

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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FEBRUARY CIRCULATION, 51,700
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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.

Thought for the Day
Selected by Elizabeth W. Johns
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting;

Governor Morehead's chance to make a record with his veto pen is yet before him.
King Ak-Sar-Ben will have to look to his laurels in the reflected light of the Knights of the Full Moon.

Officers of the Electric Lighting company insist that the proposed three-appraisalment plan puts them at the mercy of the city. We think it is the other way.
New Jersey naturalists are amazed to find a stranded squid with forty-two tentacles. If the Jerseymen wish to see some classy tentacles let them come west and observe the sheriff of Douglas county reaching for jail pudding.

The German minister of the interior has ample warrant for emphasizing the fact that none of the enemies' armies have yet set foot on the soil of the empire.
No doubt if the railroad managers put the question up to congress in the sweetly modulated tone heard in state capitols; the honorable lawmakers, who touch Uncle Sam for 20 cents a mile, will concede the moderation of two-and-a-half cents a mile and grant the appeal.

Thirty Years Ago
This Day in Omaha
Determined to give his anxious fellow physicians a subject to practice on, Dr. W. P. Wilson is now engaged in exercising daily on a fifty-six-inch Columbia bicycle.

Augustus D. Styles and Ida M. Laing, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Laing, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, 128 Mason street, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Maxwell.
Dr. Galbreath is visiting up a new office on Douglas and Thirtieth streets, and as soon as it is finished will take a holiday by going duck hunting.

Let Us Remember.
Despite world-war disturbances and industrial malingering, everyone competent to pass an opinion agrees that Omaha, in the heart of the most productive corn and wheat belt on the globe, is in as good, or better, position to catch the upturn as any other city anywhere.

The Bee wants to suggest again that everyone who is living permanently in Omaha, or in Greater Omaha, has his future inseparably bound up with this city; that the progress and prosperity of one cannot be detached and separately enjoyed; that if people are going to live together they must work together to produce desired results whose benefits all share.

The Fall of Przemysl.
For the allies, the capitulation of Przemysl is for many reasons the most important of the later events in the European war. It comes at a time when it cannot fail to have a stiffening effect on the morals of their armies in the field and their peoples at home.

In their usual frankness, the Germans themselves will probably not depreciate the loss of this stronghold or the need growing out of it to increase their efforts to offset.
Three times in the last half century have the people, in the midst of prosperity, listened to the promise of the democrats, and three times has the country fallen upon adversity coincident with the change.

Call to the "McKinley Men."
The call to the "McKinley men" sounded by ex-Senator Root to again rally and relieve the country from the incubus of democratic incompetency is not just sheer sentimentality.
"McKinley men" are the true progressives; because they make experience their guide, and while not afraid to take new steps, are careful to choose the way.

Sounding Abyssal Depths of Infamy.
Daily disclosures of the trial at Indianapolis of Terre Haute democratic politicians show a most astounding state of corruption.
"Did he get a piece of that beef, Bill?" asked one of the other.

With the Best.
An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish.
"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your iron are."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Score Another for the Army.
Western people are familiar with army legends, having to do with dealings with the Indians, and are always ready for another chapter of the romance.
John Wolf of Ebensburg, Pa., substituted an electric light bulb for a hot water bag as a foot warmer in bed. He doesn't know how it happened but he managed to escape in pyjamas as the house burned up.

Views, Reviews and Interviews
BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

WITH reference to the late William Wallace, I believe I am entirely within the bounds in saying that next to his life-work as a banker, which had first claim upon his energies, he devoted more time and thought to our public library than to anything else outside of the family circle.

When I went on the library board in 1904 the other eight colleagues were: Lewis S. Reed, William Wallace, Frank L. Haller, P. L. Foster, Elijah Dunn, T. K. Sudborough, Miss Elizabeth E. Poppleton (now Mrs. Shannon), and Mrs. Claire Rustin McIntosh.
Ex-Governor George L. Sheldon, who is here from the southland on one of his periodic pilgrimages to his old haunts, is a little more portly and a little more matured in look than when he was acclaimed "the boy governor of Nebraska," towering above all around him.

Along with a number of others, similarly favored despite their residence on this side of the Missouri, I attended the annual dinner of the Council Bluffs Commercial club, to whose success, from every point of view, I am glad to testify.
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Twice Told Tales
Miscellaneous Industry.
A certain judge tells the story of a cigar manufacturer and a banker who were attending a Wagner concert one evening.
"Every man," the banker said, "wants to do something outside of his own work."

Bill's Afterthought.
Two lottery delinquents had just finished a repast at Bethel mission—one of the spreads that are being laid out for the unemployed.
"An' didn't get some o' that soup?"

People and Events
Georgia bonds sold for a good premium to home buyers. The cotton slump did not shrink the store of coin down that way.

Hotel de Dieu, New York's exclusive hotel resort, goes out of business April 1, and the guests are housed in the early summer hotel.
Miss Edith Isabelle Tref, aged 24, of Terre Haute, Ind., has asked permission of court to change her name to William Bess Tref.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Hope for Drug Victims.
OMAHA, March 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: With your kind permission I should like to address the drug victims of Omaha and all over the state.
Eight years ago my life was laid waste by an unexpectable tragedy. The prominent physician called in—he is one of Omaha's wealthiest and foremost doctors—this very day—except me doped with morphia for weeks, "to save the brain," little quieting pellets, which, indeed, for a time gave succor from pain, from memory and anguish, but in their after effects shattered the nerve centers utterly, wrecked the mind and ruin body and soul.

Of course I knew nothing of the fatal habit whose first links my doctor had forged and riveted and which even then held me enslaved, but from which, had I been warned, I might have broken.
No, none of us are proud of our bonds—we lock up the secret and guard it with care. You see we never get any real encouragement to break away. The doctors all say it can't be done.

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I have taken an absolutely painless five days' treatment for opium, and I am cured. I will never relapse. Any physician that dares in future, should I ever get down and out as I was eight years ago, administer morphia or any of the many forms of the poppy essence into my system, "to save the brain," will have the biggest damage suit on his hands Nebraska ever heard of. I don't know, though, but I should hunt him up, take his favorite hypodermic plaything away and shoot him so full of his favorite panacea for pain that he'd pass straight-way over the "River Styx," where all such crass self-opinioned medical attacks rightfully belong.

What if our doctors do say it can't be done. I am a living testimonial to the certainty of this cure today, and there are thousands besides me who will prove the same. The crying never returns, after you take this cure, and none of those so treated ever go back to the habit, unless a leading physician happens to experiment on one of them in an attempt "to save the brain." I wish they would give the same attention to the soul that they do to the brain.
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Stands Up for Parochial Schools.
OMAHA, March 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your account of the lecture of Mary Antin you report her as having said: "The private school is not a menace to the schools; it is a menace to the children who attend the private schools, for they don't get a chance to be Americans."
There were nine children in our family, five of whom were educated in the public schools and four in the parochial schools. We usually gathered around the fireside on an equal basis, and we were never aware of the fact that some of us were being trained in a fashion that was not American.

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I want my children to receive a special training that they cannot receive in the public schools, and so long as I am willing to pay for it, it is my constitutional right to give them such training. To say that I am opposed to the public schools, or that I am an American, is pure, unadulterated rot. I received a portion of my education in the public schools and so I believe that their kindergarten was the best. Mary Antin may have a great deal of knowledge on some subjects, but she could write several more books on what she doesn't know about parochial schools.

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MIRTHFUL REMARKS.
"Who's that portly man with the prominent stomach?"
"Dat am Colonel Soandoo, sah," answered the courtly colored gentleman addressed.

KABIBBLE KABARET
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN IN SARAWAK WHO WORKED BY ME, BUT HE RAN AWAY FOR ROMANCE WITH SPANISH LAIDERS TO DANCE BES THE VERNON MESSIAH OF HAWAII!

"You used to say that you trusted the wisdom of the plain people."
"Yess," replied the courtly candidate. "But so many charming women are now voting in my state that I could no longer think of referring to the people as 'plain.'"—Washington Star.

"Mabel is certainly a great one for looking on the bright side of things. At the wedding the other day I said what a pity it was raining so, and what do you think she answered?"
"Whut?"
"That as everything else was so in harmony with the decorations it was lucky the bride carried a shower bouquet!"—Baltimore American.

THE VILLAGE AUTOSMITH.
Robert Love, in St. Louis Republic. Under a horseless-chestnut tree The town garage now stands. Bill Smith, who runs the business, has both large and stoney hands. Are strong enough—my lands! His hair is crisp and black and short. His face is caked with oil; His brow is wet with grease—and yet I do not think he'll spoil; He looks a fellow in the face And charcheth for his toil.

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