

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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JULY SUNDAY CIRCULATION. 42,048. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of June, 1914, was 42,048.

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

Down with the food price booster! The Bee for reliable up-to-the-minute war news.

The short ballot will come, but only at the end of a long pull.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," cried the Psalmist.

Dog days are almost as much of a myth in Nebraska as the groundhog.

That electric lighting company must have been born under a lucky star.

This trouble all goes back to the time when Julius Caesar led the way to England.

In all this royal mixup of monarchs, King Corn is doing tolerably well, thank you.

After all, we are not so sure but if men must fight, Texas has the weather that will best rile their blood.

Although it made mighty little noise, the deaf and dumb convention may be put down as a howling success.

Probing the food prices may be all right, but probing is not necessary to determine that they are exorbitantly high.

As a member of the supreme court, Mr. McReynolds will be saved the embarrassment of prosecuting the trusts.

With the fireless cooker here and the iceless icebox promised, ice cream without either ice or cream may be a not remote possibility.

Mr. Bryan says watchful waiting wins. He means in Mexico, of course, for he would hardly prescribe that treatment for any of the sick nations of Europe.

Our distinguished democratic United States senator puts Norman Hapgood into the discard. Now the senator will be labeled a reactionary so indelible that it will not wash out.

The cable dispatches talk about an impending battle to be participated in by 2,500,000 soldiers. That is twice the number of men, women and children in Nebraska.

Police motorcyclists, fire engine drivers and other officials riding on speedy vehicles are as much obliged to respect what few rights pedestrians have left as private speed maniacs.

It will take eleven days' work for the official canvass of the primary election vote of Douglas county. Give us a short ballot and the canvass can be finished in less than eleven hours.

It has been suggested that the United States might solve the German-Japanese problem in the far east by buying up Germany's slice of Samoa. Well, yes, provided we could give it away afterwards.

What the downtown campus bunch did to get control of the Board of University Regents is plain enough. The only thing they overlooked is that the university is a state, and not a local institution.



A reception was tendered to Bishop Willard P. Mallevau, the newly-elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, at the First Methodist Episcopal church on Davenport street. After a prayer by Rev. Hodgett of Papillion, speeches of welcome were made by Elders Marquette and Maxfield, Rev. J. H. Stewart and Neelham of Omaha, Rev. Mr. Gale of Blair, and Rev. Mr. Shank of Sterling.

No Nation Self-Sufficing.

Despite proud boasts made in vaunting spirit from time to time by nearly every civilized nation that it is self-sufficing, the test quickly furnishes conclusive disproof. The interlacing of world activities and world interests has progressed so far that the disruption of peaceful intercourse has far-reaching effects entirely unforeseen and unforeseeable.

While almost any nation can doubtless in time readjust itself so as to get along independently, the readjustment, if permanent, would be a step backward in the scale of progress. In other words, there can be no such thing as a civilization wholly unto itself. The interchange of the products of industry, of ideas and of customs, and the intermingling of different peoples, is necessary to produce the action and reaction that lifts nations upward and onward.

Just as all history is one, all the peoples of the world are interdependent in near or remote degree.

The First Cabinet Change.

In the selection of Attorney General McReynolds to fill the vacancy in the supreme court created by the death of Associate Justice Lurton, the president himself is responsible for the first break in his cabinet, which he had hoped to keep intact.

McReynolds' appointment, together with that of Thomas Watt Gregory to be attorney general, is in the form of official promotion and to that extent beyond criticism. It may be only incidental that McReynolds and Lurton both came from Tennessee, also that the new cabinet member hails from Texas, whence came originally both the secretary of agriculture and the postmaster general, Messrs. Houston and Burleson.

The attorney general-elect is commended as especially fitted for his new duties by much experience in trust-busting, even more so than his predecessor, whose advancement to the supreme court attests the president's satisfaction with him.

The Next Pope.

Were Cardinal Rampolla living he would be the logical successor to Pius X, for it will be recalled that he was kept from the Vatican only by the veto power which Austria exercised against him. He had received a sufficient number of votes in the college of cardinals when the veto was interposed, resulting in the choice of Giuseppe Barto.

While always a chance of a dark horse candidate in these solemn contests, the absence of factions, such as existed eleven years ago in the college of cardinals, foreshadows easy agreement. On the surface Cardinal Maffi is the favored one. As when Pius X entered the Vatican the church was distinctly asking more for special spiritual emphasis, so today in the midst of war and political turmoil, the chief need, in the mind of church dignitaries, is for a pope able to deal with governmental leaders and lead in the adjustment of the church's relations with various seats of temporal power.

The Liege Poem.

Ahead of all others England's poet laureate has set to the music of verse the valor of Belgium. William Watson has given us the poem entitled "Liege," and that, too, without making the name rhyme with "siege." It is reminiscent of the part martial airs and epic poetry have played in the drama of world wars. There is an irresistible appeal in their lines to the national fire that glows in a patriot's breast, although we may hope that, stirring as are the words of this little poem, they will not augment the already overpowering hordes now spreading desolation over the little battle-beaten kingdom of Belgium.

And the poem runs: Betwixt the foe and France was she, France the immortal, France the Free; The foe like one vast living sea.

No tremor and no fear she showed; She held the pass, she barred the road; While death's unslumbering feet bestrode The ground.

Watched by a world that yearned to aid, Lonely she stood, but undismayed; Resplendent was the part she played, And pure.

Business Men in Public Life.

Much as "big business" is criticized in this country, it is to be credited with one good service in helping to rouse the conscience and quicken the genius of the government. It got such a big lead on the law that it has taken ten years of hard work simply to determine whether a single act of legislation was capable of doing the very thing for which it was specifically intended.

rapacious private enterprises led to other abuses in the form of demagoguery and spoils. These in turn operate to check the very work that needs most to be done. In the end we find ourselves still victims of political incompetency, where we should have large-sized statesmanship. So we are just as much face to face now as ever with the folly of not putting into our public business the same degree of efficiency that we require for our private affairs.

The Russian Jew.

If it were possible to divest the history of the Russian Jew of the awful tragedy surrounding it, the czar's appeal to "My beloved Jews" might be viewed as merely a flash of humor against the dark canopy of European war.

The duplicity of the czar's professions is almost too transparent. It reminds the student of history of the answer young Charles XII of Sweden made when his chief advisers urged him to accept Czar Peter's overtures of peace: "He does not mean what he says."

Russia's persistent persecution of the Jew is one of the defenseless outrages of the age. It sets medieval night down in the very noon-day of the twentieth century. It combines intolerance and barbarism in a way shocking to modern civilization. It has made Russia the outlaw of the nations. What a travesty to say that the Jew owes Russia anything with the echoes of the Bellis trial still in our ears.

Summer Work for the Pastor.

"We have a strong suspicion that the most acceptable calling that the average minister can do in summer will be somewhere about his own home—on the front porch, in the back yard, or maybe in his study."

No, gentle reader, this is no knock on the church by an iconoclast with a hammer, but quite the contrary, it is seriously offered as advice by one of the principal church papers in the country.

The suggestion offered, and which seems a highly common-sense one, is that the minister should make his plans conform with the seasons just as does the business man and the professional man. The idea is that summer work and winter work and spring work and fall work can and should be differentiated with advantage to all concerned in the church as well as out of it.

WHAT DOCTORS ARE DOING.

Japan taxes imports of patent medicines. Dr. W. E. Obets has started a rat-killing crusade in East Liverpool, O.

Referring to the threatened seizure of Kiaochow by Japan, our old friend, Richmond Pearson Hobson, cheerfully says, "I told you so."

From Leslie's fifty-years-ago column we gather that milk sold for 16 cents a quart in Baltimore during the civil war. Well, 8 and 9 cents a quart is bad enough in these present piping times of peace and plenty.

We knew all the time that it was only a question of how soon the sky pilots would begin to assure us that the war is a scourge of God visiting divine wrath upon sinful man to help him mend his wicked ways.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger thinks Oscar Underwood has too much sense to be a good democrat. Possibly, but he also has too much sense to call himself anything but a democrat while hailing from Alabama.

TOLSTOY'S PHOPHETIC VISION—Interview with Count Leo Tolstoy by his great-niece, Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, in the autumn of 1910. This startling interview was printed in The Bee in 1913, over a year ago, when many readers preserved it for future reference, and is printed again because of numerous requests.

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair ornament of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follows in her wake.

"The second torch bears the flames of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger worlds of literature, art and statesmanship.

"After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical loss has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then, a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monism and lead the cornerstone of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era.

"And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a grotesque partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations.

"I see the nations growing wiser and realizing that the alluring woman of their destinies is, after all, nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

People and Events

W. W. Evans is dead in Jackson, Miss., aged 104. Thomas Gardner of Blue Point, N. I., at 84 is a tango dancer. Princess Kilsnoqua, Indian, of Roanoke, Ind., is 104 years old.

CUPID'S CAPERS.

Oscar Fried, armless man, recently married Miss Helma Dahlgren in Yonkers, N. Y. Martha J., aged 71, of San Bernardino, wants divorce from T. H. Adams. Married forty years.

Household Drugs

Sulphur, Epsom Salts, Bifarb Soda or Copperas, lb. pkg. .5c. Crude Carbolic Acid, per 1/2-gal. bottle .45c.

Rubber Goods

Good Bulb Syringe, 25c. Household Rubber Gloves, .30c. 2-qt. Fountain Syringe, .45c.

25c Hires Root Beer 15c for Makes 5 Gallons.

HAMMER TAPS.

No man ever has the Big Time he expected to have when his wife goes out of town. The trouble with Advice is that every man carries a different brand for his own use.

I don't care who he is any man would do things for a strange girl that he wouldn't do for his own wife.

Men do not pay much attention to the color of the clothes a girl is wearing. But they never overlook a curve.

The old-fashioned woman who used to trim her own hat now has a daughter, who trims her husband for her hats.

The only two organizations that never object to overwork are the Hand Holders' union and the Bar Rail Polishers' union.

The fellow who seems to enjoy your jokes is always so busy laughing at them that he forgets to do any ordering and lets you do all the buying.

Every time you get into a crowd you are reminded of the fact that there is too much cheap talcum powder and not enough soap sold these days.

Another of our most talented liars is the mutt who stands around a bar and tells you that he and his wife never have any trouble, because he never asks her where she spends her time and she never asks him where he spends his—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LOOTED LEVITY.

"Is he a credit to his family?" "No; a debit."—Concord Herald.

Willie—Pa, what is a safe de luxe? Pa—About 10 per cent safe and 90 per cent look—Life.

Insurance Agent—it was you who set the house on fire with your alcohol lamp.

Tenant—Me? Not on your life. First thing I haven't got a lamp, and second I'm a lifelong member of the Temperance league.—Journal Amusement.

"I say, old chap, I'm in shocking luck. I want money badly, and haven't the least idea where I can get it."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow from me."—Sydney Bulletin.

Binks—Here's a German scientist, who says it requires 500,000 years for a deposit of hard coal to form. What do you think of that?

Jinks—Why, I think it ought to get right at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Robbie—Don't you feel tired, Mr. Bibble? Guest—No, Robbie; why do you ask? Robbie—Cause pa said he met you last night and you were carrying an awful load.—Boston Transcript.

Bik—I wonder why a woman never throws straight. Do you suppose it is due to some fault in the construction of her arms?

Dik—Not at all! It is due to the fact that a woman never throws things until she is so mad she cannot see straight.—Boston Transcript.

DULCIS MEMORIA.

Long, long ago I heard a little song— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So slowly, slowly flowed the tune along That far into my heart it found the way. A melody consoling and enduring; And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing.

The small sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So fair of face and fragrant for an hour, That something dear it seemed to me To say.

A thought of joy that blossomed into being Without a word; and now I'm often seeing The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago we had a little child— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled Unconsciously warm in our hearts he lay.

An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him. Yet secretly your arms and mine enfold him. Our little child who does not go away. Long, long ago—ah, memory, keep it clear!

It was not long ago, but yesterday, So little, so happy and so dear, Let not the song be lost, the flower decay! His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping. Sweet memory keep our child with us Always. —VAN DYKE.

STANDARD DRUG ARTICLES AT REXALL CUT PRICES

Every day is "cut price day" at the Rexall Drug Stores. We keep our prices down to a uniformly low level always. We like to mention our prices on well known standard preparations over and over again, because on no other line of goods can we illustrate so practically just how low our prices really are. Read 'em all—it will pay you.

Table with 2 columns: Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles. Listerine .9c, 14c, 29c, 58c. Pinkham's Veg. Com. .50c. Sanitol Tooth Paste, Powder and Liquid .17c.

Table with 2 columns: Household Drugs and Rubber Goods. Sulphur, Epsom Salts, Bifarb Soda or Copperas, lb. pkg. .5c. Crude Carbolic Acid, per 1/2-gal. bottle .45c.

SHERMAN & MCCONNELL DRUG CO. (FOUR REXALL STORES) IN PROMINENT LOCATIONS. Includes image of a medicine bottle.