

THE OMAHA BEE

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A little witness now and then is relieved by the best of men in the dry belt.

A million-dollar downpour of moisture gives spring the proper starting signal.

It remains to be seen how the federal supreme court responds to the stop-watch treatment.

Never mind, Mr. Groundhog, the weather man will have a reception committee ready for you at the appointed time.

Because the trainmen's strike-threat worked on congress is still no conclusive proof that it will work the same way on the supreme court.

Ohio and Indiana are needlessly hasty in tossing their hats in the cyclone ring. They are welcome to the year's championship without competition.

Just a year ago orders flashed from Washington to the Rio Grande: "Get Villa." The date is recalled solely as a reminder of the utility of forgetteries.

Omaha's fire department came in right handy for Council Bluffs, but we may depend on Council Bluffs doing as much for Omaha whenever occasion demands.

Every legislature is always a great germinator of political ambitions, but the necessary subsequent two years' cultivation may be depended on to thin out the crop.

Omaha people read reports of tornado-wrought destruction with sympathetic interest. For stirring up compassion there is nothing like having been there once yourself.

Still, the propriety may be questioned of judges consenting to arbitrate a controversy which, in one form or another, may come up before them for adjudication.

Organized labor announces its support of the administration's warlike policies. Similar assurances given out last fall sprang from the notion that Wilson would "keep us out of war."

Pacifism scores a notable convert. Eugene Debs boldly declares against war and will not recognize a recruiting office on the same side of the street. If 'Gene were given the management of a war, things would look different.

General Smuts of South Africa lines up with the major divisions of warring powers in opposing the return of conquered real estate. On that point the vote is unanimous. The question of title still depends on ability to hang on.

The struggle for control of the legislative sifting committees proceeds from a wholesome fear of embalming fluid. As the treatment is inevitable, the struggle simmers down to a question of dodging the funeral. Members shy on pull might resort to prayer.

The latest issue of Vireck's American Weekly, formerly "The Fatherland," gives to Senator Stone of Missouri the front-page pictorial panegyric which it accorded a year ago to Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska. Why this "change of heart?"

The press dispatches refer to Mr. Gerard as "former ambassador to Germany." This is a mistake, for he is still ambassador to Germany, only recalled pending interruption of diplomatic relations, and he will continue to be ambassador to Germany until either dropped from the official roll or accredited to some other country.

Exiles of Erin--A Study

The death of Sir John Gavan Duffy at Melbourne recalls to the mind a group of three exiles of Erin, who helped to make the Dublin Nation between 1842 and 1848, who were active in the rebellion of the latter year, were tried for treason-felony, and eventually escaped to the United States or to the British colonies. Sir John was the son of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, founder of the Nation. Even the packed jury scheme did not succeed in convicting Sir Charles. He emigrated freely to Australia. His brilliancy made him a prominent figure at the bar, and he became premier of Victoria. His son had been postmaster general, attorney general and chief lands commissioner.

Exhausting Public Patience.

The sudden renewal by the "Big Four" brotherhoods of their suspended strike order will naturally cause the public to sit up and take notice and ask what it is all about.

It was commonly supposed that the enactment of the Adamson law, apparently conceding all the trainmen asked, and the subsequent agreement to continue the situation unchanged pending final adjudication in the courts, had settled the matter, at least until the decision should come down. For the brotherhood leaders at this particular time to flash another strike order without waiting to hear from the supreme court is, in our judgment, calculated to antagonize public sentiment even more than they alienated it in their stop-watch holdup of congress last fall.

Confessedly, neither the railroad men nor the railroad managers know exactly what the Adamson law means. An attempt on the part of those for whose benefit it was passed, therefore, to forestall its operation, looks altogether too much like an effort to influence the court by fear of consequences to favor the contentions of the trainmen regardless of all other considerations.

From this viewpoint, the present strike order propounds anew the old question, "Where will yielding to threat of force end?" If congress could be compelled to pass the Adamson law post haste to head off a threatened strike last September, what is to prevent resort to the same methods every time the brotherhoods make a demand for further concessions? And what is to prevent resort to strike threats every time a law suit is pending involving a contention between the railroads and railroad employees? If the railway trainmen can dictate legislation and control court decisions in this fashion, what is to prevent other labor unions, or other groups of men, from pursuing the same tactics?

If we mistake not the temper of the people, public patience with such dictatorial and domineering labor leadership will soon be exhausted. In that event, the next grist of labor legislation will be directed wholly in the public interest toward safeguarding the peaceful progress of the country's industries against just this kind of high-handed interference.

Nature's Wonderful Routine.

Now comes the season of the year when the most wonderful phases of nature's marvelous routine are displayed for man's mystification. It is the transition from the dull and frozen period of suspended animation, enforced by winter, to the harmonious and incessant activity of renewed life stimulated by spring.

Soft, warm winds from the ocean bear billions of tons of water in cloudy vapors over the central valleys, where the colder air encountered forces the precipitation and rain or snow deluges the earth. Already the sun has loosened the ice bonds that have fettered pond and lake and river, and soon these will pour in torrents on the way back to the great ocean. Rivulets are running madly through the valleys, flush with the surplus waters of the spring, while the thirsty land drinks deep and refreshes itself from the drouth of the fall and the cold of the winter.

Insensibly the mystery of life is stirring under the bare, brown surface of the sodden earth and seeds are swelling with the impulse of growth. Soon tiny rootlets will be pushing downward to take a firm hold on the sustaining soil, while tender shoots will peep forth, and the soft, faint green of spring's first tint will freshen the landscape and o'er it all will throw the magic spell of life renewed and the birth of another cycle of growth and fruition. Nor is it alone in the vegetable kingdom this wondrous change is progressing. Birds and beasts, fish and reptiles, all that lives and moves, respond to the stirring within and throbs with the impulse of creation.

Man, too, responds, for he is not immune to "honest nature's rule," and "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." We are at the most wonderful time of the annual cycle—the end of winter, the birth of spring—and again we witness, in amazement, in reverence, or indifference, as fit our mood, the great phenomena of the preservation and continuance of life, the fulfillment of the promise of the resurrection, the vindication of an inscrutable Providence in the culmination of a round of life, of growth, of death and of rebirth.

Victory for the Contingent Fee Brigade.

The legislature threatens to amend the Nebraska workmen's compensation law by taking off the limit put on attorney's fees and making it easy to transfer injury cases from under the law to the courts for settlement. This would be a glorious victory for the contingent fee lawyers. The existing law is admittedly defective in many respects, but has not failed to abate the practice under which the lawyers made a divvy on the compensation awarded the victim of an industrial accident after a lawsuit. The Norton amendment, now accepted by the house, is designed to re-establish conditions as they were when the law went into effect, when the contingent fee lawyers fattened at the expense of the victim injured in course of employment. This increases the uncertainty of relief for the litigant, but works to the benefit of the lawyer who is willing to take a "gambler's chance."

The legislature will make a serious blunder if it adopts the Norton amendment. We repeat that the law should be framed to give proper protection to the employe, but should not be made a plaything for either the contingent fee lawyers or the insurance companies.

New Desks from Old Ties.

Thoughtful persons, who had marveled at the apparent wastefulness of the railroads in one direction, will get some comfort from a story floating up from the Union Pacific headquarters. Travelers everywhere have noted piles of discarded ties burning alongside the tracks; it has been deemed more expedient to destroy these used timbers than to gather them for any further service. Now the Union Pacific people have discovered a use to which old ties and bridge timbers can be put, and so have installed carpenters and cabinet makers and will work the formerly wasted material up into desks and other office furniture. Wood that supported the tremendous traffic in its transcontinental flight in the future will serve the functions of the busy office man or support his feet at such leisure time as has been overlooked by the efficiency experts. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" when from them a great railroad company may learn so easy a lesson in practical economy.

Reports of food riots in Russia jolt tourist assurances of great prosperity in that country. Something of the kind happened in this country. Doubtless the Russians relish like freemen the spice of variety.

Bagdad of the Caliphs

To the lover of what may be called the sentiment of history it is not less than distressing to find a romance of national greatness degenerated into a state of anomalous mediocrity, but this is, in fact, what one now sees in the east in general and in the Bagdad neighborhood in particular. The visitor to this "City of Peace" recalls that it was the capital of a domain reaching from Spain into Africa and from Africa to India, and he knows that Haroun Al Raschid was once its ruler. These facts have been indelibly inscribed upon the tablets of memory through the medium of "Amin," "Ali Baba," "Sinbad the Sailor," and others of these delightful Arabian Nights tales, in which lamps and jars and carpets play mystically potent parts. But the Bagdad of today, though still spoken of in Turkish documents as "the glorious city," has naught but crumbling mosques, dilapidated palaces and neglected tombs to bear testimony to the splendor of the past.

It was Almansor, the second caliph of the Abbasid dynasty, who removed the capital of Islam here from Damascus, laying the new city's foundations in the middle of the eighth century. When he first saw the spot he was enchanted with it, although there was then but a single habitation upon it, the cell of the venerable hermit Dad. The latter, ignorant of who his dignified visitor was, not only entered into conversation with him, but predicted that one Moslos was destined to found a city where they were standing. "I am that man," exclaimed the caliph, going on to inform the hermit how, in his boyhood, he once stole a bracelet, and his nurse had ever after called him "Moslos," the name of a thief then well known. A considerable impression must have been made upon the mind of Almansor by the old recluse, for the town was eventually named for him, "Bag" signifying in the Persian tongue a garden, and the whole meaning the "Garden of Dad."

This caliph, by the by, was quite the Rockefeller of his time, for he possessed the tidy sum of \$150,000,000. The wily financier did not, however, unduly invest his wealth in Bagdad real estate, for he and his sons left it a small town, confined to the western bank of the Tigris. Moreover, they economized in building materials, using fragments plundered from the ancient Persian capital, Ctesiphon, its near neighbor, Silencia, and from Babylon.

Bagdad's streets, on a sunlit day, furnished a striking sight. The buildings, constructed of bricks and tiles of a gold-red tint, offered a rich background for the gorgeous purples, greens and browns in the raiment of the two million and more who lived and moved and had their Oriental being there. Of such a truly magnificent riot of color and wealth the essentially Arab city of today, reduced mainly to the east bank, gives a sadly faded impression. There are only 150,000 cheaply, even slovenly, garbed souls there now. If there be left one tattered remnant of the old and the picturesque, it lies in the pilgrims of various nationalities—Turks, Jews, Persians, Armenians, Hindus, Syrians, Kurds and Arabs—who from time to time wind their way with reverential mien to the old tombs and mosques of the Sunnites and Shiases.

The demoralized aspect of both the eastern and western parts of the town, connected by two pontoon bridges, is emphasized by the decayed condition of the ancient brick walls. These were originally surmounted by large round towers at the principal angles, smaller towers intervening at shorter distances, and were pierced by seven gates, one of which in the eastern wall, called "Gate of the Talisman," from an Arabic inscription, bearing date of 1220, has remained closed since Murad IV, in 1638, conquered the city and brought it under the permanent control of the Turk.

In this barred portal one who chooses may see a mute witness against a nation which is like the turkey—which eats her very country it enters, taking all and giving nothing back. Tall, gaunt, and alone, the gate towers amid desolation, for, as far as the eye can reach on either side, the walls have either fallen through decay, been torn away to make room for parks and esplanades, which have not yet been built and in all probability never will be.

It is no easy matter to come and go in modern Bagdad; really to know the place is an achievement which only long and intimate first-hand experience can compass. The form of the town, both in its eastern and western sections, is that of an almost shapeless oblong (if the Irishish be permitted), for it has been built without the slightest regard to regularity. The unpaved streets are even more intricate and winding than those in oldest Boston, and are so narrow that two horsemen can scarce pass each other. The houses resemble mausoleums in an American cemetery, for there are no windows facing the street and the small doors appear a very part of the wall; one hardly knows them as doors, indeed, until they are opened.

The roofs are flat, with parapets of considerable height, and here, in summer, the people sleep, as well they might, for thermometer in June, July and August registers 119 degrees at noon, 122 degrees at 2 o'clock, declining at sunset to 114 degrees. The native, who hates the governing Proha and his Turkish associates as he does sin (and rather more) would like to curse them for the heat as he does for so many other things, but he thinks better of it and goes to work for the (relatively) cooler part of each hot day, in the picturesque garden in almost every case attached to the house. Here he raises pomegranates and figs, oranges, lemons and date palms, products which are in part consumed by the family, in part are sold to the well-stocked bazars.

The depth of Bagdad's fall is best marked by the political, legal and commercial corruption everywhere obvious. Here is the straw which shows how the winds of history are blowing. In this traditional site of the Garden of Eden, nation after nation has, through the centuries, been put beyond the gates for eating of the fruit of corrupt rule. Babylonian, Mede and Assyrian have thus disappeared—and today sees the fate of the Turk the same. For him there can never be a reawakening of the pagantry of olden days. If there are vast possibilities of development here, of value not only to the inhabitants, but to the world at large, they can be realized only as the plains of Mesopotamia shall open a pathway to the European, whereby they shall enter and reclaim this garden spot of so many dead civilizations, that "now are one with Nineveh and Tyre."

People and Events

For the first time in years a Chicago jury convicted a woman of a crime. How happily it is a mystery. She is young—that is, under 30—quite good looking, a nurse by profession and was found guilty of assisting in holding up a woman. Possibly, had she held up a man, the jury would have sent her on her way rejoicing.

Missouri lawmakers stage for next year an extra pull on the purses of the auto crowd. A new law fixes state license rates on the basis of horsepower, ranging from \$4 per annum for twelve-horsepower to \$24 for seventy-horsepower. Cities are at liberty to exact license fees, but not to exceed one-half the state rate. To make sure that the money arrives at the state treasury a supervisor of auto registration is provided for, with a pie counter pull of \$2,000 a year to start with.

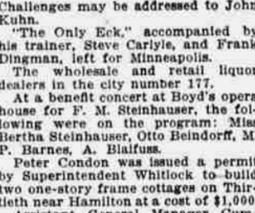
People out this way who indulge in the luxury of hard coal at \$13.25 a ton have a grievance against the anthracite barons less acute than the grievances of Scranton, Pa. Coal mining reared the town and now threatens to destroy it. Many parts of the surface are sinking into abandoned coal shafts. Business buildings, private residences and school buildings have collapsed, and water and gas mains wrecked. The community is warm all over and determined to make the coal diggers pay, but has not yet found a way.

TO DAY

Health Hint for the Day.
Light is a powerful germicide and sunlight does infinitely more good to the persons living in a house than it does harm to their carpets, wall papers and pictures.

One Year Ago Today in the War.
German crown prince carried the French positions near Le Mort Homme hill.
Italians made heavy infantry attacks all along the Isonzo river front and claimed capture of two strongly fortified positions.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.
The members of St. Philip's chapel met for the purpose of organizing a guild and the following officers were elected: Cyrus Bell, president; Mrs. W. R. Gamble, vice president; Miss Mary Williams, recording secretary; Miss Cora... corresponding secretary, and J. Reed, treasurer.



Challenges may be addressed to John Kuhn.
"The Only Eck," accompanied by his mother, Steve Carlie, and Frank Dinsman, left for Minneapolis.
The wholesale and retail liquor dealers in the city number 177.

This Day in History.
1742—First town meeting held in Faneuil hall, Boston.
1780—Mobile taken by Don Bernardo de Galvez, Spanish governor of Louisiana.
1782—Thomas H. Benton, first United States senator from Missouri, born in North Carolina. Died in Washington, D. C., April 10, 1858.

The Day We Celebrate.
Morris Levy was born March 14, 1842, in Geneva, Switzerland, and came to the United States in 1867, and established the Nebraska Clothing company in Omaha in 1886. Mr. Levy has also served on the school board.

Market Week Visitors WELCOME to the Art Galleries of the A. HOSPE CO., 1513 Douglas St.

Illinois Central Direct Route to Fort Dodge Waterloo Dubuque Galena Freeport Madison Rockford Chicago and intermediate points.

DRUG SUNDRIES Prescriptions.
This part of our business at all times receives our first consideration.
At the present time our stocks are surprisingly complete, and our service, we believe, unexcelled.

SHERMAN & M'CONNELL DRUG CO., 5 Good Drug Stores.

How to stop dandruff and loss of hair with Resinol.
Here is a simple, inexpensive treatment that will almost always stop dandruff and scalp itching, and keep the hair thick, live and lustrous.

At night, spread the hair apart and rub a little Resinol Ointment into the scalp gently, with the tip of the finger. Repeat this until the whole scalp has been treated. Next morning, shampoo thoroughly with Resinol Soap and hot water. Work the creamy Resinol lather well into the scalp. Rinse with gradually cooler water, the last water being cold.

The Bee's Letter Box

Anti-Suffragists Recall an Episode.
Omaha, March 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: A press dispatch from Seattle, Wash., declares that Mayor Hiram Gill, the famous "reformed" candidate; Chief of Police Charles L. Beckingham and former Sheriff Robert T. Hodge were indicted by the federal grand jury for violation of the liquor law. Similar indictments were also returned against four city detectives and a former policeman. There are thirteen defendants in all, charged jointly with conspiracy.

The Railway Mail Service.
Omaha, March 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have spent some six years in the railway mail service. I speak with some knowledge, and I can candidly say that conditions are getting worse as the days go by. Judging from the reports that come to me about the service...

Dear Mr. Kabbille, How can I break my husband of the club habit? —MRS. LIPMAN.
USE ONE ON HIM!

STORY LAND.
Edger A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.
When comes the night and all the tasks The day has brought are done, 'Tis then the little fellow asks For tales of battles won.

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of their lives to the service must put up with the conditions, for they cannot afford to quit.

"I am a democrat and a supporter of the administration, but I cannot for a single moment sanction this action. Every democrat as well as republican, every business man and public spirited citizen has an interest in this public enterprise known as the Postoffice department, and they should make active their protest against such deprivation of the service and emasculation of the workers." ALBERT E. MAY, Attorney, Keeline Building.

SMILING LINES.
Smiling Cyril—I suppose she is all the world to you.
Satisfied Lover—Not exactly; she is all I want of it—twenty acres and a mansion at Newport.—Boston Transcript.

"I've had a bit of luck. I picked up \$100 day before yesterday, and hearing this morning that it belonged to that old miser, Marx, I returned it to him."
"See, and he gave you a reward."
"Of no, but he didn't charge me any interest for the two days I had it!"—Boston Transcript.

"You claim to be an expert in scientific research," sneered his wife.
"Are you aware, interrupted Miss Cayenne, that it is becoming more expensive every day, and that this is a prohibition community, anyhow?"—Washington Star.

The naval captain had granted a private interview with the cadet whose father had been his best friend, and he said:
"Well, youngster," he said jovially, "the old story, I suppose—the fool of the family sent to sea."
"O, no, sir," replied the boy, "that has all been altered since your day!"—New York Times.

"See here, Jibbe, didn't you tell me you could marry Miss Fluff any time you wanted to?"
"Well, yes, in a way, I had the refusal of her hand!"—Baltimore American.

"What shall I call my theater?"
"The Gayety would be a good name. Or you might call it the 'Privilege.'"
"Then, the name of the theater, of medical plays? I'll just call it the Pathological!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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