meant to be used in this sense.

As he says, John Redmond's honor and integrity as an Irish patriot was tested, and he responded just as a good Irishman should and just as good Irish always will. I have talked with several good Irishmen in Omaha, and every one of the young ones said he did just right. I have served three years with the United States cavalry, Second regiment, but if I was in the old country now, chances are I would be in the midst of the trouble with the rest of the family, because I haven't any more sense than they have. WILLIAM L. LAMB.

Letters from a Political Heathen—Mexico.

SOMEWHERE, Aug. 6.—To the Editor of The Bee: Yes, the French occupation of Mexico was a part of the slaveholders' rebellion. The last battle of our civil war was fought at Queretaro, Mexico, on May 15, 1867, where and when Juarez, General Escobedo captured Maximilian of Hapsburg and his army. Had there been no secession there would have been no occupation. The California copperhead, Dr. Gwin (Ex-United States senator), was imprisoned for disloyalty, after the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Gwin, Judge Terry, with others were trying to induce California and Oregon to secede and found the Pacific republic. Terry, upon the defeat of this scheme, entered the confederate army. Gwin upon his release went to Mexico and was checked by José with the Archduke Maximilian. Gwin was a native of the south and sought to establish a colony of southerners in the Mexican state of Sonora. He trotted back and forth between the Tulleries and the City of Mexico. After Maximilian's death he still stuck to his colony project. Though he has ceased to be an American citizen by accepting a title of nobility—duke of Sonora—from Maximilian, he was back in California in 1874 howling for Tilden and reform. At the collapse of the confederacy, the scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury, the dress parade General Sterling Price and John Bankhead Magruder crossed the Rio Grande and joined Maximilian. They were promised lands and peons in lieu of their lost slaves. If Johnson had not flopped and begun pardoning men who had forfeited all right, except—in the words of Douglas—"what they could maintain at the point of the bayonet," if we had followed the rule of Yae Yictis, the rebels would have flocked into Mexico, Sheridan would have enjoyed the luxury of whipping them again, peonage and the last relic of barbarism would have been wiped off the continent; and President Wilson would not have confronted the problem he faces today. For the end is not yet. DER HEIDE.

Fixing the Rates

Philadelphia Record: The Interstate Commerce commission is riding for a fall.

Philadelphia Ledger: The decision of the Interstate Commerce commission seems to be that the passengers should pay the freight.

Washington Post: About the only chance left for eastern railroads in view of the Interstate Commerce commission decision is to go west and grow up with the country.

Louisville Courier-Journal: President Underwood of the Erie road, says he believes in the higher cost of living. Of course, Mr. President. In fact, there is no doubt about it.

New York Commercial: The commission seems to be now even more at issue with the public than with the railroads. Freight rates are indirect levies, but passenger rates are direct taxation of the individual.

New York Journal of Commerce: There ought to be some reasonable means of cooperation of expert judgment on the part of managers and agents and the representatives of public authority, with a desire on both sides to do the fair thing for the carriers, the shippers and the general public, which both serve.

Editorial Snapshots

Minneapolis Journal: An army worm has started in chewing tobacco. That is about what you might expect of a worm.

Washington Star: Lithographs inviting recruits for the army and navy show that our military system is strong for art as well as for morals.

Washington Star: The gentlemen who predict government ownership of the railroads should pause. The government has trouble enough just now.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Shipping gold in twenty-ton lots by parcel post is a new use of the postal service; but it is not likely to become so general a practice as to call for investigation.

Boston Transcript: A Nebraska dairyman says that by mixing milk with his cows they give more milk, but we should be inclined to be suspicious if it should prove that his favorite tune is "The Old Oaken Bucket"—that hangs in the well.

Watterson's War Sermon

Nations go mad as men do. There is a soldier who said "War is hell." The mystery of life and death is nowhere so impenetrable as when, taking its flight above the cradle and the grave, it wings its way to the edge of the battlefield and hovers over the slain. Whence, wherefore, to what end? Before the awful spectacle of a general European war with its appalling impendences, the thoughtful Americans will hesitate before taking sides. He stands aghast. It is the brotherhood of man, not the rights and wrongs of nations, that gains possession of his mind and heart. But yesterday the president of the United States was discoursing sweetly about moral forces in Mexico—savagely and lawless Mexico—today, behold England, Germany and France—the last staples of recorded civilization upon their lips—the final word of sentence and awe—at one another's throats, as barbaric as in the middle ages. Where be your sermons now, oh, Woodrow Wilson, where your dollars, Andrew Carnegie?

The world has a long way to travel before it reaches the Mount of Olives. Lo, we build a house of cards in the low country. Comes a wind across the North sea in a moment to blow it down. Comes a blast from the hell the Hapsburgs made and not a stone remains. Truly the Home of Tragedy! A race accused of God! Was it not enough that self-slaughter and the assassin had done to work the devil's will on the Danube that a desolate old man should be left to end the drama with a conflagration sweeping across the Rhine to the Rhone and the Seine, to the Severn and the Clyde? What is Serbia to England, what to France, that they should bleed for it? And after all is over how shall the balance of powers stand?

It is but a gamble—a gamble in the lives of men, the hearts of women and children. The Baroness von Suttner, in one of her books, tells us how she came first to set herself as a priestess of peace. Her interest took its rise from several sources. First of all, her immediate experience of the effect of wars. She saw the flower of Austria's youth brought home either dead or mutilated; she saw the suffering of wives and mothers; she saw that as a general thing these wars arose out of petty disputes and that very rarely any great principle was at stake. Another thing that has aroused her against militarism was that in all the conversation which she heard in court circles, war was treated simply as a noble game. The officers spoke of it in the most heartless way, and considered the peasantry as nothing but pawns and machines, to be used for their winning of the game. She also saw how war continually destroyed the civilization that years had gained, so that the nations were almost going around in a circle. It built up a beautiful structure of mind, soul, and material things during the years of peace, and then proceeded to knock it down again. There then began to come to her a vision of a new order for the world, and she began a career of splendid effort that ended only in her death a few months ago.

In the twinkling of an eye everything this great woman hated and feared has come to pass. "It will be the bloodiest of wars," says General Nelson A. Miles, a commanding authority, "and the last." That is to say, it will be so destructive that there can never be another. The single abatement of horror is that it cannot be of long duration.

We shall soon see the use and power of the airship and the torpedo boat. There is reason to believe that the modern cruiser is already obsolete and that dreadnaughts and super-dreadnaughts are doomed because they can no longer be safe from the submarine at sea nor find security against the perils in the air above them. On the ocean as in new waters they are at the mercy of the submersible torpedo carrier. Sir Percy Scott, in his forecast of the future, assuming that submarine cannot fight submarine, sees the end of sea warfare altogether. Neither numbers nor skill are to avail. Nothing will live afloat, for, if opposed nations have provided themselves with a sufficiency of submarines, they can destroy everything which cannot hide from these vessels below the surface.

It is the human, not the mechanical, side of it which is most at stake in the minds and hearts of disinterested observers; and the extent of this cannot be exaggerated. All these nations have been preparing for this during more than a generation. We may see now the meaning of the anti-militarist discussions in France; the stubborn refusal of Germany to consider disarmament; the quandary of England. Austria will prove a broken reed, of superior equipment and soldiery will make good the disparity of forces, who can tell? May not Paris be in danger? Can England and Russia unlimber quick enough? Only the results—the God of Battles—can tell us.

People and Events

A turtle caught at Spring Valley, N. Y., bears letters carved by Alfred Talmán, fifty-one years ago.

Percy A. Rockefeller was elected a member of the New York Stock exchange, succeeding his father.

The city auditor finds Denver is spending \$100,000 more a year under the commission government than under a mayor.

Governor Goldsborough of Maryland saved Harry L. Lavinia, a Baltimore merchant, from drowning while bathing at Ocean City.

Brigadier General Camillo C. Carr, U. S. N., retired, a veteran of the civil war and an old Indian fighter, died in Chicago, aged 72 years.

President Wilson has been urged by Senator Pomereu to name Rully Jaynes, a negro lawyer of Springfield, O., to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia.

Herbert M. Johnson of Indianapolis has been designated by the United States to act independently of the American collector of customs to conserve the finances of San Domingo.

Cardinal Gibbons was 89 years old Thursday, July 23. There was no formal celebration of the anniversary, the cardinal passing the day at the country home of T. Herbert Shriver, near Westminster, Md., as has been his custom for several years.

President Wilson is laying plans at Washington for an active part in the fall campaign. Candidates in several states have urged the president to help them, and while he has given no definite replies, they are counting on him to make several speeches.

"Janet Arthur," the militant suffragette charged with attempting July 8 to destroy Robert Burns' cottage with a bomb, was identified today by the police as Janet Parker, a relative of Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, who took such a prominent part in the Boer war.

David Lubin has come home with a plan for the fixing of ocean rates by an international commission. The ocean steamship lines need to be regulated as much as the railroads, but how Mr. Lubin would arrange for the enforcement of international rate fixing orders remains to be explained.

Oelrich, the German aviator who flew practically five miles high, declares that it will be impossible to go much higher without a contrivance like a diver's helmet. He resorted to oxygen at 20,000 feet, but at 25,000 feet that ceased to help his breathing much, and he was on the point of fainting when he turned down at 24,500 feet.

Rev. David M. Stearns, rector of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany of Philadelphia, advocates base ball, tennis and other games on Sunday as a recreation, under certain conditions. He gives reasons for his willingness to indulge in such sports on the Sabbath and explains the venture which has been adopted by the church of which he is rector.

Crash of Conflict

New York World: The gold that goes to Europe to buy war supplies will pretty soon come back to buy food.

St. Louis Republic: We trust nobody will hurt Mr. Carnegie's feelings by turning the peace palace into a barracks.

Houston Post: When the European war lords become drunk with jealousy and rage, the common people get it in the neck.

Philadelphia Record: European statesmen are now emitting clever epigrams which are expected to fill the popular heart.

Washington Post: It may be a questionable statesmanship, but the easiest way to stop a little war is to start a big one.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Possibly after a little experience of real war the belligerents of Europe may deem it worth while to mobilize their common sense.

Philadelphia Inquirer: However, there is a time coming when it is going to make Europe wince to walk up to the cashier's desk and pay for the fun it has had.

New Orleans Picayune: Even though Mr. Carnegie recently nominated him "the greatest friend of peace," it is hardly probable that the kaiser will be awarded the Nobel peace prize this year.

Pittsburgh Post: The earnestness with which many thousands of Servians and Austrians are not going back home indicates that they have been doing some thinking since they passed the Statue of Liberty.

Indianapolis News: The American shore line looming up out of the western horizon nearly always looks good to returning tourists, but, generally speaking, it probably never looked quite so good as it does nowadays.

GROANS AND GRINS.

Friend—Trot bite well? Anger—Bite well? Why, they were absolutely vicious. I had to bite behind a tree to bait the hook.—London Opinion.

"Looks like a loss of good material to see two girls kissing." "How about our congressmen wanting their valuable oratory on each other?"—Kansas City Journal.

"Is your car a good one?" "Discriminating people choose them," said the able automobile salesman. "More of our cars are stolen than any other make."—Kansas City Journal.

"I always tell the waiter what I'm going to tip him." "Why?" "So he won't keep me waiting half an hour while the cashier splits a ten-dollar bill into dimes."—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, don't tell people you are a book agent." "What shall I tell 'em, then?" "Announce that you are demonstrating the current sellers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Childhood presents many paradoxes," asserted the bachelor. "What is one?" "What is a friend?" "A spoiled child may be extremely fresh."—Buffalo Express.

TREASURES OF HUMILITY. By giving up false pride. The humble have fortification. That nothing can divide. Exemption from mortification.

Expecting not much gold. They have and enjoy their anointment. Of riches they can hold: Protection from sore disappointment.

In true humility. Is other wealth no one can harm: Peace's utility. Preventing war's ravaging storm.

Self-exaltation weak. With power even, little is worth. Yes, "Blessed are the meek; For they shall inherit the earth."—WILLIS HUDSPETH

You can safely line up with a store that is growing all the time

Benson & Thorne Co. will have a much enlarged store next Fall and a still greater store next spring. They need room just now to accommodate workmen. To get it they propose to sell out every piece of merchandise possible to sell by reason of wonderfully low prices.

See Expansion Sale ad in Friday evening's paper.

Read! Read one installment of "The Trey O' Hearts" Each Sunday in THE BEE

Letter's Old Age Genuine Old German Double Beer