

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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MAY CIRCULATION, 53,345. 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 May, 1915, was 53,345.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 30 day of June, 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.

June 18 Thought for the Day Selected by Julia Eleanor Porter. No lie is so strong and complete but it yearns for the smile of a friend.—Wallace Bruce.

You're all right, Mr. T. P. A. Stop off in Omaha again, and often.

The name "Julia" evidently is too classic to enlist a helping swell from the Big Muddy.

Greater Omaha day will in time become a fixture on our municipal calendar. Mark it down.

Viewed through the periscope of a famous annual picnic, precedent is mightier than prophecy.

List to the joyous music of Honeysuck. The houn' dawg's honest bark bays deep-mouthed welcome to all Missourians.

Looks also as if some kind of a get-together meeting were needed on the population to the be claimed for Greater Omaha.

It would not be a bad idea to make the rule to "exclusively devote my time" to the job apply to all our high-priced public officials.

No riot, serious accident or scandal this year at the cadet camp. Congratulations! Some lessons have to be learned only once.

It is barely possible the country could get along comfortably for a few weeks without any more "statements" from statements.

Which reminds us, What has become of the Conservation-of-natural-resources movement and its many publicity-seeking spokesmen?

Should those Mexican Yaquis insist, doubtless they will be shown that making "good Indians" is not a lost art. Uncle Sam aims to please.

Greece by popular vote expresses a preference for war. This is one of the rare times in which the world is eager to accommodate the voters.

Note that Milwaukee bakers have reduced the price of bread to correspond with the drop in flour without waiting sixty days for the flour to "ripen."

The unexpected sometimes happens. One alienation damage suit failed to reach the cash box. The verdict bars the glowing prospect of a fine line of legal business.

Colonel House rivals John Lind as a shining example of silence. Both dealt with State department affairs, but their discreet example failed to impress the higher-ups.

It was certainly tough on Brother Howell to have to go out of the insurance business to take on his \$5,000 job, and it is tougher still to have "to exclusively devote my time to the Omaha water plant" when tempted by the side profit from selling to some other town the time already paid for by our taxpayers.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. A new Episcopal parish to be known as St. John's has been formed, with the following wardens and vestrymen: D. L. Thomas, E. B. Chandler, John I. Redick, W. W. Williams, J. R. Ringwald, G. C. Melville, John Hayward, George C. Hammond, Harry Manville.

A pleasant home wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sears, 236 South Twenty-first street, united in marriage Louis J. Neff and Miss Mabel N. King, the groom well known as a clerk in the Helman clothing store; and the bride a favorite in Omaha society.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Webster entertained about thirty guests in honor of Mrs. Williams, who is their visitor from New York.

At a meeting of property owners interested in the grading of Harney street from Sixteenth to Twenty-sixth a committee was appointed to urge the council to proceed with the work. The committee consisted of: C. B. Rustin, J. J. Brown, P. E. Her, Edward Rosewater, J. R. Hendricks and D. Kenniston.

General and Mrs. Henry A. Morrow stopped over in Omaha as the guests of General and Mrs. Dandy, 305 Park avenue.

J. E. Ferguson, one of the salesmen in Smith's dry goods store, is rejoicing over the advent of a girl baby at his home.

Nebraska Weather for the World.

If the establishment of the main weather bureau investigating station at Omaha is to have the effect of giving the world a share of Omaha's salubrious climate it will confer a boon on suffering humanity, compelled to exist in less favored spots, such as Kansas City, where the trade winds never strike; Sioux City, where they veer to the east. In one torridity is the normal state of life, and in the other humidity. Omaha's situation is a happy medium between the two, with the blessings of both and the evil of neither. Denver, from its mile-high altitude, pretends to patronize Omaha, because of its lack of elevation, and Seattle, its feet bathed in the dark waters of Puget sound, says we are too high up to have the real thing in the way of climate. Los Angeles talks of its sunshine, and Minneapolis of its ozone, and other cities set forth claims to some especially desirable quality of climatic condition, and rest happy in enjoyment of a single advantage.

But Omaha, blessed beyond its rivals, possesses a climate that is a happy blending of all the good qualities the others boast themselves of, while its only drawback comes with the thought that everybody doesn't live here to enjoy it. We have the elevation that gives the joy of being up, without danger of nervous prostration or heart failure; nowhere does the sunshine flood a lovely landscape more lavishly with golden light; nowhere are bluer skies more opulent in the lovely star-studded diadem of the night; nowhere does ozone impart more inspiring zeal to blood rushing through lungs expanded by glorious draughts of dustless air, and nowhere is life more of one unending song of exuberant activity than in Omaha.

The weather bureau has chosen well its spot to observe what makes for perfect weather.

Understanding Means Peace.

Anticipation of the reply from the imperial German government to the American rejoinder will not now be attempted, because of the unwisdom of speculating on so grave a question. However, the tone of expressions from influential Germans justifies the belief that an important section of the German people earnestly seeks to preserve friendly relations with the United States. Agitators in both countries are busily fomenting occasion for bitterness, if not for actual strife, but it is quite likely the sober good sense of the two great nations will prevail. It is reasonable to think the kaiser will recognize the serious aspect of the situation, and that his reply will be such as will clearly indicate the German purpose. As the issue is better understood, and the real sentiment of the citizens of both countries is more fully expressed, the outlook for a peaceable adjustment of existing differences becomes more favorable.

A Triumph for Reason in Strike Settlement.

The resort to arbitration in the Chicago street railway strike, and the resumption of service pending negotiations, is a belated recognition of a principle that should have been applied with the first move. Obduracy manifest on both sides of the controversy brought matters to a temporary interruption of service, and consequent inconvenience to the public, the great silent partner in all such enterprises. The early restoration of conditions to normal is something to the credit of both employers and men, for it shows that when reason gets a hearing, strife takes a back seat. The case on either side would have been as strong if the matters in dispute had been submitted to a board of arbitrators at the beginning.

Resort to arbitration is always in order for the adjustment of disputes, and especially when the public is so concerned, as in the instance of street railway traffic. In connection with this much of stress has been laid in urging compulsory arbitration, a course that has been tried and that has not proved always satisfactory or serviceable. Settlement of labor disputes, whether involving wages or other factors of employment, should be by conciliation or by arbitration mutually agreed upon. The side that "has nothing to arbitrate" usually is wrong, and relies upon force to accomplish something that will not stand the scrutiny of justice.

Anyone Here Seen Kelley?

Our amiable democratic contemporary puts in a plea in avoidance of the charge that Mr. Bryan is a spoliator by citing his last official act in protecting the appointment to a consular position of a certain "Mr. Kelley of Lincoln," whom the W.-H. denominates a "brand-blown-in-the-bottle republican" who has kept democrats busy defending their party against Kelley's "adroit, clever and sinful attacks." Now we may possibly have met Mr. Kelley; but in all our familiarity with republican politics in Nebraska for a quarter of a century we never heard of him on the firing line for any republican ticket. If he is a republican we may be sure, from the fact that he is picked for special favor by Mr. Bryan (if that be a fact), he must be the kind that has more coming to him from the democrats than from his own party. Rest assured that no stand-up-and-be-counted republican has had appointive recognition from any part of the democratic administration that could be given to a democrat or assistant democrat.

The California oil land decision is said to be worth \$15,000,000 to the government. President Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific asserts that oil has not been discovered on the land in question and that the company offered to deed it back to the government at 15 cents an acre provided the Department of Justice withdrew charges of fraudulent entry. Between the claims of victor and vanquished lies much material for Ananias club sitting.

The contest for penmanship honors in the Omaha schools draws attention to the fact that the typewriter has a long way to go to banish a fine art. It cannot be denied, however, that the mechanical writer renders good penmanship an individual accomplishment far more than a necessity.

The marked uplift in the passenger business for the present silences demands for increased rates. Postponement affords time for formulating rates on the basis of weight carried. On that basis only will equity be done.

The thrifty housewife who looks ahead is up to her elbows "preserving."

Centennial of Waterloo

ONE hundred years ago, June 18, 1815, was fought the battle of Waterloo, a few miles to the rear of the northwestern battle front of 1815. The allies at Waterloo are enemies today. France under Napoleon fourth the British, Prussian and Dutch armies. Today Germany alone contests for supremacy against the allied French, British and Belgian armies in the west. The alignment has changed, but the hub of the struggle is much the same as when the sun set forever on Napoleon's power and prestige.

Waterloo has become the woe-synonym for defeat and disaster. The battle which immortalized the name would today be regarded as insignificant from the viewpoint of numbers. Where millions now give battle, then the total barely reached 300,000. Napoleon brought to Waterloo approximately 74,000 men. The Anglo-allied army under Wellington numbered 100,000 and the Prussian army under Blucher 117,000. The odds in numbers were largely balanced by the preponderance of French artillery—248 guns to the allies 154.

A vital element in Napoleon's plan was secrecy. The allies, loosely scattered in a country only half in sympathy with their cause, were not to know of his approach in time to concentrate. And they did not. Not until June 15 did the critical nature of their opponent's operations dawn on them. Then, thanks to the fine detailing which Zieten's corps made, Blucher by mishap of that day had occupied the ground necessary for his concentration. Blucher's headquarters were closest to the front, and he first perceived the gravity of the moment. Besides he had had experience with Napoleon's vigorous strategy. Wellington in Brussels was more unprepared.

There was a sound of revelry by night, Napoleon was not a prophet who had believed that his beauty and his cavalry, when the Iron Duke was apprised of Napoleon's approach. Only the boldness of his subordinates, among them Prince Bernard, saved Quatre Bras to the allies. Napoleon's letter to Marshal Ney, written at Charleroi at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, set forth his strategy. "I have adopted," he wrote, "as the general principle for this campaign to divide my army into two wings and a reserve. . . . The Guard will form the reserve, and I shall bring it into action on either wing just as circumstances dictate. . . . According to circumstances, I shall weaken one wing to strengthen my reserves." By this he disclosed his intention of aiming at a decisive result only on that wing upon which he engaged his reserve.

But Ney's failure to carry out his instructions on the 18th furnished good reason for Napoleon's letter complaining that Ney had ruined France. He had been ordered to seize Quatre Bras and then turn to crush Blucher caught at Ligny. Ney delayed and Wellington with reinforcements was able to check him. Blucher on the other flank at Ligny had been beaten by the emperor, but not destroyed, as was so necessary to Napoleon's success. Napoleon had planned to begin the attack early on the morning of the 18th, but fate was against him in a heavy downpour of rain. The horses floundered in the mud and it was impossible to get the artillery in place. Shortly after 5 o'clock the rain ceased and before noon the battle had begun. But Blucher was already well under way from Wavre, and (though it did not even know where he was. . . .

Back and forth surged the battle until near nightfall. Twenty thousand French infantry charged to the very top of Mont St. Jean, Wellington's center, but the brave Picton hurled his brigade against them, losing his life in the act, and the British cavalry drove them back down the hill three times. Charges were renewed with the same result, Ney having four horses killed under him. The afternoon was half gone. Looking toward Wavre, Napoleon saw Blucher approaching. Wellington must be disposed of before he arrived. Ney was ordered to carry La Haye Sainte at any cost, and Blucher's advance was to carry the summit of the Mont St. Jean. Under this fearful charge the English drew back, and Napoleon, thinking that they were in retreat, sent a messenger off to Paris to announce the victory. "Boys, can retreat be thought of?" cried Wellington. "Think of old England. . . . The night was passing on past the guns. Kept on the left called for re-enforcements. . . . "There are none," replied Wellington. "He must let himself be killed." The French halted. "Will the English never show their backs?" exclaimed Napoleon. "I fear not till they are cut to pieces," replied Soult. In three hours had occurred those memorable charges that have become world-famous. In three times the French cavalry had been sent plunging through the gap between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. Thirteen times those gallant riders charged the stubborn red squares, and each time the English withstood attack.

Most military students divide the battle of Waterloo into five phases. In only one of them, the fourth, did Napoleon gain any decided advantage. That was when Ney, under orders to carry La Haye at any cost, succeeded, and this advance was followed by the brilliant bayonet charge of two battalions of the Old Guard, which drove the Prussians out of Planchenoit. Blucher's reinforcements for Wellington saved him at the critical moment and the danger was passed. The final fierce French attack all along Wellington's front into which the Guards were sent in three echelons was beaten back by the indomitable British and Dutch allies. Then when the French line recoiled, Zieten with his Prussians pierced it, and all the Allied troops poured, after the routed French army, now little better than rabble. In all the wreck, three battalions of the First Grenadiers of the Guard made a glorious stand, defying all efforts to break them. Fortunately for the Emperor, the French troops holding Planchenoit kept the Charrieri road for his retreat. In only one of the phases, the fourth, did Napoleon gain any decided advantage. That was when Ney, under orders to carry La Haye at any cost, succeeded, and this advance was followed by the brilliant bayonet charge of two battalions of the Old Guard, which drove the Prussians out of Planchenoit. Blucher's reinforcements for Wellington saved him at the critical moment and the danger was passed. The final fierce French attack all along Wellington's front into which the Guards were sent in three echelons was beaten back by the indomitable British and Dutch allies. Then when the French line recoiled, Zieten with his Prussians pierced it, and all the Allied troops poured, after the routed French army, now little better than rabble. In all the wreck, three battalions of the First Grenadiers of the Guard made a glorious stand, defying all efforts to break them.

People and Events

Mayor Mitchell's hunt for bear in the west was a failure, but he had a "bully time." He is back in New York, where the tiger abideth.

Fifty years ago the only persons on the payroll of the New York fire department were the bell ringers who called the volunteers to duty. Same here.

Billy Sunday says if he had a few millions he would build and endow a home for broken-down preachers. Meanwhile a contribution to that object will help some.

The Dreamland property on the ocean front at Coney Island has been appraised at \$2,175,701. The property is to be a part of Greater New York's ocean boulevard system.

A cordon of officers surrounded a New Jersey swamp into which three highwaymen escaped. The officers are calmly waiting for mosquitoes to chase out the robbers. It is a clinic.

The Garibaldi are keeping up the fighting record of the family. One of the two with the French colors was killed, the other wounded. Six have enlisted in the Italian Alpine brigade as privates.

Kansas Holiness college, located at Hutchinson, serves notice on 177 students that Tan Quid capers will not be tolerated in the institution. Any pair showing symptoms of heart palpitation will be branded as sinners and chased out into a sinful world.

The Bee's Letter Box

Hospitality of Malvern. OMAHA, June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: The kindness shown by the people of Malvern upon the occasion of "Visitors' day" Thursday, when a very large delegation of Omaha people visited the camp of the Omaha High school cadets in their city, is certainly worthy of special notice. As one of a large number, I desire to express my appreciation of the courtesy and kindness shown to our party, and I know from the numerous expressions heard on all sides upon that occasion, that all who were there share this sentiment.

To those who were not there, will state that practically every auto in Malvern was placed at the service of the Omaha people upon their arrival, to convey them to and from the camp, and this in addition to many courtesies shown the cadets during the entire week. For this service no one would accept any pay whatever. Omaha should not forget Malvern. E. E. ZIMMERMAN.

The Omaha Public Library. OMAHA, June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: "May blessings rest upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenician, or whoever it was that invented books." This tribute, which comes from the Niagara Falls of literature, Thomas Carlyle, came to the writer's mind as he looked upon the Omaha Public Library. The outside of the building is adorned with the names of men of letters who make up the Valhalla of printed thoughts. In front, and high up near the roof, are busts of Demosthenes, Aristotle, Socrates, Sophocles, Homer, Cicero, Caesar and Virgil. The windows are named in honor of men whose works have enlightened the mind: Schiller, Goethe, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Tasso, Racine and Corneille. On the side of this temple of Minerva are busts of Horace, Plato, Seneca, Herodotus and Plutarch; while the windows recall America's contribution to literature: Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson and Irving.

As a young man, upon beholding a maiden, instantly concludes that whatever is delicate is delicious, so the writer, after viewing the Omaha Public Library building, decided to go inside and taste whatever mental wares it might offer. And, as a result, he found a new friend. So you, Socrates, put on your shoes and stockings; you, Dante, leave Beatrice and the profundities and stand at attention; you, Dr. Samuel Johnson, stop browbeating your comrades; you, Alexander Pope, leave off your fastidious, perfumed couplets; you, Thomas Carlyle, quit your celestial "knocking"; and your roving the earth with your epiced ideas, rugged and grand; you, Longfellow, leave Evangeline to her sad, soul-melting fate; you, Plato, leave off translating for us mortals the sympathy of the spheres; you, Swedeborg, cease telling of the subtilities of the Christian heaven; all of you stand at attention while Emerson extends the right hand of fellowship to Pascal. Mediocrity would have us believe that inspiration is merely a sublimated impulse. But instead of this "damning with faint praise," as our friend Shakespeare would call it, we prefer to believe that great minds are headed the Biblical command: "Tarry ye here, till ye be indeed with power from on high."

While at the Omaha Public Library I was also introduced to Rev. L. J. Vaughan. In reading him we get acquainted with a rare soul. Then at the end of the sermon or essay he brings in, through the portals of poetry, a mutual friend—Tennyson or Browning or Lowell, or Holmes. Which in turn brings to mind those three saints who have been so beautifully described as "The Clover-leaf of Capadocia." Saint Basil the great was one of this triumvirate of holiness. I have forgotten the names of the other two. As all poetry leads to sublimity and the stars, so this little article on the Omaha Public Library will close by quoting from Father Vaughan's address on "The Ideal Home." It refers to the Son of God, the founder of Christianity: "The greatest man in history was the poorest." These are Emerson's words. EMEON BEARDSLEY, 2814 Douglas Street.

Convinced by a Medium. NORTH LOUP, Neb., June 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Like all people who have read the scriptures, the subject of immortality, and, life and death beyond the tomb, were uppermost in my mind. I am not a spiritualist, but have carefully read many authorities on the subject of psychology, among them the works of Thomas J. Hudson; some of Swedenborg's and many of lesser importance. I was trying to find the key to the subject. I have been before many, many mediums for no other purpose than to learn the nature of the art. I have found that, like other things, most people who style themselves mediums have some claim to spiritual power, there being a few only who are swarters. Any person who has seen the real demonstrations should never be fooled by the fake, because the difference is the difference between day and night. One evening five or six people, including myself, happened to the home of a medium who was training one of his students. He asked if we wanted to see a demonstration that was the real thing. Of course we did, because to see the dead really get up and walk was a new one on me. We were invited into a small room, and we wanted to make sure that no fake was to be worked. There was nothing in the room except a small table and a canvas cover which was made so that it would cover three people sitting in a row, with holes so that we could have our hands and heads out to the light. Two of us sat on either side of the medium and grasped his hands firmly, knowing that he could not move. Greatly to my surprise we had no more than grasped the hands of the medium until the form of my sister's hands came before me and immediately the hands were tugging at my hair. I was a child when she was living and had forgotten the style of her gloves; they were in the '70s. But on seeing the hands I clearly remembered it. She seemed so anxious to meet me as any person could be. At the same time I gave my place to another so that I might have a better chance to see. Over the heads of the three persons, all of us saw many, many hands, and the whisper of many voices. I discovered one peculiar thing: I could put my hand out and a hand would reach out and grasp me by the fingers, which all of us could plainly see and I could feel. But even though it seemed that I could grasp the hand, on second thought I found that such was illusory, after many attempts. They seemed as quick as lightning. At no time were we to darkness and we were accorded every chance to investigate. I both heard and saw what no mortal could have done. A couple of people were desperately in tears, but as for myself the demonstration was pleasant. The appearance of the

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Have you noticed the clock?" he asked at the hour of midnight. "Yes, I have," she replied, with a yawn. "It hasn't been going for three hours." "Neither have you."—Yonkers Statesman. "I have just been reading the Constitution of the United States." "Well?" "And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow really has."—Pittsburgh Post. "Lawyer—So you went out and waited for some time on the pavement. Now did you strike the witness in the instep?" "Defendant—No, I didn't. I patted him in the jaw."—Baltimore American. "Everyone in our family is some kind of an animal," said Jimmie to the amazed preacher. "Why, you shouldn't say that," the good man exclaimed. "Well," said Jimmie, "mother's a deer, the baby is mother's little lamb, I'm a kid and dad's the goat."—Ladies Home Journal.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.

How we love to turn the pages of life's record or end or'er. In fond memory re-living All the days that are no more. Those old days held sun and shadows, Joyous laughter, mournful tears, Gladness, too, and some deep sorrows, Some bright hopes, perhaps some fears. But the shadows now have faded, And the tears have long since dried; Fears and sorrows are forgotten, And the joys are magnified. So we sigh in looking backward, And repeat in hazy phrase: "Those were good old days, my comrades!" Ah, but those were good old days! "Those old days were glad and sunny, Would that they could come again; They were good old days, my comrades, But we did not know it then."—OMAHA. —DAVID.

NO ALUM IN ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Ridgways Tea. "Oh, do you serve RIDGWAYS too? Isn't it splendid? Everyone's talking about it." H. J. Hughes Co., Inc., Wholesale Distributors.

The Goddess. "Join the army," follow Celestia, see Anita Stewart in the Vitaphone pictures of "The Goddess." See the Vitaphone Pictures at your favorite theatre. Read the Story of Gouverneur Morris in The Daily Bee.