

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. By carrier per month. By mail per year. Daily and Sunday. Evening and Sunday. Sunday only.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only 1-cent stamps taken in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building. South Omaha—2318 N. Street. Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

JUNE CIRCULATION. 57,957 Daily—Sunday 52,877

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of June, 1916, was 57,957 daily and 52,877 Sunday.

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

Poor old Bill Sulzer! Even the dries refused to do him honor.

Sympathetic friends of little navy advocates will please omit flowers.

Looks as if all the democrats had the call on the political Kilkenny cats this time.

Wonder if the San Francisco dynamiter was indignant or imported like the Los Angeles dynamiter.

State pride forbids the thought that Senator La Follette can wrest the continuous pennant from William Vincent Allen.

Blood feuds are multiplying in Mexico. At the present rate of progress Kentucky is in danger of losing the gory pennant.

The lightning changes in Wilsonian policies are not at all surprising in view of the urgent necessity for political life belts.

Cost of living has advanced 50 per cent in Ireland. Considering how neutral countries are squeezed, the Emerald Isle gets off easy.

The British blacklist of American business houses is an interesting exhibit of John Bull in the act of cutting off his nose to spite his face.

Warring nations show more zeal in piling up gold than in conserving human life. Gold is scarce and hard to get; life is plentiful and cheap.

Efforts to land a land bank in Omaha are worth making if for no other reason than to reveal the working condition of the McAdoo hammer.

Not the least of the wonders of the season is the failure of state house subordinates to join in the grab game for six-year jobs. Hookworm or the sleeping sickness?

The Russo-Japanese pact for future spoils provoked a celebration at Tokio. Owing to pressing engagements elsewhere the Russian celebration is deferred, probably until Mongolia is ripe for annexation.

Due precautions, no doubt, will be observed during the remodeling lest a cobblestone or a gasticus from the city hall tower tumble on the "Welcome Arch." Art as art must be preserved regardless of expense.

One factor in the 2-cent rate inquiry should not be lost in the avalanche of rate sheet figures. It is the question whether the income of lean years made so by unsafe road conditions should be allowed in support of a public imposition in fat years?

The special master in chancery who spent two hard hours in auctioning the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad is down for a fee of \$45,000 or \$50,000, in the discretion of the court. Yet some people insist this great country of ours has ceased to be a land of opportunity.

"If you are all democrats—" "Yes, yes," responded the postmasters to Wilson's query. Thereupon the happy family cheered and cheered some more until the rafters echoed with the pulsing glories of the pie belt. There be other gastronomic wonders, but none approaches political pie as a genuine joy-maker.

People and Events

Mt. Desert Island, Me., with ten mountain peaks, four lakes and an area of 5,000 acres, is the baby member of our national parks.

After forty-two years of separation from her relatives, their whereabouts unknown to her, Mrs. Gusta Chatfield of St. Joe, Mo., has located her brothers and sisters at Rock Island, Ill.

"That's a Broadway hummer, sure enough," exclaimed a visitor who had been steered against a whistle renovator sipped from tall-stem glasses in a New York boozing palace.

In a labor controversy in New York City, one of the bosses, in replying to the assertion of a witness that \$22 a year were "starvation wages," said that "a good authority has said a man can live on 6 cents a day."

High honors are easy with the right push. George F. Hoar, it is related, handled the Massachusetts delegation at the republican convention of 1876 for William A. Wheeler for vice president.

San Francisco's Bomb Outrage.

The cowardly outrage at San Francisco, by which innocent spectators and peaceful paraders were killed and maimed by a bomb, is startling to lovers of free government.

Post-Bellum Tariffs and Trade Agreements.

How will the now neutral nations fare after peace is restored to the world if plans discussed by European politicians are carried into operation?

The object of these moves, naturally, is to make the rest of the world as far as possible contribute to the rehabilitation of the countries exhausted by war.

For the United States, which will be the only considerable rival of either of the European powers in the world's commerce, the situation is peculiarly important.

While the foreign trade of this country has reached a stupendous total, it is yet at least seven times smaller than the aggregate of the volume of domestic trade.

Less Sawdust and More Substance.

The Democrat endorses the Omaha Bee's demand for a short ballot. Will the esteemed Bee reciprocate by joining the Democrat's demand for a short platform?

Putting Nations on Rations.

Relations between Sweden and Great Britain are coming to a point where "friendly" may only be used in a conventional way in describing them.

"Rough sailing for the compromise home rule bill" for Ireland is the prediction sent out from London.

Another amendment to our state banking law would evidently be in order to provide a way for keep the deposit guaranty fund intact against withdrawal or transfer by voluntarily liquidating banks.

A campaign fund of \$300,000 raised by the national woman's party presents the perplexing problem as to the best means of spending it.

Mr. Bryan doesn't want to volunteer his home state convention any advice and prospects are fair that his advice will not be solicited.

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day. Hope is sent to the unfortunate; fear hovers around the head of the prosperous, for the scales of fate are ever unsteady.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Turkish and Arab troops defeated on the Upphrates in Mesopotamia. Germans reported crushing victory over czar's fifth army in Courland.

This Day in Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

Herman Kountze has subdivided a portion of his elegant tract of land running from Sherman avenue to Saunders street, south of the driving park.



ton & Drummond, the carriage makers. The rig is a "daisy" and Marhoff can now sell trunks cheaper than ever.

Today in History.

1701—Cadillac and his followers commenced the settlement of Detroit. 1798—John A. Dix, civil war commander and governor of New York, born at Boscowan, N. H.

Utah's Pioneer Day.

As the day of general patriotic celebration, the 24th of July is second only to the "Glorious Fourth" in the hearts of Utah's people.

A pioneer company preceded the main body. This party, originally constituted, comprised 144 men; a case of illness, which appeared at the start, reduced the number by one.

The Day We Celebrate.

N. P. Swanson, funeral director, is celebrating his fifty-first birthday. He was born in Kund, Sweden, coming to this country in 1884.

Nelson C. Pratt, lawyer, is 54 years old today. He was born at Belleville, W. Va., was educated at the North Illinois college at Fulton, Ill.

Gates H. Rham, secretary of the Nebraska Bridge Supply and Lumber company, started his earthly excursion in Glenwood, Ia., just thirty-six years ago today.

Henrik Pontoppidan, celebrated Danish author and one of the Nobel prize winners of 1915, born at Fredericia, Denmark, 59 years ago today.

Eileen M. Stone, the American missionary who was kidnapped and held for ransom some years ago by Macedonian brigands, born in Roxbury, Mass., 70 years ago today.



A Typical Republican Convention.

Neigh, Neigh, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: The convention of the republicans of Adams county was held yesterday afternoon at Neigh and it was my privilege to view it as an outsider.

The outstanding feature of the proceedings was the great enthusiasm evinced by all over the question of a republican success at the polls in November.

The convention made George N. Seymour of Elgin, who is one of the republican candidates for regent, both temporary and permanent chairman.

After the routine business was over the convention gave Mr. Seymour a rousing and hearty endorsement for his candidacy.

His remarks made a hit with the delegates and they cheered him heartily, and the delegates went home feeling sure of the success of the ticket both national and state.

There was a great pleasure to me to see such enthusiasm manifested and it augurs well for our republicans. And by the way I was told that the democrats held a convention last week there and had fifty, one half of those present today.

Must Draw the Line Somewhere.

Omaha, July 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to D. B.'s arraignment of our opinion on the late news bathing suit, it is singular that she should think that we had chosen her as the brilliant solitaire, when we wouldn't know her from Eve without a formal introduction.

We don't deny that swimming is a healthful exercise for everybody and freedom of men and women is a good thing.

Now, see here, said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

more than \$100,000 a year of its old debts have been paid.

Machinery is in motion for a new charter for Philadelphia. The moving power is made up of representatives of civil, commercial and political bodies.

Des Moines authorities are pushing a campaign for "a spotless town." An ordinance passed by unanimous vote makes it a misdemeanor for persons to deposit in the streets or alleys "any objects that might engender offensive odors or cause unsanitary conditions." Penalty \$5 to \$100.

St. Louis sports an institution named the complaint board, which hears and acts on the various brands of kicks registered against the city government.

Topka's city attorney, George P. Hayden, proposes to go to the mat with the fire insurance rate fixers.

Aladdin was exhibiting his wonderful lamp. "It's an auto lamp," he explained, "that won't go out just as a traffic cop heaves in sight."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Of course, you believe in telling the complete truth?" "Oh, yes," replied Miss Cayenna. "I also recognize that there may be exigencies in which a certain degree of censorship is required."—Washington Star.

Father—What do you have that little dude rumbled after me? I hope you don't think him the real thing? Daughter—No, father; not the real thing; only what you'd call the chaser.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Dear Mr. Kinnear, my fiancée says his trousers left him a lot of money. Would you believe him?" YES—MAKING THE DOOR YELLOW SURELY DOESN'T SHOW WHERE THEY LEFT IT!

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"What's the matter with your finger, Habbe, that you've got it banded all the way up?" "They're not bandages. They're strings to remind me of all my wife's comminations to bring home tuckers!"—Baltimore American.

"I suppose, Jimmy, you have brought something good home with you for supper." "No, amly; what did you expect me to bring home?" "Why, I heard Miss Pert say whenever you went hunting you always catch a big crab."—Indianapolis News.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way, only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long

"The janitor of this apartment house is a woman," remarked the agent. "Fine," replied the man who had just signed a lease. "Now, maybe, I'll get a chance to see the sporting page of my morning paper once in a while."—Indianapolis News.

"Now, see here," said the lawyer, "before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty." "Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Well, I don't know, but I'll hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent!"

"You and your sister are twins, are you not?" "We were in childhood. Now, however, she is five years younger than I."—Puck.

Grace—I don't know whether to like that young Englishman or not—he says he hasn't a "ver" in the world—does he mean "ver" or is he quite perfectly impossible?—Puck.

RILEY IS PASSING. BY C. L. EDSON. Oh, the old troubadour has laid down the broken lute.

For his eyes were growing dreamy and the singing lips are mute; For the stream of song and laughter that once ran so freely used to roll.

It has dwindled down and perturbed like the old swimming hole; And the soul of Whitcomb Riley seems to faintly flutter by.

"Like the ghost of a daisy, dropped out of the sky"; For we loved his homely rhyming by its rustic grammar marred.

"And its hard to part forever" with the old Hoosier bard.

For Riley now is passing; he has folded up his pen and quill; And he'll sing no more in rapture of the old swimming hole.

"Where the billurashes grow, and the cat-tails are tall; And the sunshine and shadow fell over it all!"

For the sunshine of his life is a red glow in the West; And the old Hoosier poet, he is lying down to rest.

And little orphan Annie, with the teardrops in her eyes, is standing like an angel o'er the cot where Riley lies.

The voices of Riley singing of the land of long ago Sounded like our laugh of something that we once used to know:

For it took us back to childhood to the days of our youth; And we could almost hear the locust blossoms dropping on the shed.

"Again we made the journey down the old ways"; "Where the tracks of our bare feet were printed all so plain."

"And the merry days of youth" breathed an incense 'round the soul, When he sang his sweetest number to the old swimming hole.

Oh, the old Hoosier bard, when he turned the "pipes of Pan," He wove his "rhapsody" round the ragged hired man;

And the farm was an enchantment, where the dearest dreams would flock; "When the frost was on the pumpkin and the fender in the shock."

He set in words and music every humble thing that touched our hearts to tenderness and awe to deep for tears,

And the simple songs of Riley journey with us through the years.

We go "back to Griggaby station, where the people all were poor." Yet a wealth of rhymes and hollyhocks were growing round each door;

"Outfit old Aunt Mary's" there was never ending store; And cookies made of cinnamon and many a buttered bun;

And the hired man so "raggedy" that fed the "woolly cat," And told the funny tales that made the little children laugh.

Though the Riley rhymes were commonplace, they nursed the spark divine, And this passing Hoosier poet was "and old sweatheart of mine."

"But them days is passed and gone, and Time's tuck has toll;" "From the old man that wrote of the old swimming hole;

"And 'little orphan Annie' is a grown-up; And the 'happy little cripple, who had curvatures in town if I was innocent!"

Is looking down from heaven with an angel form divine, And waiting for the singer who "would strip to his soul"

"And plunge off in his grave, like the old swimming hole."

Advertisement for Bayer Tablets of Aspirin and Kaiserhof Hotel. Includes text: 'There is But One Genuine Aspirin', 'Counterfeits and substitutes may be ineffective, and even harmful. Refuse them. Protect yourself by demanding Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin.', 'The genuine have "The Bayer Cross" on every package and on every tablet.', 'Pocket Boxes of 12, Bottles of 24 and Bottles of 100.', 'The Kaiserhof Hotel, 450 Rooms \$1.50 up With Bath \$2.00 up'.