

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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FEBRUARY SUNDAY CIRCULATION. 45,366. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of February, 1915, was 45,366.

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

Thought for the Day. Selected by Della Reed Belden. Whatever we leave to God, God does and blesses us: The work we choose should be our own, God lets alone. —Thoreau.

According to the calendar, spring styles are now due.

If you must buy elsewhere, insist on the label of quality: "Made in Omaha."

Despite reports to the contrary, the guns of the Dardanelle forts are not firing peanut shells.

Besides the excitement and the exercise obtained, the Thaw fortune commands a superior line of publicity.

Let the people rule in Omaha even if they have to go to Lincoln to get "Brother Charley's" permission to do so.

The Smiley Glads of Illinois may rightly view with alarm Senator Lewis taking himself out of the Sunny Jim class.

It is apparent from his wired interview that Vice President Marshall woke at Ogden and took vocal nourishment.

Tip to the Nebraska Schoolmasters' club: Take something quick to eliminate the virus of politics from the system.

To an unbiased observer of the proceedings at Lincoln, the lesson of it all is a clinching argument for real municipal reform.

There is no reliable evidence of Representative Henry Richmond having kissed the Barney stone, but he has the goods, just the same.

Mayor "Jim" wants it distinctly understood that he never had any objection to a third cup of coffee—nor for a fourth cup, for that matter.

If the sixty-day respite granted the bakers stretches over primary day and election day, it will afford opportunity for practical reciprocity.

The metamorphosis of the electric light bill proves that our Water board politicians can right-about-face as fast as any troops on the firing line.

Express companies are pleading for more sugar on both sides of their buttered bread. The sweet tooth develops a ravenous appetite when the sugar barrel is nearly empty.

No protest from any source against the United States meeting out due punishment to the passport conspirators. In the light of the evidence, and their own stories, these fellows did not play straight with anyone.

The sale of \$27,000,000 worth of New York state canal and highway bonds bearing 4 1/2 per cent interest brought a total premium of \$923,930. The result of the sale proves that the money market has returned to Easy street.

The Steam Behind the Legislature. Hailing the victory in the legislature for Greater Omaha consolidation, the official publication of the Commercial club indulges this deserved self-laudation:

The Commercial club has always advocated a Greater Omaha, and this year went strongly on record in favor of the bill. The bill was introduced by Senator Howell and passed the senate with the emergency clause unamended. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work of Gould Dietz, G. E. Haverstick and Randall Brown, the special committee appointed from this club, and John P. Breen, the author of the bill.

A prominent British financial writer predicts the war will end in July next from exhaustion. A former German secretary of the interior says the kaiser will dictate terms of peace in London two years hence. French and Russian prophets have not been heard from lately, but the guessing contest remains open to all comers.

Some of the amendments to the electric light bill suggested by The Bee have been accepted by its sponsors. Every one of them should be incorporated in the measure, particularly the one to keep the employes out of politics.

Foreign borrowings of cash in the New York market are well into the second hundred millions. The interest rate and the discount rate show that lenders are raking the hay in double shifts.

Hail, Gentle Spring.

The calendar of the seasons underscores Sunday, March 21, as the opening day of spring, and the hour 11:45 a. m. It is well to record the time precisely lest the official weather man fall asleep at the switch and sidetrack the equinoctial limited.

The season brings to all the message of renewed life, of animation and hope. Winter's dullness and confinement gives way to the activities of outdoor life and all nature responds to the vitalizing power of solar heat. Such is the annual message. It is unchanched this year, but the perplexities of the times threatens to dull appreciation.

The havoc and ravages of war, the distress and bad temper it engenders, touches us in the material as well as in the physical sense. The irritations of material loss are made doubly annoying by the manner in which they are affected. Yet our losses are insignificant, our irritations are childish beside the sufferings and sacrifices of nations at war.

As a people we have unequalled reasons for greeting the message of spring with courage and confidence. We enjoy the immeasurable blessings of peace. All over the country factories and workshops are resuming operation. All over the country increased reserves of banks insure ample means for financing business and industry. The stimulus of moderate-priced material hold out promise of a normal year in building operations. Above all rises as surely as seed time the certainty of a harvest which will afford abundance for home needs and supply the food deficits of warring lands.

Broadly viewed in the light of actual conditions, Americans should hail gentle spring and whatever weather variations it brings with hearts of gladness and the spirit of aggressive optimism that takes no note of passing clouds.

The Public School and Patriotism.

Do you ever think that, next to the home itself, the public school is the greatest factor in our national life, that no other institution so influences the thought and growth of the republic? In none of its manifestations is it more potent, or possessed of greater opportunities, than in that of its teaching of the lessons essential to the development of the patriotic sense of the children who are under its care. At the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Omaha during the week a complaint was made by one of the speakers that the public schools are not sufficiently diligent in the teaching of American history.

The public school has a great opportunity in the teaching of American history, not to merely inculcate an idea of belligerence, but to develop the deeper patriotism, with the higher motive of making better Americans out of the children who are growing up. It is not flogdom that should be taught, but an understanding of our institutions and opportunities. American history involves in its proper study the history of all other countries, the rise and growth of ideas of government, the evolution of social and industrial relations and the political development that has marked man's advance. It is not asked that the child be taken along the entire route, but it should be made plain to the young mind that history does not consist of exciting, and often apocryphal, tales of battle, or a musty sequence of dates and names. Let the wonderfully fascinating vista be opened up before the eyes of the child, and the pursuit of further knowledge will eagerly follow.

No greater privilege is granted than that possessed by the public school teacher in the opportunity of shaping the patriotic impulse of the children of this country. The more American history is understood by the individual, the better his citizenship.

Dilemma of Daniels.

The present status of the case of the Prinz Eitel Friederich is giving the secretary of the navy more worry than he has had at any time since he changed the terminology of the tars. No doubt Mr. Daniels is eager to do the right thing by his unbidden guest, now in snug quarters at Newport News, but he does not seem to understand exactly how far he is obligated by the rules of hospitality. In Mr. Daniels' home state it is not the right thing to limit the stay of a visitor, no matter how embarrassing his presence may be to the host, but this tolerance is unrecognized by international law, on the strict observance of which we are just now so insistent.

In the meantime, Captain Thierichens shows some inclination to flout the Navy department of the United States. He has declared on every opportunity his intention of putting out to sea, but has not declared the length of time needed to accomplish repairs essential to his going. It is the latter neglect that has laid the captain and his good ship liable to detention by the United States, but the captain seems bent on writing a little more international law. He will find, though, that the spirit of the American navy has not entirely died out under the softening influence of grapejuice, and that the commanding officers of the American battleships are very apt to act on an understanding of international law that doesn't support his present attitude.

At any rate, it seems time that a little firmness should qualify the assertion of American rights, not necessarily to meet the case of the Prinz Eitel Friederich, but that it may be generally understood that the hospitality of the United States is not to be wantonly abused by any.

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Views, Reviews and Interviews

MY review the other day to the death of Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican and to the unaccountable effort years ago to induce his father to transfer his journalistic activities to Omaha, brought me a telephone message from my good friend and former neighbor, Truman Buck, suggesting that I had overlooked a generation of the Bowles family in ascribing the founding of the Springfield Republican to the father instead of to the grandfather.

"Look into the history of the Bowles family a little further," said Mr. Buck, which I forthwith did, and made the correction, although technically we were probably both right in the first instance. My inquiry disclosed that the Springfield Republican was founded as a weekly paper in 1831 by the first Samuel Bowles, who was connected with it, but that it was his son, the second Samuel Bowles, who in 1851 provided upon him to establish the Republican as a daily, and was therefore entitled to the credit of being its founder quite as much as was his father.

My investigation disclosed something more, and of equal interest to me, as possibly explaining why my father, and the men associated with him in promoting the old "Tribune" in 1839, felt that they might persuade the then editor of the Springfield Republican to pull up stakes and come out to Omaha, and take charge of the newspaper they were eager to launch. For although an easterner, born and bred, Samuel Bowles, Jr., had personally explored the west in two trips across the continent, and had the west in two observations enthusiastically in the letters written to his paper, and later gathered together and issued into a book running through several editions, as to warrant the conclusion that he appreciated the great possibilities of this section, as did few others, and was enamored of the country and its life. In the preface to his book, which is entitled "Our New West," and is accessible in our public library, the occasions of these trips are thus explained:

"The author has spent two summers in intimate travel over the regions comprehended in the volume. The first (1850) was before the railroad was begun, when he traveled by stage from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, and thence north to Oregon, Washington territory and Puget sound, stopping for a study of Colorado, Utah and its Mormons, of Nevada, and its mines; and visiting all the distinctive points of interest, either for scenery, for business improvement, or for social characteristics. Again in 1855, he passed over the then already completed railroad to the crest of the great continental mountain ranges, and thence descending among the great folds of mountains and elevated peaks that distinguish our western life. We were welcomed to generous hospitality of head and heart, and gained at once complete knowledge of the states and territories visited. Study, then and since, of all local records and authorities, has completed and kept alive my acquaintance with the growth, character and capacity of this new kingdom of our continent."

In the body of the volume is what is mere to the point and more illuminating, a word-picture by this hard-boiled New Englander of the then beginnings of Omaha and Council Bluffs, and a survey of the progress they had made between 1855, the year Mr. Bowles first crossed the continent, and 1856, the year of his second expedition. This account reads as follows: "Omaha in 1856, a feeble rivlet of Atholston, Leavenworth and Nebraska City in outfitting emigrant and merchandise wagons for Colorado and Utah, and without a single mile of railroad within one hundred miles, has already become the greatest railroad center of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. It is the starting point of the Pacific railroad, which stretches a completed line of eighteen hundred miles west to the Pacific ocean; to the east are two or three completed lines of five hundred miles across Iowa and Illinois to Chicago, and others are in progress; to the south are open roads to St. Louis across Missouri; and to the north is a finished road to Sioux City, and fast stretching on to St. Paul. The three great states of the Mississippi valley, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, the garden and granary of the nation, and the railroads that connect them, are slashed in all directions by railroad lines, completed or rapidly constructing, meeting at a western focus at Omaha and Council Bluffs, sister towns on either bank of the Missouri, and converging on the east into either Chicago or St. Louis. Their consequent development, in population and wealth, is perhaps the most wonderful illustration of modern American progress. It is with that New Englander's enthusiasm pouring the heat of her emigration, and reproducing herself, in energy and industry and intelligence, on a broader, more generous and more national basis. "Council Bluffs, on the Iowa bank of the Missouri river, opened the year 1850 with 8,000 inhabitants, having erected 1,200 new buildings in 1858, while Omaha, opposite, counted nearly double that number of buildings; the railroads center upon the bottom lands, but the beautiful bluffs had been invited the living areas of the towns. Council Bluffs is almost hidden amid the folding circles of its hills, and has the fascination of mysteries in the distance; but Omaha stands out with bolder and more even front upon a grand amphitheater over the river. Besides the railroads, these towns have a river navigation, 200 miles north into Montana and to the British line, and 2,000 miles south to New Orleans and the gulf.

"Out now upon the continental railroad. For 500 miles, a straight, level line, across the broad plains along the valley of the Platte. It was but play to build a railroad here. Yet there is a steady ascent of ten feet to the mile; and for the first 200 miles the country has the exquisite roll and active fertility of the Iowa and Illinois prairies. Through this region the growth of Nebraska shares that of those two states, and she has the advantage of them, generally, in climate, in water, and in wood."

After looking a little further into the history of the Bowles family, and into this delightful narrative of a delightful traveler, I can understand better the letter I have previously quoted as penned by Mr. Bowles in answer to his Omaha invitation. I had said he had brushed it aside "very gently" and "very politely," and I am inclined to believe now, also very reluctantly.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Douglas County Agricultural Society Elijah Allen, appointed a committee of one to visit and confer with the officers of the different agricultural societies of Saunders, Washington, Burt and Cuming counties, with reference to holding a district fair, reported all favoring the proposition. Members Elcher and Rustin will consult with leading citizens of Omaha as to further details.

The Charly union is now located in more convenient quarters at 609 North Sixteenth. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Burgess, residing on Hamilton street near King, have suffered a sad bereavement in the death of their infant son, Charles.

All the rubbish and debris in the new court yard was removed today by Contractor Coots and shoveling parties will now be set to work on the high and dangerous bank that now overhangs the sidewalk there.

E. C. Pierce, the well known corner of Washington county, appeared in Omaha last evening dressed in a light summer suit and straw hat. He informed his astounded friends that he had made a bet last fall that if Blaine was defeated he would come out on the first of March in full summer attire.

Vodica & Pappas, merchant tailors, have removed to 1014 South Tenth street between Farnam and Douglas.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Houston Post: "I ask no quarter from the devil and give him none." Billy Sunday told the Princeton students. What would he do with a quarter from Billy when people just pour the gold double eagles into his cap all the time?"

Pittsburgh Dispatch: William Sunday has taken a census of hell, and finds that Voltaire, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall and Tom Paine are residents of the region. From which we are able to infer that the infernal regions are an intellectual center, however defective the climate may be.

New York Times: Mr. Sunday deserves praise for his self-restraint in leaving out Caligula, Stephen Girard, Napoleon, Dr. Channing and Alaric the Goth. But perhaps this is only the first installment, and we shall get another dossier soon. It is to be hoped so, for we are athirst to know these things.

Philadelphia Ledger: Mark Twain ascribed his success as a humorist to the fact that he always avoided the obvious. In the case of Billy Sunday's financial returns the obvious comment are superabundant, and that is why they make no impression. In fact, they are effective only in their reaction.

Philadelphia Record: That suggestion of a Boston clergyman that the unemployed should take off their clothes and parade in the altogether, as a demonstration of their sufferings to the public, would be more timely in summer than in winter. Boston's east winds are proverbially cold and cutting, especially at this season. As a practical measure of relief the suggestion seems to be on a par with some others of clerical origin. The gentlemen of the cloth too often let their sympathies swamp their common sense.

QUAINT BITS OF LIFE.

In the Falkland Islands there are five men to every woman.

At Salem, Ill., a bulldog bred by a German heard a visitor humming "Tippecanoe" and took a slice of his pantaloons large enough to switch the time.

A man in Ohio lived for sixty-two years alone in a house which he built for his bride-to-be, who died just before the wedding day. He never allowed a woman in the house.

A. A. Swingle, who is 73 years old, has been agent for the Western Union Telegraph company at Hancock, Md., for 46 years. He lives almost a mile out of town and walks four miles a day between his office and his home, or 1,440 miles a year and has been walking it every day in the year for thirty-five years, a total of 10,490 miles.

No more novel method of gold "mining" has ever come to light than that pursued at a deserted mining camp near Wickes, Mont. It is the remains of what was once a thriving village at the Gregory mine, and the sand used in plastering the houses came from ponds rich in gold. Now the old cottages are being torn down and the plaster carefully smelted.

Hiram Johnson, a farmer living near Waterville, N. Y., tells a beautiful tale of how he utilizes the digging propensities of three woodchucks which he captured. He says he has trained them to dig straight postholes any depth and size required. He explains that he ties a cord to one of the animal's hind legs, indicates where the hole is to be dug, and when it is sufficiently deep he pulls the cord. The woodchuck then scrambles up for his reward of dried alfalfa.

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

When a fellow is crusty it may be due to the way he was bred.

No fellow is so sharp that some other person doesn't occasionally sit on him.

It is the constant aim of the chronic borrower to keep in touch with his friends.

It is quite possible for a man to have a clean-cut look without having sharp features.

Many a man is like his umbrella—seldom in evidence except when he is under a cloud.

It is possible to entertain an Angel unaware, but you can't entertain a bore that way.

Unfortunately there are some things that even the most absent-minded of us can't forget.

A man's success sometimes merely means that his world has taken him at his own valuation.

Many a fellow goes through life at such a rapid clip that he hasn't even time to stop and think.

It's a good thing to know when to stop, but quite another thing to take advantage of your knowledge.

With some men nothing is impossible. You will even sometimes see an old bachelor trying to amuse a baby.

It may be strictly true that women are more fickle than men, but they certainly have more opportunities.

Nor does the size of the family Bilis always indicate the amount of religion there in that particular family.

The ingenuity that many a man displays in dodging creditors would make his fortune in any other line of endeavor.—New York Times.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Penelope—My book of dancing rules says, "Don't hold the lady too close. Percival—Impossible—Judge.

Colored Mammy—Ah wants to see Miss Cummins. Office lady—Mr. Cummins is engaged. Colored Mammy—Well, ah don't want to marry him honey.—Woman's Home Companion.

Trott—Well, my dear, did you enjoy your shopping trip today? Mrs. Trott—No, I didn't. I found exactly what I wanted in the very first store I entered.—Boston Transcript.

He (thinking of another girl)—Would you believe that I am desperately in love! She—I might, if you were a little more demonstrative.—Stanford Squatter.

That multimillionaire says he works from twelve to sixteen hours a day. "Well, he can afford to. He doesn't have to keep his health in order to hold his job."—Washington Star.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Southern Woman's Magazine.

"Does your married life seem home-like to you?" "Oh, yes. My wife's quarrels are exactly like the rows mother used to make."—Chicago News.

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the sage. "Maybe not," replied the fool. "But their tombstones are awful liars!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

People and Events

You can't lose 'em. Sir O'Moore Craigh, commander of the defenses of London, is a descendant of Rory O'Moore of Queen Elizabeth's time.

"There are only two classes of people," says Frank Tannenbaum of church-raiding fame, "those who work and those who want to work." This leaves the J. W. W. up in the air.

An unexpected and agreeable blow-up, affecting 15,000 men, occurred in the Dupont powder plant last week. It was a 20 per cent boost in wages. No injuries from the shock are reported.

Critics who look at patriotism through the stars of a dollar mark maintain that \$20,000 is about five times too much to pay for the Monticello estate. Maybe it is, but Jefferson Levy is not working like "For Sale" column.

A New York judge reaffirms a previous ruling to the effect that the husband is the boss of his own household. But the judge leaves the husband to do his own enforcing, which leaves the ruling where the judge blows his smoke.

Victor Murdock, retired congressman from Kansas, who is back at his desk on the Wichita Eagle, is credited with a purpose of telling the truth in the society columns. His courage is admirable. So is that of the man who jumps off a tall building.

The municipal campaign in Chicago appears wrapped in winding sheets of melancholy. Not a rift of gaiety lightens the gloom. Local papers refrain from printing J. Ham Lewis' design for spring whiskers, and the justly celebrated smile of Carter Harrison celebrates no longer. It is the saddest case of gloom Chicago has had since Colonel Sprecher squatted on the lake front.

The oldest lawsuit on the Chicago docket, having whiskers twenty-nine years long, was argued again last week. The case involves the validity of a five-year contract with a cemetery beautifier, who now sleeps in the cemetery he helped to beautify. All the witnesses are resting under the willows, and the judge who first tried the case has been retired by the voters. But there is enough cash tied up in the case to keep the legal pumkiner in action.

THE GREEDY FOX.

Author Unknown. On a winter's night, As the moon shone bright, Two foxes went out for prey; As they trotted along, With frolic and song, They cheered their weary way.

Through the wood they went, But they could not scent A rabbit or goose stray; But at length they came To some better game, And they both went in it, the sinners!

On a roost there sat Some chickens as fat As foxes could wish for their dinner; So the prowlers found, And never got out again.

They both went in, With a squeeze and a grin, And the chickens were quickly killed; And one of them lunched, And feasted, and munched, Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise, Looked about with both eyes, And hardly would eat at all; For as he came in, With a squeeze and a grin, He remarked that the hole was small.

And, the cunning elf, He said to himself, "If I eat too much it's plain, As the hole is small, I shall stick in the wall And never get out again."

This matters went on Till the night was gone, And the farmer came out with a pole; And one went through, And one went through, But the greedy one stuck in the hole.

In the hole he stuck, So full was his pluck Of the chickens he had been eating— He could not get out, Or turn about, And so he was killed by beating.

Lee's Shampoo. is not merely another liquid soap. It is the best of over five hundred different kinds made and tested in our laboratory, for four particular points—purity and safety; quick and thorough cleansing; quick after-drying; and non-penetration of lather in hair fibre and scalp pores.

March 21

Selected by Della Reed Belden

Whichever we leave to God, God does and blesses us: The work we choose should be our own, God lets alone. —Thoreau.