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MARCH CIRCULATION.
56,628 Daily—Sunday 50,628

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of the Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of March, 1916, was 56,628 daily and 50,628 Sunday.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed to my false oath and sworn to before me this 15th day of April, 1916.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Ireland, though slightly disfigured, is still in the ring.

Those Rotarians of Omaha are raising some dust!

The speeding habit must not be permitted to grow with growing Omaha.

Justice Hughes' silence is an increasing source of worry to the noise-makers.

Spring poets mean well, but their ideals lack the support of the weather bureau.

A report on the condition of Nebraska's two vice presidential booms would not be out of order.

However, the courtesies due a veteran insurer, Mr. Bryan a seat in the reporters' section at St. Louis.

Ready to join the short ballot movement? Or do you need a few more demonstrations of its necessity?

Despite the war cost exhibit of \$90,000,000 a day, deluded theorists insist war makes for prosperity and thrift.

And it is worth noting that Sir Roger Casement is a native-born son of the United Kingdom and not a "hyphenated" Britisher.

Statistics showing three unmarried criminals to one married crook in New York still further emphasize the restraining influences of a matrimonial hobble.

Looking over the sworn statements of candidates' expenses in the primary campaign, the inevitable conclusion is that somebody is doing some tall lying.

Another insistent note has gone out from the State department. Colonel Bryan's famous recipe of a year of conversation is altogether too short for an insistent administration.

The most rampant of Britishers, if capable of appreciating a news scoop, must feel somewhat grateful to Germany for the details of sea and air raids which a censorious government denies to the home reporter.

Chalk Hill county up as the banner county for intelligent voting in the recent republican primary. In Hall county the written-in vote for Hughes outstrips the votes for candidates whose names were printed on the ballot.

The democratic World-Herald is already becoming alarmed lest the "smut-mills" may be brought into action in the Nebraska campaign. Heretofore that paper has claimed monopoly of the "smut-mill" business, which it evidently wants to protect against infringement.

In the latest official summary, Nebraska is put down as the third corn-producing state, Illinois leading the column. But Nebraska has a vast acreage yet to be brought under cultivation, while Illinois is practically up to its limit. Nebraska will pass Illinois some of these days.

Government reports show that the price of meat animals advanced 4.3 per cent in a month and 19.1 per cent during the twelve months ending April 15. A few weeks ago stockmen and packers took a committee of congress that they were not getting their due. Who got the excess money?

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files.
A strong wind blew off one of the trees in front of Mack Meyer's store and broke a show case in front of C. A. Singer's store.

Eight wolves were killed back of the Masonic building. They were brought in from Lewis township by Mr. Peterson, who received \$25 bounty for their skins.

Mrs. Thomas R. Williams of Kansas City is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Smith. Mr. Smith being the brother of Mrs. Williams.

The Masonic Temple of Omaha has commenced an action before Judge McClendon to secure possession of the store building at 53 North Sixteenth street, now being occupied by South-Kennedy company, as a grocery store.

General Manager Fish of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley has removed his family from Missouri Valley to Omaha and is occupying a suite of rooms at the Packer.

P. B. Furbush has returned from a month's trip in the Pacific coast. He has left for an important business trip to eastern Iowa.

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Teaching Treason.

You do solemnly swear that you will support the constitution of the United States and that you absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly (by name) to the prince, potentate, state or sovereignty of which you were before a citizen or subject; that you will support and defend the constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and bear true faith and allegiance to the same. So help you, God.

After hearing this oath recited, which he, himself, had administered to the naturalized citizens who were the Rotary club's special guests for the occasion, a judge of our district court, called on to make some observations about naturalization, said in so many words:

"If, by chance, our country should have to go to war and you should be called to arms and have to fight against the country from which you came, if you should find yourselves opposite your former countrymen and should aim high so as to be sure not to hit any of them, I would not blame you, say, I would not blame you, if you should fire in the air."

Whether or not Judge Sears realized what he was saying to the class of new American citizens, he was teaching them a lesson in treason, and if they were to act on his insidious suggestion under such circumstances, they would be inviting court-martial and summary punishment. Evidently Judge Sears does not, or did not, realize that in war time failure of one company—yes, of one man—to do his full duty might mean the loss of the battle and the defeat of the cause for which the nation is warring.

This is not a quibble of words or a difference in politics. It is a question of what is the essence of patriotism—for a judge of a court of law surely must know that when the citizen is enlisted as a soldier it is for him to fight for his flag against any and every enemy country on earth. If this judge were holding judicial office in Germany, or Great Britain, or France, or any of the warring nations of Europe, and publicly declared that he would not blame the soldiers for firing in the air, if their line happened to fall opposite to a company made up of former friends or neighbors, we do not believe he would long sit on the bench. In our own civil war it was often family against family and brother against brother and the bonds of blood had to be severed when the uniform was donned. No man who deliberately "aimed high" when the command was given to fire could excuse himself by any such specious pleading. That doctrine is the doctrine of treason and nothing else.

The Bee is as anxious as any to keep this country at peace with all the world and to help our newly naturalized citizens work out their salvation and ours in this land of freedom which they have adopted. But they must, as they really do, place America first, come what may, and it is not for any of us to plant in their minds the seeds of treason and disloyalty.

Crux in the Submarine Warfare.

Secretary Lansing has clearly restated the American position on submarine warfare. He emphasizes the point that warning must be given by a submarine warship to a merchant vessel under all conditions. He does not admit the right of a belligerent to sink a neutral vessel under any circumstances. This reverts back to the case of the Frye, the first of the war, which has been somewhat overshadowed by the more aggravated instances of submarine activity. Secretary Lansing also lays great stress on the absolute right of the ship's company to safety at all times. The status of armed merchantmen is given more full consideration and explanation, so that our attitude on this point is now unmistakable, and the privilege of flight and the right to resist is insisted upon.

The sending of the note to all embassies and legations is intended officially to notify the world of the American position on the question. It should be possible to conduct the submarine campaign effectively along human lines; if not, it must be abandoned, and this is the attitude of the United States.

Democratic Split on the Philippines.

The house caucus of democrats has been unable to agree on the Philippine bill as it came from the senate, and a lively issue has been raised behind the closed doors, where the work of congress is secretly mapped out. Many members of the majority party balk at the proposed perfidy of the measure the president drove through the senate. These men realize the obligation of the United States to the islanders, the more binding because it is moral rather than legal, and they understand the dangers of following the plan proposed by Messrs. Wilson and Hitchcock. Opponents of this iniquitous measure will at least have a hearing before it is dragged through the lower house by the party caucus.

A powerful lobby of mestizo politicians is busy, not only at Washington, but throughout the country, seeking support for the Hitchcock bill. These will become the ruling class in the islands, should the United States withdraw its protectorate, and will be permitted to devote themselves to the exploitation of the full-blooded natives on a scale never practiced before. Their keen interest in having the "independence" of the natives set up is quite comprehensible.

More material interests of the United States are involved in the matter. For example, all the Filipino money now in circulation rests on the credit established by the presence of our government. An issue of \$25,000,000 of Filipino bonds is entirely owned in this country, chiefly by savings banks, and these become worthless the moment we haul down the flag at Manila. American capital employed in the islands will be lost, and Americans resident there, all at the invitation of our government, will be exposed to conditions similar to those encountered in Mexico, when Uncle Sam gives up his protectorate.

From a social and political point of view, the Wilson-Hitchcock bill is a stupendous bit of folly; from a moral viewpoint it is miserable cowardice.

New York City's fifty-year bonds, to the amount of \$18,000,000, bearing 4 1/4 per cent interest and marketed last week, brought the highest price of the season, \$107.61. An abundance of money all over the country insures a high and ready market for good securities.

Lost Stars and New Stars

Garret F. Serviss.

THERE is no known instance of the sudden or instantaneous disappearance of a star. In fact, with the exception of the vanishing of stars which had first been seen to make their appearance, a "new star" there is no certain record to prove that any recognized member of the starry host has ever disappeared.

A considerable number, however, have faded, while others have brightened because they belong to the large class of the variable stars. The star Megrez, at the junction of the handle and bowl of the "Great Dipper", for instance, was once, on the authority of Tycho Brahe, as bright as the other six stars constituting the dipper figure, but at present, as you may see any clear night, it is relatively faint.

The interesting legend of the "Lost Pleiad", is, no doubt, based upon another instance of a gradually fading star, which was once plainly visible to the naked eye, but has now become too faint to be noticed without optical aid. There is uncertainty, however, as to just which of the Pleiades it is that formerly shone more brilliantly. Some think it is Pleione, others Asterope, and still others Celaeno. But no one of these three stars is invisible, under favorable circumstances, to a keen eye.

The brilliant topaz star Betelgeuse, in the shoulder of Orion, although ordinarily of more than the first magnitude, has occasionally sunk considerably below that magnitude. In 1863 it was the brightest star in the northern hemisphere, and in 1894 it again blazed up with great brilliancy. It is probably hundreds of times greater than our sun, but scorching, from the character of its spectrum and its eccentric changes of brightness, that it is approaching extinction.

The inhabitants of the planets that Betelgeuse rules are to be pitted! Their sun may last for millions of years yet, since the agony of a star is vastly prolonged, but already its radiation has become so variable that their seasons must be in fearful disorder.

But there is a far worse case than that of Betelgeuse. I refer to Mira "the wonderful" in the constellation of the Whale (Cetus). In a period of about 331 days this astonishing star changes a thousandfold in brightness, being at one time far below the range of the naked eye, and not brighter than the ninth magnitude, and at another time rising to a degree of brightness but a single step below the first rank.

As it fades it turns red, and when it brightens again it is like a ruby flaming into a diamond. A fierce outburst of white light marks the culmination of each struggle of that hopelessly dying sun, and then it fades and sinks again into a state of exhaustion.

Its planets, if it ever had any, must long since have perished, their death-stricken forms periodically illuminated by the fitful glare, like stiffened victims of a massacre, left near their expiring camp-fires.

While no long known and recognized star has, as far as records show, ever suddenly disappeared, new stars have suddenly burst into sight, and afterward faded rapidly away. In 1901 an amazingly brilliant star made its appearance almost in the twinkling of an eye, as far as naked-eye observation was concerned, at the border of the Milky Way, in the constellation Perseus. For a little while it was nearly, or quite, as bright as Sirius. It soon began to fade, and in a few months it had changed, wholly or partially, into a nebula, invisible to the naked eye, and it still exists.

This marvellous phenomenon is generally believed by astronomers to have been caused by a collision in open space between two previously invisible stars, whose invisibility may have been due either to their excessive remoteness or to their slight brightness. We know that the stars are all in motion with velocities sufficient to cause an immense outburst of heat and light if they should run against one another, and the fact that at least fifteen new stars have been recorded since the scientific observation of the heavens began makes it seem probable that collisions do occasionally occur.

Even the near approach, without collision, of two great stars would suffice to produce a similar catastrophe through the effects of their tidal strain upon each other.

In 1912 in the line of Tycho Brahe, a new star, even more brilliant than that of 1901, burst out, also at the edge of the Milky Way, in the constellation Cassiopeia. There were no telescopes and no spectroscopes then, and when the star faded beyond the reach of the naked eye the precise place that it had occupied was lost; but Tycho, with his imperfect instruments, made measures of its place which today serve to tell us approximately its location. There is no visible star there today.

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In his letter to the American Mr. Sunday thanks the people of Baltimore for their hospitality, for their enthusiasm for their liberality, for their encouragement, for their loyal support. It has been a great time for him and who shall say it has not been a great and good time for Baltimore? His work will prove itself. If it is of man it will come to naught, but if it is of God ye cannot overthrow it.

Baltimore says goodbye to Mr. Sunday and to all his party. May their campaigns in other cities be attended with the same success that has marked their campaign in Baltimore.

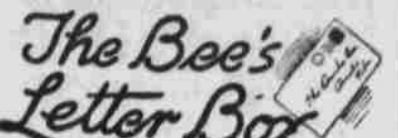
Twice Told Tales

Hated of Publicity. Some people hate publicity like the young Detroit man. He was dressed in a light-fitting suit of the latest cut, and his white costume was from an expert refinement. And he was plainly embarrassed when he entered the editor's office.

"I was intensely shocked to read a notice in your paper of my engagement," he began. "I cannot tell you how shocked I was. I was positively shocked. My fiancée was shocked. We were all shocked. How much do fifty copies of the paper?" San Francisco Argonaut.

Misplaced Sympathy. Through the busy downtown streets a stalwart policeman led a little child by the hand. A motherly-looking young woman passed before them for a moment. Then, in a sudden burst of sympathy, she bent over the child and kissed it. "Poor little!" she moaned as she went. "I wish I could wash it for a week. Some folks cannot be treated with children, wretched, cruel things they are. Where did you find the child, policeman?"

"Find the child, woman?" sneered the policeman. "No. I didn't find her at all. She's my own kid."—Toronto Globe.



Industry and Persistence. COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 26.—To the Editor of The Bee: I received your check today for the amount of the second prize awarded in the Shakespeare puzzle. In thanking you for this, I also wish to say that I enjoyed working on it, despite the fact that I went over the entire list four times, a rather tiresome task. As it is the first time I have ever seen in an answer, I was greatly surprised and pleased at getting a prize when they are always so many answers.

PHYLLIS E. WHELELTER.

Who Wrote Shakespeare?

OMAHA, April 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: The Chicago court the other day in deciding if Bacon wrote the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare had all the evidence on that side. Other than that William Shakespeare was a wandering actor in London in the time of Queen Elizabeth and that there are six of his signatures extant (besides those found lately by Prof. Barnet and his wife of the University of Nebraska) to ordinary documents on court records relating to property, there is nothing to show that he wrote the greatest of all literature and much to the contrary.

It seems that in 1597 (Shakespeare died in 1616) Shakespeare was given a thousand pounds and sent from London to Stratford on the Avon, which was a long, long way in those days. This was done in order to induce him to incur the risks entailed by allowing his name to appear upon the plays. For had Queen Elizabeth known that Sir Francis Bacon, afterwards Viscount St. Alban's, had written them, she would have cut off his head, since she was determined to punish the author of "Richard II." and she reported to have said, "Seest thou not that I am 'Richard II.'?"

There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever earned as much as ten shillings in any week while he lived in London. Of the three likenesses extant of Shakespeare, known as the Stratford bust, the D'Avonant bust and the wood cut in the first edition of the works in 1623, known as the Droehout print, not one of them can be called authentic.

"It seems almost incredible," says Laurence, "that people who are supposed to be as brilliant as Shakespeare should have looked on this so-called portrait for 50 years without perceiving that it consists of a ridiculous putty-faced mask, fixed with a stuffed dummy, clothed in a trick coat." If one will notice, it will be seen that the coat is impossible, because the front and back are composed of the same left arm, and the right-hand side of the forehead is obviously the left-hand side of the back part, giving a harlequin appearance to the figure.

Bacon's scientific works are under his own name, and they are De Augmentis and Novum Organum. The first is about better advanced teaching, and the second refers to the new logic of science; that is, the inductive method, as an addition to the book of Aristotle, called the Organum, which treats of speculative or deductive or old formal logic.

On the title page of "De Augmentis" published in 1586, and as the frontispiece to the play of "King Henry VII" in the Latin edition, published in Holland in 1565, the name wood cut appears. In both we see that ridiculous coat on one of the figures of the dummy Shakespeare.

Editorial Snapshots

New York World: Nebraska has voted in favor of total abstinence from Bryanism.

Houston Post: Recalling the beautiful way in which Nebraska acted last Tuesday, we would be glad for the dear little state to come down and take dinner with us next Sunday.

Louisville Courier-Journal: The fictional father disliking the actors for his daughter's heart and hand and kicks them down the front steps. The real-life daddy wonders which of them is adequately prepared to relieve him of the expense of Mabel.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Pittsburgh poker player held two straight flushes within thirty minutes, and died violently a few minutes later. This country isn't what it once was! In former times he would have passed out much sooner.

St. Louis Republic: If Colonel Roosevelt contemplates the number of people in Nebraska who wrote Justice Hughes' name on their ballots in the presidential primary election he may become considerably more sincere in his declaration that he is not a candidate.

Chicago Herald: If the troops stay in Mexico much longer Carranza will probably work himself up to the idea that their presence is the only thing that prevents the immediate return of peace and the establishment of a constitutional government.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: If I took a Chicago court judge to decide off-hand the puzzle that has bothered some of the brightest minds of a century or more, Bacon, not Shakespeare, he rules, wrote the plays. Somebody should now ask him who started the war. I would be a shame to let such an occasion go to waste.

Indianapolis News: Somehow that extraordinarily high rate of sickness in the army in 1915, as shown by the public health service, does not accord with our expectations of the sanitation and hygiene. They have always led us to believe that if they were not allowed to manage things they would put most kinds of sickness off the map and have the other kinds under such perfect control that they would be all but harmless. And surely they are allowed to manage things to the group!

LINES TO A SMILE.

"The cook wants to borrow something from the library. Shall I let her have it?" "Certainly. If she gets interested in a story she may stay until she finishes it. Give her one of those long English novels in four volumes."—Kansas City Journal.

"Will you dance this dance with me?" "Mother has forbidden me to dance with you?" "But she is out of the room." "So it wouldn't be any fun." "When she comes back I'll give you a dance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

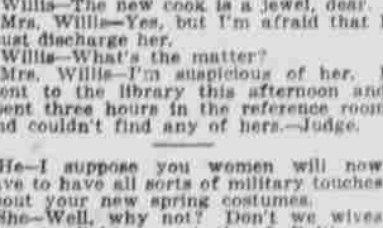
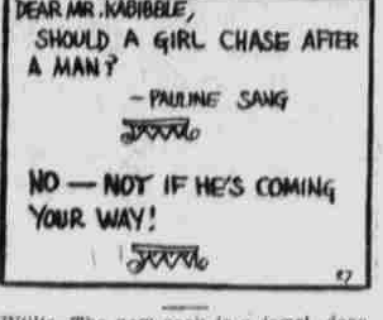
"Where's your little brother?" "He hurt himself." "How?" "We were seeing who could lean out of the window the farthest, and he won."—Boston Transcript.

"The ordinance for all vehicles to carry a light was one much needed, especially on the roads. They are not enough lit up." "But a good many of the speeders are."—Baltimore American.

"He—I suppose you women will now have to have all sorts of military touches about your new spring costumes." "She—Well, why not? Don't we wives have to fight to get them?"—Baltimore American.

"I understand your husband has equipped his factory with a pulmonary." "Mrs. Nurlich." "Well, I suppose he had to; they handle such much heavy freight, don't you know?"—Buffalo Express.

"Parents often disagree about raising children." "Yes. A mother likes a boy who wouldn't get a speck of military dust on his clothes. And a father likes one who..."



doesn't care what happens to his wardrobe when he makes up his mind to slide for second base."—Washington Star.

The small daughter was industriously fringing her doll clothes when her mother entered a new gown. "It's wrong to work on Sunday. You've forgotten the Lord's day you!" "This isn't work. And if the Lord does see me, he knows perfectly well this iron is cold."—Judge.

"Later, I'm a stranger in town. I'm lost and can't find my way to the depot." "Better settle right here, my friend," advised the hostess. "You couldn't locate in a better place."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Senator, I wish you'd recommend this young man for office." "But I know of no office I could get him." "That's all right. I don't really want him to get any office. But he wants to marry my daughter, and if he has done anything shady in the past I'd like to have the facts brought out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Little Lenuel—Paw, are all the words in the dictionary? "Paw—No, I guess not, son. Every little while a new word comes into use." Little Lenuel—Then what is the very last word, paw? "Paw—I don't know, son, I, and ask your mother."—Indianapolis News.

A POETIC KICK.

K. I. Roberts, in Judge. No carping critic, I, of dress; All female garb looks good to me! I deem each style a great success. No matter what its shape may be, I hold that women folk are free To wear the styles they wish to wear. These're just one thing from which I feel Bustles are more than I can bear!

Tight garments cause me no distress. Nor fits which show the rounded knee; In low-necked gowns I acquiesce. Although they court catastrophe By showing twenty vertebrae, Such things make women seem more fair.

But one thing fills me with empy: Bustles are more than I can bear! The styles which some would ruin suppress, I view with approbative glee. I like the lace gown, and—yes—I like the shortest ones I see; Nor do I care to what degree A skirt may swirl or cling or flare! But hush, oh hear my firm decree: Bustles are more than I can bear!

My love, I'd go upon a spree If you should ever, ever dare To be a bustler in my train. Bustles are more than I can bear!

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