THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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JUNE CIRCULATION.

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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 3d day of July, 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.

July 23

Thought for the Day

Selected by Nancy L. Lewis

If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again
I shall not live in vain.
—Emily Dickinson.

The big stick knows no mollycoddle brother.

Which public service corporation will score next in cutting rates?

All quiet at Bridgeport, but Bayonne remains on the firing line.

Considering the obstacles, King Corn is doing tolerably well, thank you!

If experience counts in the game, the million married men in the British army must be classed as seasoned scrappers.

Welshmen thundered "God save the king," but not until the coal mine owners came down with the extra shilling.

About the only satisfaction cotton shippers get out of the war situation is that cotton is dry chewing for diplomats.

A Greater Omaha budget of $3,750,000, exclusive of the state and county pull, illuminates for taxpayers the doleful motto: "Begin Saving Now."

The Wabash scores in its demand for higher rates on coal from southern Illinois. None but a tightwad would deny the Wabash needed nourishment.

That Dundee treasury tangle discloses a worse mess the more it is gone into. Any wonder the public officials out there were so dead set against annexation?

What Colonel Roosevelt thinks of a mother who "will not raise her boy to be a soldier" is a caution. But it is a gentle zephyr to what he thinks about a mother who will not raise a boy at all.

Official calculations place the American farmers' share of international commerce at $5,000,000,000 for the last fiscal year. The figures represent the value of exported farm products, but all the money did not get back to the farm.

The novel experience of Douglas county in paying a premium of $5,000 for the removal of the old court house is duplicated twelve-fold in New York. A premium of $60,000 in addition to the material is to be paid for demolishing the building and clearing the site of the old Hoffman house on Madison Square.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

GLEANED FROM BEE FILES

The Bee is printed with turned column rules on account of the death of General Ulysses S. Grant. Editorially it refers to him as having been honored as no other American has ever been, and "whose fame will be more brilliant and enduring with the advance of time."

Among the innumerable emblems of mourning in honor of the "silent man" is a small steel engraving that Frank E. Moores has set on a frame in the doorway of his office at Fifteenth and Farnam. It was made during the war and represents Abraham Lincoln, then president, with Generals Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Hancock, Hooker and Meade and Admiral Farragut clustered about him. Of the group Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock are the only ones now among the living.

Mayor Boyd issued a proclamation announcing the death of General Grant, and called for a public memorial meeting, to arrange for which he named the following committee: Charles F. Manderson, George L. Miller, John S. Collins, Edward Rosewater, John C. Cowin, E. Wakeley, James W. Savage, James Neville, John M. Thurston, J. M. Woolworth, Herman Kountze, Frank Murphy, Fred Nye, W. V. Morse, Guy C. Barton.

The bar committee for the Grant memorial appointed by the district court is made up of C. F. Manderson, Lee Estelle, J. W. Savage, John C. Cowin, George B. Lake, E. F. Smythe, Pat O. Hawes, John M. Thurston, Warren Switzler and C. S. Montgomery.

Sadie Alexander entertained about fifty of her little friends in honor of her birthday at the home of her parents on Davenport street.

The call for the meeting of the republican state central committee is signed by C. E. Yost, chairman, and S. D. Mercer, secretary.

The Newest Note to Germany.

Relying on the accuracy of the synopsis given to the press, the newest note to Germany sets forth explicitly what America expects in the matter of safety at sea, in terms that are applicable to all the belligerents, and consequently not meant for Germany alone. These requirements do not interfere with the prosecution of the war, but the United States does object, and rightfully, to the unnecessary taking of the lives of innocent bystanders, which is the real issue in the controversy with Germany.

Proposals of the German government for the neutralization of an agreed number of vessels to carry passengers and non-contraband cargoes are rejected for reasons already forecasted. Acceptance of such terms would mean giving up our contention for the principle on which our protest is based. The willingness of the United States to act as an intermediary in the settlement of any dispute as to rights at sea, or any other phase of the war is made very plain. In fact, the United States has earnestly assured the warring nations from the start of our readiness to serve either or all in the restoration of peace.

The attitude assumed by this government all along has been that of a neutral nation, striving to maintain a position of impartiality, and at the same time to preserve all our rights under the law of nations. The note now on its way to Berlin may not be the "final word," for it is quite inconceivable that the experts in the German foreign office will be unable to find a means for prelonging the discussion.

Reorganization of the Wabash.

Without going into the details of the transaction, which has the approval of the federal courts, the sale of the Wabash railroad to the reorganization committee indicates that this great system is to be rehabilitated, and made a serviceable factor in the transportation industry. The Wabash has had a varied history, with just one policy consistently pursued, that of turning its earnings into interest to be paid on bonds. A few years ago an ambitious effort to reach eastern tidewater was seriously undertaken, and a tremendous expense was then incurred. This costly venture was the beginning of the end of the Wabash under Gould direction, but it was not altogether money wasted, for it has given the road something of a hold in the east, which will very likely be increased under the new regime.

Operating between Omaha and Buffalo, the Wabash traverses a wonderfully rich and productive region, and, if managed with ordinary prudence and business judgment, it should prove helpful to its patrons and profitable to its owners.

Peace Lover Infected With War Fever.

The unique spectacle of a peace lover infected with war fever is presented by our old friend, Edgar Howard, in his Columbus Telegram. If there is a more ardent and devoted follower of Mr. Bryan anywhere than Judge Howard, he has not disclosed himself. But here is the disciple of the dove of peace, not only demanding armed intervention in Mexico, but clamoring for our forcible and permanent seizure of that country in this fashion:

Long study of the Mexican situation has induced The Telegram to believe that there is no escape from the call which will carry our flag to a permanent place over all or a part of the Mexican soil. We do not contend that such a move will be right on our part, but conditions will impel us. It must be so, or else we must forever abandon our own Monroe doctrine. We cannot do that. What next? Nothing less than armed intervention. For two years, at monstrous expense, we have had our soldiers at the Rio Grande, with loaded guns in hand. Such a situation cannot continue. Some day an overt act will precipitate the long delayed crossing of the river.

And then—

Well, there cannot be a repetition of the Vera Cruz incident. Being an advocate of peace, the Telegram will be hoping that the evil day may be deferred, but come it must, eventually.

Where, oh where, will Judge Howard reconcile his program with the Bryan talk-it-over-a-year and consent-of-the-governed principles? How can the peace bird go around clad in bullet-proof armor without getting into trouble?

Another Dream of "Defense."

War is a great provocator of dreams of defense as well as of conquest, and under the stimulating presence of armed conflict, genius turns to the devising of new or improvement of old means of destruction. Within the last year so many novelties for offense and defense have been brought forth that little or no attempt has been made to catalogue them. The awful tales that come from modern battlefields might force the conclusion that man had done his utmost in the way of applying thought to the taking of human life and the undoing of all the works of man, but it seems something was left to be devised to increase the terror of war and further the possibilities of modern methods for producing sudden death and general devastation.

So here comes an American again to increase man's capacity for mischief by wedding the airship to the submersible, and with the aid of the wireless, to produce an engine before which the navies of the world are to become worthless. His aeroplane will carry a torpedo, and at a safe distance launch it against its quarry, guiding its course by radio waves, making certain that the vessel for which it is intended will ultimately receive it. Simple, indeed, and involving no new principle; just a combination of tested methods, and so terrible in its possibilities as to warrant its projector being hailed as a genius among his kind. Other inventions of the kind, workable and unworkable, will doubtless follow, and we may yet reach such a stage of efficacy as will make the present recorded achievements in battle look like the work of mollycoddles.

Dissatisfaction with the new light rate schedule is evidently not its failure to reduce, but the fact that in making the reduction some of the preferential inequalities of the old schedule are removed, and a minimum rate established. The Bee has never favored a minimum rate for either water or light, but the justification of it must be the same for both.

The government is to be commended for taking proper legal action against globe trotters who refuse payment of the money advanced to bring them home. Assistance rendered in the emergency of sudden war imposed a legal and moral obligation which, it may be hoped, very few dishonored. The ingrates and deadheads deserve to be exposed and forced to pay up.

French Women and War

Springfield Republican.

A vivid picture of and tribute to the women of France is given in a letter from Raymond Sabouraud, the great specialist, to a Springfield physician. It is written under date of Paris, June 30, as follows:

"One result of the war has been the disappearance from the streets of certain types of men and women, nand Paris today has taken on the aspect that Parisians used to qualify as provincial. Everyone goes about his business; there are manifestations of neither joy nor sorrow; the general impression given is that there are duties to be done, and that the people are doing them. There are no balls, no receptions; theaters are little patronized, vanity and worldiness have disappeared, the old 'relations' no longer exist; what dinners there are are of family or intimates, and to such each one brings and each contributes his news, his opinions, his hopes of the future. The men, unskilled with their fingers, can only talk or listen; the women, in addition to these abilities, are deft in needlework, and sew or crochet, making articles for soldiers or prisoners. Those who have sons at the front work for them, those who are without sons have constituted themselves godmothers to orphan soldiers from lists furnished for that purpose. And the great joy of such reunions is the reading of a diary which some woman has got from a husband or son at the front.

"I was at such a reunion the other evening and listened to the reading of the diary of a friend, Major S——. It contained forty pages, closely written, without punctuation, soiled and difficult to read. But what an evening it was! The simple story of a doctor sent from Paris to Mans, and thence to Chartres; from Chartres to Rheims, the Meuse and on to Belgium; and then the sore and painful retreat back to the Marne; up again and advance, without chance for repose, to arrive exhausted in the Argonne; sent to the rear with his ambulance for a rest, they had just one day when the order came to again go forward, and for twelve days he was present at continuous fighting at Albert and Lassigny. Just one thing the diary did not say, namely, that he had been mentioned in the order of the day and was decorated for decision and energy. His wife was one of the party, a mother of three children; maybe she skipped a thread during the reading, but her hands never stopped.

"I'd like to tell you a few more examples of feminine fortitude, you, dear friend, who know the French women—at least you know some of them—the true French women that the casual stranger never knows; for though we have not the gynaceum of the ancients, we have an exclusiveness, a seclusiveness of family almost equal to theirs; to the stranger in general, to the stranger of every country, the real French woman is an unknown creature, and hence has arisen the native yet grotesque belief, ever accepted, that the French type of woman is the woman found in pleasure resorts. We suffer, as the Greeks suffered, for two other reasons, the one, because, like theirs, our women are fair, and to the traveler the fair are supposed to be easy; the other because, like them, we are artistic, and to the ignorant of all lands the artistic is voluptuous.

"Another woman of our party that evening, Madame S——, has two sons at the front; one, Bernard, belonging to a regiment of 3,000, of whom but seventeen are left. A short while ago, with the cunning of a redskin, she penetrated the lines up to the heights of Abbeville, determined to see her Bernard before he, too, might join his comrades. She told us her own Odyssey; how she got past the lines to be later sent back, another attempt and arrested, and finally how with the help of several shrewd peasants, over ruined highways, she reached her destination—and as she told it all, the woolen stockings that she knitted grew apace.

"At another such gathering of friends there was among us a Mademoiselle B——, a young woman whose father and brother are fighting in the Vosges; she almost blew in on us from Rheims, for one can't telegraph from Rheims; what a story she had to tell! Leaving the Mediterranean on the outbreak of the war to offer her services to her friend, the superintendent of the Rheims hospital, she witnessed the grief of the German invasion, and the joy of the French return after the Marne. She lived among wounded during 150 days of ceaseless bombardment; at Christmas time set up Christmas trees in the cathedral cellars for orphan children. I tell you, my friend, even American womanhood couldn't show anything to beat this radiant young creature, so gay, so alert, so vigorous, who had spent the winter almost outdoors, for there wasn't a pane of glass left in her windows. As contrasting experiences she told of a shell that fell on an empty bed, scattering a rain of pillow feathers over the court, but alas! the next one killed six poor wounded devils nearby. As showing that French gaity can rise above every gloom, she said that a favorite practical joke was to imitate, by screech or whistle, the noise of an arriving shell, and then laugh at the prudent colleague who threw himself on his stomach. And, my friend, there is no laugh more justified, or more true, than his who does his duty in dread surroundings. She gave my children a bag of shrapnel balls which, she said, the children of Rheims use as marbles.

"I had at the St. Louis recently another type, a French Protestant, stern and puritanical, who wore enormous spectacles, and never traveled without a Bible under her arm. Her wrist had been broken and a piece of her nose carried away, but she wouldn't await a complete restitution to hurry back to the front. Only yesterday there was in my office an aged lady from Versailles, one of those old aristocrats, of infinite distinction, bringing a daughter who had broken down under the strain of ambulance work; on interrogation I found she had six sons under the flag—a seventh being still too young, but intending to join three months hence. Of the six one was killed at Charleroi; two disappeared during those dreadful days of retreat, which you remember lasted from August 22 to 30; one is being nursed at home for a dreadful laceration of the thigh, the other two being well and in the heat of things at Alsace. And she told her story very quietly, neither boastfully nor in despair, without tears or without melodrama—just simply. Alas! I could tell you of a couple more patients, victims of brutality or worse, but what's the use now of relating horrors? I know of fashionable women who spend their nights in the station at Asnieres, serving soup or coffee to the passing wounded; and of one, in particular, who among the wounded, found her own husband ticketed to a distant hospital, and who she must let pass while she bravely waited on the next comers.

"My dear friend, can we help being proud of women who fill such roles? and calmly, uncomplainingly and with constancy? And their heroism isn't limited to war service; you won't know our hospital, all my assistants and helpers are women and devoted women. I know of a farm of 250 acres on the Marne; the young master left with the first call; the young mistress, recently married, only 20 years old, a Parisian and up to then a society woman, an artist and a prize winner at the conservatory; the day following her husband's departure she took hold of the farm and though there were only women, children and a few old men to do the work, these maternal fields are now pushing forth the grain as richly as ever. The women and children you will see in the hospital, remember, haven't seen husband or father in ten months, and they are patient, uncomplaining, heroic—they are today making the soul of the soldier, as they have already made his body. After the wars with the Medes the Greeks erected an altar.

"To the mothers of the soldiers of Marathon I assure you there is an opportunity for a noble poem—To the Women of France—but it should be written by one whom the gods inspire, and who knows the language of the gods."

People and Events

Collusive divorces are becoming a difficult social diversion in New York. The record shows 546 undefended actions in a year. Courts are catching on. In a recent instance the woman plaintiff admitted she had no evidence of infidelity and simply hired a lawyer to do the business. Dismissed.

Some twenty-five years ago when Samuel Slayton and Abbie Pruitt were eloping from their Missouri home three masked highwaymen relieved Slayton of $30 and his watch. At the silver wedding anniversary a few weeks ago the Slaytons received a government bond for $1,000 from one of the repentant robbers.

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Fads and Freaks.

OMAHA, July 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: I saw an item in your newspaper this week that the taxpayers of Omaha would have to pay taxes on a one hundred mill levy next year; that all our taxes will practically be one-third more than this year. This item should make the people in Omaha who pay these taxes sit up and think. The majority of people in business for themselves in Omaha last year did not make much money and this year so far have made less. How, then, will these people be able to pay this enormous increase in their taxes and stand up under it? In analyzing this thing I do not blame the city commissioners because I believe they are doing the best they can, but I believe the trouble is in the way we live and on fad and freak legislation.

Omaha is not a New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, but a fairly prosperous city of the smaller middle class. How then can we compete with cities that are ten or twenty times our size?

It seems to me that Omaha is one of the victims of paid men or women who are sent out by bureaus to advertise their freak ideas.

As I must not make this letter too long, I can't go into this matter as fully as I would like, but take, for instance, this new thing, the public park and playground idea. We had to go to Chicago to find a man to teach our kiddies how to enjoy themselves and pay him, I think, $2,500 a year. We also pay five young ladies to help him. When I was a boy we went bathing in Cutoff Lake or Picknicking in the park and enjoyment came naturally to us. We did not have to be taught now to enjoy ourselves.

Take the present pension system (not old soldiers), everyone seems to want to have a pension, except the poor taxpayer, who walks up to Bill Ure's office twice a year or more and pays his earning to support these people. I say if there is any pensioning going on let's pension the men and women who have paid taxes all their lives and not people who have had soft jobs and lived off these taxpayers' money and have not had to struggle to meet their obligations.

Take our Board of Education. Are the young men or women we are turning out today better able to cope with the world than the ones we turned out twenty years ago? I doubt it, though I will admit that the young women's sphere has increased a great deal since then, but compare what it costs and you will find an enormous increase. I would like to have the opportunity to elaborate more, but it would make this letter too long, but in closing I would say that if the people of Omaha don't take a tumble to themselves soon the cost of owning a home in Omaha will be such that only a rich man will be able to do so.

TAXPAYER.

Arthritis a Germ Disease.

To "J. C. C.:" Arthritis is an affection of the joints, and is caused by germs, which may be introduced into the circulation in any number of ways. Any bodily infection, from a boil on a finger to an abscess of an internal organ, including an ulcerated tooth, which discharges pus, may serve to introduce the germ that eventually will cause arthritis.

Where Find the "Statesman?"

OMAHA, July 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice that Charles Wooster of Silver Creek refers to the "paralyzation of American commerce" by Great Britain, and it seems to me that Mr. Wooster in his rural seclusion does not know what is transpiring. If he will read the export statistics, he will find that our exports are far greater than they ever were—incidentally the proportion of war munitions therein is small indeed in comparison with foodstuffs—and he will find it difficult to back up his allegation from any standpoint.

In another printed letter Mr. Wooster says, "God save the republic," in the belief that we are in danger because we have a "schoolmaster" and not a "statesman" in the presidential chair. Where is the "statesman" to be found? Certainly not at Silver Creek, if Mr. Wooster's epistles are a sample of his balance.

JOHN RUTHERFORD, 2610 Cass St.

Losing Sleep for Dread.

OMAHA, July 22.—To the Editor of The Bee: I've been losing sleep lately from this haunting dread: what would all the hopelessly benighted and misguided Nebraska contributors to your Letter Box do if anything should happen to Horace P. Holmes, M. D., of Sheridan, Wyo? Only fancy if his head should get over-heated from his strenuous efforts in our behalf during the summer solstice, and some one administered the "indicated remedy" in the form of coals of fire instead of giving him an allopathic douche with ice water. Why, how on earth could "our worthy United States senator" manage to protect his World-Herald from the naughty, naughty ladies that insist upon shoving meaningless, but dangerous verses upon that hapless sheet, if that practiced medical thumb and forefinger were removed forever from the "Public Pulse?"

Really, Mr. Editor, I think it imperative that E. O. M., Poly Glot, Indignant Wife, Tourist Printer and a few other friends and admirers from this column form a committee of "Safety First" and proceed at once to Sheridan to look after the doctor's health, and incidentally review that "hatful of letters" to which he so eloquently refers in his article on "Nom de Plumes." What a lot of those letters there must be, if we can judge the size of the doctor's head by his mental emanations. It would fill me with joy if I could read in the Letter Box a quotation from a single one of those epistles that actually has the temerity to urge Dr. Holmes to "retract" any statement or communication in The Bee. Not that I doubt in the least that there are dozens of such unheard of requests, since the doctor states this fact explicitly. But you see I have been fed on the principles of algebra and geometry from the cradle up, to say nothing of the fact that Nebraska and Missouri are very close neighbors, and I simply "Have to be shown." Quod erat demonstrandum, you know.

Come! let's all hike to Sheridan, where heat waves never cool;
Where private feuds are steeled by the good old Golden Rule;
Where "cacoethes scribendi" grows rampant on the hills,
And the Mariposa lilies bloom among the sugar pills.

ELSIE ROBERTSON,
2617 North Eighteenth street.

Wallop for De Wets.

Wall Street Journal: British empire may not come out for prohibition, but it handed a wallop to De Wets.

Bountiful Crops

St. Louis Republic: With prospects of the largest wheat crop on record, a corn crop well above the ten-year average, oats and rye in proportion, and pastures as green as those of Holland, the American farmer is doing well up to the time of going to press, and the mechanic, merchant and manufacturer are preparing to do well in consequence.

Springfield Republican: The prospect for the largest wheat crop ever harvested is not shattered by the July estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture, and this surely is good news. Including spring wheat, the total crop figures out in the government forecast at no less than 962,000,000 bushels, which would be 72,000,000 bushels in excess of the crop of 1914.

New York Times: This is an improving year respecting the crops. Seasonal deterioration is the rule, for there are many chances of injury, but now there is a better prospect of 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat this year than ever before. There have been complaints of too much rain and of difficulties in machine harvesting, but the government report finds 963,000,000 bushels in prospect now against 900,000,000 a month ago.

New York Journal of Commerce: One of the advantages in this prospect for farmers, and in a financial way for the nation, is the prevalence of exceptionally high prices accompanying large production. It will tend to keep up that colossal balance of trade, which is not a wholly unalloyed benefit, and will offset some of the trade evils of the war in Europe. It would be better if our trade were more balanced, made up less of products of the soil and more of those of manufacturing industries which minister to the wants of peace. But conditions being what they are, the great trade balance will lessen our indebtedness abroad, increase the use of capital at home and enable us to do more in building up trade with countries away from the scene of war.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"Carl," said the teacher, "can you tell me what an inebriate is?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Carl. "It is an animal that does not have a backbone."—Judge.

"He says he intends to be the architect of his own fortune."

"I predict a terrible stagnation in the building line."—Judge.

Mrs. Bacon—I see it is said, as a rule, where earthquakes are most frequent they are most severe.

Mr. Bacon—I have noticed the same thing about curtain lectures, my dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

KABIBBLE KABARET

A BOOTBLACK

"TAKE A SHINE, PLEASE, MISTER I SHINE BOTH BLACK AND TAN, THE TAXES ARE DUE ON MY PROPERTY, SO HELP ME IF YOU CAN!"

Proud Father—The man who marries my daughter, sir, wins a prize.

English Guest—My word, that's a novel idea! Is it a money prize or just a silver cup?—Boston Transcript.

"Paw, when a game has four players in it, it's called a foursome, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"With two players it's a twosome?"

"Yep."

"Then what's a game with one in it?"

"A lonesome."—Judge.

Ethel—Jack saw your picture on my table and said you looked so young in it.

Marie—The flatterer!

Ethel—He thought it must have been taken a great many years ago.—Boston Transcript.

I AM WAR.

Alter Brody, in the Outlook.

I am a pestilence
Sweeping the world—
Hate is the root of me,
Death is the fruit of me,
Swift is my stroke
Blood is the sign of me,
Steel is the twine of me,
Thus shall ye know me:
I am the death of Life,
I am the life of Death,
I am War!

I am a madness
Riding the necks of men—
Champing of nations armed
Stamping of war-horse hoofs
Charging unbridled;
Clashing of bayonets,
Flashing of sword-blades,
Rumbling of cannon-wheels,
Crumbling of kingdoms,
These are my harbingers;
I am the death of Law,
I am the law of Death,
I am War!

I am a harlot
Seducing the nations;
Diplomats lie for me,
Patriots die for me,
Lovers I lack not—
Cannon mouths speak for me,
Battlefields reek for me,
Widowed wives shriek of me,
Cursing my name;
I am the death of Joy,
I am the joy of Death,
I am War!

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