

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
By Carrier per month \$1.00
By mail per year \$10.00

REMITTANCE
Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only 2-cent stamps taken in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES
Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—1213 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

MAY CIRCULATION
57,852 Daily—Sunday 52,748
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the circulation for the month of May, 1916, was 57,852 daily and 52,748 Sunday.

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

Now watch the colonel toss the crowbar into the democratic machinery.
Million dollar rains followed by ten-million dollar sunshine! Watch Nebraska grow!

The rush of progressives to the family fold shows no signs of diminution. As a political joy-ride the procession has no equal in recent history.

From the standpoint of convenience and safety the advantage is with El Paso, still the proper place for the meeting of the Peace Union is Carizal.

As the summer advances reports of the drowning of bathers increase. Safety suggests sticking to the old swimming hole and avoiding deep water.

Inability to finish last summer's visit no doubt accounts for Russia's eagerness to revisit and enjoy the charms of "the blue Carpathian mountains."

Great execution by heavy artillery is reported on the Austro-Italian front. Continued activity in that section insures future tourists important changes in the skyline of the Alps.

Those Mexicans who imagine they can easily invade the border states are at liberty to put their ideas to the test. Facilities for permanent rest are equal to all demands in the coveted region.

A feminine professor of the art of baby raising warns mothers against the perils of rocking and kissing their defenseless youngsters. Now and then the gentle sex startles mere man by producing a joy-killer.

With a clear surplus of \$100,000,000 in the Union Pacific treasury, according to the Wall Street Journal, the cost of building an adequate depot in Omaha would hardly make a visible dent in the company's treasury.

So far as the official records go there is no evidence of the zeal manifested in preparedness parades making an impression at the recruiting offices. The War department's call for 20,000 men is barely half filled. Many march, few enlist.

Russia effected a loan credit of \$50,000,000 in New York. As the credit is backed by a deposit of 150,000,000 rubles, allows a snug commission and nets 5 1/2 per cent interest, the bankers in the deal appear strong enough to order extra nourishment.

Local taxpayers merely get the feeling out of their system by kicking when they cough up 30 per cent boost in city taxes. Otherwise the exercise is useless. The time to kick straight and hard is when the tax boards are executing the shake-down.

According to commercial agency reports, no machinery in this country is idle, excepting that due to strikes and labor shortages. Wherever hands are available capacity work is the rule in all industries. For the first time in three years work awaits all who seek it.

In view of the known scarcity of food in Mexico, the limited supply of ammunition and the bankruptcy of national resources, it is hard to say whether Mexican leaders in threatening war are bidding for treatment in feeble-minded institutes or for quarters in Junatic asylums.

Conspicuous among the tragedies of the Mexican muddle is the utter failure in practice of Mr. Bryan's peace policy, based on a year of conversation before action. Even though multiplied three-fold and partly conducted by the author, the result is as dismal as a Chautauqua tent in a deluge.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha
Compiled From Bee Files.
The handsome residence and grounds at 2511 St. Mary's avenue presented a brilliant scene on the occasion of the silver anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brandeis. The Musical Union furnished the music for the occasion and many beautiful presents were received.

Prof. Walters gave a recital, assisted by his pupils and other well known local talent, at the rooms of Lyon & Healey, 1305 Farnam street.

Miss Geneva Bassman has gone to Ann Arbor, Mich., where she will spend several weeks. From there she will go to the lakes and on her return will stop over at Detroit to visit relatives.

Charles Kinley, the Tenth street grocer, who had one of his limbs severely fractured several weeks ago while attempting to save a child from a runaway, will be able to be around again shortly.

Miss Triland, wife of Miss Anna and son of Frank of this city, who has been visiting her mother at 2338 Capitol avenue, has been in Rock Springs, Wyo.

Miss Galt has gone to Baltimore and Mrs. Galt has gone west.

Working Out Our Salvation.

Are we a heedless generation, incapable of appreciating the meaning of the great processes of evolution in operation about us, or do we realize that the world is breaking away from much we looked upon as established and immutable, and that those of us who survive will emerge into an era of newer, and maybe better, social and political adjustment? This thought is not new; it has been uttered in many forms during the last three years, and through all the wide range over which the resultant discussion has pursued the idea, one steady note has sounded. The race is working out a new phase of its salvation. Ideals which embody principles fundamental in themselves and essentially necessary to correct human relationship are coming into clearer view.

Nature's ways are easy to note, but difficult to comprehend. The emergence of a continent, the subsidence of another, the disappearance of an island, or any of the many physical changes we continually note, are readily explained by application of our limited knowledge of creation's laws. We marvel for a moment, and go on about our business, unmindful of the fact that similar laws are working in society, and have so worked from the very beginning of things. Wars may be merely the projection on a more pretentious scale of the petty differences that arise between men, but they are evidences of a divergence of thought and purpose, and of the constantly operating processes that tend forever to change.

From the apparent evil of the moment always has advance proceeded. Just now man's achievements are being tested on the anvil of Destiny, and whatever is worthy to survive will survive, its fiber more closely welded because of the pounding it sustains, and therefore more fit for the newer life into which it will come from the trial it now endures. God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," still.

No Need for Hysteria.
Young men who are now going off to probable war are leaving behind dependents. This is inevitable. It is also inevitable that these dependents be provided for. Many employers are generously arranging that the volunteers who leave their service shall be carried on the payroll for a definite length of time, until the necessary readjustment of the soldiers' affairs can be made. Comprehensive plans for assisting those who need it will be worked out in good season. People are not likely to allow the soldier's family to suffer for want of necessities. Just now a revival of the Relatives' union, or some similar organization is in order. The work of looking after soldiers' dependents can be quietly and effectively accomplished through such an organization, and the duty of the public to its defenders thus discharged. No need for excitement or hysteria of any sort is apparent, but orderly method to meet the need should at once be set in motion.

Scandalizing the Bankruptcy Law.
A recent decision of our Nebraska supreme court materially cut down the fees claimed by the lawyers who had fought out a will case and were on the point of absorbing the big end of the estate to the exclusion of the heirs, the court carefully explaining that, while the lawyers did the work, the amount involved did not warrant the fees demanded. This decision of the court unquestionably accords with popular sentiment which is against eating up an estate by any grab-gang litigation.

But what is true of property left by a person actually deceased applies equally to the property of a person financially defunct. We have before us the creditors' notices for a bankrupt corporation in litigation in the federal court of Illinois showing a balance in the hands of the trustees amounting to \$5,209.38 with a petition asking allowance of \$20.98 for expenses incurred, \$2,300 for the trustee's attorney, \$636 for the receiver, \$1,500 for the receiver's attorney, \$702.62 for certain other liabilities incurred, and \$500 for the creditors' attorneys and further notice that the question is to be taken up "as to the declaration of a first and final dividend on claims proved and allowed." In other words, with \$5,209.38 in hand, the trustee, the receiver and the various sets of attorneys have put in claims totalling \$5,859.62, or \$650 more than the aggregate assets, leaving fine prospect for "first and final" dividend on claims of actual creditors "proved and allowed."

Unfortunately this is not an exceptional case, but is a fair sample of what is happening every day in bankruptcy courts all over the land, as a result of which disgusted creditors compromise any claim rather than take a chance in the bankruptcy lottery where they stand to draw nothing but blanks. An effort is being made to repeal or modify the federal bankruptcy law, but it naturally meets with the vigorous opposition of the folks who are fattening on the spoils. As administered, or rather as it is being abused, the bankruptcy proceedings are a graft and a fraud and simply an opening, protected by law, for anyone to repudiate his debts whenever he wants to.

Figures Are Incomplete.
The Department of Agriculture gives us some statistical information as to the acreage planted in watermelons, but with the fatuity of the present democratic administration, it includes only the patches in Dixieland. We have no desire to pluck even a leaf from whatever laurels the southern planters may claim as their girdle for having reduced the watermelon from its eminence as a summertime boon to the sordid condition of an article of commerce, but we would like to call Washington's attention to the fact that some melons do grow up north. Who, outside of the precincts of Secretary Houston's department, never heard of Muscatine Island, for example, and who doesn't know of the luscious triumphs that lie in luxury along the sandy bottom lands of uncounted rivers and creeks through all the corn belt, where the watermelon still presides as a fruit and is just as essential to existence in July and August as the air we breathe or the water we swim in? Go to; the south may have a monopoly on mint and hazel splitters, but us folks up no'th can teach 'em all, even Texas, what a real watermelon is like.

A notable back-from-the-city movement is in progress among the garment manufacturers of New York as a result of the present strike of employees. The industry employs 25,000 persons, with an annual payroll of \$250,000,000. It is the settled belief of these employers that industrial peace is impossible in a large city where strong support is given striking workmen. In small communities the absence of this influence makes for peace. The greater incentive for the out-of-town movement lies in the opportunity rural surroundings offers for cheaper labor and inferior working conditions—two features hitherto notorious in the garment industry of New York.

Enver's Gold-Shod Horses

Literary Digest.
THE Orient has a virtual monopoly on mysterious jars containing jinnies, flying carpets, and sleek, supernatural steeds whose hoofs strike sparks of fire. But that was the Orient of a thousand years ago, and if its magic has gone with the fame of the men it tales celebrated, there still remains the Orient through which Enver Bey rode on a horse shod with pure gold, as he went into Tripoli during the last war between Italy and the Turks.

A gifted French authoress, writing under the name of "Miriam Harry," tells of meeting the Turkish commander one night at one of the military outposts in southern Tunis. In the New York Herald, translated from the Paris Temps, she recounts his mysterious appearance at the post, just as if he had been transported thither by rubbing the magic lamp, and then his silent departure, when he fitted as mysteriously away.

As we read: "Around us there were only sand-dunes, some wandering native camps, and some scouts with blue coats watching the trail leading to Tripoli, and in the court yard of the station two mitrailleuses and two-score soldiers sent from Gabs.

"The day had been a picturesque and exciting one. A Jew had been arrested for selling field glasses and Italian maps; a Greek had been charged with selling contraband goods, and a Bedouin sheik had been sentenced for stirring up his tribe to cross our frontier and rally under the flag of Enver Bey.

"The evening was gloomy and oppressive. The simoon was blowing so fiercely that it stretched a burning yellow cloud between earth and sky. Every time the cook opened the door a yellowish whirlwind entered with him. There was sand in our plates and sand at the bottom of our glasses. Even the amiable gaiety of the officers was beginning to calm down when a blue scout came in, important and discreet, and whispered something to the lieutenant-commander. He went out. We heard a few words, and then the officer came back, bringing with him a guest covered with sand and wrapped up like a woman. But when he had removed his white burnoose and his veils, we understood from his uniform and his strapped boots that he was a Turkish officer.

"He was small, thin, but with a short mustache appeared to us very young, and his cheeks glowing as if they were powdered with gold from the dust of the simoon. He excused himself for his appearance and for circumstances which prevented giving his name to us. He spoke French well. I noticed the fineness of his hands, and from the energetic way they broke bread or placed his glass on the table I felt that, in spite of his age and the absence of gold lace, he was a leader.

"He lightly chatted about Paris, the boulevards and the theaters, with the air of being a man of the world in this out-of-the-way hole in the desert. But, one of the lieutenants having spoken to me in Arabic, he became suddenly grave.

"You know Arabic, madame?"

"A little; I was born in Palestine, in Jerusalem."

"At Jerusalem?" he cried. "That is also a holy city for us, the city of the Friend of God, that is to say, of Abraham. You have seen the tomb of Abraham! And our mosque of Omar! Then, madame, you are almost a hadjia, and have the right to wear the green turban."

"And when I told him I had traveled as a child in Arabia with my father and lived among the Bedouin tribes, and that as a poor young girl in Paris I always had dreamed of returning to Allah, he grew excited and cried:

"Ah, Arabia, cradle of Islam! And the Arabian race, enduring as the rock! If you knew what could be done with it! If it were all together, no nation in Europe, however powerful in warlike material, could conquer a bit of the land where the grain has sprouted under the benediction of Islam!"

"Astonished at this outbreak of fanaticism, the officers looked at each other. He noticed it and became silent, but soon began to speak again of his love for France and his admiration of the French.

"An alliance with France would be the salvation of Turkey," he declared, and, raising his glass, drank to the French army.

"The lieutenant-commander wanted him to pass the night.

"No, no; impossible!" he said. "I must go. My caravan ought to be refreshed by this time, and he wrapped himself in his mantle."

"The simoon having relaxed, we accompanied him to the outskirts of our post, where horsemen, veiled like him, awaited him. He thanked the officers warmly for their hospitality, bade good-by to us, leaped on his horse, and galloped off on the trail to Tripoli to rejoin his convoy of flour, which he said was sheltered in a ravine. Turning an instant, he waved his hand and cried to me in Arabic:

"Meeting you is a happy omen, O daughter of Syria!"

"The gold did not enter the story until he had gone, and the writer, left behind, had gone to the roof to sit awhile under the great tropical stars. She goes on to tell the strange, unearthly effect of the vastness of the desert and its stillness under the April moon, and the loneliness of a broad landscape.

"Returning to the post, in our guest-chamber with my companion, we could not sleep, and ascended to the roof. The April moon shone on the crests of the dunes some little eddies of sand. Suddenly we saw away off on the Tripolitan trail a long convoy which had the appearance of a ghostly caravan. At its head I recognized the mysterious horseman, then his companions, and then an interminable line of mules, marching one behind the other at an awkward gait while sparks seemed to fly from their shoes.

"That is queer," said my companion. "One would say they were marching on pebbles, and yet there is only sand on that trail."

"Yes," I replied, "it is very strange. It must be glow worms that the mules have crushed, and which stick to their shoes."

"But there are no glowworms in the desert." "Then the dunes are phosphorescent, like the sea. Perhaps the simoon has made them so, for one would say that the animals are walking on gold, unless that young officer is a mahdi who makes stars appear under his feet."

"But the caravan had disappeared."

"It was a long time afterward that we learned that our fugitive guest was none other than Enver Bey and that he was returning from a trip to Berlin, where he had obtained from the emperor—notwithstanding the fact that Germany was the ally of Italy—a million in gold and encouragement to retreat in Tripoli. To bring this gold, which was contraband of war, into Tunisia Enver had conceived the idea of shoving with gold the horses of his convoy of flour and his mules. That was the caravan he had left near our post, and it was that which we saw going off in the night like a fairy cortege."

The Bee's Letter Box

Second's Jardin's Motion.
South Omaha, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: I, as a taxpayer, want to endorse the suggestion of Commissioner Jardin in The Bee. If put into practice there would be less hold-ups, beggars, burglars and loafers in our city. J. G. BLESSING.

Motive of the Flag's Unfurling.
Omaha, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why do we behold today an aroused nation? Why, this outpouring of American patriotism? Why, this reverting back to the faith of the fathers in an awakening of an immediate appreciation of the principles and ideals of the republic? Why, in these appalling moments of a world crisis the triumphant elevation of the nation's flag? We are in possession of no enemy approaching?

Then, I ask why, this intensifying of American patriotic sentiment on the eventful and historic flag day? Its significance is apparent. The nation has long suffered the outrageous desecration of the graves of the allied emblems in the guise of American citizenship, urged on and aided by the American demagogue. Finally the nation has spoken in no uncertain voice its rebuke and decision.

When Gilbert M. Hitchcock stood upon the floors of the national congress and sought to force into the bounds of his unholy and un-American ambitions the envenomed passions of men and the terrible agony of Europe's flag, the American people, under the protection of a higher national morality it aroused the basest of human passions, incited incendiaries and conspirators against the republic. From the moment it was introduced in congress we were no longer united people, but a nation rent in twain on the racial line.

And out of this division we behold on Flag day the most magnificent spectacle of the lovers of American democracy marching in triumphal procession, bearing aloft of this glorious republic. In most dismal contrast the silent, but sullen forces of Hitchcock and Lobek tortured and amazed at the manifestation of the national spirit are threatening dire consequences to the Americanism and the very security of the republic. This was the cause and the actuating motive of the unfurling in defiant dignity and majesty of Old Glory on Flag day. J. BRANTON GARLAND.

Who is Backing Stevens Bill.
New York, June 24.—To the Editor of The Bee: Our attention has been called to your article entitled "Price Maintenance Bills." We note what you say about the Borah bill. Legislation, as it now stands, is a manufacturing cost of all articles in order that the prices fixed would not be exorbitant, this measure is too impractical to receive serious consideration either by congress or those dealers who are affected by it.

The work of ascertaining the cost of all articles manufactured in the state of New York alone require the federal trade commission to maintain a corps of experts and investigators far beyond its power to finance. The petition enclosed herewith is an expression of confidence by America's foremost merchants. This is the first installment of a longer list which we will make public during the next few weeks. Practically all retailers in the United States are supporting this Stevens Bill. AMERICAN FAIR TRADE LEAGUE. By EDMOND A. WHITTIER, Secretary.

Westerer Again Speaks Out.
Silver Creek, Neb., June 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is a startling perversion doctrine, now seemingly quite popular, that right or wrong, the president in any controversy with a foreign power should have the full support of the American people. If the president is right, he should have it; if he is wrong, oppose him, and that without consideration as to whether or not the question at issue is foreign or domestic. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and it is an indefensible contention that under the circumstances the people are justified in upholding the wrong as against the right.

No matter how good his intentions may have been (and I think there is room there for very grave error) in his course toward Mexico, President Wilson has been wholly and absolutely wrong.

In Mexico are 12,000,000 people who were our friends, and thousands of American citizens lived among them in peace and quietude. Wilson has turned their backs on them, and they are now ready to fly to our throats.

By refusing to follow the lead of the great European powers in recognizing President Huerta, he not only has caused a great deal of trouble and rebellion in the north, but actually put arms into the hands of the rebels.

Instead of assuming toward Mexico the attitude of a great and good friend, always ready to help, as he should have done, President Wilson has acted the part of a benevolent bully constantly and persistently interfering in a most offensive and dictatorial manner in the domestic affairs of Mexico, which were, happily, none of his business.

Without any authority of law whatever and far no righteous cause whatever, at the cost of nineteen American and 800 Mexican lives, he bombarded and captured Vera Cruz, held it for months and collected millions of dollars in customs for all which nefarious things he has never rendered any accounting whatever.

More than three months ago he ordered United States troops into Mexico in pursuit of Villa and his band with an assurance to the whole world that as soon as Villa was killed or captured and his followers dispersed, our troops would be withdrawn to this side of the Mexican border. It is none the less true that he has not kept his word.

Without any warrant of law he has now ordered the mobilization of the National Guards of all the states with a view of sending them to the Mexican border. It is none the less true that he has not kept his word.

By his unstatesmanlike course and lawless deeds President Wilson is driving us into war with Mexico, and driving Mexico into the arms of Japan who is now armed to the teeth both on land and sea and ready to fight at the drop of the hat. If Japan wishes to attack us it could not wish for anything better than to do so as an ally of Mexico.

President Wilson has not only made enemies of all the Mexicans, but by his invasion of Mexico makes enemies of all the peoples of Central and South America, and thus, will be talking "preparedness," stir up enemies against us and throws open our whole Mexican border to attack from abroad.

In view of these considerations it is not a monstrous proposition that the American people should support President Wilson? Ought they not rather with one accord to demand that he make good his word and get out of Mexico, humbly begging as it would be, and do his protecting of American citizens, which really has been, and is no protection at all, on this side of the boundary line? CHARLES WOOSTER.

SUNNY GEMS.
"Will, how's the campaign starting off?"

"All right."

"Did many volunteers to discuss the issue of the day?"

"Oh, yes, we'll have the usual number of 'sympathizers.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rhodan (newly married)—Don't you think love, if I smoke, it would spoil the curtains?"

Wife—Ah, you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband I have ever known; certainly it would.

him to join. Charley has so many uniforms now that I can hardly take care of them."—Washington Star.

DEAR MR. KASHBARE,
I'M GOING TO CALL ON A YOUNG LADY—IF HER FATHER ASKS ME IF I SMOKE, WHAT SHALL I SAY?—HARRY CURRY.
SAY THAT YOU SMOKE ONCE IN A WHILE, THEN THE OLD MAN WON'T EXPECT A CIGAR EVERY TIME YOU COME UP!

of you will give a fellow any advice."—Well, marriage is a secret society."—Baltimore American.

"Yes, I want an office boy, but I can't pay more than two dollars a week." "That's all right. In future millionaires has to start in a small way."—Puck.
"I thought you had given up burlesque art, dearie?" "Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is a pie."—Kansas City Journal.
"Have you invested your money in a new airship company?" "Yes, if our airship goes up the stock will go up." "But suppose it doesn't?" "Then the company will go up."—Boston Transcript.
"Do you ever work, old man?" "Never." "How do you work it?" "In the day time I'm too busy and at night I'm too sleepy."—Boston Transcript.



"Goodness, But It's Hot!"

"Serves you right for keeping a coal range going in this weather. Why don't you get a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove? Mine saves me an end of drudgery and it costs only about two cents a meal or six cents a day for Perfection Oil."

"What kind of oil?"

"Perfection Oil—that's the Standard Oil Company's best grade of refined kerosene."

New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are sold in many styles and sizes by hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Ask to see the new heat retaining oven.



STANDARD OIL CO. (Nebraska) OMAHA
PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES

MINNESOTA THE LAND OF HIAWATHA

Your nearest and best vacation land—almost straight north—with ten thousand lakes and hundreds of square miles of great pine woods; fishing the finest in the world, besides bathing, canoeing and tramping in the woods; hotels, cottages, boarding houses or camps, whichever you prefer; you can get board and lodging for about \$10 or \$12 per week and frequently less. A Minnesota vacation will relieve, if not cure, insomnia, nervousness, hay fever, indigestion and "grouchiness." See how low the round trip fares are from Omaha via the Chicago Great Western:

Table with 2 columns: City, Fare. Includes Ablesby, Alexandria, Alexandria, Ansondale, Beckus, Battle Lake, Bemidji, Buffalo, Duluth, Duluth, Elyria, Jelmika, La Porte, Madison Lake, Deer River, Ansondale, Minneapolis, Pigeonville, Pelican Rapids, St. Paul, South Haven, Spicer, Walker, Waterville.

Write and let me give you free descriptive folders and booklets, telling you where the big fish are, hotel rates, etc.

P. F. BONORDEN, C. P. & T. A., Phones: Douglas 260, 1522 Farnam St., Omaha.



(Emphasize the "Great")

"MILWAUKEE SIX"

at 6:05 P. M.

A Chicago train for Omaha people, which meets the most discriminating demand for good service and equipment. It leaves Omaha Union Station at 6:05 P. M. via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

arriving Chicago, 8:10 A. M.

Luxurious lounging observation car with private smoking compartment, library and buffet, steel sleepers with "longer, higher and wider" berths, dining car service that cannot be excelled, comfortable coaches and chair car.

This is your train, arranged especially for your convenience and comfort. Telephone us for your reservations and tickets.

W. E. BOOK, City Passenger Agent, 1317 Farnam St., Omaha. Phone Douglas 233

People and Events

Mrs. Lydia Shrake, 105, of Prairie du Chien, Wis. is the head of six living generations.

An amazing concoction sold as whisky at \$1 a pint was revealed at the trial of a bootlegger in Denver. The bootlegger swore it was composed of plug tobacco, brown sugar, red pepper and water, boiled together and strained through a cloth. The jurymen smelled the dope and failed to agree.

The capital of Old Virginia is undergoing the blue law treatment. Only four activities are lawful at Richmond on Sundays—eating, attending church services, decorating graves and delivering cream previously ordered. Any other diversion or task, however performed, brings the cops and violators fall. However, there is no lawful objection to the folks sitting up and looking solemn.