

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. By carrier, per year, 4.00. Daily without Sunday, 4.00. Evening and Sunday, 4.00. Events without Sunday, 4.00. Sunday Bee only, 2.00. Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Persons in arrears except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES. Omaha-The Bee Building, South Omaha-218 N. Street, Council Bluffs-14 North Main street, Lincoln-36 Little Building, Chicago-501 Hearst Building, New York-Room 106, 360 Fifth avenue, St. Louis-102 New Bank of Commerce, Washington-724 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MARCH CIRCULATION, 52,092

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 March, 1915, was 52,092.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed to my oath and sworn to before me, this 23 day of April, 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.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. C. S. Hayward. Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it within us or we find it not.—Emerson.

Welcome to Omaha, brother Nebraska editors!

The great world war should be enough for us without adding an industrial war of our own.

If our Nebraska fruit crop is not a record-breaker this year, it will not do to put the blame on Jack Frost.

Besides making for public convenience the automobile parking system enables pedestrians to visualize the lonesomeness of leg power.

All quiet on this side of the Rio Grande. With beer at "five bucks a bottle" in Matamoros, there is little prospect of peace on the other side.

Manufacturing Japanese "scares" around Lower California is a yellow journal specialty. An isolated locality gives a "scare" from a week to a month's run before a contradiction can arrive.

Mayor "Jim" declares that during the nine years he has been in the city hall he has never heard a klick on electric lighting rates. My, but the mayor must have had his ears stuffed with cotton!

The Commercial club announces that it is trying to arrange for a party of thirty Chinese merchants and bankers touring the United States to "stop off in Omaha." Brush up on your Chinese!

Sure, it's results we want in light rate reduction, and that is why the new rate schedule should be gauged to a straight-out meter measurement instead of a Chinese-puzzle lamp-capacity estimate.

Although the pie season is near the top level in variety and gustatory charm, the pie belt of the faithful clings to the "lean and hungry look." Who threw the brick into the machinery of the pie foundry?

Incidentally, in the registration of political party affiliations the republicans are in a majority in Omaha by about 4,000, which helps explain why democrats are such nonpartisans when it comes to a city election.

And now Senator Poindexter of Washington state lets it be known that he will seek re-nomination as a republican. Senator Poindexter is another of the bull moosers who swore he "never, never, never" would come back.

Albert J. Beveridge throbs with observations on war conditions gained during his recent visit abroad. But he is careful to avoid predictions, warned by his melancholy experience when he picked Russia as a sure winner in the war with Japan.

And now we are told there is no longer the slightest excuse for any set of candidates for office to denounce their opponents as creatures of a "machine." But they will keep right on denouncing, just the same. If there were no "machine" to be "smashed" at each election, the political game would lose all its zest.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Among the Omaha people who attended the Chicago opera festival were H. J. Taylor, Martin Cahn, Newton Raskalov, Robert Garlich, Al Patrick, Fred Nye, H. W. Breckenridge, Mrs. John Clark, Miss Myrtle Bask, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Frank, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dundy.

Miss Nellie Wakeley is back from Chicago, and her brother, Mr. Lucius Wakeley, will probably be in Omaha in June.

An amateur theatrical performance, "Caste," was put on at Fort Omaha, special mention being made of the parts of "Folly," taken by Mrs. Nason, and "Esther," taken by Mrs. Hamilton.

Rev. B. Laine, the evangelist, has returned from Platt county, where he has been holding revival meetings.

Notice is given that "the party that was seen to take the Spanish dog last night had better let him go again, or they will hear from James Davis, 568 Tenth Street."

Mrs. William Preston, Twenty-first and Howard, wants two good girls for domestic service, stairs preferred.

Short Ballot Progress.

While the whole short ballot program for Nebraska has not been realized on a fair measure of progress may be recorded as a result of the recent session of the legislature.

As a start toward abolition of useless offices, the coronership has been eliminated, and we will not elect any more coroners. In the direction of merger we have a combination office of county clerk and county comptroller, and the prospective consolidation of all the elective offices in South Omaha and the other adjacent villages by annexation to Omaha. Furthermore, we have the justices of the peace in metropolitan cities reduced from six to two, and all the constables made appointive instead of elective.

The only short ballot move that failed—lengthening the terms of county officers to four years—failed because of the hogish attitude of present incumbents blocking it by insisting on the extension of their own terms as the price. It goes without saying that term-extension is no necessary part of shortening the ballot, and the next legislature should be able to accomplish this reform without the intrusion of the lobby of county officers. The part of the short ballot program which had no attention whatever is that which would make members of the legislature elective by districts, each with an individual constituency that could enforce responsibility. Evidently the powers that be prefer the present method of bunching the delegation, but this reform will be eventually forthcoming.

On the whole, advocates of the short ballot in this state have every reason to feel encouraged and to persist in their efforts.

Close of the Chicago Hearings.

The sittings of the Industrial Relations commission in Chicago came to an end without fully realizing the promises made for it before its sessions opened. What information was carried in the press reports of the proceedings is of little comfort to those who have been hoping the body might turn up some new furrows. The Chicago inquiry developed the fact that certain big employers of labor are opposed to the employment of union labor. This fact was well known, and were also the several reasons given for the opposition, and is not of vital importance to the great question involved in the social unrest of the day.

So far as it has proceeded in its work, the commission has brought out little, if anything, that is new, but merely gives official standing to knowledge that is of little special value for mitigating existing social inequalities. So far as the industrial relations are concerned, the labor unions know better than any other social group can know that they must demonstrate their usefulness to employer as well as to employed, and that their success depends on the service they can give society. Labor unions will continue to meet with opposition, whatever the conclusions of the commission may be. This opposition will continue to serve as a stimulus to greater effort and better ways on part of the unions, whose imperfections are known to their thoughtful members, who realize they must win out on their merit rather than on their strength.

War Loans Here and Abroad.

One of the peculiar developments of the war is the fact that the governments of the various belligerent countries find themselves able to borrow money at home, not only in the amounts required, but actually cheaper than they can borrow it abroad. Practically all these governments are now floating short time securities or making temporary loans in our American money market, the proceeds being put to their credit to be drawn against the payment of heavy purchases of supplies which they are making in this country. But the discount and rate of interest yielded by these borrowings are greater than in their own financial centers.

This apparent discrepancy is doubtless to be accounted for by several reasons, among them the fact that subscription to government loans is regarded in Europe as a patriotic duty, but chiefly by the conditions of exchange which makes the transfer of actual money hazardous and costly. If it were possible to borrow the money at home and ship it over here freely, the interest rate would be quickly equalized, but there is quite enough risk in the one-way shipment of the goods that are bought. This condition therefore is a purely war phenomenon. It could not in the nature of things continue in accentuated degree after a return to the peace basis.

The far-flung battle line now stretches from the veldts of Africa to the foothills of the Himalayas. Shooting is proceeding in Mesopotamia and Arabia, on the fringes of the Holy Land and along the Dardanelles, exclusive of the operations in Europe. Besides the ocean lanes of commerce are patrolled by trade-defying naval scouts. The ramifications of the world war are so vast that a neutral power which attends strictly to its own business without fear or favor is an object of envy and unreasoning criticism.

The unfathomable depths of cautious conservatism are sounded by the terms of the Torrens land and transfer bill passed by the legislature. Its adoption in any county is conditional on a referendum vote, and, in event of approval, individual citizens have the option of using it or sticking to the old. Thus the citizens' right of selection is affirmed and no one's business is disturbed.

The Japanese emperor defers his crowning event to November 10, three years and three months after ascending the throne. Seven months' time, as predictions go, allows a large margin for peace negotiations and gives allied monarchs an opportunity to sweeten their congratulations. Meanwhile the committee of arrangements will have sequestered the necessary China.

The Lincoln Journal declares that we should have partisanship in city elections, only the municipal party should have no connection with party alignment for state and national politics. The nonpartisans want merely to form a party for each successive election instead of taking advantage of the parties already at hand.

The Political Caldron

THE political hots are getting ready for the fracas which will be on between now and the city election on May 4. The situation simmers down to this: Fourteen men aspire to seven positions as city commissioners, six aspire to six positions as city commissioners, six aspire to six positions as city commissioners, six aspire to six positions as city commissioners.

The campaign is taking on some life. There was complaint because of unusual ennui, an apathetic political feeling in the community. Voters within the next two weeks may look for some protechnics. Spring time is here and with it there comes the pep and a desire to get out and do things. In fact, the six anti, Zimman, Hackett, Metcalfe, Drexel, Jardine and Lamoreaux, have already been busier than beavers to reconcile themselves to a platform. They took off their coats and went to the task as if it meant life or death. They didn't miss much in their platform—if elected, they will reorganize the police department and health department, establish a new garbage system, enforce the bloodless law, the bill, change municipal ownership, physical valuation, more street lamps and lower light rates and a few other things. Quite a man's-size job, this. Nothing to be sneezed at. They declare they will rout the forces of evil said to dominate this fair city, if any forces of evil wait around for Mister Billy Sunday to put on the finishing touches to this wicked old town.

The six anti are going to have a campaign committee of fifteen and an honest-to-goodness manager and will hold meetings and distribute pictures and memorials of themselves. The "square seven" say the anti have nothing on them when it comes to putting out pictorial presentations. This carnival of pichitude promises to enliven the situation. The "ins" may also have a general manager for their campaign should it look as if they need outside help.

Last week the republicans threw a little scare into the democratic camp when they announced a mass meeting at Washington hall. "How dare you inject partisanship into local affairs?" This is a nonpartisan fight. How dare you be so impudent?" asked the democrats. But the republicans went right ahead and held an old-fashioned harmonious confab Saturday evening and declared that partisanship in all human activities yields the best results; that the pretended nonpartisan is a sort of spineless, phlegmatic, milk-and-water, opinion-beret, lack-luster individual whose influence in a community may be expressed by the minus sign of the minus sign, whereas party democrats to the contrary notwithstanding. "What are you going to do about it," asked the republicans. It has the effect of infusing fresh life into the campaign, even if it should stop right there, but the republicans aver they are going through with it. They expect to hold a few republican meetings and talk right out without any excuses for upholding the grand old party that gave us all the progress and prosperity we ever had. Cheer up, ye faint-hearted; all is not lost!

Some of the nonpartisan democrats say they will not play the game of partisanship with the republicans. They rise upon their highdudgeon and declare they are actuated by loftier motives; that they are exemplars, saviors of the people, heralds of the common man. It has been said that the democratic party is a debasing society, but it seems that they have been losing their debating proclivities. Aside from I. G. Dunn, all the debaters of the party here have given up their platform frolics.

Here is another querulous query frequently inquired: Will the "square seven" stand together for the fray? The mayor said a few days ago that no action has been taken upon this matter. He hurried home from his Missouri front of youth to look after his finances. He was enjoying himself at the Elms hotel, Excelsior Springs, when word was sent him that the republicans were dulling their weapons as token of war. "I'll see about this," said the mayor, as he bought a ticket for Omaha.

"What will become of Edward Simon?" is another question asked. Mr. Simon himself says he is a "wandering Jew," politically just now. He is, however, maintaining his sane froid manner and is going ahead with his campaign. He was nominated in the free-for-all by a handsome vote—by no means a tall-order—and he insists he has not yet turned on his full speed. "Stealing political thunder should be made one of the high crimes. On the stage it means 'You are cranking my act' or 'You are pulling my stuff,'" remarked the Careful Observer to his pal, the Oldest Inhabitant, as they pursued the platform of the anti-antidote candidates.

"I suppose you refer to the reduction of electric light rates. I see the anti come out for lower electric light rates at a time when they see Mayor Dahlman and Commissioner Butler taking up this matter and when it seems likely that the light company will grant a reduction," observed the venerable resident. "You got me the first time, Algeon." "Yes, I do think it is kind of petty larceny for the anti to promise lower electric light rates. I'll bet you a shilling that the other fellows beat them to it, whatever bet?"

"Well, I ain't a betting man, but I think you have it doped out about right. I should have thought that our friend Met would have had better political acumen than to have allowed such a plank to have gone into their platform, but it is their funeral. I ain't worrying over their trouble." "But it ain't playing the game right. I like to see some rules observed in this platform game. There should be ground rules and they should be observed. Haven't we any ethics in our politics?" "I dunno."

These are the days of political platforms. A platform is considered as a pre-election promise: It is an I. O. U. issued by the candidates and is redeemable after election. Sometimes these platforms are not fully redeemed. Tom Flynn, who gives his previous condition and servitude as that of a Journeyman plumber, but who now answers to the title of city clerk, offers the following first verse and last line of Kipling's "If," as his platform. "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you, if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting, too, if you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being hated don't give way to hating, and yet don't look too good nor talk too wise, You'll be a MAN, my son." Mr. Flynn invites the public to look his platform over. He admits it is a good platform and will stand the test.

Twice Told Tales

Inconsiderate. Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, probably has as large a circle of admirers as any minister that city. He always preaches to large congregations who are attracted not only by his personality, but by his intellectual and sometimes humorous sermons.

Last Sunday he made sanctimonious, psalm-singing, professed Christians who have no real religion in their makeup a target for his wit. A little boy who heard him remarked, after he returned home: "Mother, I shouldn't have thought Dr. Gordon would have spoken that way about Christians this morning. There might have been some of them in the church!"—Boston Transcript.

Useful Giving, Anyway.

A certain usher in a village church had a way of his own of dealing with cases of doubtful charity, relate a Boston clergyman. One Sunday he came around with the bag to a gentleman of doubtful openhandedness. This worthy, remembering, no doubt, that one should not publish one's good deeds too widely, concealed his donation in his close-shut fist and reached for the bag, whereupon the collector, deftly withdrawing it before he could reach it, said in a stern whisper: "Give it to me, sir. One has just come off my waistcoat."—New York Times.



A Call for Help.

OMAHA, April 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I want a man with whiskers on his face—one who believes that work is no disgrace—a man with large, red hands and freckled brow, to drive the mules and guide the stubborn plow. No pale-faced, cocaine-snuffer send apply, nor am I looking for a candy guy; for such as these the country has no charm, so send a man with a heavy, brawny arm.

I want no robust beggar from the streets, who shoots wet snipes and mooches what he eats, whose eyes are filled with artificial tears and who has loafed for five-and-twenty years. I want a man who knows he is alive, who quits his bed before the clock strikes 5, eats breakfast with a savage appetite and toils the live-long day with all his might.

No written application is required; these stereotyped petitions make me tired; if he has the sparkle in his honest eyes, and is fond of taking out-door exercise, he need produce no letter, bring no friend, his first day's work will be his recommendation.

I make this binding promise in return: I'll pay him every cent that he can earn; my wife will boil his shirts and brush his clothes, and tie his tie when he is courting goes. She'll arrange his room with true, artistic skill—a saw-dust cat upon the window sill, a corner what-not delicate and small, and grandpa's picture smiling from the wall. She'll load the table with the very best smoked meats, and eggs fresh taken from the nest; fried chicken with cream gravy every morning, that's what my men must have while plowing corn. When toil is done, on a pillow fit for kings—and as soft as the rustling of a fairy's wings—when night, o'er earth a veil of darkness throws, my hired men take no long hours' repose.

No. Hire a Hat.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 16.—To the Editor of The Bee: It appears from a communication in your paper of April 8, signed by A. L. Meyer, that the temperance society of the Methodist church is "the Anti-Saloon League's fake factory, parasitic on the Anti-Saloon League, that it is under the name of," etc. That its publicity matter contains "wilful misrepresentations," that it is "mendacious and unreliable," etc.

While the temperance society is probably much more friendly with the Anti-Saloon League than is Mr. Meyer, its relations are no more intimate. The society is one of the seven general boards of the Methodist church throughout the world, maintained by apportionments and responsible to the highest council of the church—the general conference.

It appears we are "mendacious and unreliable" because we say that West Virginia has the lowest tax rate in the country. If so, then the census bureau is also "mendacious and unreliable." For it says the same thing in its special bulletin on "Wealth, Debt and Taxation," recently issued.

Mr. Meyer is very ready to accuse others of misrepresentation. He is guilty of gross misrepresentation himself when he says that West Virginia is "broke" because of its prohibition law. It is true that the deficit for the year 1913 (I am quoting the Wheeling (W. Va.) Telegraph), a year before prohibition, was greater than the year 1914, which embraced six months of the prohibition period.

If Mr. Meyer wants to debate the question whether or not the temperance society is connected with the Anti-Saloon League, or the question whether or not prohibition raises taxes, or the question whether or not prohibition decreases wealth, or the question whether or not prohibition has proved beneficial and pleasing to the people of Kansas or West Virginia, and The Bee is disposed to open its columns to such a discussion, our coat is off and we are half-way through the ropes right now.

DEETS PICKETT, Research Secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Land for the Landless.

CHICAGO, April 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: If ever there was a time for a "back to the land" movement it is certainly now. But, unfortunately, after over a century of our public land policies, the United States census shows that the majority of American families are not only financially unable to buy farms, but they could not even carry themselves through to the first harvest. Something must be done to bring the "land back to the people."

The national and state governments should put the millions of acres of public lands to profitable use, so the people of this generation can get some benefit out of them. Until homesteaded, rented or leased, they should be turned over to the national and state agricultural departments to be farmed as extensively as the supply of workers will permit. It should be so planned that a man could begin as an employee and gradually work up and into a farm business of his own.

For example: A portion of the public lands should be divided into family-sized farms, the necessary buildings erected, equipment installed and a man of family hired to work each farm.

For the first year a small monthly salary should be advanced, and the government should buy the crop at its harvest time value, minus the salary advanced and the rent of the farm and equipment.

For the second year: Salary reduced one-half, and the government only takes enough of the crop to equal the salary, rent of farm and equipment, and also the value of the equipment. The farmer would now own the equipment.

Third year: No salary at all, and the government only takes enough of the crop to equal the rent of the farm. Thereafter the farmer goes it alone, the same as any tenant or leasee, until he homesteads.

The balance of the public lands should be, so far as the supply of workers lasts, worked by an industrial army, composed of all applicants, and they should receive a military as well as an agricultural education. The agricultural departments should have direct supervision of the public lands farm work, and the crops and stock should be such as could be used in the army and other public institutions, if desired.

By some such plan as the above, thousands of destitute families would have a chance to become independent, and most of them would make good. The

THE OLD WATER MILL.

(Where we used to drink after the well of "The Old Oaken Bucket" went dry.) Fantasia and overtures, peaceful and raging. And all of the classics intended to thrill. Are none as bewitchingly blissful, as astringent, As melodies I heard near the old water mill.

SUNNY GEMS.

"This notice of old Mithyun's death says his widow survives him." "I suppose she realized that was the only possible way she had of becoming his widow."—Baltimore American.

Hostess (at party)—Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie? Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—No, ma'am.

"Well, do you think she'd like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, confidently," she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie!"—Boston Transcript.

"When will the war be over?" inquired the impatient citizen.

"I don't suppose there's any way of telling," replied the querulous quibbler. "When the fiercest kind of fighting was going on they said the war had not really started. Maybe the war is over now, only they don't know it."—Washington Star.

He threw a huge wad of government 2s on the table in front of the girl and grinned in triumph.

Having thrown herself properly into his manly arms, she asked en passant as to the source of his roll.

"For the last two weeks," he responded, "I worked as a porter in a Pullman car."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE OLD WATER MILL.

(Where we used to drink after the well of "The Old Oaken Bucket" went dry.) Fantasia and overtures, peaceful and raging. And all of the classics intended to thrill. Are none as bewitchingly blissful, as astringent, As melodies I heard near the old water mill.

The soft-flowing voice of the water-falls, winding. The whispering trees and the oriole's trill. The throng of the hurs at the grid they were grinding. Were harmony grand at the old water mill.

The fanner's staccato of wheat it was screening. The pound of the bolt, turning 'round with a wail. The high-sounding hum of the smutter while cleaning. Made music sublime in the old water mill.

The minor legato of frogs in the bayou. The locusts forandoc in chorus so shrill. The wren's cheerful ditty, "Why sigh, O why sigh you?" Concordantly rose 'round the old water mill.

I've listened for hours at the numbers extrancing. While resting below in the shade on a sill. And nowhere I've heard a band play of a man sing. The songs that were sung 'bout the old water mill.

WILLIS HUDSPETH.

The Big Three The dollars that buy a Gordon Hat..

YOU now buy these highest grade tires at prices you formerly paid for ordinary tires.

ARE you getting from your present tires anything like the average mileage of 6,760 Miles recorded and certified to by the Automobile Club of America after official test of these tires?

Sending Money by Western Union is next Quickest, Surest and Safest to personally passing it from hand to hand.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Save the Luxus Coupons THE BEER YOU LIKE and get valuable premiums FRED KRUG BREWING COMPANY