THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of February, 1915, was 51,700.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 3d day of March, 1915.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

March 19

Thought for the Day

Selected by Burt Rector

It has often been said that all life is a stage, but to me life is only a school for the actor, for each writes and learns well the part he is to play in the great hereafter.—Lowell.

But Mr. Vice President Marshall, when you pass through Omaha again, stop off.

As a prize of war Smyrna should be serviceable in providing rugs for the Allies' Turkey trot.

Somehow the Ministerial union seems always to set its vice-exterminating crusades to the time of political campaign music.

With a clawing bear in front and bayonets at its back, Austria is somewhat handicapped for a serene discussion of a real estate deal.

What this paper objects to is the offensive and defensive alliance that has long existed between the World-Herald and R. B. Howell.—Lincoln Star.

Why object? There's a reason.

Why this fusillade upon former Lieutenant Governor McKelvie at this time? Is he in the way of some one's long-distance political ambitions?

Still waiting for the other Omaha newspapers to join with The Bee in heading off the threatened resurrection of that odious jail feeding graft.

The Bee offers its kindly and disinterested services for mediation between our esteemed democratic contemporaries, the Omaha World-Herald and the Lincoln Star.

Our reform sheriff of Douglas county is spending time and money at Lincoln pushing his jail feeding bill. It means thousands of dollars of graft in his pocket if he can shove it through.

Americans in Great Britain who are booked for taxes on their incomes at home and abroad are in position to appreciate the force of the motto over the door: "See America first and stay there."

Another hole that should be plugged by the legislature is that through which the health commissioner of Omaha milks the county treasury for fees for registering vital statistics which is the duty of his office to register anyway.

A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, appointed chief justice of the court of claims, was the democratic candidate for United States senator last fall. His transfer from the "lame duck" class is a recognition of the heroism of forlorn hopes.

And now we are told that electric current for lighting, heating, cooking and power "should be as cheap and as commonly used in our cities as water." Good! Then conversely water should be as cheap as electricity. Our water rate in Omaha is still 23 cents as against an electric light rate of 11 cents. Let us have a downward revision of both—"not next year, not next month, but now."

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

A meeting of property owners at the Board of Trade discussed plans for a new Harney street grade submitted by City Engineer Rosewater. Mr. Clarke was chairman of the meeting and Mr. Gibson secretary.

Manager T. P. Sullivan of the Western league returned to Kansas City, leaving the question of an Omaha team in the hands of a committee composed of C. S. Goodrich and John Drexel, and depending on success in negotiating with Mr. Kountze for the grounds.

S. R. Calloway, general manager; A. J. Poppleton, general attorney, and Judge Lake are in Chicago to look after interests of the Union Pacific in the pool matter.

Rev. Dwight L. Moody left tonight for his next revival engagement.

Joe Walsh, the plucky little shortstop of the Union Pacific team last season, has been engaged for the Dubuque club.

P. A. Cummaugh is dangerously ill at his residence, 1319 Harney street.

The new pipe organ for the Dodge Presbyterian church is expected here by the first of the month, and is to be formally opened in two concerts under direction of the choirmaster, Franklin S. Smith.

Pride Easily Provoked.

"We are proud of our record in the Sixty-third congress!" shouted Champ Clark in closing his St. Patrick's day address at Philadelphia. The speaker thus supports the belief that it doesn't take much to make a democrat proud. The Sixty-third congress, in addition to being the most extravagant ever known in the matter of appropriations, was dominated in both branches by King Caucus. Legislation of the greatest importance was determined upon behind closed doors, and on strictly partisan lines, and then was driven through the house or senate under the spur of party expediency.

The rules under which Champ Clark presided as speaker of the house were determined for him in the secret councils of his party's organization, and were deliberately designed to prevent anything like freedom of debate or consideration of measures on the floor. Nothing ever charged against "Uncle Joe" Cannon approached the iron rigidity of control exercised by the democratic caucus and enforced by Champ Clark. Twenty-five years ago Clark and others of his party rose in revolt against Thomas Brackett Reed, because that speaker undertook to make the house of representatives a responsible and responsive body, but Reed's rule was mild as a June morning, compared to the domination of democracy as embodied in Champ Clark.

Pride in their record? The business conditions of the country, the empty treasury of the United States, the deficit that will be $133,000,00 on June 30, are eloquent illustrations of the results of democratic administration in which Speaker Clark and his party take pride!

But Why Bother the Legislature?

City Attorney Rine issues an appeal in behalf of a measure pending at Lincoln to compel the companies operating electric lighting plants to make public and file a schedule of the rates charged, which shall be uniform as to any given class.

The object of that bill is a good one, and we endorse it. But City Attorney Rine's interest in the bill relates only to Omaha, and so far as Omaha is concerned, why bother the legislature when all that is needed is for the city council to pass an ordinance requiring the electric lighting company to comply with those identical demands? The council, moreover, could have done this at any time during all the years that Mr. Rine has been city attorney, and it can do it now, with the same force and effect within the city as the legislature. It can do more, for an ordinance enacted by the council is immediately operative, while a state law is not effective for three months unless an emergency clause is tacked on to it when enacted.

We repeat, why bother the legislature?

Extending Woman's Part in War.

Napoleon shocked the world by telling the women of France their part was to bear children to rear to be soldiers. Since then much has been written of the woman who sits at home and bears in silence the sorrow and grief that comes with the slaughter. But this is to be changed now. An English statesman has just told the women of his country that a woman who takes a man's place at work and releases him for service in the army, is performing "a national war service." This is extending woman's sphere with a vengeance.

Women have not been overlooked in the European war plans. They have long had a part in industry, in order that business of the countries might go on in time of peace, while men were trained to be soldiers, but this is the first time that they have been flatly told to go to work that men may go to fight. Woman is no longer to be left at home to shudder in contemplating an imaginary battlefield, or to tremble in anticipation of the news of some loved one's death. Her part in war is more than ever important. She is still to be permitted to bear children and rear them to fight and die, but she will also be permitted to take up man's business in industrial and commercial fields, that he may go to the front.

The beauty of a "war for civilization" is becoming more and more radiant with each passing day.

The Kissing Bug in the Legislature.

Some Douglas county member of the lower house at Lincoln is winning fame in a way that may make him envied by some of his less favored colleagues, and that may bring him something in the way of undesirable attention, should the home folks come to know all of it. He is reported to be trading boxes of candy for kisses with a bevy of pretty feminine employes at the state house.

The published accounts of the episode, so far as it has yet advanced, merely describe him as being "noted for his gallantry." This is not sufficiently definite to fully identify him. Douglas county has eleven members of the lower house, and all of them are gallant. Some are wed, and some are unwed, but not a man among them would retreat from a pair of luscious lips when presented in banter.

If the rumor persists, and it probably will if the Douglas county member is true to his sex, occasion may yet be had to hold an inquiry that will establish the identity of the man who started this traffic, if only to protect some of the married men who otherwise may have trouble in establishing the necessary alibi.

The importance of having a friend at court is again illustrated by the rescue from the threshold of the penitentiary of five officials of the International Lumber and Developing company of Philadelphia, convicted of swindling stockholders of more than $6,000,000. All the resources of the courts, including the United States supreme court, were exhausted by the lawyers without result. The conviction withstood all legal tests. Yet the appeal of A. Mitchell Palmer, democratic congressman from Pennsylvania, accomplished in a few hours at the White House what Philadelphia lawyers failed to do in a year.

On the wings of publicity comes the news that William F. Cochrane of Baltimore, who inherited a large slice of his grandfather's fortune, does not know what to do with all the money and seeks advice on spending it. If Mr. Cochrane's environment does not afford the necessary enlightenment, let him come to Omaha, where the joy of living animates all souls to good deeds.

On Some Matters Academic

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Professorial Infallibility.

AT no time has the academic career been so important as it is today, at no time has it ever been so well compensated, and at no time have those who pursued it been offered larger opportunities for the exercise of influence on public opinion. It is now the custom everywhere in the world to seek the counsel and the opinion of the professorial class when any matter of public interest is under consideration or in dispute. This applies, unfortunately, not only to matters of which the professorial class have cognizance, but also to matters of which they know little or nothing. The result has been to put a new and strange burden upon professors and to offer a temptation to the assumption of infallibility that has proved too much for some academic presons in more lands than one. The performance, both vocal and instrumental, of not a few university professors in many countries, including our own, in connection with the great war in Europe have made it seem desirable to many of us to insist upon dropping the title of professor and to substitute for it the less combative mister.

It is the fashion of the moment not to have any fixed principles of knowledge or of conduct, but to profess belief in the capacity and ability of each individual to make a world philosophy of his own out of such materials as chance and temperament may provide. This fashion is quite closely followed just now by large numbers of those in academic life, and indeed it is sometimes exalted as the one sure and certain method of finding an acceptable substitute for truth. There would appear to be need for a new Socrates who, whether as gadfly or in some less disagreeable guise, shall do ever again what some of us had supposed was satisfactorily done once for all during the closing decades of the stirring fifth century before Christ. It is a long time since Socrates extracted from Gorgias the admission that with the ignorant the ignorant man is more persuasive than he who has knowledge.

Men of Everlasting Beginnings.

One result of so many differing man-made or professor-made universes is a frequency and variety of conflict that would tax the mathematician to enumerate and the historian to classify. The notion that nothing much this is permanent and worth while has been either known or accomplished until our own brave selves came upon the scene makes education difficult and, from some points of view, impossible. If the world is to begin over again whenever a new appointment is made to a professorial chair, it is probably plain that the man in the street will soon dispense with the services and the guidance of the men of everlasting beginnings. In much the same way we are now asked to believe that whenever a callow youth makes a minute addition to his stock of information the sum-total of human knowledge has been increased as the result of scientific investigation.

It is just this mixing-up of the individual with the cosmos and of the morning paper with the history of civilization that is the weakest point in academic teaching at the present time, particularly in those subjects which once were history, economics, politics, ethics and public law. Those who remember the striking lectures of Heinrich von Treitschke, recently discovered by England and America and now much discussed by both countries, will recall the fact that he gave but scant attention to the teaching of the history of Europe and of Germany, although his chair was supposed to deal with those subjects. What von Treitschke really did was to make lectures on the history of Europe and of Germany the vehicle for the very effective and emphatic expression of his own personal opinions on men and things in the world about him. In some degree, therefore, von Treitschke was the forerunner of that now very considerable class of American university professors who devote no small part of their time to expressing to their students their own personal views on the politics, the literature and the society of the day, while in form offering instruction on anything from astronomy to zoology. There is something to be said for the policy of making academic teaching effective by relating it to present-day interests and problems, but there is nothing to be said for turning academic teaching into an exercise in contemporary journalism. When every considerable town has its own Napoleon of finance and every political group its Hamilton or its Jefferson, there is some danger of getting mixed as to standards.

Temptation to Prescribe for All Ills.

All these are troubles which have come upon the professorial class as a result of the public appeal made to us for an expression or opinion on current topics. If one be a profound student of Plato he is expected without warning to pass an illuminating critical judgment upon the latest outgiving of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. If he happens to be well versed in the economic thought of Germany and Austria, he is called upon for an authoritative expression of opinion regarding the strike of coal miners in Colorado. If by any chance he has ever written a book on any aspect of railway organization, management, or finance, he runs the risk of being clapped upon a public commission to supervise and in part to control the railway systems of a state or nation. All these are dangers and embarrassments to which the alert university professor, whose name is known in the newspaper offices, is now constantly subjected. Avoidance of them is possible only for the sagacious and well-balanced scholar who knows that no single master-key will unlock all human doors of difficuty.

The Inflation of "Sociology."

One of the chief tools of the present-day academic conjurer is the blessed word sociology, particularly in the hands of some one not a trained sociologist. Both Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer would be not a little surprised to see what has become of the term that they fondled so tenderly. It is now stretched to include everything that can possibly relate to the diagnosis of social ills as well as everything that can possibly relate to social therapeutics. Not even the subtles of physicists has yet worked out a theory of the elasticity of gases that is adequate to explain the potentialities of the word sociology. This world once so innocent and so impressive, is now under a cloud because of its attempt to establish a world empire. Poetry and alchemy, science and song, religion and mythology, philosophy and magic, are all reduced to mere counters in its great world game. Naturally these smaller and ambitious states have became restless and are showing signs of revolt. They wish to be permitted to live their own lives and not to be made mere vassals of a mighty overlord who possesses all knowledge, who wields all power and who monopolizes all explanations. Just now law is under attack from a curious mixture of sentiment and lore that calls itself sociological jurisprudence, and which I understand to be a sort of legal osteopathy. We can only await with some concern the reactions in the appropriate laboratories when a sociological physics, a sociological chemistry, and a sociological anatomy appear upon the scene.

The Over-Taught Student.

Of the American university student it must be said that in far too many instances he is prevented from getting on as well as he should, because he is over-taught. In particular, he is over-lectured. The traditions of school and college are still strong in the universities, and the ideal university relations of scholarly companionship betwen teacher and taught have difficulty in establishing and in maintaining themselves. To use—or rather to abuse—the academic lecture by making it a medium for the conveyance of mere information is to shut one's eyes to the fact that the art of printing has been discovered. The proper use of the lecture is the critical interpretation by the older scholar of the information which the younger scholar has gained for himself. Its object is to inspire and to guide and by no means merely to inform.

Indeed, there is some reason to doubt whether the undue dominance and prominence of the didactic point of view in the modern university, is altogether an advantage. The happy days at Bologna, when the students and their rector managed the university, when professorial punctuality was enforced by fines, and when the familiar professorial practise of dwelling unduly on the earlier parts of a subject to the neglect of the later parts was checked by the expedient of dividing a topic into puncta and requiring the doctor to reach each punctum by a specified date, certainly had much to commend them. Then it was the students who made the rules and disciplined their teachers; now it is the teachers who make the rules and discipline their students.

Extracts from address of President Butler of Columbia university, at Commemoration day exercises of Johns Hopkins university.

The Bee's Letter Box

The Hookworm.

OMAHA, March 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read the old veteran's article on the "Fiends of Andersonville" with much interest, but after conversing with Major McIntosh on the subject I am of the opinion that it was "hookworm" after all that caused so many deaths at Libby prison, Belle Isle and Andersonville. It could not have been hunger, for the major says that every man confined in Libby prison received two ounces of soupbone every week and a stick of wood a foot long to cook it with; besides each mess of 400 prisoners had a cookstove all to themselves. History further informs us that every man confined in the stockade at Andersonville received his rations regularly, which consisted of one pint of excellent cornmeal (ground cobs and all) every twenty-four hours, together with a large slice of atmosphere, and all the water and sand he could drink. Wood was also issued at the rate of twelve splinters to each mess of five men. But we must remember that timber was very scarce around Andersonville, the forest being more than 300 yards distant. It was not starvation that killed the boys in blue, so it must have been the "hookworm." Captain Wirz distributed the same rations to the prisoners as he did to his own soldiers, excepting the meat, the vegetables, salt, sugar, coffee, tea and bread. He never beat up a prisoner unless it was absolutely convenient, and he always held his temper—at blood heat. Captain Wirz was a scholar and a Christian, and it is reported that he cured many a prisoner of "hookworm" by hanging him up by the thumbs during the rainy season, and many soldiers' widows drawing pensions from Uncle Sam would be neither widows nor pensioners but for the strenuous efforts of Captain Wirz.

In Andersonville prison the boys in blue were taught the most rigid economy—to live in the open air, to keep warm without fire or clothing, to fast continually and to be buried without muffled drums, flags or taps sounded at the head of the grave. Only for that dread disease called "hookworm" all would have been well.

E. O. M'INTOSH.

Andersonville.

SOUTH OMAHA, March 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: The well-composed letter of W. G. Templeton in The Bee of yesterday on the subject, "The Fiends of Andersonville," is timely, and it was my wonder why some old soldier did not take up the statement of the man Dr. Stiles before, and I am glad to see that he has been called down. The superintendent of the high school of my boyhood days was one of the prisoners at the vile prison pen of Andersonville for more than six months, and he occasionally talked of his experiences in that place. He was put into the stockade a hearty, robust man weighing nearly 200 pounds and came out of it weighing barely eighty pounds.

He told how men became so poor that their bones could be heard to creak and rattle as they tried to walk around. He told of how they were fed with a kind of bread made from corn, with the cob and all ground together, so that it was impossible for men to digest it. Peas full of bugs were cooked for the men and the soup from the peas was covered with the bugs that had been cooked, and the prisoners had to eat the vile stuff or starve, as so many of them did.

Often the corn and cobs were not well ground, and men ate the grains, and often their excrement contained undigested grains of corn, and the hungry and starving prisoners picked them out and ate them, and if they made complaint about the stuff called food set or brought before them they were shot down for their temerity.

Then people wonder why the son of a union soldier should resent the election as president of the United States of the son of a confederate soldier who came from the state where such villainies were forced upon the boys in blue who were so unfortunate as to be captured in battle. The father of President Wilson, who was a confederate chaplain with the rank of captain, was never heard to denounce the conditions that were maintained at Andersonville either during or after the close of the war. It is well for old soldiers to call attention to the vile prison pen when some upstart tries to shift the blame for conditions at Andersonville prison.

F. A. AGNEW.

Painful to Harmer.

SEDGWICK, Colo., March 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: In looking over your letter box I noticed where a conceited old plug by the name of Wooster had been trying to give a few pointers to President Wilson in regard to the Mexican situation. Personally I think Wooster's case one for the insanity board to inquire into, as his writings show him to know less than lots of men that are not allowed to run loose. It is sure that his knocking don't hurt Wilson, and just shows Wooster up for what he is. The very idea of him trying to tell Wilson how to run the United States government is enough to give anyone a pain—even a good republican.

J. M. HARMER.

Editorial Viewpoint

Indianapolis News: Nine New Jersey women rescued a man who had fallen into a perilous place by constructing a rope of their petticoats. It takes nine tailors to make a man and nine women to save him.

Houston Post: One sad feature of the tremendous amount of unemployment in the cities is that there are so many men passing up the hoe handles of the country for the poor privilege of getting an occasional grip on a mug-handle in town.

Philadelphia Ledger: A Baltimore will case finally passed upon this week had been in the courts thirty-two years and had been handled by fourteen lawyers. In the end there was over $30,000 for distribution. It is not stated whether this was an accident or a miracle.

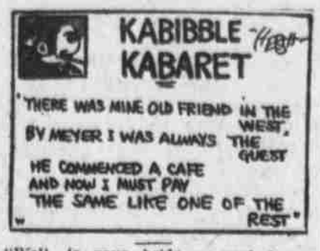
Brooklyn Eagle: Turkey can sympathize now with the fellow who got hold of the bear's tail and wanted somebody to come and help him let go. Russian paws pause not and the Romanoff peril is fast roaming in toward Constantinople. Any bare possibility of escape is worth considering.

New York World: The remark of Mr. Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific Railway company that "the Interstate Commerce commission is one man choking another man to death" will excite much glee in the far west, where for a good many years the Southern Pacific Railway company was the man who was doing the choking.

GRINS AND GROANS.

Mrs. Gray—The window in my hall has stained glass in it.
Mrs. Green—Too bad! Can't you find anything that'll take the stains out?—Topeka Journal.

Chollie—If I had my wish I'd rather be born rich than good looking.
Mollie—But it's just as easy to wish that you were born both—Yonker's Statesman.



"Well, is your bride a good housekeeper?"

"She hasn't had much experience along those lines, I must admit. She thinks anybody ought to be satisfied with an ice cream soda for breakfast."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How would I like to be over there in the trenches under shrapnel fire? Excuse me!"

"I wouldn't mind. A man has to die sometime."

"I know that; but when my time comes I want to be buried all in one piece, thank you."—Boston Transcript.

FACT VS. FICTION.

In fiction the men wed the maids for their beauty
Of face, form or character, mind, soul or hands.
The maids wed the men for love or for duty,
They don't wait to learn how his bank account stands.
And though they wed blindly in fable and story,
Yet always it turns out to be for the best.
But realty's shorn of glamour and glory:
'Tis a flimsy aircastle like all of the rest.

'Tis strange, but 'tis true, that life is not kindly;
There are many things that we can't understand;
We are destined to go on our way somewhat blindly,
Content with the blessings that come to our hand.
But when those same blessings have lost all their luster,
And seem to be curses rampant in disguise,
It takes all the courage that mankind can muster
To hide his dismay from the world's clever eyes.

And hence we have reached a foregone conclusion:
That fiction and fact can never be friends,
For fiction was ever a shameful delusion,
And fact never works as one really intends.
For always our soap bubble castles have vanished,
While we still struggle to make them seem real;
So, 'tis best, once for all, that fiction be banished
Until it can give mankind a square deal.

Omaha. DAVID.

There's a distinction in Gordon Hat styles that makes you want one. Not $5.00 - three.

Two out of three

¶ 3 cigars are lined up in a connoisseur's vest pocket.

¶ No. 1—a big, black all-Havana is reserved for after dinner. No. 2 and No. 3 are Tom Moores—also laden with the consolations of Havana tobacco, yet mild enough to enjoy "one right after the other" in the smoker's evening.

¶ This hint has been taken by thousands and thousands—and *they always come back for Moore.*

TOM MOORE CIGAR 10¢

LITTLE TOM 5¢

Little Tom goes for half fare, but he goes for a long distance.

Best & Russell Cigar Co., 612 S. 16th St., Omaha, Distributors

WORLD MOTOR BIKE FREE

A picture of the bicycle will be in The Bee every day. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office, Saturday, April 10.

The bicycle will be given Free to the boy or girl that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m., Saturday, April 10.

Subscribers can help the children in the contest by asking for picture certificates when they pay their subscription. We give a certificate good for 100 pictures for every dollar paid.