

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646. 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 June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 15 day of July, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. T. B. Lamon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. —1st Cor. 3:11.

All quiet on the Russian front. Welcome the prophecy of fair weather. Now to make good on it.

Base ball is not the only thing going into soak in the wet belt. These base ball magnates should interview the weather man as well as the Commercial club.

Emperor William is quoted as saying the big war will end in October. If he can end it then, why not now?

The cause of humanity will be advanced several paces if J. Piusius will allow a reasonable time for each deluge to sink in.

The size limit of the parcels post package has been increased to take in fruit and berry crates. Do your preserving now!

"Old men made the war, young men are fighting it." It was unnecessary for Jane Addams to go abroad to learn that truth.

The eminent Mr. Potash, U. S. A., seeks nourishment in Spain. The goods of fair Castile are a welcome relief from a fertilizing famine.

Still, with \$100,000,000 worth of German ships in American ports, the heirs of the Americans among the Lusitania dead have much to lean on in a pinch.

John Wanamaker is 77 and Count Zeppelin 78. Both men, in quite different spheres, hold the spotlight and switch the current to the electric sign of the times: "It pays to advertise."

San Francisco exposition officials are the ones who ought to complain at having General Huerta and his family and retinue of more than thirty people intercepted before reaching the gate turnstiles.

Welsh coal mine operators and the Remington Arms concern are animated by the same spirit. The mere suggestion of sharing war profits with workmen offends the moral sense of their mighty reach.

It would not be surprising if the victorious leader of the British forces in South Africa presently became Lord Botha. Considerable water has passed under the bridge since "Oom Paul" Kruger crossed over.

The New York Sun has been taking a poll of presidential preferences for both republican and democratic 1916 party nominations. For some unexplained reason it does not seem to have thought it worth the postage to take a poll of preferences for the bull moose nomination.

The personal and official organ of our democratic United States senator is busy now drumming up candidates for the republican senatorial nomination. That is part of the political game as she is usually played, but it is a card that fools no one who does not want to be fooled.

Thirty Years Ago. This day in Omaha. An exodus of Omaha people took place for Europe, the following entraining to sail Saturday from New York City: Ben Haddock, wife and three children; Charles Denton, wife and six children; Arthur Burnett, George Hallwood and Pat Purraz.

Of the members of the Holman Indian congressional committee only Messrs. Holman, Cannon and Ryan arrived here for the start to the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies. Mr. Cannon's wife and charming daughter, Miss Helen, came this far with him, going to visit relatives at Kansas City.

The Omaha Veterans club listened to a program of literary exercises given by Comrades Bartlett, O'Neill, Bloom, Kyner, Cusden, Parker, Erdman and Clark.

The wife of Dr. Harvey Link of Millard died in her fifty-eighth year, wisely known and respected in this city.

Phil Anders and Paul Weinmann have returned from the National Turnverein festival at Newark.

The Misses Pannis and Chick Henderson have resigned as teachers in the Post and Dumb institute to take positions at Jacksonville institute.

Mrs. Harry Simpson and children went to Boston. Henry D. Eschbrook is still confined to his house by illness.

What Are They Up to in Georgia?

What are they up to in Georgia with this new agitation and uprising over alleged plots to free Leo M. Frank? Although the man is quietly serving his term at the state prison farm, to which his death sentence was commuted, we are told that extra guards have been put on and the militia ordered to stay in readiness for a call to frustrate an attempt to liberate him.

Now, the people of Georgia are not so ignorant as not to know that no such effort could be successful. They know enough to know that Frank out of prison as a fugitive would be worse off than where he now is. They know that he would be extraditable wherever he might be taken, and they know, too, that such a jail-break would do more than anything else imaginable to destroy what possible hope he may cherish of an eventual pardon when the true inwardness of his case is fully uncovered.

To the observer at this distance all this maneuvering to keep popular prejudice excited in Georgia looks like a continuation of the outrageous performances which have already so discredited that state, and more than that, like a deliberate attempt to lay the foundation for, and to instigate, another murder "a la Madero" under pretense of shooting Frank down while trying to escape. Before the people of the rest of the country, the state of Georgia is today as much on trial as Frank ever was, except that the Georgia people have the verdict in their own hands.

A Song and Its Writer.

Something of the romance of wartime of long ago is renewed by the removal of the ashes of Captain Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle to the French Pantheon, the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. In a fine frenzy of patriotism, at a time when France was breaking away from the anarchy that followed the revolution and was undergoing the throes that culminated in the Napoleonic empire, this young officer of artillery broke out in song, "Ye Sons of France, Awake."

About the time he was writing the words that brought him eternal fame, his comrade at school and in arms, Napoleon Bonaparte, was training his guns on the Paris mob and literally shooting it off the streets, to clear the way for the Directory he later seized for his own.

Not so very long after, under the inspiration of the oppression of that same Napoleon, a group of German patriots wrote songs to inspire their countrymen to strive for the same freedom the Frenchman craved, and Bluecher's volunteers sang them as they marched and fought, to overthrow the military despot of the day.

Some of these songs are thundered today by the millions marching under the kaiser's command, but none of them are known as is that flamboyant bit of verse Captain Rouget de Lisle brought forth while he was waiting at Marseilles the order to fire on the armies of the government, supposed to represent the people.

Base Ball and the Public.

Some attention publicly has been called to the predicament of the Western League of Professional Base Ball Teams, incident to the experience of that organization during the present season. It has so far not had the happy experience of other seasons, owing chiefly to the untoward weather, which has messed up the playing schedule very materially, and has also held back the attendance.

It is necessary that patronage be such as will provide funds sufficient to meet the expenses, else the league cannot exist. Much of the present-day expense of carrying on a base ball club is due to an effort on part of the owners to meet public needs or satisfy public whims.

Spacious parks, magnificently equipped, have been provided for the comfort of the patrons, and other outlay of capital is required for the maintenance of the plant. Popular players are idolized by the "fans," and this popularity must be met by the team owner in the way of increased salary in order to hold the player his patrons demand.

Many other factors that enter into the owner's problem might be here enumerated, most of them items the public does not consider. The value of a good ball team to a community has been established. The public is responsive in a measure for the increase in the expense of operation, and it should also recognize its partnership with the magnates to the extent of helping to make the venture pay its cost.

Putting It Over on the Senator.

And now we see the Bryantons, merrily rallying around the plum tree, shouting with glee over the prospect of putting over some appointments the senator will not likely assent to. For example, Brother-in-Law Tom Allen is said to be certain of taking down the job of being United States attorney for Nebraska, with the nice, fat salary attached to the place. Let no one doubt that Allen is a shrewd and resourceful politician, as has been made manifest in his management of the state campaigns in behalf of Mr. Bryan. His presence in the honor list will not promise much for a statewide campaign for re-election of the senior senator from Nebraska.

Another Bryan worker of approved quality, A. S. Tibbets, comes forth as temporary postmaster for Lincoln, and the supporters of the senator look on aghast as they see the rush of the cohorts of the late premier to gather up the big places. The matter is not all settled, though, and there may be some pretty lively skirmishing yet before all the jobs are permanently nailed down.

In filling the position of city school superintendent in Hastings, membership in the Nebraska Schoolmasters' club is said to have been a factor in eliminating a number of candidates. It will be remembered that the same club's opposition was a factor in electing our present state superintendent of schools.

Issues of the Great War

"Life" Young in Leslie's.

I HAVE called the present war in Europe "The American-European war." From the campaign carried on in "The States," I judge it is more our war than anybody else's. The United States is the only country that tells the truth in diplomacy and stands for a result after wars are over.

We are feeding the Belgians at a cost of millions. We are donating automobiles at a cost of more millions. We are sending Red Cross surgeons and Red Cross nurses into the remotest part of the war zone. We are receiving circulars by every mail from many of the countries that are at war, asking for contributions. A majority of the people in Europe pretend they hate the sight of an American. They discuss him spitefully when he has moved on. Our very contributions to the aid of those in distress are cited as evidence that we are a mean, speculative, unympathetic, undeserving people.

This European war has been like the typhoid fever to the human frame. It has disclosed to every country its weaknesses. Germany is a sealed book. We do not know what Germany's interests are. It seems to stand solidly together. But all other countries have their shortcomings.

When Austria calls out an army, from the eighteen different races under its flag, it has no idea how many will respond. Great Britain is finding out its weak spots. They were supposed to be in Ireland, but they are discovered to be right at home. Canada, Australia and the other colonies are all right. But England, the home office of Great Britain, is finding out the things that it did not know. Many of the countries have given up drink to help along the war.

The British man has so far declined to do so. The distillers and brewers raised the cry that it would injure their business and that their business was important. It was suggested that horse racing should cease on account of the war, and the voices of the horse racing fraternity immediately said that it would ruin the horse industry. They said that horse racing promoted horse breeding. The workingman, who loves England and who would not remove to any other country, refuses to co-operate in the manufacture of munitions of war. Increased wages only increase his idleness.

Great Britain, if we are to judge by the literature that comes to the United States, feels that we have some part in the war, and I shall be prepared to read in all European newspapers, after the war is over, no matter what the result, that the United States was to blame for it all. We have been making ammunition and selling it to whoever wants to buy, and in some directions this is unpopular. Our ammunition will be found to be fatal after it is all over.

But who is to blame for this war? I answer, this war is a cumulative answer of Providence to the inefficiency, selfishness and greed of the old world.

The strong European powers had for nearly a century been tiding over their difficulties in the Balkan states; been trifling with fate; trifling with justice; lying to each other; trying to deceive each other; none of them trying to do the Christian act of seeing that the Balkans had good government and a fair chance for development. There would have been no war. The peoples of Europe are not getting the truth at the present time. In some of the countries involved, the masses have been lied to so persistently by their rulers that they have a misconception of the war entirely. Lawsuits often change in the course of the trial. This is also true of war. At the beginning of the war it was the fear of a Pan-Slav empire on one side and the hope of it on the other. Now the question is which of the countries involved shall survive and which shall be destroyed?

It is a struggle to the death between Germany and Great Britain. Or, it is a struggle to the death between militarism and the opposites. Or, it is the opening battle which shall sometime bring all Europe confronting Russia.

Just figure out what you think is at stake. If Great Britain should lose, it looks like the death of its government. If Germany loses, it is the death of the military idea as the foundation of a great civilization.

If Russia loses, it will be about where it was before. The fate of Austria is tied up with that of Germany. It would be difficult to foretell the fate of France, if the allies should be defeated.

When the wars are over, a great many issues that were not in the case at the start will be in the jury's verdict. The Briton will awaken and learn to care that he is not a child of Providence to be taken care of by a great effort. The German will find out that a great civilization can not be built on militarism. The lessons to France and Austria will be incidental. They are a kind, industrial people and their wish is to be let alone. Whatever shall be achieved for the right will be accredited to the valor, statesmanship and diplomacy of Europe. Whatever in the verdict shall be evil, will be, with one accord, accredited to the United States.

Twice Told Tales

Not a Black Hand. A stenographer was out of a job. He was discussing the best ways and means of rehabilitating his ebbing bank roll with a friend who also was listed among the unemployed. Said the friend: "If I were you, I'd write a letter for money."

"I have," replied the stenog. "For how much?" "Oh, \$5,000."

"Well," asked the friend in astonishment. "Well," repeated the shorthand man sadly. "The letter asking for the \$5,000 is all ready to mail, but I'll be darned if I can think of anybody to mail it to." —Louisville Times.

Religious Progress. A clergyman had taught an old man in his congregation to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at the house some time after, he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" asked he. "He is well, thank you," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely."

"Ah, I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting pages long ago!" —Chicago Herald.

Bailed It. Jones, who appreciates a joke, but, like many others, cannot repeat one with any degree of success, heard for the first time the joke about the dog being the most musical of animals, "because he wears a brass band around his neck," and determined to spring it on the first party of friends to which he was invited.

The time came and Jones electrified his victims with the exclamation, "I say, I've a really good one!" He asked, "Why is a dog the most musical of animals?" They gave it up.

"Because," announced Jones, triumphantly, "he wears a brass band around his neck." —Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.



Government Aid for Good Roads.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have received a clipping from The Bee regarding the financing plan suggested by former Secretary Bryan for the Pan-American republics, and earlier suggested by me for financing the several states of the union in the construction of permanent highways. The copy of my suggested plan was not sent to you by me, nor did I know it had been sent to you, but am glad you have had opportunity to read its provisions. If it is advisable for the United States to assist in securing low-rate loans for South and Central American republics, it is equally much more advisable that the United States aid the several states in a matter as important as that of extensive construction of permanent highways. I wish you could see your way clear to endorse the plan I suggested and give it the support of your paper.

As indicated in your editorial, the plan is not entirely original with me. Great Britain has a somewhat similar plan embodied in the Irish Land Purchase act, but in order to give the states an additional inducement to take advantage of the plan, I have provided maintenance cooperation in addition to the setting aside of one-fourth of the interest as a sinking fund, and have also provided for a national academy of highway and bridge engineering which would be of great aid to the states.

JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.

Good Idea—Domestic Animal Zoo. OMAHA, July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: That's a good idea for a Domestic Animal Zoo even if the idea does come from Missouri. Just the place for it would be in Carter park, inasmuch as Riverview has the wild animal zoo and we would have all the water needed for ducks and geese and water fowl. We make a lot of fag about baby bears and baby buffaloes, but to children, and grownups, too, calves and colts and baby pigs are just as interesting. I would wager that the domestic animals would prove as attractive as the wild animals.

M. H. G.

A Scissors Hold on the Pulpit.

FREMONT, Neb., July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: In the aftermath of your recent Imerick contest, I hasten to submit the following comment on Rev. T. J. Mackay's classic application of the Cutler-Stecher wrestling event.

While our Sundays fish stam with "whizzers" it looks to us cynical quizzers—As if brother T. J. (is that surname Mackay?) Might be really the man with the "scissors."

ISAAC A. KILGORE. 1204 West Military avenue.

Lincoln Highway in Nebraska.

OMAHA, July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I arbitrarily designate a road as a highway in the sense of a Kentucky macadamized pike does not make it one and is apt to fool the unwary.

So far as Nebraska is concerned, there is not much difference in the road, now called the Lincoln highway, except that part known as the Dodge street extension, barring the bridges and a few streets in a very few towns, than it was thirty years ago.

Like the Union Pacific, it, too, follows the level valley of the Platte and on a sandy soil in great part. It is nothing other than a country road and as nature made it, improved a bit by modern methods of dragging and it also has the advantage of no hills. There are many places that are not sandy, but are more or less gumbo and this spring and summer these places have been gummy on account of the rains.

The red, white and blue rings on the telephone poles guide the tourist also through the business streets of the towns and cities on the route and occasionally through the residence districts also. In some of the counties these colors have been practically eliminated as the paint evidently did not have much white lead in it.

One wonders why under the circumstances that now that it has been given this high sounding title and must be a "top" in the places that it passes, to sell gasoline, to be fixed up in garages, to stay in hotels for days at a time on account of the roads when impassable, that the towns do not help out more.

One will have a hard time to find where any sand, gravel or clay has been hauled to the gumbo places. For instance, in the town of Waterloo itself, is one of the worst places that a mule would get mired.

The approaches from the east over the bottoms to both Fremont and Columbus are a disgrace to each. Last week there were counted twelve automobiles mired in the mud at one time in the Silver Creek, Clarke, Central City and Grand Island country. One, six-cylinder Mack well, was towed by town and sold for \$250, and the owner was so disgusted that he took the train.

Rich people only can do that kind of thing and it is said that there will be automobiles sold this fall in California for a song, as many will not attempt to come back that way.

A mixture of automobile and mud is an incompatibility and a sorry sight as well. It must be confessed that the towns of Nebraska are very pretty now and while a few years ago they were of frame, now they are of brick and stone, but that Lincoln highway is just about the way it always was and all the way to Julesburg and beyond.

It is a great compliment to be on an ocean-to-ocean road and it would seem that those along it ought to get busy and make it, farmers and all, worthy of its name. GEORGE P. WILKINSON.

A Great Scholar and Statesman.

NORTH LOUP, Neb., July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: In a recent news note the writer saw the following: "That the farmers should hold back their wheat to make the price of wheat manipulation of prices as well as the usual harvest-time slump is the opinion of John W. Bookwater, owner of the Bookwater lands. Through his agent he has sent a letter to his Nebraska tenants advising them to hold their wheat and offering to loan them money to enable them so to do. The money will be loaned through local bankers at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent, payable in ten months or when the wheat is sold."

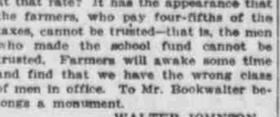
In another news note of the same date appeared the following: "Probably the largest amount of money ever taken in at any one time by the state treasurer of Nebraska will come into Treasurer Hall's hands July 15 when the state of Idaho pays over \$20,000 with accrued interest on a part of its bonds which were purchased ten years ago as an investment for the educational trust fund of Nebraska."

This writer met Mr. Bookwater many years ago and visited with him a day. He has been in about every part of Europe and in those parts where early

GRINS AND GROANS.

"How can a man be as stupid as that fellow and live?" "Some of the men at the club have a theory that he was raised on a vacuum bottle." —Judge.

"Don't you think, my son, you need a tutor?" "No, indeed, dad. That new auto horn of mine is a tutor that beats the road." —Baltimore American.



WITH THE OTHER, YOU GET THE ALIEN WAR TANK WITH HIM IS CHRONIC. SO AS NOT TO BE UNHEALTHY, WITH HIM YOU GET TUBERCULOSIS!

Bryan and Editors

Boston Transcript: Mr. Bryan believes that editors should sign their own editorials, but why give them a prerogative not always enjoyed even by secretaries of state?

New York Post: Let's see, is the Mr. Bryan who demands \$500 for a lecture on peace the same Mr. Bryan who wants a law compelling editors to make affidavits that they have no financial interest in any cause they may advocate?

Springfield Republican: Mr. Bryan wants to have editors compelled to show any financial interest they may have in policies which they advocate. Would the probability of enhancing their drawing power on the chautauqua circuit be regarded as a financial interest?

Philadelphia Ledger: It is easy to understand why Mr. Bryan should hate obsecrity and why he should impute base motives to those who have no especial admiration for him. His suggestion of a law compelling editors to "disclose what pecuniary interest they had in governmental policies" implies his inability to conceive of any other motive for criticism. As a matter of fact, no reputable newspaper, whatever its own convictions, hesitates to give both sides a fair chance in its pages. Considering the space the press has given to Mr. Bryan, it is most ungrateful of him to insinuate the contrary. In a sense the newspapers are already bipartisan. What Mr. Bryan really means is that they ought not to criticize him.

"STILL IT RAINS."

William Allen White in Emporia Gazette. O the corn is on the blink And the wheat is full of rust, The alfalfa's turning pink And the creek's about to bust Out on the plains. O the oats is out of sight In the water, and the beans Are blown higher'n a kite By the passing submarine. And still it rains!

Wow! it rains. On the panes— Pitchforks, razors and chilblains, Colored infants and remains Of cats and dogs and aeroplanes! And it rains While it pours, As the farmer does his chores In diving belt, and bores Postholes in the atmosphere To find his gates and doors. O it's grand to be a farmer and poke around in an ark, To fare forth to feed the chickens in a stanch seaworthy bark. O it's fine to be a farmer and grow goose-wubs on your fork, Out to buckle on your armor and swim out to cut the wheat. O the marmalade in the hairfir and the seaweeds in the dell. All the joys that make a salve for what would otherwise be hell. And now the drouth is broken, let's be joyful in our gains. Let's krynole, whoop and holler for these million dollar rains!

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