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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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The Philosophy of Optimism.

One of our foremost living leaders of modern thought reminds us in an address delivered some time ago that of all the religions of the world, and of all the philosophies evolved by master minds, there is not one but is predicated upon the eventual triumph of good over evil, and that despite all temptations no one has yet framed any scheme of education, politics or society upon the hypothesis that the influences making for wickedness in the world will finally conquer.

It will do us good to dwell upon this thought at this particular time, when all the inhabitants of the earth seem to be in a ferment and many people are beset with doubt and discouragement as to the future. There have been conflicts and catastrophes in manifold succession ever since the dawn of history, and even before it, yet, looking backward, the historian has had no difficulty in finding them steps in human progress, or, at any rate, in no way stopping the course of progress.

The same optimism that has animated mankind from the beginning still guides the human heart, and from it springs the faith that out of all this turmoil will come a better day—that the darkness of the battle will be followed by the dawn of peace and greater happiness—that the forces of good will again, as always, vindicate and hold their superiority to the forces of evil.

"Sammys" Find a War Song.

Just as might be expected, the "Sammys" did not wait for someone to come forth with an inspired anthem or battle chant for their uses. Word now comes from "Somewhere in France" that the men who went over with Pershing are digging their ditches, adjusting their gas masks and otherwise learning the gentle art of modern warfare with zest and nerve, buoyed up and encouraged by the simple strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Just as the army that went out at Kitchener's first call was in too much of a hurry and adopted "Tipperary," or, as our own in 1898 took up with "A Hot Time," so these advance agents of American manhood have found their need supplied by the rollicking chorus that requires only a good pair of lungs and makes no demand whatever on musical talent.

Americans: Meek, or Self-Disciplined?

Americans, despite surface turbulence, afford in general such an example of aggregated patience and oftentimes forbearance as must cause wonderment as to whether our national virtue is meekness or self-discipline. We put up with so many things that might be expected to annoy or vex us as a whole that even our own philosophers are puzzled at times to account for our behavior. The good-natured majority submits to impositions from the minority, and again the minority bears with at least a semblance of grace what seems to be an unreasonable demand from the majority, and pests of one kind or another are eternally disturbing our equanimity or taxing our patience, but with all our wayward tendencies, our vagrant notions and hazy ideas of individual responsibility, we somehow manage to weather trials that would produce revolutions elsewhere. Somewhere there is a safety valve, through which the excess pressure escapes, and it may tickle our vanity to think we are really self-disciplined, our pride subject to reasonable restraint and our will united to a common purpose. If this be so, Americans are slowly learning one lesson that will lead to true greatness in time. The pressure of the war has much to do with our immediate willingness to accept conditions that might otherwise be objected to, but through the war we will build up a firmer and finer quality of national strength, because it will teach us self-control.

One Splendid Industrial Achievement.

Of all the industries of our country none appears to have felt the quickening impulse of war conditions more deeply or to have responded more readily than the railroads. Regardless of the clamor against the increased wages and the unsatisfied requests for higher rates, the men who are responsible for the operation of the great systems have taken hold of an emergency situation in a way that will be the more admired and commended the longer it is studied. A short time ago Fairfax Harrison, who is chairman of the general board, made report that passenger mileage had been reduced by more than 16,000,000 miles and with no hurt to the service. Now Mr. Harrison gives out a statement that is even more remarkable. Freight movement shows an increase of a little more than 16 per cent and with the addition of scarcely any equipment. Just what this means may better be understood from the statement that the increase amounts to more than four billion ton-miles; that is, four billion tons moved one mile. This is a splendid test of the capacity of the roads and is also a most impressive reminder of the possibilities of careful and efficient co-operation. It has been accomplished by the roads under war pressure, it is true, but it has been done so easily that it should be maintained without special difficulty under the pressure of business demands in time of peace. The railroads are solving their own problem.

Leading cities in every state suffer like Omaha from unequal taxation. The tendency of rural politics everywhere is to shift the load on "the big fellow." The cities are responsible for the excess burden because the character and ability of their legislative representation rarely rises to the rural level. In a contest for equality of taxation mediocre leadership leaves "the big fellow" practically defenseless.

As a means of promoting industrial peace the National Council of Defense might post in conspicuous places throughout the country autograph copies of President Gompers' pledge against strikes during the war. Disgraced mail service doubtless accounts for numerous failures of the notice to arrive.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

THE BOOKLET of Omaha reminiscences put out by my old friend, John T. Bell, contains a lot of interesting material relating to the early days and prominent actors in the upbuilding of Omaha. Mr. Bell used to be associated with The Bee, and I regret to have to make a correction in his account of the establishment of this paper. He speaks of my father being a member of the legislature of 1871, where his course "did not suit the Omaha Republican people, which fact they made generally known."

Now the story of the founding of The Bee was written in detail by my father before he died, and it is a good deal better to stick to his version. He made no purchase of any theatrical sheet or of any other previously existing newspaper, but The Bee was started out by itself as a wholly new venture. True, the first numbers were about the size of a theater program and actually contained the current theater program of the day, and copies were given out free on the streets, and perhaps at the theater, but the theatrical part of it was a minor consideration, the main purpose being to champion and "put over" the law for consolidating the school districts of Omaha, which was the main achievement of my father as a member of the legislature, but which the opposition had saddled with a referendum clause requiring a popular vote of approval before it should become effective.

The Bee, therefore, was projected and issued as a temporary campaign publication for free distribution, and accomplished its object by carrying the election in favor of the new school law. This achievement, together with the favorable reception accorded and assurance of patronage and support, led to the decision not to abandon publication as planned, but to continue it and secure a regular paid subscription list that would make it permanent. It was the rule of "the survival of the fittest" among newspapers that later decreed the extinction of the old Omaha Republican, as also of a half dozen other Omaha newspaper enterprises that flourished for brief periods in the interval, while The Bee grew stronger and stronger in the community.

Mr. Bell relates these two anecdotes about the founder of The Bee which, regardless whether strictly accurate or not, are characteristic. "Mr. Rosewater did his writing with soft pencils only a few inches long. He had been a telegraph operator and was a fast writer, as well as a pungent writer. In the early period of The Bee's history it was his custom to collect newspaper clippings for several departments he ran in his Saturday issues. On one occasion he left W. E. Annin, an associate editor, in charge of the paper and when he returned on Monday was looking over an account Saturday paper he was all stirred up on account of the character of the clippings Annin had used in these departments. He said they were rubbish and trash, but Annin explained that every last one of them had been taken from the paper collar box in which they had been stored by Mr. Rosewater."

"James B. Haynes, for several years managing editor of The Bee, says that he was asked to look up short stories to run in the paper. Nothing in this line clipped by him quite suited Mr. Rosewater and he said he would attend to that himself. He found what struck him as being the right sort, read the opening paragraph and sent it in to the composing room. It proved to be quite interesting and it also proved to be one which wound up with an advertisement of Warner's Safe Cure—in which style of advertising Warner was an expert."

I had a delightful little visit last week with Larimore C. Denise, another Omaha boy who has been making an impress in his chosen field, that of a minister of the gospel, although he has now given up his pulpit and is engaged in the organization work for the Third World's Christian Citizenship Conference, to be held next year in Pittsburgh, where he is making his headquarters. He is a son of the late Dr. J. C. Denise, one of our early Omaha physicians. The Denise home was the big, spacious frame mansion, a two-story residence still standing on the high embankment at Nineteenth and Dodge. It has changed owners several times in recent years and was not long ago damaged by fire, and is about to be torn down.

"I ran over and went through the old house for a last lingering look at the old place," said Denise. "The building was put up by my uncle, John R. Meredith, who came here as district attorney in territorial days, and I was struck with the substantial way in which it was constructed and the unusual conveniences it must have had for that time. But the neighborhood I would hardly recognize, nearly everything that was familiar in the surroundings having disappeared. That part of Omaha is changing so fast that I know that when I come back another time I will be unable to find even the present landmarks."

From Mr. Denise I learned that his mother and the other members of the family are living at Summit, N. J. There were six sisters in his mother's family, Mrs. Meredith, who is now 92, being the oldest, and they are all together in close proximity, their combined ages aggregating 518 years—further testimony to the sturdiness of the stock of our pioneer families.

Indiana, the "mother of vice presidents," plans to maintain its reputation. Already the forward-looking natives are grooming Governor James P. Goodrich for second place on the republican national ticket in 1920.

"Vote under the cocoon!" was the stirring slogan which led the dry hosts to victory in Porto Rico. A cocoon showed the spot for the dry mark. The wets chose the bottle for an emblem, but the milk in the cocoon touched the right spot and carried the day.

A fifty-fifty split on tobacco between the home consumer and the American soldiers in France is the unique "good fellow" movement launched by the Chicago Tribune. "Have one on me" is a patriotic and fitting tribute to the boys abroad. Here's hoping it will stick to the finish.

Montana laws forbid carrying booze into Indian reservations "by boat, team, wagon or sled." A smuggler recently caught in the act showed that his conveyance was a motor car and therefore not unlawful. The court agreed with him and designated his vehicle as "a rare combination of luxury, necessity and waste."

Last winter the governor of Utah persuaded the legislature on pledges of a big dividend to appropriate \$25,000 for an investigation of suspicious deals in state lands put over by former administrators. The probe has gone far enough to show that some of the choicest coal land in the state was sold to knowing ones as grazing land at \$1.50 an acre. Plans to make the present owners disgorge are under way.

Profuse apologies and promises of "never again" said Carl F. Dingler of St. Louis from being tagged as an alien enemy. Dingler edits the official organ of a Masonic lodge whose membership is largely German. In a recent issue appeared a crude, insulting burlesque on the national anthem. It was a rib-tickler built on the Schrickel plan, but the humor of the publication fled when a government agent blew into the sanctum. Mr. Dingler emerged from the interview considerably wiser and deeply repentant.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Inroads of draft among the young men of San Francisco has doubled the number of women workers in the grocery stores of the city.
St. Louis City did not add much to solar heat during July, only \$1,415 worth of property being burned up. Insurance companies made good all but \$10 of the loss.

The garbage pail is not as fat as it used to be and is losing weight everywhere. In Boston the June haul fell away 138 tons—a remarkable showing of kitchen economy.
The jitney problem lingers in Minneapolis. Evidently the business is extensive and troublesome, inasmuch as a council committee is conducting an investigation of the traffic and seeking light for regulation.

Four trucks and a suitcase full of thirst quenchers checked to the arid bed of Idaho fell among the dry phillies of Snake Lake and thence to the jail cellar. In all \$26 pint jugs and sixteen bottles of beer of unknown ownership got switched on the way.
New York's city budget for 1918 is taking shape and promises the usual annual increase. Estimates from sixty of the city departments call for \$2,000,000 more than last year. Cutting the municipal garment according to the cloth is not a fixed habit in New York or elsewhere.

City dads of Portland, Ore., are aching to win the war by promoting the growth of pork. Bars against raising hogs within the city limits have been removed on condition that the owners give the hogs a daily bath. The concession implies an inspector's job, which makes for another brand of "bacon."

San Francisco and Boston bakers are putting on the market bread loaves composed of varying proportions of wheat flour, corn meal and rye flour. The loaves are cheaper than whole wheat breads and contain a greater quantity of nutriment per pound. Both cities report unexpected popularity for the combination loaves.

Topeka's school managers are giving overtime thought to the question whether a war bride automatically loses her job. Under present rules management of a woman teacher ends her connection with the payroll. Some of the board take the view that war brides acquire a different status, in that marriage to a soldier does not provide "other means of support" on which the rule is based. This is the patriotic view and seems likely to prevail.

Disappearances of girls and women in Greater New York make a large number in a year, but the number lost to relatives is small. During the first five months of the year 853 disappearances were reported to the police. Of this number 199 or 23 per cent were located in a safe home. Many more cases were withdrawn from the police. Two-thirds of all were between 13 and 30 years of age—years when the desire for adventure is strongest.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BIG WAR.
Italy's war expenditures now average \$2,000,000,000 a month.
Germany is replacing silver and nickel money with zinc coins.

One hundred thousand women are now employed in the munition factories in Italy.
The Scots Greys have captured more flags in warfare than any other British regiment.

The British army veterinary service now has a strength of over 25,000 officers and men.
Among the allies the lowest-paid soldiers are those of Russia, who receive only 1 cent a day.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes," is writing a popular history of the war.
The British postoffice maintains 500 branch offices in France for the convenience of the soldiers.

Recent auction sales of boots cast off by the British soldiers have realized more than \$100,000 for the government.
To economize leather and other material the city employes of Munich have been ordered to wear sandals without socks.

Three hundred newboys of New York City have enlisted in different branches of the military service since the beginning of the war.
In a single week the Navy department at Washington has received as many as 2,600 letters, each offering a solution of the submarine menace.

About 12 per cent of the total number of Victoria Crosses granted are received by members of the medical profession serving in the British army.
One American concern has supplied the allies on the western front with 85,000 miles of barbed wire, the most of it the old-cut variety kind, but a special military type, very heavy and strong and painted the grim olive drab of war.

Included in the Russian army is a division called the Corps de Chasseurs, of which little is known outside the service. They are picked men, chosen for various reasons, and include not only the men of high education, but also the best runners, sharpshooters, fencers, swimmers, climbers, sappers, fishers and hunters. As pioneers they build bridges across the broadest and fastest rivers of Russia. As hunters and fishermen they provide the army with game and fish. They are under a strict and special discipline, but they are not obliged to march in line, are free from barrack service and are excused sentinel duty.

HERE AND THERE.
Blue-eyed men are said to make the best rifle shots.
Russia is twenty times larger than France and Germany put together.
One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

The court records show that the greatest number of divorces take place between the fifth and tenth year of married life.
Scientists state that the little toe is gradually becoming smaller and smaller, and its final disappearance is only a matter of time.

The ex-car of Russia, before his deportation, possessed a single estate equal in extent to about three times the entire area of England.
The aim of the authorities of the British museum is to have a copy of every book published. There are in that vast library 7,125,000 books.

The Russians are the most remarkable of all linguists. They learn Chinese in six months and will acquire English with ease in a few weeks.

SMILING LINES.

"So this is the watch you are giving your fiancé for his birthday? I don't fancy quite so much engraving on it, dear. Instead of 'Alice Osborn to Henry Lewis' why didn't you simply have the initials put on?"
"I wanted to, dear, but 'G O to H L' seemed sort of rude and profane."—Boston Transcript.

She—How long will they be raw recruits?
He—Until the veterans finish roasting them.—Puck.

"Women have all the best of it."
"Wasn't that?"
"Is it considered chic for a girl to be married in her mother's wedding gown. But how a man would be hoisted if he showed up in his father's old Prince Albert coat?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"The young man our rich neighbor's daughter is going to marry is a very proud young man, they say."
"I know he is. He has promised to pay me the money he owes me when he gets hold of hers."—Baltimore American.

"In the old days a man used to get a wife by tapping her over the head with a club."
The girl nodded.
"Those young men that keep calling and not coming to the point," said she, "make me feel that women would be justified in adopting those tactics now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Dear Mr. Kabibble, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MY FIANCE SINCE CHRISTMAS—WHY DO YOU SUSPECT?"
JENNEH
MAYBE HE THINKS IT IS HIS DUTY TO WEAR THAT YOU GAVE HIM, WHEN CALLING, AND MAYBE HE HASN'T WEAKENED YET."
JENNEH

"Dinah's hair used to be brown and now it is golden. Why did she change?"
"You see, her mother wanted her to be a Christian, so Dinah felt she must obey a mother's dying request."—Baltimore American.

Is he honest?
I think he must be. I haven't heard him bragging about it.—Detroit Free Press.

"We must do something about blind tigers."
"Say so, too," declared innocent Mrs. Squab. "Those unfortunate animals should have the services of a good veterinarian at once."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you believe a wife is justified in taking money from her husband's pocket?"
"Certainly, if he is careless enough to leave any there."—Baltimore American.

A pistol shot sounded in the boarding house.
"Wha's that?" cried the startled boarders.
"His report," replied the ready landlady, "is probably only a roomer."—Baltimore American.

A RED CROSS CALL.
Yes, war is wrong, we all agree. Its hate and enmity smirch the soul. For all our leisure we must pay. Demands our toil and lives for toll. It takes our husbands and our sons. Our brothers and our sweethearts true. It takes our money, our strength, our lives. Our worktime and our pleasures, too. Comp. sisters, we have had our day. When we were pampered, precious toys. For all our leisure we must pay. In working for our soldier boys. We cannot meditate nor grieve. Our hardships that they must endure. Let's save our strength, that we may leave. No work undone, for victory's sure. If every one but does his part. At home as well as at the front. In field or factory, plant or mart. And lets no other bear the brunt. Comp. sisters, we must help to prove. Our forbearance right when they laid down. Their lives for freedom. By their love. We have not known a tyrant's frown. Oh, we are fighting for a cause. In Freedom's name, to help the world. To reach a place where all her laws. Are just and wise, her flag unfurled.

Will show to other planet's gaze. On fiery letters bold and free. "We're in the Sun, now God we praise. We are a World Democracy."
Fairbury, Neb. —TAYLOR ROSS

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