

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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53,102
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 January, 1916, was 53,102.

Anyway, it will be four years until we have to rearrange our calendars again.

Earthquakes are reported in the Caribbean Sea. Colonel Roosevelt is rustling down that way.

If Harvard wants deans for any other department, Nebraska will be ready to honor the requisition.

A safe-blowing in the next block to the city hall and the court house is not a very good advertisement for Omaha.

Those folks who each paid a Chicago swindler one dollar for a tack hammer will be a bunch of knockers for some time to come.

Omaha manufacturers paid out \$17,000,000 in wages and salaries during the year 1915. Just remember that Omaha is a factory town as well as a market town.

Reports of vice conditions in St. Louis wisely dodge the mails and circulate over the wires. The Postoffice department is thus spared the expense of fumigating.

Colonel Bryan's friendship for President Wilson continues unabated. Least the latter forget, a reminder inserted with a knife becomes necessary at regular intervals.

The problem of determining when an armed merchantman shifts from a defensive to an attacking attitude offers an unequalled test of the art of diplomatic hairsplitting.

Another promise of constructive work on the Dodge street viaduct within four months bids faith sit up and take the usual nourishment. Six years of like treatment comes painfully close to an overdose.

Ex-Congressman Barton declares that scores of senators and representatives take the oath of office and then spend a large part of their time filling dates on the lecture platform. Now, at whom is he hitting?

Our local democratic contemporary announces its preferred candidate for governor as "for Wilson without apology in ringing words." Of course, if he were to apologize for being for Wilson he would do it in ringing words.

From the way the city commissioners are taking up all sources of projects requiring considerable expenditure of money, it would seem that the "shortness-of-funds" excuse used to boost the last tax levy was made for that purpose only.

A waterwagon bureau has been added to the municipal activities of Philadelphia. The emptiness of the city treasury and the necessity of putting out an improvement loan of \$85,000,000 probably accounts for the soboring effect of the times.

A Chicago suffragist enters suit for divorce and at the same time sounds the true keynote of the feminist. Not only will she detach herself from mere man, but goes further and scorns the idea of alimony, convinced that women "do not have to be supported by men." That's the talk.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Harrison & Gourlay kept an audience at the Boyd in a continuous roar of laughter from their "From the Frying Pan Into the Fire."
Henry Homan returned from Clark, where he spent about a week traveling about the marshes of the flat. He brought home one duck, which he is said to have bought from a farmer. Mr. Homan had prepared for this trip a month in advance, and had killed more geese and ducks around the stove than would fill a freight car.
J. N. Case is the happy father of a bouncing boy.
George S. Carnes, a well-known fish man of Chicago, has connected himself with the Benson Fish company of this city. Mr. Carnes is now in the Black Hills looking after the interests of his firm. The wholesale fish business in this city is growing rapidly and is embracing more territory.
John A. McShane has gone east on business.
Mrs. G. Van Horn, with her son, E. I. Van Horn, of New York, is visiting her daughter, the wife of J. E. Smith of our city.
John Petty, the famous gunman, met with a painful accident while moving a piece of iron.
C. S. Higgins, corner of Twelfth and Douglas, announces that he will give to each customer to dinner a bottle of beer without extra charge.

Another Child to Train.
The United States has formally assumed a protectorate over Haiti, a course which will finally bring to an end the turbulence and bloodshed which has been the story of that beautiful island for centuries. In this course the government is but completing the work it began when it put the republic of San Domingo on a stable basis. Since Toussaint l'Ouverture in 1797 overturned the French government in the island, massacred the whites and set up a negro republic, the western end, known as Haiti, has been the scene of an unending disturbance, in which murder has been the most common factor. The negroes have retrograded in spite of their freedom, because of inefficient control, and are now but little removed from savagery. By reason of its periodic political upheavals it has been the source of considerable annoyance to the United States, under the Monroe doctrine, because of its lack of responsibility.

From the time of Grant's first term the question of control of the island has been seriously before each succeeding administration. This finally culminated in the establishment of a protectorate over San Domingo, under which the involved affairs of that little republic have been brought to an orderly condition, and the difficulties are being surely cleared up. With Haiti under similar control, the conditions in the island ought to be reduced to peaceful system, whereby its inhabitants will enjoy life as they never have.

Uncle Sam has again assumed the "white man's burden," and will bring order and safety to a submerged people. It is part of the mission of this nation. All the world has profited by what we have done in San Domingo and elsewhere, and will be gaining still further by what we will do in Haiti.

Time for Another Police Dragnet.
What Omaha needs most right now is a thorough application of the police dragnet on all the known crooks and suspicious characters who might have a hand in the crime revival from which we are suffering. Not that Omaha is different from other large cities in this respect, for all of them have periodic waves of lawlessness, but it is at just such times that the police must show they mean business if the activities of the hold-ups and burglars are to be stopped.

The fact that our city is still without a workhouse, as a consequence makes hoboes and members of the thieving profession feel that they can get off easy here with at most nothing worse than a rest cure in a fine modern jail. It is this condition that keeps Omaha on the map for strangers whose company we would gladly dispense with. We must remember, too, almost all of the recent crimes whose perpetrators have been caught trace down to outsiders who have come here rather than to local characters whom the police are supposed to know and to watch. A round-up of all suspicious visitors who cannot give a satisfactory explanation of their presence and purposes here, therefore, would be timely as an effective measure of precaution and prevention.

Henry James and Literature.
The death of Henry James will very likely receive more attention in America because of his recent act of expatriation than for any of his extensive contributions to published literature. His chief characteristic as a writer was in his avoidance of the common forms of fiction, a course which brought to him the devotion of a small group of followers, but shut him out from the masses. It is not to his discredit in the least that he eschewed the "best seller" type of novel, for in that he lifted himself above cheapness; it was his adherence to personal views, seldom understood, that gave him a distinction in literature and whatever of vogue he achieved. Hailed by his cult as the greatest of modern novelists, his works are little read outside of a narrow circle of cognoscenti, yet have a value in that the student of the future will find in them much of detail of the life of James' day deemed inconsequential by his contemporaries.

It was Henry James' renunciation of American citizenship that got him most attention, although it was generally commented on with more of indifference than as a matter of real moment. He had lived in England for many years, holding there whatever of popularity came to him as a writer, and when the war broke out he became naturalized as a British subject, seeking thereby to show his adherence to the British formula of democracy rather than a recantation of American ideas. This one action fairly illustrates the life of the man who would not strive for popularity at the expense of his convictions, a firmness of character that will more nearly hold for him the regard of the public than anything he ever wrote.

Little That's Warlike in This.
From New York comes word that the customs house in that city looks like a dressmaker's display room, while the inspectors are overwhelmed with the work of valuing gowns and dresses and other articles of feminine apparel. Shipload after shipload of finery from Paris is arriving at port and is being checked through customs as fast as possible, that our women folks may have the latest from the world's capital of fashion. The war's embargo hasn't checked the influx of finery in the least, nor does the thunder of the fighting at Verdun seriously retard the output of the Parisian shops. Battle tides may ebb and flow, but the American woman will yet have that with which to deck herself, and the Easter parade will be as gay as ever. It is noteworthy, too, that the United States is about the only great country in which this indulgence is possible. Peace certainly has its advantages.

A defense corps of 500 men is in active training at Hoboken, where the patriotic spirit has been aroused by assertions that New York's skyscrapers are enviable targets for an invading fleet and the thought of possible damage to the towering scenery spurs Jersey highlanders to action. With Hoboken adequately prepared the rest of the country may take its regular sleep.

The former statistician of the Nebraska State Railway commission has received a job to do similar work for the railroad at a salary of \$9,000 a year. Nobody, however, has as yet stolen our wonder-working water works manager away from us by tempting him with a bigger salary.

Tale of the Totem Pole

Garrett F. Service.
THE enormous popularity of movies is an outgrowth of one of the strongest instincts of savages—the love of seeing stories and traditions represented in images and pictures. Sometimes the savage supplies, as well as he can, the element of motion by having his images carried about in procession. But he is well content if he can have the pictured stories always in some conspicuous place before his eyes. The totem pole offers an opportunity for pictorial representation that has been fully improved among some of the Alaska Indian tribes. The carved poles, as Lieutenant George T. Emmons points out in the American Museum Journal, preserve not only legends and traditions, but much of the life history of the tribes.

Very interesting is the work of the Talmahian Indians, who seem to possess a particular degree of skill, and whose artists have sometimes been employed by other neighboring tribes. Lieutenant Emmons says: "These stories told in wood go back to the time when men and animals were supposed to be very close to one another, when they inter-married, and saw each other under a spell of witchery that made all appear human, except that the animals wore coats of fur which they could, at will, remove and appear in human form, or put on and become as animals."

Some of the wooden columns contain several stories told in carved figures, which record no less than four stories, which could be read, no doubt with great delight and wonder, by the savages to whom the traditions and the symbolic figures were familiar. Similar poles may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

These stories as interpreted by an old Indian to Lieutenant Emmons are full of imaginative power, and as good, in their way, as the legends of any other primitive races, and not inferior to some of the "folk stories" that we have all of us listened to with delight when we were children. For instance, take this story of the mountain goats:

A long time ago, when the Kitikan tribe lived on the upper Skeena river, "before the great cold," which dispersed them, they used to go, after the end of the salmon season, to a great mountain, where they hunted mountain goats. On one of these occasions, when there was great slaughter of goats, a young man who had taken some red paint along to paint his arrows for good luck, caught a kid whose life he spared, setting it free after having painted its horns red.

The next spring two white-blanketed strangers appeared in the village, who excused themselves for refusing the hospitable offers of the Indians to feast on goats' flesh and other food, but who very cordially invited the whole community to visit their (strangers') village, offering to serve as guides.

The invitation was accepted, and the next morning everybody set out under the lead of the strangers. They crossed the river and climbed the great mountain until they reached what seemed to be a broad, level place, in the midst of which stood a feast-house.

The visitors enjoyed a great banquet, and then the chief of their hosts began to dance and sing, strangely repeating the words: "I am shaking my hoofs over the mountain side," and at that the rock seemed to open and close again. But the Indians thought it was all magic intended for their entertainment, and when night came on they went to sleep on the outer edge of the platform on benches prepared for them.

But the young man who had spared the kid was drawn aside by a young stranger, who had his face painted red, and who asked him to share his sleeping bench on the other side of the platform.

In the middle of the night the strangers rose in silence and pushed their visitors over the precipice, and they were dashed to pieces. Only the young man was spared, and in the morning when he became aware of the sad fate of his friends his protector assured him that he need have no fear, and, taking off his shoes, which seemed to be hoofs, and putting them on the young hunter's feet, told him to jump fearlessly from cliff to cliff in descending the mountain, and when he reached the base to take off the shoes and leave them in a certain place where their owner could find them again.

The Bee's Letter Box

Problem of Farm Life.
LOOMIS, Neb., Feb. 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is an American farm problem. It is not, as is sometimes asserted, the task of increasing the fertility of the soil, forests and other natural resources. Neither is it the problem of making country life more easy and comfortable, though this in a degree is desirable. These are all constituents, but not the real problem. The most serious condition of the present country life is the silent but startling migration of the rural population toward the towns and cities.

The problem of keeping the youth of the present generation on the farm and preparing them for country life in its fullest and richest sense is an issue of fundamental importance to our national welfare. By this it is not implied that all the children born on the farm should stay there. Few fallacies could be more wasteful and destructive of human efficiency than this. In this age of specialists country children should be allowed to enter the so-called "trades and professions" if so inclined. Yet at the same time adequate care must be given those who remain on the land, if we are to maintain an efficient class of citizens in our rural communities and desirable averages in our national life.

One factor largely responsible for the tremendous migration from the rural community to the town and city is the school. With proper supervision and in charge of teachers deeply in sympathy with country life, it may be rejuvenated and enlivened. Interest may be created by the school that will tend to lead back to the farm and not away from it.

When country schools become efficient centers of learning, instructing children in terms of country life and pointing the way to community prosperity and country welfare, moving to town will decrease among farmers and the "farm problem" will be near solution.

The greatest single need for improvement of country life at the present time, therefore, is a corps of teachers, properly prepared, who will enter the present rural schools and, through vitalized teaching an dactful social leadership, convert them into living centers for the instruction of children and the upbuilding of community and country life.

The well trained country school teacher needs a deep, appreciative insight into the present country life, and an exalted faith in country children, the innate beauty of country life, and its final triumph. L. E. PETERSON, Superintendent of Loomis Public Schools.

Editorial Snapshots

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Speaker Clark in early days of his political career, when he was a leader who would lead, but fails to explain why a party should retain a leader who won't lead.

Louisville Courier-Journal: "At and after forty," says a physician, "it behooves a man to pay attention to what he eats and drinks." Attention! Why, many a man displays positive devotion.

Washington Post: The leap year girl who obtained the license, only to have the intended victim back down, will be pardoned for indulging in a few cutting comments on the proverbial fickleness of the other sex.

Philadelphia Ledger: This little demonstration by congress of what it might do if it had a larger, not to say a louder, voice in foreign affairs again suggests reflections upon the singular wisdom and foresight of the makers of the constitution.

Indianapolis News: The plan of the New York Chamber of Commerce for restoring the merchant marine may be all right from some points of view, but it still looks like getting money from the government for what the government gets nothing in return.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: All the funny stuff doesn't appear in the school examination papers. A member of the house naval affairs committee asked an admiral who was testifying: "Is a torpedo destroyer a boat that destroys torpedoes?" And the patriotic admiral never even smiled.

Brooklyn Eagle: The views expressed by various members of the ways and means committee as to the best methods of raising money to pay for national defense would be more interesting if any comprehensive or tangible plan for national defense were agreed upon in congress. It is superfluous to consider proposed taxation until we know precisely what we are to be taxed for.

Around the Cities

St. Louis is shooting the spring robin with straw hats.
The wood consumed in this country in the manufacture of paper amounts annually to 4,800,000 cords, and every year the demand for some substitute grows more urgent.

The village heroine of Goodrich, Mich., is Miss Bernice Field, a telephone operator. During a recent fire in and about the telephone exchange she stuck to her post, sending hurry calls for help to subscribers until the cables were melted and her wraps burned.

A St. Louis civic reformer blew into St. Joseph, Mo., and publicly told the natives their hair was stained by maintaining an open-face town. The spectacle of the Sainted Joe as an old sinner is worthy of a master's brush.

SMILING LINES.
"Why is Mrs. Plummers looking alternately at the train of her gown and glowering at you?"
"Because while dancing I had the bad luck to stumble just as she passed, and, of course, I hit the trail."—Baltimore American.

Cubist Teacher—"Can any one give an impressionistic definition of New York?"
Bright Pupil—"A small body of limousines almost entirely surrounded by Ford's—Life."

First Woman (on Street Car)—"Have you ever noticed the difference between people on different car lines?"
Second Woman—"I should say I had. I think the people who ride on this line are simply horrid, don't you?"—Boston Transcript.

He—One thing is sure, I don't intend to be criticized and censured because I have failed to realize your expectations.
She—You misunderstand me completely. All that I have done is to express my conviction that you have more than justified my fears.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE,
MY FLANCE WALKS ME HOME AFTER THE THEATRE SO HE CAN ENJOY MY COMPANY LONGER. HE SAYS TAXIS GET YOU HOME TOO SOON—DOESNT THAT SHOW HE LOVES ME?
BUT JUST THE SAME I BET HE WALKS SO FAST THAT YOU CANT KEEP UP WITH HIM!

Old Mrs. Blunderer was telling her caller about a play she had been to the evening before. One of the characters was an Englishman of the "ally awes" type. "He did look so ridiculous with that monologue in his eye," chuckled the old lady.—Boston Transcript.

"I want to see something that will make me thoughtful and perhaps even sad," said the morose man.
"Well," replied the man at the theater ticket window, "come in here and see how some people act when I can't give them just the seats they want."—Washington Star.

"Money talks, you know, and—"
"You may be right," acknowledged the discomfited looking man, "but have not far as my acquaintance with it goes."
Enough to it to know whether it does or not, I sometimes see it in the distance making derisive gestures at me with its thumb to its nose, but that is about as far as my acquaintance with it goes."—Judge.

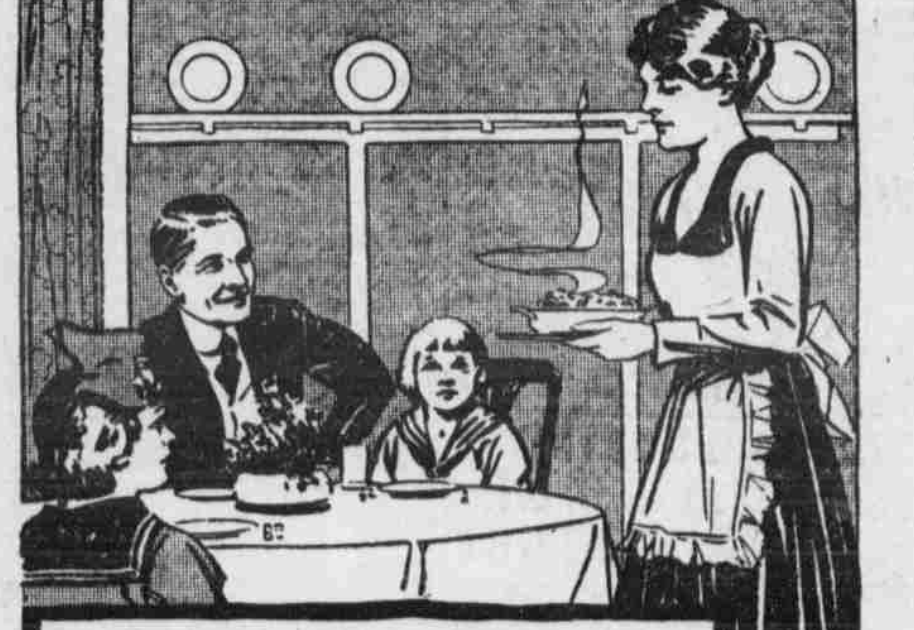
WAR DOGS OF THE SEA.
Perrin Holmes Lowrey in Leslie's.
The bulldog battalions are chained at anchor kenneled in the bay;
The swift, sleek cruiser dogs and dream,
Lank, single-screwed, graceful, grey;
The restless beagle gunboats go
From point to point and sniff the sea;
Torpedo boats lie low and low—
The watch dogs of our liberty!
The wireless purrs approaching doom!
The pack awakes. The beagles leap.
The slender cruiser grins with victory!
The bulldogs plunge along the deep;
The mastiff dreadnaughts breast the wind.
The scent is caught. The quarry flees.
The ranging dogs in hot pursuit,
In eager anger, hunt the seas.
Their searchlight eyes decree the game.
Their savage voices tear the night.
A froth of fury flecks the main—
The pathway of the running fight!
The baying blunder of the guns,
The tangled growls, the brutal bark
Of all the dogs of war are heard
Across the distance and the dark!
The panting pack limps home at last
Along a star-filled, silent sea.
Their heavy hearts throbbed proudly past,
Their wet flanks grim with victory!
The carcasses of mangled prey
Are stripped and ghastly, flung afar.
A great fling stiffens in the wind.
Defended by the dogs of war!

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough
A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.
The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.
This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in gualiacol, which is so healing to the membranes.
To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex."—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Digestive Troubles
cause headache, biliousness, constipation, impure blood and other unpleasant symptoms. If these troubles are neglected they weaken the body and open the way for serious illness. Many chronic diseases may be traced back to indigestion that could have been immediately relieved by

Beecham's Pills
Beecham's Pills. This well-known home remedy has proven itself dependable, safe and speedy during sixty years' use. The fame of having a larger sale than any other medicine in the world proves the dependable, remedial value of



How a Wise Woman Keeps House
Strong, healthy families and happy, comfortable homes are the results of keeping the right table. It is the greatest pride of a true woman, and as such should be her greatest care.
Heavy foods, such as meats, are expensive. Flimsy, foamy pastries are not healthful. It is the food that is open to all and welcome on every table that is the real food for the wise woman to order.
Faust Cut Macaroni is a universal dish. It is healthful, delicious and economical. It can be served in many ways, because it is already cut in inch lengths, and there is no need of breaking long sticks unevenly. Write for recipe book.
Don't simply say "Macaroni," say "Faust Cut Macaroni"
MAULL BROS., St. Louis, U. S. A.
10c the large package

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.