

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY)
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
By Carrier, \$5.00 per month
By Mail, \$4.00 per month

REMITTANCE
Send in Draft, Express or Postal Order. Only 2-cent charge added in payment of small amounts.

OFFICES
Chicago—The Bee Building, 211 N. Dear St.
New York—210 Fifth Ave.

CORRESPONDENCE
Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to The Bee, Editor, Omaha, Neb.

MAY CIRCULATION
56,469 Daily—Sunday, 51,308

Average circulation for the quarter subscribed and shown to by United States Circulation Bureau.

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to their new address as often as requested.

Chadron is welcome to the show until the home folks get their breath again.

Poor old Ananias! How his laurels shrivel up in the heat of modern competition.

Attorney General Reed is some fixer. It remains only to see how his plan works out.

Newport's opinion of the secretary of the navy cannot be printed owing to the limited stock of asbestos paper.

Old Sol is doing his duty these days, too, and above all the other sounds you can hear the corn grow in Nebraska.

Assessor Fitzgerald had a great time putting tax valuations up, but keeping them there is quite another thing.

Under the proposed suffrage plan of Great Britain women must be 30 years of age or over to swing the ballot. Do you get that, girls?

Boston's honor and loyalty is again vindicated. Bunker Hill day passed by without unduly emphasizing the provocation for the celebration.

Haiti has broken with Germany and Mexico leans that way. Another mission to Washington seems assured and prospects brighten for more.

Various reasons are given for the huge uplift in federal revenue from tobacco. The chief cause may be traced to the activity of the campaign cigar.

As a change from more profitable tasks the butter and egg boards of Chicago are putting up informing quotations for the benefit of the federal grand jury.

Omaha in first place in the recruiting records looks might good. But we have been in the spotlight so long our modesty is proof against even this flattery.

The White house pickets presume too much on public patience and native deference to the sex. The banner incident mildly suggests that the police disband the pickets and end the silly season.

Submarines piled an extra score on the bottom of the sea last week. The chase is hot above and below the surface, and the victor in that part of the war game is beyond the guess of the prophets.

Affairs in Spain are calm and lovely. Alphonso is on the job and not a worry loafs around the throne. Perfectly delightful, the diplomats say. Still, the national censor sits on the news lid with tireless zeal.

Official opinion privately expressed suggests the widening view among the jurymen that a change in the police department would conserve public interests mightily. The public arrived at that destination some time ago.

Pen pictures of shell holes on the western battlefield clearly explain why the cavalry arm of the service remains hobbled far in the background. It resembles the vision of "Mittel Europa" in having no show at all.

It is worth while noting as the war drags along that the cowboy mayor of Chicago shows speed as a practical patriot. His new driver for the feshops added the first line trenches of the school board to his political defenses.

A San Francisco school teacher, to whom the flag means nothing, has been permitted to resign. She should also be permitted to hunt up a land where her "international mind" will have plenty of time to work in its own peculiar way.

The unreasoning "suffs" who put their campaign above the safety of the nation ought to look up the example of Mrs. Pankhurst, who is about as militant as any could well wish, but who agreed to "be good" while the liberties of the whole people were in danger.

"Good for Nebraska"
—Baltimore American—

As a preliminary to co-operating with the national government in preparing for the war emergency all the states of the union have made surveys of resources. In some instances these survey reports convey enlightening information about what is being done in an unusual way to the purpose of increasing the food yield. As a farm products state Nebraska ranks second only to Kansas and the survey report of Nebraska, which has been published, doubtless suggests accurately the trend of stimulated farm effort in the central west. While the wheat yield of Nebraska will be far below the 1916 yield, there is in prospect an enormous increase in corn, beans and potatoes.

The report says that the potato acreage has been increased 100 per cent in the eastern part of the state and 50 per cent in the western part. There will be 2,000,000 acres increase in corn planting this year as compared with last year. There is a 2,500 per cent increase in the acreage of beans and it is in expectation that the poultry yield will be 100,000,000 pounds larger this year than last year. There will be a record-breaking crop of alfalfa. If Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri hit the agricultural pace as Nebraska seems to be hitting it the high cost of foods is due to take a long drop.

Last year Nebraska planted 7,000,000 acres to corn and produced 209,000,000 bushels. This year there will be 9,000,000 Nebraska acres to corn and the yield should be around 270,000,000 bushels. Corn means pork and poultry—eggs and butter. The survey news from Nebraska is cheering.

So Everyone May Know.

The Bee is from day to day receiving letters for publication whose writers do not seem to grasp, or do not want to grasp, the position which every patriotic newspaper must take in this war. Some of the letters we are asked to print are in the nature of defenses of Germany's ruthlessness, or assaults upon Great Britain, or arguments in palliation of the destruction of Belgium, or justification of the killing of the innocents on the Lusitania. So all may know just where The Bee stands, we reproduce here this letter returning one of these rejected contributions:

I am returning your enclosure, which I take it you wish back, inasmuch as I cannot see my way clear to giving it space in The Bee under existing conditions.

In your present, as well as your previous letters, you fail to distinguish between helpful criticism of the government and placing palpable obstructions in the way of marshalling the forces of this country for the successful prosecution of the war. The Bee does not propose knowingly to permit its columns to be used to discourage enlistments or response to other war demands or to engender friction with nations fighting this battle with us or to promote propaganda against the American cause.

Since you refer to Benjamin Franklin, let me refer for justification to Franklin also where in his autobiography he explains his refusal to print abusive letters, as follows:

"Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind and the writers pleaded as they generally did, the liberty of the press—my answer was that I would print the piece separately, if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction."

Let us repeat that regardless of opinion previous to the war declaration there cannot be two sides for loyal American citizens when the United States is actually engaged in war with a foreign enemy. It must be "America first" and no backing.

Russia and the United States.

The exchange of pourparlers between the Root commission and the provisional government at Petrograd is fraught with the greatest of significance for the future of democracy. It involves not alone the relations between the Russian and American people, but in a greater measure than appears on the surface of the course of free government. The strongest and most influential of democracies is giving advice and counsel to the newest and pointing out the way to success in the great undertaking of popular government.

One question raised by Minister Tereschenko as to the terms on which America participates in the war ought to be frankly answered. Some of our own people have difficulty in exactly understanding why we have entered the conflict. The United States is not a party by treaty to the terms of the alliance that binds England, France, Russia and Italy in the quadruple entente. We have become a volunteer ally, animated by the loftiest of motives, indispensable to the cause for which our allies contend, and must be left free to aid as best we may. The faith of our people is solemnly pledged to this great cause and the world knows this faith will be kept. Russian leaders rely on it, but their task at present is to get the facts before their own people. To convince the mujik of the disinterestedness of the United States, when he has such good reason to distrust all governments, is not an altogether easy undertaking. Men at the head of the Russian provisional government know it is to the United States and not to Germany they must look for the assistance needed to establish freedom for themselves and their posterity. They proved this when they expelled Grimm, the German socialist, who came with the kaiser's proffer.

The Root commission is charged with a tremendous responsibility, but its success is assured because of its sincerity and the pledge of the American nation back of it.

Railroads Moving to Real Economies.

While expert accountants and attorneys are presenting figures and arguments on behalf of the railroads petitioning for permission to increase their rates, the practical operating forces of the several systems are busy contriving workable plans to get greater service out of existing equipment as less expense. One way, already discussed by The Bee, is to load freight cars to nearer their maximum capacity and by so doing to increase their utility. Another is to induce patrons to load and unload with greater speed, thus returning cars to service sooner, and through the combination to add fully half the number to the freight cars in existence simply through better use.

One of the most important of recent developments in railroad practice has to do with the use of fuel. This problem has forced itself to the front and good management has compelled attention it now is receiving. How to burn coal so as to secure the maximum of its latent energy and to transmit that liberated power into tractive effort has long been the study of the engineer. The greatest advance in this science is now exemplified in the use of pulverized coal. Fuel crushed to impalpable dust is fed into the furnace and there consumed. The result does away with ashes, cinders, sparks and other objectionable products of ordinary combustion, achieves a high percentage of the theoretical energy of the fuel and in actual service has evaporated 50 per cent more water per pound of fuel than comes from coal burned under ordinary service conditions. Advantages flowing from this new use of fuel are too many to be here catalogued, but are understood by practical railroad men.

Electricity of railroads is inevitable, but pending that time the adoption of the pulverized coal for steam-making purposes on locomotives will effect such economies as will swell net earnings materially. Practical men are busy looking for the ways to meet the transportation problems of America and operation from Wall street may yet give way to the management of men who know what they are doing.

The alarming hurry call for more cars put out by Ohio coal operators brings a sharp reply from the general manager of the Louisville & Nashville railroad. The "short and ugly word" is omitted, but the spirit is there. What little basis exists for car shortage alarms is due to the operators who fail to expedite cars offered and manipulate shipments for extra profits. In spite of the juggling practiced, the railroad company moved 1,100,472 more tons of coal this year than in the same time last year. Apparently the "holier" of coal miners is a means of diverting attention from the "main chance."

The American Red Cross organization scored a notable business victory when it conscripted the services of H. P. Davidson of the house of Morgan. Financier and organizer of proved ability, Mr. Davidson brings to the Red Cross the power and prestige of financial America. The campaign to raise \$100,000,000 in eight days exemplifies characteristic breadth of vision and grasp of big things.

The Albanian Tangle

By Frederic J. Hoskin

Washington, D. C., June 19.—Recent dispatches from Rome state that Italy has declared its intention of supporting the independence of Albania. As an independent nation, Albania has had a short life and a hard one. Established in February, 1914, the coming of war in August threw the country again into the midst of a seething kettle of military activity. The interval from February to August was enlivened by rebellions that amounted to civil war.

The situation in Albania, it is safe to say, has been among the problems that did not greatly worry the average American. Albania is an out-of-the-way and little-known principality, even to the people of western Europe, and as for America, even six months ago few people could point to it on the map without making a search. There is the incident of an American who wrote to a friend in Albania, and the letter went to Albany, N. Y. There a well-informed postal clerk marked it, "Not Albany. Try Asia."

Yet it is not more than a conservative statement of fact today to say that the satisfactory settlement of the Albanian situation is of vital importance to Americans. We have definitely cast off our traditional policy of political isolation, not from choice, but from necessity. To insure peace in America there must be peace in Europe. The vexing Balkan question, which has kept European statesmen awake at night for the last two decades, has become an American question, too. As President Wilson so clearly pointed out on Flag day, the real ambitions of Germany lie to the eastward and not to the west. "Berlin to Bagdad," is the empire that the Prussian war lords have chosen for the foundation of an autocratic power to overshadow the world.

Albania is in many ways the key to the Balkan situation. It dominates the road from the Adriatic to Constantinople. A proper settlement of the Albanian question is vital to the safety of Italy. Racially, the Albanians with the Greeks are the only counterpoise to complete Slavonic domination in the Balkan peninsula.

Here again the Albanian situation touches very closely one of the great American principles which we are upholding in this war—the right of nations and peoples to be divided along racial rather than political lines. The Prussians are attempting to bring about a distinct race in a way that is a remarkable instance of race persistence. A thousand years before Christ their great city of Scutari was the capital of a nation. Since then they have been conquered by one nation after another. For 3,000 years they have been subject to different peoples and yet the blond Albanian mountaineer is as distinct a type today as the Swede or the Russian. Five hundred years ago a body of Albanians moved across the Straits of Otranto into Italy. Today their descendants are still readily recognizable among their Italian neighbors.

On the other hand, the allied democracies have declared that the rights of a people to remain united by ties of blood and by their own free choice are paramount. The Albanians are as distinct a nationality as the Irish or the Danes. They are one of the oldest races in the world and they have maintained themselves as a distinct race in a way that is a remarkable instance of race persistence. A thousand years before Christ their great city of Scutari was the capital of a nation. Since then they have been conquered by one nation after another. For 3,000 years they have been subject to different peoples and yet the blond Albanian mountaineer is as distinct a type today as the Swede or the Russian. Five hundred years ago a body of Albanians moved across the Straits of Otranto into Italy. Today their descendants are still readily recognizable among their Italian neighbors.

So long as Turkey held Albania the situation was not acute for Italy and Austria. The Turk was too weak to make use of the advantage that the possession of Albania implied. But after the Balkan war Albania was one of the principal spoils of the Balkan allies. These latter proposed to partition it among themselves. Serbia, Montenegro and Greece, all members of the alliance, are all neighbors of Albania. Serbia in particular wanted a large share.

But from Albania to Italy, across the Straits of Otranto, is a bare fifty miles. Whoever holds the Bay of Avlona is in a position to threaten supremacy in the Adriatic, which all Italian statesmen recognize as vital to Italian safety. Austria, on the other hand, was watching anxiously the rise of the Slavic nations in the Balkans. The Teutonic element dominates Austria, but it has about all the Slavs that it can control, and it is to its interest to keep the Slavs of the Balkans weak.

The final disposition of Albania is one of the great problems of the war, like the Polish problem and the problem of Alsace-Lorraine. The Albanians are a distinct race. With the Greeks they form the only body of non-Slavic Europeans in the Balkans. If they are to be established as a single state their boundaries will have to be wider than the six powers drew them. The portion assigned to Montenegro, for example, was the result of Austrian domination to the northward. The natural growth of Montenegro would be to the northwest. The Austrian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are allied to Montenegro by blood and sympathy. But the military power of the Teutons forbade any expansion in this direction.

It is safe to say that Italy desires an independent Albania and this is probably the desire of the allies, even of Serbia. What the pan-Germans plan to do with this bit of territory is known only to Berlin, but it is hardly probable that the desires or the national rights of the Albanians have been considered.

"I would rather have my husband a crippled hero than a 100 per cent slacker," said Mrs. Cecil V. E. Hall of Dallas, Tex., when informed her husband had enlisted in the engineering corps. That's the spirit which gives patriotism the glow of purity.

Henry Miller, former president of the Wabash railroad, now a member of the special commission named by President Wilson to help reconstruct the transportation systems in France and Russia, began his railroad career as an apprentice in the Burlington shops at Hannibal, Mo.

A strictly high class bunch of stock boosters operating as the Emerson Motors company are up against trouble in New York. A receiver is gathering up the remains of the company while the federal grand jury lines up the members on charges of using the mails to defraud in stock jobbing operations.

Opponents of food regulation at Washington decline to tackle the puzzle why bread loaves which sell for 13 cents in Detroit sell for only 9 cents across the river in Windsor. Weight and quality are the same and wheat prices vary little on either side of the boundary. The contrast is more marked abroad. Bread made from American flour sells for less money in London than in New York, although wheat in going across absorbs a stiff ocean freight rate.

A burglar convicted in Chicago assumed an alias, refused to give his real name and thus spared his family the public ignominy of a convict son. A high school graduate and a college man, he drifted into bad company, became entangled in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

The new police judge of Dallas, Tex., wasn't on the bench long enough to grasp the workings of the game of periodic raids on denizens of the underworld for the customary percentage in the shape of fines. Naturally he blundered at the start. A flock of pink women, pulled the night before, lined up in front of the bench. Sitting up to the ears in the meshes of cabaret women and robbed to get the wherewithal. Belated respect for his family came too late. They know his downfall, and, though spared the barb of public knowledge, the secret sorrow remains to burrow and deepen hearts of innocent kindred.

TODAY

Proverb for the Day

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Greek government acceded to demands of Entente powers. Lusitania won control of the entire crownland of Bukovina. London received reports of serious uprising against the Turks in Arabia.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

The beautiful head, "The Spirit of Unrest" by Miss Carol M. Albright is on exhibition at the Excelsior office. The annual department rifle competition between selected marksmen of this department commenced on the

Bellevue rifle range, under the direction of Colonel Henry with Captain Cyrus A. Earnest, Eighth infantry, in command.

A fine program was presented at Trinity cathedral by the following: Prof. J. E. Butler, Mabel Ponda, John P. Williams, Mrs. Ida Mae Baldrige, Mr. Young, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Merkel, Mr. Wilkins and Mr. France.

Little Eva, Sooy had birthday party at the residence of her father, E. L. Sooy, at which the following little guests were present: Flossie Pratt, Eva Bell, Mabel Spalding, Merriam and Grace Haddock, Mary Flannigan, Fannie and Sidon King, Mabel Adams, Norma May Brown, Nettie Blake, Caille Groushel, Autumn O'Neil and May Caldwell.

The sisters of St. Mary's convent have moved to the Cosmopolitan building on Twelfth street.

J. C. Nattiger and Miss Elmira Nattiger of Ottawa, Ill., father and sister of Secretary Nattiger of the Board of Trade, are visiting the secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Parrotte are occupying the residence of C. S. Parrotte, 2025 St. Mary's avenue, during the summer.

This Day in History.

1853—Confederate advance column entered Pennsylvania. 1894—Emperor William caused the arrest of Imperial Chamberlain von Kottow for sending scandalous anonymous letters through the mails. 1898—Benjamin H. Britton, secretary of the treasury in Grant's cabinet, died in New York City. Born at Elkton, Ky., June 20, 1832. 1847—Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee celebrated throughout the British empire. 1906—King Haakon VII of Norway and Queen Maud were crowned at Trondhjem. 1915—British House of Commons voted \$5,000,000,000 loan for war fund. 1918—Fortification appropriation bill passed by United States house of representatives.

The Day We Celebrate.

J. Clark Coit was born June 22, 1872, in Missouri Valley, Ia. He has been in the hardware business in Omaha since 1890, and is a booster all the time. He also deals in automobiles.

Millard Mahlon Robertson is a Missourian by birth and is 50 years old today. He is president of the Evans Model laundry in this city.

Captain Tenney Ross, member of the general staff corps of the United States army, born in New Hampshire, forty-six years ago today.

Robert S. Lovett, executive head of the Union Pacific railway system, who is devoting practically all his time to service in the Red Cross,