

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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NOVEMBER CIRCULATION. 53,716

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas. D. Wight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of November, 1915, was 53,716.

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Thought for the Day. Selected by J. L. McBrien, Sept. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.

Still, the situation is not so bad, in spite of the pull-backs. Two Henrys will adorn the presidential primary ticket.

One of the glass making firms of Pittsburgh in the last sixty days cut up two melons of \$7 a share each. That is an investment worth looking into.

Brand Whitlock is off to his old post in Belgium. The good wishes of the country goes with him on a mission distinguished for good will and good deeds.

Talk of universal military service as the ultimate goal of the United States suggests large business opportunities for the waterwagon in the weeks to come.

"Apt alliteration's artful aid" is to be welcomed, but the pulsing power of publicity is needed to boost Henry Etabrook's trio of p's to the capital box.

British torism is at the bottom of the reported dissensions in the cabinet. The basic principle of torism is that righteousness and salvation are impossible through other than tory auspices.

William Hale Thompson of Chicago declines the honor of a place in Nebraska's presidential primary ticket. Mayor Thompson makes it plain that political jokes have no show in frosty weather.

The contention of Ellihu Root that world wars can be made impossible by international courts comes perilously close to heresy in an easterner. But the preparedness beans are safe with Garrison and Gardner on guard.

Increased dignity in the administration of court oaths is not near as important for the ends of justice as infusing wholesome fear of perjury into witnesses. Both form and substance are within reach of courts determined to secure them.

Public buildings and rivers and harbors committees of the house of representatives are holding recess meetings in Washington and manifest no intention of taking a back seat for preparedness. The coming battle of the pork bar's promise to rival the celebrated revolutionary "battle of the kegs."

The projected Turco-Teutonic drive to Egypt holds possibilities of bigger results than neutral dream of who. Who knows but that a Big Bertha might persuade the Sphinx to speak out and solve the riddle of the centuries. Moreover, the time is ripe for new figures and new scenery around the pyramids hitherto monopolized pictorially by Napoleon and Omaha tourists.

Notable and well-deserved condemnation by Major General Wood is visited upon the court-martial which acquitted Colonel Hirst of the offense of striking a private soldier. Such offenses fortunately are rare in the service. At this time and in the coming days of increased service it is of the highest importance that private soldiers shall be protected from the pugilistic caprices of officers.

Sanctity of the Oath. Judge Troup, in his address to the State Bar association, dwelt upon a startling fact—that disregard for the oath taken by witnesses, which means perjury, is so common in our courts today as to be almost the rule rather than the exception.

Omaha's Public Hospital. While Omaha is very well provided with private hospitals, there has long existed the necessity of more accessible and better equipped public hospitals than any we have. This condition is just at present accentuated by the prevailing epidemic of scarlet fever, which has forced the expedient of renting a private hospital to meet the emergency.

Complimenting Treasurer Hall. Apologists for the Morehead administration of state affairs are again belaboring State Treasurer Hall because of his firm stand in protecting the treasury against democratic raids.

The Average Man

From the Providence Journal. In spite of the fact that he is continually being used as the firm foundation in the construction of theories, arguments and statistics, it has occasionally been urged by precise persons that "the average man" does not exist.

The "average man" is a hypothetical person strictly useful as an abstraction in demonstrating some given argument, but having no tangible and definite specification. As a matter of fact, he is merely an imaginary character, representative of the dominant tendencies, traits, habits and customs of any given group of human beings.

Nevertheless, for statistical and argumentative purposes, the average man is very real. In one respect or another every human being is representative of the average, unless positively insane or weak-minded. And so, as a matter of fact, a state, or a nation, or a community, is populated mostly by the average persons.

In all details of life, it will be observed, the vast majority of us adhere rather closely to the average procedure. The facts that happen to be above the average or somewhat below may give us a transient exultation or annoyance, but in the end they merely have the effect of sustaining the general average.

To the exceptional man, who is distinctly above the average in many respects, there may come a keener zest in living, but with this added sensitiveness there is also likely to be a greater capacity of suffering. So in the sum total of his human experience he may be nearer to the general average than some of his envious observers are likely to suspect.

The "average man" in this world really has nothing to regret. He is the strength of the community and ultimately the real measure of its status and its progress, mentally, morally and physically, for no city, state or nation is better or worse than its average citizen.

Physically the "average man" has every reason to feel content with his average dimensions, especially if he is a modest man, which he is, or he could not be considered an average. He can go along the street without attracting attention, whereas the man of exceptional altitude or equatorial development is an object of curious interest.

Most of us are inclined to strive for something that is out of the ordinary, but the realistic goal by which we should measure ourselves is not to be a "fiddler" in the crowd. He does his work fairly well, treats his family kindly and has a moderately good time in life.

Senator Bob Taylor of Tennessee often told of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," governor of that state, an old negro came to him and said: "Massa Gov'nna, we's mighty 'ow 'is winter and ah wish you would pardon ma old man. He is a fiddler same as you is and he's in the pen'tentry."

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor. "Stead of workin' fo' it that good fo' nothin nigger done stole some bacon."

"If he is good for nothing what do you want him back for?" "Well, yo' see, we's all out of bacon ag'in," said the old negro innocently.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Whole of a Wallop. The Rev. A. J. Waldron, the popular English cleric, has a fine "eye" for the humorous. One of the best stories that he tells is the following: "A very dense looking Salvation Army lazzie, who was traveling in a railway train, was asked by a man sitting next her whether she believed every word in the Bible."

"Yes," she replied, "I do." "Surely," exclaimed the man, "you don't believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale?" "I do," she answered, "and when I get to heaven I'll ask him about it."

"But suppose he's not in heaven?" inquired the stranger, with a sneer. "Then you ask him!" was the Salvation Army girl's reply.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Down in Baldhead Row. Little Edna is always frightened at the appearance of Indians upon the screen at picture shows. "Mamma," she whispered to her mother the other night at the theater, "are there going to be any Indians in this show?" "No, dear," answered her mother.

"But, mamma," persisted little Edna, "have the Indians been out yet?" "Why, no, Edna. I told you there were no Indians in this play."

"But, mamma, who scaped all those men down there in the front seats?"—Photoplay Magazine.



Schools and Language.

DU BOIS, Neb., Dec. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: For years the educators of the great state of Nebraska have been laboring to perfect an educational system that would place the youth of this fair land on an equal basis, if not superior, to the best of any country on earth.

Now let us move our base of operations to some other of the foreign lands and give the scheme a tryout. Results can be more easily imagined than described.

In the face of such facts we also wonder how a cultured German-American would threaten to not vote for a man who has thus far kept our nation at peace with all the world.

Working City Prisons. OMAHA, Dec. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have just returned to the city county Document No. 1015 of December 28, 1915, a communication from the Greater Omaha Labor Forward Movement, transmitting a copy of a resolution heretofore adopted by that body, and signed by Leonard Craig, J. J. Rogers, David Couss and R. B. Donahue, committee, and A. C. Penters, secretary, and Karl A. Krumm, vice president.

I would recommend that a copy of this report be forwarded by the city clerk to the aforesaid fraternity for their perusal. W. S. JARDINE, Superintendent of Department of Public Improvements.

Editorial Snapshots

Boston Transcript: Our grateful thanks to the Kaiser for his acceptable Christmas present in changing the name of Novogorlewsk to Modlin.

Baltimore American: The British lost nearly 114,000 men at the Dardanelles. It was history repeating itself: "No one knew someone had blundered."

Louisville Courier-Journal: What better proof that America is a land of opportunity than that Mrs. Del Drago of New York is able to give \$3,000,000 to suffering Italians?

Cleveland Plain Dealer: That long, long way refrain has a various application. The allies found it rally that long when they started for Constantinople. It was no short journey the Germans found they had undertaken to Paris, either.

Springfield Republican: No Christmas gift so far reported is more to the point than that of Henry C. Frick, who has taken steps to pay the school children depositors of the failed Pittsburgh bank the full amount of their deposits, to the probable actual cost to himself of some \$3,000. The public-spirited philanthropy should help to restore any confidence which may have been lost in the essential soundness of the savings bank habit; though there won't always be a Frick on hand to make good the occasional loss.

GRINS AND GROANS.

When George the Fifth fell off his horse, of course he had no jag on. But the fall, he says, has caused him to "fall off the water wagon"—Boston Transcript.

She—Do you think this brown and green frock becomes me? He—My dear, you look like a golden pheasant. Now you are making game of me.—Jester.

"I propose each one pays for his own drink." "All right. You order Holland gin for both of us and it will still be a Dutch treat."—Baltimore American.

The Blum Worker—You look like a very worthy person. The Plattered One—Oh, I'm all right, man. I manage to get along first rate. I ain't got nobody to support. I'm a single woman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Flyette—When Jack proposed to me last night he acted like a regular fool. Miss Blunt—Naturally! He was doing a very foolish thing.—Boston Transcript.

"This war is exhausting Europe, and..." "It's making me mighty tired, too. Can't you talk about something else?"—Houston Post.

Half-Tom, you don't treat me to less half as often as you used to. Rogers—Give me his address quick. Randall—Why? Rogers—A man who would lend money to you would lend it to anyone.—Life.

"Here's an account of a tree which has a natural glow, which enables it to be seen for a mile away on a dark night." "I guess the man who discovered that tree must have been some lit up himself."—Baltimore American.

"I wonder if the fathers in the days of chivalry kicked like modern ones when gallant knights asked for their daughters?" "Fussals must have hurt the gallant knights' feelings very much. In those days fathers wore iron boots."—Baltimore American.

Young Mrs. Green (to neighbors)—"I'm having such trouble keeping our food. I bought a real nice-looking refrigerator, but it doesn't seem to work well at all. Neighbor—Do you keep ice enough in it? Mrs. Green—Yes; I hope you don't think, after spending all that money on a refrigerator we'd go to the additional expense of buying ice.—Boston Transcript.

Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press, so easy to say what another should do. So easy to tell him what road to pursue, and dispose of the burdens he bears. It is easy to bid him be brave and be strong. And to make all his shortcomings...

It is easy to stand in the other man's place. When our comforts of life are assured, and the sting of the rain boating sharp in his face. By him must be bravely endured. It is easy to tell him the path he should take. And to bid him to laugh at his care, but O it's so hard when it's our hearts that ache. And we have the burdens to bear.

We all know the things that another should do. His faults are like books on our shelves. We can ponder them over and read and review. But we haven't a book on ourselves. We can settle the other man's troubles each day. His griefs we can calmly discuss. It is easy to sweep all his troubles away. But we can't do the same thing for us.

The need of another it's easy to see. When our own wants are all satisfied, and bold and courageous it's easy to be. And when it's our souls that are tried, but O it's hard when we're stumbling along. To keep ourselves steadfast and true; it is easy to tell someone else to be strong. It's easier to talk than to do.

SPEND THIS WINTER IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA. There every day is a day for outdoor pleasures—motoring, golfing, tennis, ocean trips and bathing. Mid-winter and mid-summer are known only by the calendar—the temperature is practically the same the year round.

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.