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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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FEBRUARY CIRCULATION.
54,328 Daily—Sunday 50,639

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of February, 1916, was 54,328 daily and 50,639 Sunday.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Old Man Winter dies hard, but he is doomed to short shrift.

One touch of spring does not mark a regular debut. Keep your winter duds on awhile.

American motor trucks are giving the Mexicans needed lessons in spring plowing in the sandhill district.

The war dogs of Greece, though deprived of their favorite diet, seem quite content with a large bite out of Albania.

"Birds of a feather flock together." Watch the grafters and fake reformers hitch up for mutual offense and defense.

Both peace advocates and fingsos can easily unite on one program of preparedness—the preparedness for the spring clean-up.

Travel routes abroad are not boasting of the adjacent scenery, but there is no mistaking the high quality of the excitement provided.

A total of 2,000 merchant vessels put out of business by war enlarges the freedom of the seas, but who is the gainer would stump a war prophet.

The sincere reformer commands respect, even if overzealous or actually mistaken; the fake reformer is distrusted and despised, as he ought to be.

It is uphill work trying to inflate the democratic "Who-is-He" governorship boom, but if the scheme fails, it will not be due to lack of lung power or lubricating oil.

Now, if Villa were disposed to be accommodating, he would at least agree to be captured and disposed of in time to let Uncle Sam spare some of his troops for our Ak-Bar-Ben demonstration next fall.

An extra \$100,000,000 of war taxes for national defenses is planned to come out of plute incomes and inheritances. The steadily widening reach of the federal tax gatherer promises a serious drive at existing political fences.

The Commercial club's 3,000-members slogan means one member for ever hundred of the population, and stretching the population to 300,000, at that. It is an ambitious project, but its certain achievement will bring just that much more glory.

Traversing Hallowed Ground. The military expedition into Mexico traverses ground hallowed by the valor, sufferings and triumphs of American volunteer frontiersmen.

General Doniphan's command cut loose from civilization at Fort Leavenworth in May, 1846, and blazed the route of the Santa Fe trail. In less than three months the Mexican defenders of Santa Fe were dispersed and New Mexico became a part of the union. A month later the hostile Navajo in the Arizona mountains were reduced to a peace footing, clearing the way for a dash to El Paso and south of the Rio Grande.

Even to men inured to hardship and primitive outdoor life, five months of marching reduced them to ragged and half-famished battalions, living on the game of the country, supplies exhausted and hundreds of miles from a base. They entered El Paso while Yuletide festivities were on and were obliged to thrash General Ponce de Leon's army of 1,200 men before partaking of the Christmas dinner.

Crossing the Rio Grande in February, 1847, Doniphan's expedition, with 356 effective men and ten pieces of artillery, traversed the route followed by Villa's pursuers, covered 215 miles of trackless desert in fourteen days, escaped destruction from thirst by a providential rainstorm, routed 4,000 Mexicans in a fortified mountain pass on the Rio Sacramento, and entered Chihuahua on March 1. In ten months the expedition covered 2,000 miles of roadless territory and whipped three Mexican armies, with a loss of one man killed and a score wounded in battle.

In the light of this extraordinary achievement the present punitive expedition, with its vast resources and modern equipment, takes on the aspect of a military picnic.

The Supervised Playground. A correspondent asks a reason for the supervised playground and the existence of a recreation board to direct the play of the modern youngster. It is hard to give a reason that will withstand the test of critical analysis, but the pretext is easy to present. Children no longer grow up as they did in times gone by. Our social ways have changed. Not many decades ago father and mother took a deep and affectionate interest in the affairs of their offspring, and gave to their rearing attention that resulted in boy and girl coming up from babyhood with respect for elders, a knowledge of useful work, and a consideration for others that obviated much that might have led to unpleasantness. Today parents have other things to occupy their minds. It is still necessary that the children be supervised, so the work has been transferred from the home to the school, to the playground and to the juvenile court. Experts are paid to do the work that would otherwise fall on the parent, and thus the raising of children is relieved of much that used to be bothersome. The experiment has not been carried on far enough to determine its value, but some old-fashioned people comfort themselves with the thought that in good time the home will be re-established as the proper place in which to give the child instruction as to behavior, and that playing will assume again its natural quality of freedom. That, of course, remains to be determined by the issue, but for the present the supervised playground is to be an adjunct to the general purpose of public assumption of private responsibility in the matter of training children.

Modern Gladiators and the Public. Proceedings in New York last night were not of such nature as to indicate that man's better impulses have entirely gained ascendancy. Two professional bruisers banged away at each other, under the immediate scrutiny of several thousands of people, while throughout the length and breadth of the land millions waited for bulletins, besieged newspaper offices by telephone and otherwise sought for information as to the outcome. This morning more people are reading the splendid descriptions of what went on at Madison Square than will give attention to any other feature of the Sunday newspaper. To the bruisers themselves the reward is more money than the great majority of men accumulate in a lifetime; more by far than either could ever hope to attain by the most diligent pursuit of any vocation for which he is mentally and physically fitted.

It is recrudescence of the savagery latent in the most ultra-civilized, a lingering trait coming down from our aboriginal, and maybe arboreal, ancestors, amongst whom physical prowess took precedence over all other qualifications. Reminiscent of the luxurious days of decadent Rome, it shows us to be as were the patricians of that time, who would "pat the brawn and bet their sesterces on the red blood" of the gladiators, the outward proof of an inward admiration for the fighting man.

The economic value of a prize fighter is nil; his sentimental influence is far-reaching and incalculable. Public interest in the affair, of last night, and in similar exhibitions, gainsays the argument against its suppression. Many morals may be drawn from this, some of which will suggest themselves, even to the most casual reader.

Shackleton Still in the South. It is within the range of possibility that Lieutenant Sir Ernest Shackleton's name will be added to the list of those who have given their lives to the attempt to unveil the mystery of the poles. The relief ship, which set out more than a year ago, has just been heard from, returning disabled to its home port. It brings no news of the fate of the intrepid explorer who went into the Antarctic darkness to make more certain of the knowledge suggested by the notebook of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, and to secure, if possible, any advantage to civilization that might come from that knowledge. The world must wait for further word from the explorer and his companions, but it is encouraging that not even the presence of a great war can blot out interest in this undertaking of peaceful adventure. Some services to mankind are greater than those performed on the field of battle, and of this quality is the service of the dead who have died in the Polar wastes that man's conquest of the world might be more complete. Their sacrifice is not wholly in vain, and their example is an ever-present inspiration to the living.

Wireless in War Times. The use of wireless telegraphy in peace and war is rapidly extending, but just now its value as a military accessory is the greater. In connection with operations of war it performs a function of the highest importance. The free use of the air by amateurs is likely to interfere with the legitimate purposes of the government. Therefore, steps are being taken to limit the operations of amateur plants, even to their abolition. This is one of the most serious problems our government has had to deal with in the maintenance of its neutrality. Direct communication with Germany since the opening of the war has been possible only by means of the wireless, and has continually been under supervision of the federal government, in order to prevent abuses. The success of the plan so far has been gratifying. It has been achieved with but little interference with business, and has kept the world informed of events that would otherwise have remained buried under the embargo of the Allies' censorship. Along the Mexican border a somewhat analogous situation has developed, and here the amateurs are being suppressed, as they were along the Atlantic coast. The amateurs can well afford to forego their amusement when the public good is at stake.

In Omaha's experience, unfortunately, "active church workers" in office have not always panned out better than the other kind. They have on several occasions proved to be embezzlers or fee-grabbers or grafters, not because they are church workers, but because hypocrites and crooks sometimes wear the livery of the church, to borrow a semblance of honor.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER

WHEN the republican national convention is set in motion in June, William J. Bryan will again be occupying a seat at the press table just as he did at the last republican convention and as he did at the republican convention of twenty years ago. I have this direct from Mr. Bryan himself for, when I greeted him at the Creighton law students' feast the other evening, he started right out: "Rosewater, have you any arrangements with the management of your coming convention?" he asked.

"Perhaps," I ventured, hesitatingly, wondering what he was leading up to. "At least, I think I might have." "Well, then," said Mr. Bryan, "I wish you'd get me a seat in the press section. I'm going to report the convention for a number of newspapers, and you took care of me so well last time, I'd like to have you look after this for me now."

"Which side of the house do you want to sit on, Mr. Bryan, the republican side or the democratic side?" I asked. "But I fear he didn't see the joke. 'Oh! They don't seat them that way, do they?' he came back. "No, sir, in our conventions," I hastened to reassure him, "and even if we did, you would have a seat on the republican side, if you wanted it, for we are opening the door wide to everyone to come in."

It will be remembered that in 1896 Bryan went from the reporters' table at St. Louis to Chicago to talk himself into his own nomination and in 1912 he practically stopped proceedings at Chicago while he took his departure for Baltimore, where he finally swung the balance from Champ Clark to Wilson. Far be it from me, however, to predict.

Needless to add, I have already written to Secretary Reynolds on behalf of Reporter Bryan, and if it turns out that the application is too late to have the deserved consideration, I shall hold a place at the press table allotted to The Bee at his disposal.

Mr. Bryan is looking remarkably well. It was a year since I had last seen him at Washington and he then seemed exceedingly worn and red. I think he has lost some weight in that time. He looks trimmer all around, perhaps in part because he has his hair trimmed closer, though I noted the rim not only steadily receding, as it has been for some years, but also becoming tinged with gray where it used to be a glistering black. He was in mighty good humor that night and his eyes sparkled at the fun and jokes perpetrated by the clever Creighton boys (and the girls) in their talks. His own speech, while entertaining, was a little too long drawn out and was plainly a made-on-the-spot patchwork of pieces from two or three of his staple addresses, but gingered up as no one but Bryan can do, with apt local allusions, for example, as the bouquets to his fellow orators and his feeling reference to his personal relations with John A. Creighton, one of the university's founders. Mr. Bryan's command of clear, concise and vigorous English, however, is still unsurpassed and no one can match him in ease and facility of talking.

Twice Told Tales

Just a Fable. One time there was an honest shepherd boy, who was accosted by a total stranger, who said:

"I have lost my way. Will you leave your sheep and guide me to the nearest village?" "No," said the boy, "I must not leave my sheep."

"But I will pay you well for your time," said the stranger. "No, I am entrusted with these sheep, and I must stick to the job—see?"

"Uh-huh," said the stranger, for he was highly educated. Then the young man's attendant joined him, and he found that the stranger was a grand duke, who owned all the country round.

"Come to see me some time," said the grand duke to the faithful boy. "You interest me strangely." One day the young man took the grand duke at his word and called on him.

"You little mutt," said the grand duke, through his clenched teeth, "turn around and let my foot do what it has been itching to do ever since that day you wouldn't show me the way to the village."

And the young man went home happy. He was the only boy in that neighborhood whose pants had ever been kicked by the foot of royalty—Louisville Times.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Excavation was commenced today for the foundation of the new Board of Trade building on Sixteenth and Farnam streets, and it is expected that the work of laying the foundation will be commenced by May 1.

John T. Raymond played "Colonel Mulberry Sellers" to a delighted audience at the Boyd.

Judge Savage left for Boston to attend the meeting of the board of directors of the Union Pacific next week.

A pleasant progressive euchre party was given by W. J. Mount at his residence on upper Capitol avenue. The booby prizes were carried off by M. C. Maul and Fred Bothwick.

The Charity union has established a wood yard on a vacant lot north of Chicago and Sixteenth street, to furnish work to deserving needy. The officers of the Charity union are: Fred Nye, president; Clement Chase, vice president; James Ross, secretary; Alfred Millard, treasurer; F. D. Muir, Henry Estabrook, Frank Irvine and E. P. Peck, trustees.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Detroit Free Press: Billy Sunday says women who play cards for prizes are "black-legged gamblers." It must have been an old-fashioned lot that Billy pecked at.

Boston Transcript: The Methodist and Presbyterian churches at Cinnarron, Kas. have joined in a single congregation with one preacher. The Moose and the Elephant seem to be setting a powerfully strong example on the prairie.

Baltimore American: Dr. Parkhurst's melancholy experience with the so-called American candy company comes soon after the disclosure of a famous Brooklyn clergyman's bad luck as a business man. Still, business success is not the highest test of human quality, some popular hero worship to the contrary notwithstanding.

New York World: It is creditable for the Episcopalians to raise \$100,000 to meet the deficit in their foreign missions account. That leaves the way clear for missionary work among the superannuated clergy of the denomination in the matter of pensions and retiring allowances.

Brooklyn Eagle: Dr. Talcott Williams of the School of Journalism told a church congregation in Manhattan Sunday that the churches would increase their attendance greatly by spending as much on advertising their services as they now spend on their music. He might have made his point stronger by adding that in Brooklyn, where the churches advertise more freely than in any other city in the country, the church attendance is notably larger than among any city population of the same size.

Springfield Republican: Mention has been made of the steps that are being taken by the Methodist Episcopal and the Protestant Episcopal churches to raise large endowment funds, the income from which will be used to pension aged ministers. It should be added that the Congregational churches, under the lead of their national council, are also planning to raise a pension fund of \$5,000,000, as a part of the program proposed for the celebration of the 50th anniversary in the fall of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The number of ministers who have been able to give a big lift to all these funds, along with the rest of us. They best understand the need.

WOMEN IN THE WAR ZONE.

Great Britain has over 2,300 police-women.

Nearly every town in Germany now has police-women.

More than 40,000 women are now in the French Red Cross.

Three-fifths of the Belgian refugees in England are women.

Women are even acting as street cleaners in southern Germany.

More than 700,000 women are employed in the factories of Russia.

About three women to one man are now employed in the munition factories.

Marriages have dropped off 25 per cent in Berlin since the war began.

Footmen have replaced nearly all of the footmen employed by the wealthy families in England.

Women have replaced many men as stewards of trans-Atlantic steamers as the result of conscription.

In every country now at war the cultivation of the fields, orchards and vineyards is left to the women.

As a result of the war women in all the warring countries are doing bigger places in the various industries.

Typewriters and women typists will take a prominent place in the new efficiency system in the French war office.

Over 30,000 women have taken the places of men in France, thus enabling 51 per cent of the factories in that country to run on full time.

Over 1,500 women have been engaged to examine all letters which have accumulated at Liverpool and which are destined to the United States.

An army school of cookery, at which women instruct, has been inaugurated for the training of military cooks who will serve at the front with the British army.

In order to meet the shortage of agricultural labor in England, due to the enlistment of men, steps have been taken to mobilize a sufficient number of women to work the land.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Taking the year as a whole the tables show that there are two regions of maximum thunderstorm frequency, one over Florida and the other over Mexico.

The largest fine ever collected in Washington county under the Vermont law which makes six inches the minimum length of trout was \$230, paid recently by Harry Dudley, for having forty-five short ones in his possession.

A cat, a mascot of a battery of British royal field artillery, after taking part in every engagement of his soldier comrades, who carried him with them when they left England in November, 1914, has still to lose the first of his nine lives.

People and Events

The Ohio town of Fremont points with pride to a 15-year-old native son who weighs 250 pounds. Local optimists are uncertain whether the kid is another white hope or a corner for alderman.

An immigrant girl in Boston, about to be deported for fear she would become a public charge, got over 60 offers of jobs from as many housewives. Scarcity of help in Boston and New York approximates a famine.

Purser Kuryse of the American liner St. Paul has retired after his 1100th trip across the Atlantic and a travel record of 4,000,000 miles on the briny sea since 1883. To him the heaving ocean proved a pretty safe place, and it is unlikely retirement will take him very far from it.

The brine and spume of the salted seas are pulsing joys to the nostrils of Mrs. James A. Orne, suffrage skipper of the Hazel Dell, a New England coasting schooner. Captain Orne's crew consists of a husband, rank uncertain; a canary-bird as mate, two white rats, a crowsy bird and a dog.

That genius and poverty too often are teammates, is shown in the case of Nicola Tesla, involving default in payment of personal taxes in New York city. The electrical wizard testified he had no income and subsisted mostly on credit. Evidently the wonders he promised in print have not been reduced to a cash basis.

A stake of \$10,000 earned in a lump sum at the age of 28 is the reward of merit which has come to Lucien T. Reid, a lawyer of La Crosse, Wis. The sum was willed by an uncle on condition that Reid abstained from tobacco and intoxicating drink until he was 28. In itself the fee for abstinence was worth while and likewise profitable in a physical sense.

One of the oldest weatherwise inhabitants of Brooklyn digs up the weather record of 1818, which was a real joy-ride. He reports the winter of that year swallowed up spring and put iceles in June. Frost and ice were common steadily in midsummer, "mothers knit socks double thickness and made thick mittens, and the folks ate buckwheat cakes for breakfast the whole year through." Doubtless the latter inward delicacy compensated for outward discomforts.

BRIEF BITS OF SCIENCE.

An English scientist has succeeded in obtaining seven gallons of fuel oil from a ton of seaweed.

Wire made of a new German alloy with aluminum for its base is about twice as tough as steel wire.

Applying electric currents to the base of the brain, a Berlin physician has found a way to give sleep to the sleepless.

Seeds germinate rapidly under the influence of violet and blue rays, but flies and other insects do not like these colors.

Safety in aviation still is largely a matter of skill and judgment of the operator. Statistics show that only one-fourth of the accidents are due to defects in the aeroplanes.

Without resort to computation, a new nautical instrument, to be mounted over a ship's compass, enables the directions of objects at sea and their distance away to be determined.

That the world will grow hotter instead of colder is the assertion of an English scientist who looks for this result because he thinks there has been a large amount of radium collected in the molten molecules of this earth, energy from which will keep things warm for several years to come.

AROUND THE CITIES.

The revised registration list of Kansas City, Mo., contains 97,870 names.

New York crusaders claim a 50 per cent reduction in commercialized vice since 1912.

Denver's Housemaids' union, just organized, has drafted a set of rules for the government of kitchens and to show madam her place in the household.

The exaggerated patriotism of Canada finds expression in the action of the city council of Toronto, eliminating German names from streets. Even Dresden must go, and in its place will be set up the honored name of Cavell.

Philadelphia's Department of Health has inaugurated a crusade against noise-makers. Particular attention is given to the morning ballyhoo of milkmen, bakers, peddlers, and other car-cracking screamers in the residence districts.

JOINING OUR ARMY UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

ARE THE MOST PATRIOTIC CITIZENS.
DEPENDABLE IN EVERY EMERGENCY.
If you are patriotic ring Douglas 1117. No charge for explanation.

J. T. YATES, Secretary. W. A. FRASER, President.

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.

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail.

Patriotism always stands in with the government.

At the age of twenty-one a man has more ideals than ideas.

The true secret of feminine beauty is to be born pretty.

Variety is the spice of life to the bald man in the front row.

A mean man always attributes his dislike of his neighbor to envy.

From the buldge's point of view this is a very quarrelsome old world.

If a woman is homesy she tries to persuade herself that she has a class face.

Instead of wearing a laurel wreath the modern poet struggles along without a halcyon.

Nowadays we hear more about the shiftless non-in-law than about the prodigal son.

Every time a woman sees a door marked "private" she has a curiosity to know what is on the other side of it.—Chicago News.

LAUGHING GAS.

"Old Goldust made his young wife an ideal husband in the good and merry life he gave her."

"How was that?" "First, he married her a good husband and then he made her a merry widow."

"My husband tells me that he was out late last night with your husband."

"That isn't so, I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."—Detroit Free Press.

"It's five years ago today, and I'm going to celebrate my wedding."

"Wouldn't wedding? Wooden, you mean?"

"No. Wouldn't. Five years today since I asked a girl if she'd marry me and she said she wouldn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"She—Will fasting make you thin?" "If I don't think so, I lived on water for five days last summer and didn't lose a pound."

"She—You did?" "He—Yes, from New York to Liverpool.—Princeton Tiger.

DEAR MR. KABBLE, SHALL I LET MY GIRL SAVE MY MONEY FOR ME?

YES—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO MARRY HER TO GET IT BACK!

THE NAME ABOVE THE SIGN.

Chester L. Saxby. The blush of the August Apple, A sunset aglow in the west. The sunbath leaves and the woodbine And the oriole's hidden nest.

The oak tree sprung from the acorn. The maple grows from the pod; Give it the name of Nature. Then trace above it—God.

The vengeance that stalked with the savage. The unwritten code of the tribe. The primitive chivalric customs. The laws that the ancients describe. A criminal facing the judgment. A soul lifted up from the sod; Give it the name of Order. Then trace above it—God.

The income fire on the altar. The martyr's firm reply. The Huguenots and the Roundheads. And a chant that is borne to the sky. The hermit alone in the desert. The pilgrim on shores untrud; Call it the name of Religion. Then trace above it—God.

The flutter of wings o'er the nestlings. The life breathed out to the young. Innocence shielding the guilty. Christ with his hands and his feet. The starting grief of a mother. For a form beneath the sod; Call it the name of Love. Give it the name of God.

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