

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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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.

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Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. G. L. Richeson. If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, you must let them see what he can make you like.—Charles Kingsley.

Not too late yet to paint up. Only four days more before the voting. It looks as if Florence were doomed to be a municipal orphan, at least for a while.

Cleveland also has 6-cent water. Can anyone tell why Omaha has to pay 31 cents? Florence and Benson may console themselves by watching Greater Omaha's smoke.

The mayor put the ball over the plate, but the senator muffed it. Anything symbolical in the play? Sull, as their own horn-blowers, these latter-day vote chasers are but faint imitations of the prototype.

Substantial advance toward equality will have been made when the face of electric light meters correspond with the bills.

No matter which side scores in the Syracuse play, Harward cannot lose. Plaintiff, defendant and presiding judge wear crimson colors.

Wonder if our suburban neighbors realize of what they have deprived themselves by not being annexed in time to mix in our city election melees.

The starting point of the women peace delegates is the Declaration, "We are sisters." Yes, and the men on both sides of the firing line are brothers.

Every visitor to Omaha is impressed with the bustling and businesslike appearance of the city. It is up to those of us who are permanent residents here to make the most of it.

Relief maps of the route from the entrance of the Dardanelles to Constantinople show a rugged, semi-mountainous country, but with enough cultivable land to furnish the cemetery necessities of the trip.

Commenting on the Omaha bread case decision, the Lincoln Star says: There is something grotesque in all ordinances that seek to prescribe inexorably both the size of the loaves and the price they shall command.

But the Omaha ordinance did not do it—it merely prescribed the weight of the loaf.

The British Parliament regards a general election as an inconvenience at this time and plans an extension of the present term until the war is over. This system of term extension will appeal with peculiar force to Nebraska officeholders.

Its simplicity and efficacy admirably contrast with futile arguments poured into unresponsive ears at Lincoln.

Thirty Years Ago. Elder J. B. Maxfield, presiding elder, and Rev. Robert L. Nash, pastor, have sent out cards for the dedication of Seward Street Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, May 14.

The street railway company has received two summer cars from the factory. The new home of Fred Draxel on Tenth and William streets, was the scene of a jovial house warming last night.

A wedding that interested Omaha people was that of H. L. Dovey and Miss Eva Knapp, which took place at the bride's home in Plattsmouth. Mr. Dovey was for a long time officer of the First National bank here.

Omaha lost the ball game to Cleveland by a score of 3 to 2. The local fans are placing great store for future games on the return to the club of Frank Handie, the favorite catcher.

Mrs. Corbett, 212 Howard, offers good wages for a girl for general housework. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan of St. Louis, with their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Dickey, of this city, have gone to California for a visit.

For the thirteenth of the series of the Ladies Musical society the program was given by the Misses Rowell, Judson, Edith James, Belle Stull, Minnie Stull, Bertha Yost and Georgia Souler.

Mr. George M. Sibble and Miss Eva M. S. Clark were married at St. Barnabas church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Patterson.

Questionable Use of Our Flag.

Another very interesting question has arisen, to add to the complexity of the war problem, so far as the United States is concerned. From Paris comes word that arrangements have been made by the hospital service to have ambulances that approach near to the firing line carry the Stars and Stripes as well as the Red Cross emblem. It is not a novel experience for Old Glory to be under fire while on an errand of mercy, but how will this practice affect the matter of neutrality? Is it not likely that the practice of seeking protection under the American flag, first resorted to by a British sea captain, may spread until we see a large part of the war operations carried on under the banner of the United States? There are other neutral countries—why only our flag?

The hospital work, as well as the general activities of the Red Cross, is humane, and necessary, and neutral, but the presence of the flag of a neutral nation on the firing line will not materially contribute to the settlement of the dispute between the belligerents, and may produce unpleasant complications. It is a questionable use at present for the American flag.

In Fairness to Simon.

Vote-hunting sharpshooters on the political firing line are expected to use any missile within reach, but in all fairness to former Representative Edward Simon, the public is entitled to know that the assault to discredit his sponsorship of the mothers' pension law is contradicted by the official record.

While no member of the legislature of two years ago had any monopoly on the introduction of mothers' pension measures any more than on any other subject, Mr. Simon's bill, House Roll No. 56, was the first to be presented, and in substance the one to be enacted. Everyone familiar with legislative procedure knows that where bills on the same subject are introduced simultaneously in both houses the speedy achievement of the desired result is expedited by acceptance by one house of the framework of the measure passed by the other, and this is what happened with the mothers' pension bill. The senate file, coming across before the house had acted upon the house bills, was amended by incorporating the additional features of the bills introduced by Representatives Simon and Jeary, and by an extraordinary action recognition was given to the two mothers' pension champions in the house by specifically adding their names as joint introducers.

The record is found on page 797 of the House Journal for 1913 in the report of the committee of the whole, which was unanimously adopted, and reads in part as follows: Amend that part showing the introduction by adding after the words, "introduced by Senator J. A. Robertson of Ohio," the words, "and Representatives Edward Simon of Douglas and Edwin Jeary of Lancaster."

If the record is the best evidence this should be conclusive aside from the fact that those trying to disparage Mr. Simon's work have waited two years to discover that he had no part in procuring the passage of a law for which his colleagues in the legislature themselves at the time gave him his full share of credit.

Effects of the Early Spring.

Aquarius, or Sagittarius, or whatever of the gods of the Zodiac presides over the destiny of April, seems to have muddled his medicine a little this time and is furnishing the world with dogday weather about three months in advance. And this unusual heat is having a most unpleasant effect on the temper of folks, for it must be responsible in some measure for the superheated controversies in progress in every direction. Candidates are calling each other names in public, legislatures are bandying epithets in post mortem arguments over what did or did not happen, notable leaders of thought are pursuing each other in court, and manifestations of a spirit of strife may be noted in every direction. This is lamentable, and if the weather is to blame, a prayer for a mild cold wave would be justified under the circumstances.

New Test for the Boycott.

The indictment by a federal grand jury in Chicago of a number of individuals, officers of labor unions, contractors and others connected with the building industry will bring to a test of court another feature of the "restraint of trade" function of the anti-trust law. In this instance the point involves the refusal by the building trades mechanics, under agreement with the contractors, to use materials not produced in Chicago. The effect has been to close the Chicago market, so far as possible, to manufacturers from the outside.

While the action is referred to as a boycott, it comprehends a much broader application of the laws of trade, and is likely to open up for consideration a very general field of commercial and industrial practices. First of all will come the question of the virtual monopoly that is thus established, so far as Chicago is concerned, on certain kinds of building material. Then will come the question of the right of two or more to agree to concerted action in the doing of a thing that is lawful for either, but which is held to be conspiracy when subject of agreement. Other lesser points will no doubt be developed, but these main factors in the problem will be of utmost importance.

Theoretically, free trade is an ideal condition; in practice, it has been found expedient to make provision against certain phases of unrestricted competition by protective regulations. How far these may be applied, first by labor unions in their own behalf, and then by contractors and manufacturers with labor unions, for their benefit, is the point to be determined.

As the administration proceeds with the Alaskan railroad much instructive information may be gained from Canada's experience in building the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Dominion put millions into the road with a view to opening up the northern wilderness to settlement. Settlers have not flocked to the region, the company which agreed to operate the road refuses to take it over and the government has the largest of white elephants on its hands.

The claim that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is supported by numberless tests. But until its efficacy is proven by soothing the turbulent vocal spirit of Omaha campaigners, cautious spectators will hold to the Missouri exclamation.

Deeds of Daring in Movies

Cleveland Moffatt in American Magazine. IN THE spring of 1913, while George and Ernest Williamson were down in the West Indies on their submarine shark-killing expedition for the movies, as already related, they made some motion picture studies of a diver in a diver's suit, working at the bottom of the ocean, and George Williamson posed quite often for these pictures before a motion picture camera under the water.

In the manner of a professional, he put on the helmet and ponderous costume and descended to a convenient wreck while two natives pumped air to him down the hose—and had their own motion pictures taken at the same time. Unfortunately, the natives became so much interested in this picture taking that at one moment they quite forgot to pump, thus leaving George Williamson fifty feet below the surface with no air to breathe. Had not Ernest seen the danger and leaped to the rescue it is likely that George's career would have ended suddenly, for a diver's life goes out like a snuffed candle if the air hose fails.

Another case was related to me by Harry Benham, a star of the Thanhouser company, who was nearly killed a few months ago while posing in "A Man Without Fear," a thrilling melodrama, in the course of which he was imprisoned by anarchists in the cabin of a coal barge, a real barge that lay at New Rochelle being used. Having burst his bonds, Harry cropt along the deck over piles of coal and finally, seeing no other way of escape, leaped upon a great steaming coal shovel that was just swinging its black load toward the shore, whereupon a Swede who was operating the derrick and hoisting machine, and who had been watching the pursuing bandits with bulging eyes, so far lost his self-possession that he pulled the releasing lever at the wrong moment, and suddenly, Benham, at the top of his flight, felt the coal falling away beneath him and found himself dropping down with the load through the opened shovel scoops. Practically he clung to the timbers above him and yelled to the Swede, who now, in his agitation, closed the scoops so violently that the actor's writhing legs just missed being sheared off by the massive jaws.

Many other motion picture artists have had exciting experiences at Niagara Falls, but the film taken on July 25, 1911, by Walter Arthur, veteran camera man of the Vitaphone company, easily ranks as a record of dare-devil achievement here, since it shows the actual passage over the falls of Bobby Leach, the only man who ever performed this feat and lived to describe his sensations. And Bobby's description is rather vague, since he was unconscious in his barrel during most of the trip.

For years before his great adventure Leach had followed an adventurous career as a showman and acrobat. He had made many balloon ascensions and had dropped often in a parachute, once from the height of two miles. He had dived from the great Suspension bridge, 266 feet high, that spans Niagara river, and four times he had gone safely in a specially constructed barrel through the whirlpool rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life. Finally, after years of hesitation, he made up his mind that it was possible for a man to go over the great cataract in a barrel and live, and, so he, Bobby Leach, was the man to do it. In vain his friends and his wife (she ran a little restaurant near the falls, on the Canadian side) tried to dissuade him. The thing could be done, he declared, and he was going to do it. At this time Leach was a white-haired man well over fifty.

There were two things he could do to help his chances. One was to provide the best kind of a barrel to carry him over the falls and he could select an advantageous point for launching his barrel. For weeks he experimented with kegs, beer barrels and horseheads, setting these adrift from various points in the river above the falls, from the American side, from the Canadian side, from this or that island, and then following their tumultuous courses and drawing what conclusions he could from them. In some cases he placed animals in the barrel, like a dog, or a cat, or a chicken, to see if living creatures could go through that race of waters and survive, but they never did.

This did not deter the enthusiast, however, and he proceeded to perfect his barrel, which was made of quarter-inch iron plates with a manhole on one side and a heavy iron cover that could be bolted in place after Bobby was inside, so as to make the craft water-tight. Near one end was a champagne cork with a nail driven through it and a cord tied to the nail so that Bobby could pull the cork out from the inside and perhaps get a little air if he found himself suffocating. As a matter of fact he never touched this cork during the swift journey because he fainted away when the barrel took its great plunge.

Another camera artist who has had many adventures in motion picture work is Carl Gregory, veteran camera man of the Thanhouser company. "One of the first big motion picture stunts I remember," he said, "was when we sent a White steam automobile at full speed over the steepest part of the Palisades and let it smash down with a wicked nobleman inside (played by a dummy), a scoundrel who had choked and beaten his young and beautiful American wife, and had fiercely pursued her when she was rescued by a gallant American lover in his automobile. There were five operators with cameras ready waiting for the smash-up, one man at the top of the Palisades to get the precept, and four of us down at the bottom on the shore of the Hudson river with our machines pointed up at various steep angles. When we heard the director shout, we began turning our machines, and each one of us got a section of the fall. We had filled up the steamer's tank with gasoline. At another time in a sporting picture, I was turned over and, sure enough, it did. I got a picture showing the automobile shooting straight out from the rock wall, then turning a clean somersault, then with a smash of black smoke, blowing itself into a thousand pieces. One of these, a heavy chunk of steel, whizzed by my head and buried itself in the ground. We gave the wreck to a policeman, who sold it for \$40."

Women artists, as well as the men, show courage in facing dangerous motion picture situations whenever the director assigns them to some hazardous role. That, by the way, is an interesting element in the motion picture business, the desire of the artist to please the director. If a young woman with the real motion picture zeal is asked to appear in a photo-play as a snake charmer, with real snakes in a photo-play, the chances are that she will step forward and do the thing, as Mignon Anderson did when her director cast her for "The Star of the Slide Show."

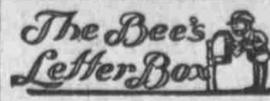
Mignon is 22 years old and weighs ninety-seven pounds, but she handled a rock python and a black snake from the Bronx Park Zoo like a veteran. These hideous squirming creatures could easily have crushed her frail body with their great constricting muscles. Anderson rode a horse fast from a burning barn after sitting on his back for a minute or so with the flames all about her (they were real flames of a real barn that was burned for the occasion), before she could make the frightened animal leave his stall. Then he ran as if all the devils in the country were after him, while Mignon clung to his mane, and the camera man, grinding outside, got the thrilling film that he needed.

Again, as a heroine, saving her dying father, Mignon raced a fast train in an automobile, speeding it up to fifty miles an hour, although she had only a week to learn how to do the thing.

"Weren't you afraid?" I asked. "I had no time to be afraid," she laughed, "I was too busy changing gears. You see, I had to let that train beat me first and then beat the train. It was a neck and neck race."

"A real race?" "Sure." "Didn't the people on the train know about it in advance?" "Not a thing. I just waited where there was a stretch of road parallel with the track, and when the regular fast passenger train came along I started the car and the camera man started his machine."

It should be said in this instance that the manufacturer of the car, Mignon Anderson, had a contract that allowed her to impersonate her driving car, which would have been easy, thanks to car and goggles, but Mignon's sporting pride required she race the train herself, and race it she did.



Blue Grass Outgrows Dandelions.

PALMER, Neb., April 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Bluegrass, if properly cared for, will make an end of the dandelion. This grass loves lots of water and a rich soil and scanty clipping. Close mowing cripples it and seems to take the life out of its very roots. It should be heavily watered and not mowed at all for a year or the dandelion is well seeded. The grass thus mowed grows and becomes so thrifty that it will choke out the dandelion and about everything else that grows in the same ground with it, including alfalfa and fruit trees, as the farmer well knows to his cost. The first thing is rich soil. The second is a wet soil and the third is very high and infrequent mowing, but the main thing is water. Keep the soil wet.

My lawn, when first started became a beautiful mat of dandelions. I could wet only part of it. This wet part is free of the pest. The dry part still breeds dandelions. After the pest is cleared out of the ground by the wet treatment the same condition must continue, as the dandelion will start again. I believe no lawn should be mowed after July 25, so as to let the grass get a good fall growth and make a good mat on the ground. Set the mower very high if you like and cut off the weeds above the grass, but let the grass grow in the fall. C. S. MINNICH, M. D.

Music an Asset to a City.

OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was pleased to read your excellent article yesterday on the opening concert by the Mandelbrough choir and the Chicago Symphony orchestra. This recognition of the efforts of Thomas Kelly to build up a musical atmosphere in this city is better than getting up a parade to follow his hearse after he is dead. Mr. Kelly deserves much credit. He has worked hard and the people should support his efforts to give Omaha a worthy musical organization. It is no asking for any particular credit or sympathy for he is a practical man. He made a five-year contract with the Chicago orchestra and this contract has just expired. I am told by a member of the choir, a friend of mine, that the recent series of concerts just paid out. That should not be the case. Mr. Kelly should not have to feel any uncertainty as to the financial success of such a musical enterprise as this.

I believe Omaha is just a little bit tardy in its support of those who are giving their lives to the musical culture of the city. Music is just as much a part of the city's life as street cars, automobiles or other modern conveniences. Mr. Kelly is a producer, taking this in a strict economic sense. He is a producer in the sense that good music makes for better citizenship and better citizenship makes for better Omaha. I am glad that you gave Mr. Kelly the praise he deserves as a leader and, of course, this praise is extended to the members of his choir as well. I was told the other day by a man whom I believe knows that Kelly is the best choir leader this side of Chicago. I haven't met Mr. Kelly for several weeks, so it cannot be charged that anything I say here is "inspired."

I do not want to be understood that Omaha is not musical—quite the contrary—but I do maintain that now is the time to make some signs which will be understood by Mr. Kelly and those working with him that Omaha appreciated the series of spring concerts he gave during the last five years and that stronger support will be assured if these concerts will be continued for another period of five years. D. E.

Despoilers of Nature.

OMAHA, April 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was very glad to see the article on "Wildflowers and Pioneers" by "M. L." in Sunday's Bee and only wish that it might had even more prominent space so that "all might see."

I, too, am keenly interested in the virgin woodlands about us and as I have not the privilege of possessing any of it myself I cannot possibly be criticized for mercenary motives. Therefore I feel free to discuss the criticism in that letter which was as just as the invitation was generous.

I do not know so much about the region north of Florence, because my "haunts" are for the most part along the Missouri, down toward Bellevue—that most delightful Childs' Point region, amongst the hills and dales and virgin forest, which I do not doubt those splendid men composing the Fontepelle Forest association contemplate some day acquiring and preserving for the public.

Time and again have I strolled along the paths to and from that region, so magnificently and luxuriously favored by Dame Nature, only to have the pleasure and joy of the scene blotted by the frequent sight of immense bunches of withered wild flowers which a few hours earlier had been ruthlessly and greedily plucked by thoughtless youth at a spendthrift maturity, and as quickly trampled and trampled by the way-side.

I do not, and hardly think that M. L. would, object to the bona fide plucking of a spray to a button-hole bouquet or even, when they are plentiful, to the careful digging up of a spot for transplanting at home; but the ruthless, selfish mania for wholesale plunder is most emphatically to be discouraged. The prodigality of nature is a source of inspiration when contemplated "in place"; as soon as severed it quickly becomes dross. And, in passing, it may very appropriately be stated that the birds are as much a fixture in the landscape as the flowers, and when ruthlessly killed are but "food for worms" and therefore such "life" is inexpressibly absent from the canvas.

So it is regrettable that in this, as in other matters, people cannot practice temperance but must have their fill. It is the case in every tourist region where even the plucking of a twig is penalized.

I suppose, however, that it is idle to dwell upon the subject. It seems that there always have been, and probably will continue to be, some people to whom the love of "personal liberty" and the winning of a race in feverish commercialism is the acme of true satisfaction.

A. W. ANDERSON.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"How's the eye crop in your section, farmer?" asked a port town youth with intent to chaff the bucolic one. "Lead failure." "For lack of rain?" "Naw, for lack of distilleries. Giddap, you mules!" Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I notice the road agents who held up the train worked with different methods." "In what way up her neck?" "Well, one was rifling the load, the other was loading the rifle."—Baltimore American.

Customer—Have you an alarm clock that will wake the help without waking up the whole house? Clerk—No, madam; but I can give you one that will wake up the whole house without waking the help.—Boston Transcript.

"I could have done better than to marry you." "A common cry among wives, my dear. You women shouldn't blame us men for lack of business acumen. To assure yourselves that you have married as well as possible you should get into sealed proposals."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Men are slow to embrace an opportunity," remarked the sage. "But they are always looking for a chance to hug a delusion," added the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What's your hired man plowing up your front yard for, Elmer?" "My daughter has a new camera, and the instruction says to break up the foreground before taking a picture, and couldn't very well let her do that hard work."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Phatpurs—Percy Bargoott married. Taken in by a designing parlor maid? How shocking! Mrs. Stufrol—Deserves it, I say. Ought to have taken her references before he hired her.—Judge.

Manager—I say, can we get anything like a real doctor in this town to attend a sick actor? Village Inhabitant—Sure. Just go to that corner grocery. You'll find a man there who's all right at curing hams.—Baltimore American.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is the fourth dimension?" "I can't be bothered about that just now, my son."

"I guess the question is all right. But I must say I never heard an answer to it that struck me as very sensible."—Washington Star.

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THE LITTLE WORN SHOES.

Poor, tired little shoes! Uncomplaining they give their life to fulfill The orders and calls and commandments Of feet that never are still. They tramp o'er the hills and the meadows, And mud is their chief delight; They were trim and shining this morning, Now they are a woeful sight. They are scuffed and muddy and dingy; Their tongues hang pouting for breath; For the little feet that wear them, Have run them almost to death.

And while they are busy destroying, I'm busy finding a way To buy new shoes on the morrow, To replace the ones of today.

For new shoes, prized as a treasure Today; tomorrow are old. But at sight of innocent faces, I have not the heart to scold.

Though each year they're a bit larger, And cost just a trifle more, And each year they wear a bit faster Than they did the year before.

For the little feet in the future Will lose their desire for play, And soberly walk in the highways With no longing or wish to stray.

So I turn to my work with new purpose, And new courage for the fight, And through blinding tears, as I view them, Those shoes are a beautiful sight.

Then I gather them up with rapture, And thank the Lord with a will, For the rough little shoes, worn and shabby, And the feet that never are still. Omaha. DAVID.

YOUR APPETITE

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