THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) — EVENING — SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

OFFICES:

New York—286 Fifth Ave. Omaha—The Bee Bldg.
Chicago—1720-23 Steger Bld. South Omaha—2318 N St.
St. Louis—New B'nk of Commerce Council Bluffs—14 N. Main St.
Washington—1311 G St. Lincoln—Little Building.

APRIL CIRCULATION

Daily 65,830—Sunday 63,444

Average circulation for the month subscribed and sworn to by E. R. Ragan, Circulation Manager.

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

King Ak is after you; come on in..

Texas does not seem to be wild for either prohibition or suffrage.

At any rate the "Lucky" Baldwin heiress has her views as to life in Los Angeles.

What will the railroads do when they can no longer run to Uncle Sam when the cash gets low?

Ohio bid a sad farewell to old J. B., but may find cold comfort in the 2.75 article to which New York clings.

London also finds that its divorce courts are quite busy. The "war bride" business is having its natural outcome.

France purposes to erect half a million new buildings in the devastated region, but they will not all go up this year.

Dodging the issue will not help; the fact remains the gambling was not interfered with until The Bee prodded the police into activity.

Persia also would like to come in under the aegis of the American eagle. Looks like we might have to become a real uncle to the world yet.

"Look at our history!" indignantly exclaims an Austrian "statesman." That is just what the world is doing brother, and the closer it looks the less it cares for what was Austria.

The attorney general has laid down a simple rule for assessment of the capital stock of banks. It will be complicated enough, though, before all proposed deductions are passed on by local boards.

An Illinois man has just received from the government pay for a horse killed in 1864. This ought to encourage any who doubt the ultimate purpose of Uncle Sam to settle with all his creditors.

If the adjutant general of the army wants to start something, let him refuse to permit the Nebraska boys of the Eighty-ninth to come through the old home state on their way to Camp Funston.

Do not forget that the Eighty-eighth, also is on its way home, has many Nebraska boys in it. They did not see as much of the fighting, but it was no fault of theirs, the Huns found out they were coming and quit.

General Woods calls them "My Boys," the A. E. F. called them the "Fighting Farmers," the world calls them heroes, and the middle west calls them "Ours." The Eighty-ninth is coming back to us.

Any inquiry is now ex post facto, but the mayor might have had all the evidence he needed if he had taken the trouble to look into the matter before The Bee exposed the gambling at the "carnival" grounds.

Southern democrats, with traditional gallantry, voted to preserve woman against the contaminating influence of political equality. The southern democratic idea of the privilege of voting is clearly understood.

"I'll go home and see mother," said the "greatest of all American heroes," when told he could have his discharge from the army. It is so the American fighting man is constituted, and that is why no other ever has been able to overcome him.

No Peace Sedition Act

Among the promises of legislation by the new congress is the enactment of more "sweeping and drastic laws" for suppressing bolshevism in this country. Some would go so far as to make it a crime to write or speak in favor of any of the racial sentiments which are so losely classed under the general term of bolshevism. Others would merely make the law for the deportation of undesirable aliens more easily enforceable. Some would provide for the denaturalization of citizens who falsely professed a friendly disposition to the constitution and government of the United States and their deportation, along with aliens who made no pretenses. A strengthening of laws against conspiracies against the government and attempts to destroy property is generally favored, as the conduct of the I. W. W. both before and during the war pointed the necessity for simpler and more expeditious means of prosecution.

But any attempt to "suppress" bolshevism by enactment of laws abridging freedom of speech or the press would be against fundamental American principles. In time of war, self-preservation requires the suppression of utterances calculated to impair the morale of the nation. Sometimes officialdom has gone too far in the matter of suppression in war time. The line of demarcation is finely drawn. But in peace times the law is plain, both here and in England. Freedom of speech, with responsibility for libelous and incendiary statements, has been the consistent rule, except in the administration of John Adams, when the alien and sedition laws were enacted. These laws were so repugnant to right thinking Americans that they, more than anything else, were responsible for blotting the federalist party from existence. Hamilton and Marshall opposed them, but their counsels were whistled to the winds by officials who desired to protect themselves from barbed criticism.

Bolshevism is vicious. Its triumph would be destructive of some of the most precious elements in civilization. But it cannot be suppressed by fining or jailing its advocates. Such measures would merely martyrize them. We must meet the issue and discuss them before the people that might otherwise become infected with thir poison. The horrors of both the theories and practices of bolshevism can be convincingly shown if we set about it. It is the only way that thoughtful Americans should think of adopting.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

WHERE WERE THE AUTHORITIES?

A little girl was restored to her mother by an Omaha court on Saturday. She had been enticed away from home by one of the employes of a so-called "carnival company," which was driven from Omaha when The Bee turned the searchlight on its operations. The judge very properly refused to permit the marriage of the child to another of the hangerson of the outfit, thus leaving the way clear for prosecution of the chief offender under the Mann act.

But the police made no arrests; the juvenile court officers filed no complaints, and the welfare board maintained a silence so dense as to be astonishing, because of its activity against offenders.

This outfit set up business in a part of town where it could attract children of the poor. It did not cater to the wealthy. Under the eyes, and seemingly the protection of the police, it operated gambling devices calculated to lure pennies from the little ones, sure-thing "wheels" and other apparatus, and with them exhibitions of a nature that would not be tolerated in a decent community.

For three days this thing went on, unmolested, and the owner of the "show" said he planned to run two weeks and would have done business if it had not been for The Bee. Uniformed policemen watched while children wagered their pennies, or peeped at pictures whose titles promised more perhaps than the view revealed. Detectives in plain clothes moved about the show grounds, but not one of them molested the attaches of the show.

Where was the welfare board, while this propaganda of immorality was in full blast?

Where were the juvenile court officers, while the little tots were getting their first lessons in gambling and other vices?

Why did the authorities allow this thing to go on three days, till The Bee compelled the police to take action by its exposure of their neglect?

These are pertinent questions, to which some sort of answer should be made. Where were the authorities?

What the Eighty-Ninth Did.

It is not easy to measure the services of a body of soldiers by cold statistics. You cannot take a tape line, scales, slide rule or dividers, and set the bounds of its contribution to victory. But the record of losses sustained, ground gained, prisoners taken and guns captured affords a pretty fair index of the activity of the troops involved, at least so far as the battle line is concerned.

The Eighty-ninth division was twice on the front line in the Meuse-Argonne campaign, and went through some of the heaviest fighting of the war. While the "regular" army divisions suffered the greatest losses, and in every way led in the record-making, the middle west boys were not so far behind them. In point of major casualties, the Eighty-ninth came off comparatively well, with only 1,525, being twentieth on the list that is headed by the Second division with 5,260. In the capture of prisoners, the Eighty-ninth is third, with 5,061 accredited to it, the Second and First divisions leading in order. The Second division is first in number of guns taken, with 343, but the Eighty-ninth is second, with 127 on its list. This division also advanced 36 kilometers over the distance against the enemy, driving back the crown prince's best soldiers over that distance and capturing 455 machine guns on the way in addition to the artillery taken. During its service it had 6,282 replacements.

In other words the "Fighting Farmers" went right along with the veterans, taking full part in the campaign that ended the war in November instead of continuing it on through this spring, and coming out of the hell of Argonne Wood with the nickname conferred on them fully justified. No wonder General Wood insists on calling them "my boys." He trained and organized them, and they made good. But it is in the states that bred them where they will get due credit!

Increase in Divorce.

Comment of a judge on the number of divorces now being asked for in Douglas county is to the effect that the situation is "appalling." To the mind that looks on marriage as a sacred relation, its ties indissoluble, something extremely shocking is found in the fact that for every twelve marriage licenses taken out five divorce petitions are filed. Sociologists will be inclined to inquire into the facts and the causes. They will not have to look far. It is undoubtedly the psychology of the day. Marriage is lightly entered into, and divorce as frivolously sought. People are nervous, and the hysteria that has followed the war finds its exhibition in divers ways. One of these is shown in the sudden mounting of the number of divorces applied for. Economic conditions may contribute in some way to the problem, but probably only slightly. If the situation shows anything, on the surface at least, it is symptomatic of a highly excited mental state, a phase of life induced by all the stir attendant on the great war. The phenomenon is noted abroad, and elsewhere in this country, and is not by careful observers regarded as due to a permanent let-down in public morality or as seriously endangering the well-established institution of marriage. When the disturbance of the war has passed and people have again settled down to normal life, the divorce courts very likely will have less to occupy them.

America's Annual Burnt Offering.

Fire losses for 1918 in the United States are tabulated at $290,000,000, the heaviest ever recorded with the exception of the year 1906, when the San Francisco disaster contributed its enormous loss to the total. The sheer waste involved in this, and at a time when every energy of the people was called upon to save, scarcely calls for comment. Our national habit of carelessness still takes a terrific toll of the wealth of the country. In a great majority of instances, the fires that did such damage were preventable. The vigilance that was enjoined on all was not exercised, or the story would be different. The law has pursued the firebug with especial energy, and 441 convictions of arson were secured in forty-two states. Of these 172 were attempts to defraud the insurer, and 156 were the result of pyromania, or some similar motive. The fact remains, a reproach to America, that property to an amount greater than the value of all Omaha was destroyed by fire in a single year, and most of it without reason other than that its owners or those in charge neglected to properly care for it. Even our wonderful fecundity can not forever withstand such a drain.

At Triest

(Eleanor Franklin Egan in the Saturday Evening Post.)

I hardly expected to find Triest a cheerful place, but I was not prepared for quite the degree of unpleasantness in the atmosphere that I encountered. The impression instantly made upon one is that nobody cares whether he does anything or not. The place is filled with Italian officers and troops, and a large part of the population is Italian. But the people of the serving class at least are Austrian and Slav and they exhibit a dull sort of antipathy toward the stranger, which expresses itself in an indefinite reluctance toward any kind of association with him. They look browbeaten and dispirited and act as though they anticipated a rebuff at every turn.

I had come to this particular hotel because I knew all the representatives of the American Red Cross and food administration were living there. In charge of the reception bureau there was a very casual young Austrian—the room clerk, we would call him—who could not give me a room under any circumstances because he had no rooms. The hotel was already overcrowded. But he could put me in a bathroom with a cot bed for the night, and tomorrow maybe—

And there I was, trying to choose between the alternatives of sleeping in a bathroom and faring forth into the wet wintry night in search of another hotel. I was about to decide in favor of the bathroom when along came Lieutenant Drain. This middle aged young American is a farmer from Monmouth, Ill. I did not learn this until later, but I saw at once that he had worked out methods of his own for getting along in furrin parts. He was in Triest as aid to Colonel M'Intosh, also of Illinois, the officer sent by Mr. Hoover to superintend the receipt and direct the distribution of all American cargoes of foodstuffs. The lieutenant assured me that I was expected and they had been looking for me for a week; and was I all fixed up?

I spread my cards out, so to speak, and he called it a raw deal. Then he went up to the little Austrian and said a few words among which I caught: "seventeen kinds of * * * You know perfectly well you * * * This lady belongs to * * * Friend of ours * * * You loosen up * * * Never mind who you've reserved for * * * Turn somebody out * * * Attach a first-class room to that bathroom and we'll be perfectly satisfied!"

And there was more that I did not hear. It worked; and with a broad smile on his weather-burned countenance the lieutenant turned back to me and said: "Well, that's all right! If you want something in this town you got to knock somebody down and take it away from 'em!

"But you musn't blame these poor devils if they act a little superior," he continued. "They're not superior, really; they're merely downhearted. The wops are treatin' 'em like a lot o' bad peanuts and it makes 'em feel disagreeable. They can't call their souls their own. The proprietors of this hotel are Austrians, and they've had orders to get out. The clerk who was behind that counter a few days ago has been deported. Things like that happenin' all the time. You can't expect anything very first class in the service line under circumstances like that, can you? But they've got nothin' against us Americans, because we treat 'em white and we expect 'em to treat us white without doin' any crawlin' round about it."

We sat at a table in a deserted dining room and he told me about the situation in general. "No American troops in Triest; no British; no Frenchmen; only Italians. All the others at Fiume and down the Dalmatian coast. An American battalion at Cattaro, with orders to proceed to Genoa for transportation home to the good old U. S. A. Some fellows have all the luck! And the Jugo-Slavs begging for more American troops. Want us to take over all the police jobs. No good. Our boys won't have it. Let 'em fight it out by themselves. But don't you worry about the Slav boys. Good stuff. American detachment at Fiume. We'll go down and look 'em over. Americans all alone on the food job; others fussin' round in Paris about who's to wear the decorations. Meantime, Mr. Hoover's got things moving; ship in today with 6,000 tons American flour. Fats comin' in, too—pork and canned stuff. People up behind the Alps livin' on roots and herbs. Children passin' out like companies o' choir boys up to the Great White Throne. Rotten!

"Wait till you go down the line with me. I've seen it. The outside world knows nothing about this situation and we've just got to get in with the food. And now a railroad strike!

"And us fellows just achin' for nothin' but to get home. We want to go home! The fellows still attached to their regiments are the lucky boys. They'll get sent home and mustered out if they live long enough, but being detached and put on one of these wayside jobs is the worst thing that can happen to a man."

Packing Their Trunks

Americans used to ask what they were to do with the immigrants. It is not impossible that we may soon be inquiring what we are to do without the immigrants.

Our alien problem has taken on a new and quite unexpected form. Foreigners, instead of coming, are going. The aliens are packing their trunks, applying for passports and seeking steamship accommodations. In one steel plant, investigated by the federal Department of Labor, 61 per cent of the employes have declared their intention of leaving the country. A Connecticut city, famous for its industry, is to lose one-third of its Polish population. More than half of the unnaturalized Hungarians of Chicago want to go back to Hungary.

In some cases the cause is a desire to take possession of estates made vacant by the slaughter of war. In others the reason given is slack employment. Perhaps the majority of departures have been planned because of the freedom now given to the races long oppressed by Austria or by Germany. The five newly created states of Europe are attractions to many of their former residents who have long been working in America.

TODAY

The Day We Celebrate.

Her majesty, Queen Mary of Great Britain and Ireland, born in Kensington palace, London, 52 years ago.

General Sir Horace Lockwood Smith-Dorrien, noted British soldier, now governor of Gibraltar, born 61 years ago.

Dr. Guy Potter Benton, who has recently resigned the presidency of the univesity of Vermont, born at Kenton, O., 54 years ago.

Mrs. Florence Corliss Preston, Washington state superintendent of public instruction and member of the republican women's national executive committee, born in Minnesota, 46 years ago.

Charles E. Lydecker, New York lawyer, president of the National Security league, born in New York City, 68 years ago.

Col. Washington A. Roebling, the famous engineer who superintended the construction of the Brooklyn bridge, born at Saxonburg, Pa., 82 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha.

Thirty thousand people saw Alphonse King, the acquatic bicyclist, give an exhibition on the Missouri river.

Rev. E. A. Fogelstrom, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church at Nineteenth and Cass preached his farewell sermon. He will be succeeded by Rev. A. J. Fradan.

Reverends J. A. Henderson and Thomas McCague have gone to New York as delegates to the general assembly of the United Presbyterian church.

The Swedish Evangelical Mission church at Twenty-third and Davenport streets was dedicated. Rev. Hultman, the pastor, sang and Dr. Harsha and Rev. J. W. Scott addressed the audience.

People You Ask About

Information About Folks in the Public Eye Will Be Given in This Column in Answer to Readers' Questions. Your Name Will Not Be Printed.

Let The Bee Tell You.

Grand Army of the Republic.

How many members of the G. A. R. are there in Nebraska, and is Mr. Adams of Omaha the commander-in-chief?

Mr. Clarendon E. Adams is commander-in-chief of the national, not the state, organization. Mr. A. M. Trimble of Lincoln is adjutant general on the official staff. Nebraska is thus distinguished in being represented in two of the highest offices of the Grand Army organization. There are 2,651 members in Nebraska.

American Business Woman.

Who is the most famous American business woman? What is her line of business?

It is unwise to speak in superlatives on some matters. Your question seems to be in this category. One of the most famous, however, is Elizabeth Marbury, who recently shared with William G. McAdoo, James W. Gerard and other notables the honor of addressing the League of Nations banquet in New York. She is "play broker" for the most famous dramatists of Europe, and as such, has disposed of more plays for dramatic authors than any other person in America. She has a famous intution in judging a manuscript drama and likewise is eminently shrewd and successful in negotiating with theatrical managers. Aside from her business she has found time to write for the press about affairs of the stage, and also on woman's claims to recognition as a factor in contemporary life, political and economic. For her service to French authors, especially playwrights, Miss Marbury has been decorated by the French government.

Frank A. Vanderlip.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip was chairman of the emergency division of the resource mobilization bureau of New York state during the war and served on various other commissions having to do with war work. He virtually gave up his private interests for the time and devoted himself to relief agencies. Mr. Vanderlip is one of the leading financiers of the United States, and as president of the National City bank of New York city, wields great power. He is a product of the middle west, born in Aurora, Ill., November 17, 1864. During the Spanish-American war he was assistant secretary of the treasury and distinguished himself in that capacity for his organization of the treasury forces for the work connected with the war loan of 1898. Upon leaving this government position, he accepted a vice presidency in the National bank where he is now president. He has written several books on business and finance.

A Leading Baptist.

F. Wayland Ayer, who presided over recent sessions of the Northern Baptist convention at Denver, has long been a leading lay worker of the Baptist denomination in America. Born in Massachusetts in 1848, Mr. Ayer received his education in the public schools of western New York and then settled in Philadelphia, where he holds a high position in the business of advertising, the firm of which he is the head having existed for 50 years. Mr. Ayer resides in Camden, N. J., where he has large business and banking interests, as well as in Philadelphia. He is a member of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., and has been president of the New Jersey Baptist convention for 20 years. A year ago he was unanimously chosen president of the Northern Baptist convention.

ODD AND INTERESTING.

The eyes of starfish are in the tips of their "rays."

King George has a scuttle made from a big German shell.

The chance of two fingerprints being alike is figured as one in 54,000,000.

The peak of Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, throws a shadow 50 miles across the sea.

It is estimated that the world's railways represent one-seventh of the world's entire wealth.

The Holy Land of the Chinese is India. It is the native land of Sakya-Huni, the supreme Buddha.

Shakespeare had a vocabulary of some 15,000 words. The average man has about 3,500 and some have but 1,000.

An attraction in the public park at Ouray, Colo., is a pond containing 75,000 goldfish, of all varieities and sizes.

Hearing is the only sense which is not active in a new-born child. That sense is dormant until the third or fourth day.

The province of Manitoba is bigger than England and Wales, and could by herself grown enough wheat to feed 40,000,000 people.

"Great Tom," the chief bell of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, is tolled only on the death and funeral of any member of the royal family, or of the bishop, the dean, or the lord mayor.

The smallest screws in the world are those used in watches. One screw to the naked eye looks like a fleck of dust. Under a magnifying glass it is revealed as a screw with 260 threads, 4-1000ths of an inch in diameter.

Gulls are attracted by any small shining object, which accounts for a valuable engagement ring, which was accidentally dropped overboard in mid-Atlantic from the steamship Mauretania, being found in the gizzard of one of these birds, shot months afterward off the coast of Maine.

DAILY CARTOONETTE

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

(Peggy and Billy find that Pat's mother is about to lose her home on a mortgage. They wish hard for aid and the Mighty Bronze Genie comes to their assistance.)

Riches in the Ground.

PEGGY, Billy and Pat were amazed at the sight of the Mighty Bronze Genie. They hadn't expected their wish to be answered by any such story-book character. They thought genii had lived only in the long ago and in distant Oriental lands.

This Genie was mighty looking and fearsome. His head towered up among the low--hanging branches of the trees, and his body was powerful. His mustache, black as

"Is He?" Exclaimed the Bronze Genie. "We'll See About That!"

coal, bristled fiercely, but in his eyes was a kindly twinkle that made the children feel that he was a friend.

"Wisherame, wisherami, put me to work and watch the dust fly," roared the Genie. "What's your desire?"

Peggy looked at Billy and Billy looked at Pat. Pat in turn looked at Peggy. None of them knew what to say. Finally Peggy summoned up courage and ventured to answer:

"Well, you see, please good Mr. Mighty Bronze Genie, Miser Jenkins is going to take the farm of Pat's mother on a mortgage."

"Show this Miser Jenkins to me!" roared the Bronze Genie, drawing his glittering scimitar. "One blow and I'll lay his head low."

"Oh, we don't want you to kill him," said Peggy, aghast, as the Mighty Bronze Genie swung his scimitar about with murderous fierceness.

"All we want you to do is to raise the $600, so he can't take the Widow Clancey's house."

"Raise $600," howled the Genie. "Geewhillikers, it would be a lot easier to cut off his head!"

"But that wouldn't be honest," argued Peggy staunchly. "He loaned the Widow Clancey $600, and she would still owe him $600 if you cut off his head."

"But what good would $600 do him if I cut off his head?" asked the Genie. "It might hire a band to give him a big funeral, but he couldn't hear the band with his head cut off."

That kind of arguing didn't seem to lead anywhere, and Peggy didn't know what to say next. The Genie noticed her embarrassment and his fierce look gave way to the smile as he sheathed his scimitar.

"Well, I'll not remove his head—just yet, although I don't know but what he richly deserves it. This farm isn't very rich, but it looks to me to be worth more than $600. If he is trying to get it for that, he is a rascal."

"Hist! There's Miser Jenkins himself," whispered Pat, pointing to a meadow beside the woods. "What do you think he is up to?"

Miser Jenkins, a weazened, mean-looking man, was digging in the bank. Presently he found something which caused his face to light up with an evil joy. He gloated over it for a moment, then carefully filled in the hole and covered it with grass. After a sly look around to see whether he had been observed, he hurried off toward the house.

"We will take a look at that hole," declared the Bronze Genie. Using the same stick with which Miser Jenkins had dug, he quickly cleared away the dirt. Peggy, Pat and Billy, crowding close to learn who had so pleased the miser, saw only dull, black rocks.

But the Genie saw more than they did. His eyes lighted up, and he quickly broke off a piece of rock, holding it up to examine it more carefully.

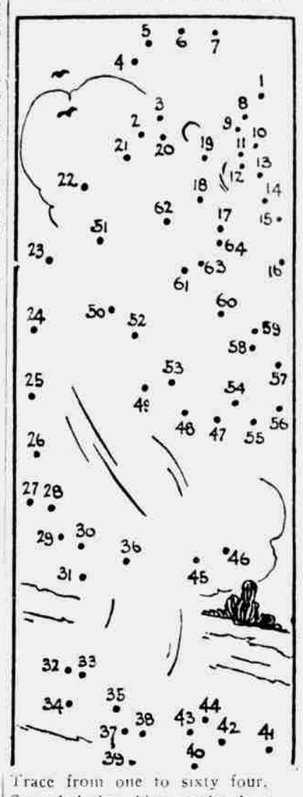
"Coal!" he exclaimed. "This farm covers a field of coal. It is worth a fortune. Pat's mother is rich instead of poor.."

"But Miser Jenkins is going to take it away from us on the mortgage," cried Pat.

"Is he?" exclaimed the Bronze Genie. "We'll see about that."

(Tomorrow will be told how Miser Jenkins tries to get the widow's farm.)

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Trace from one to sixty four.
See who's knocking at the door.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

The Bee's Letter Box

Word From Borah.

Omaha, May 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: In Tuesday's issue you quote me as saying "there are two sides to every question."

Believing my idea to be right that is the reason why I obtained the names of a number of patriotic and reputable citizens to a petition inviting Sen. William E. Borah of Idaho to Omaha to deliver an address on the proposed League of Nations. Because through the maneuvers of the political manipulators there is only one side of that important question before the people.

For the benefit of those who desire information on the proposed League of Nations I will cite a paragraph in a letter I received today from Senator Borah: "If it is possible for me to get away during the session I will be glad to go to Omaha. I will have to take it up later. In the meantime, let us do what we can to kill this treacherous scheme."

You perceive what Senator Borah thinks of this question, and no sane person will dispute but he is one of the most intellectual men in the United States senate.

JERRY HOWARD.

Who Favored Daylight System.

Omaha, Neb., May 21. To the Editor of the Bee: I notice that some one from the vast village of Harrisburg, Neb., with its 200 inhabitants, quotes Benjamin Franklin as favoring the silly "daylight saving" law. Ben has been dead several years, if not more, and so he is out of consideration on the question.

It is not a question of what some one two or three hundred years ago thought of such a system, but how we feel about such a system now. This person says he has talked with several people who favor such a system, so have I found a few favoring it, but I find 100 against it from all classes of people where I have found one in favor of it. I find laboring men and their families strongly against the system, and I find business people and professional people nearly all against it. This Kimball county man makes fun about the members of the legislature of Illinois because they passed a memorial to congress asking for a repeal of this silly law. The only ones who made any fight against the memorial to congress were some golf clubs of Chicago. I do not know of many people outside of those who have time to burn that belong to golf clubs.

The poor people as well as people from all walks of life are against the system and many say it is the silliest law ever passed. The only ones who favored passage of this silly war fad were the heads of some of the larger corporations and golf players. From the number of bills introduced in congress last Monday for a repeal of the silly daylight law, it looks as if a great many people besides farmers are in favor of its repeal.

The fine summer mornings are spoiled by the daylight system and there are few people over 40 years of age who will not be glad to see that system knocked out for good.

FRANK A. AGNEW.

About Our Fortunes.

Aurora, Neb., May 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: Any reader of the Omaha papers will agree, unconditionally, with your comment in the editorial section of The Bee, under date of May 23, upon the preparedness of Omaha to receive the "clairvoyants" who are being cleaned out of Kansas City.

He will agree that Omaha will not only get ready to receive these hallowed crooks, but will add that Omaha has long since opened its portals to welcome and to have any and all sorts of fakirs, without making any distinction as to size, kind, color or odor.

With the coming of the "clairvoyants," the public will register a sigh of relief, as the game of the "clairvoyant" is not to take all of his or her victims money, they are not so conspicuous and obnoxious in their activities, they occupy comparatively small space, and their operations carried on mainly in the background. They should, therefore, be protected against the cruel ones, who seek to get something for their money

On the other side of the street or more often in the most prominent office buildings in the uptown section of Omaha, the observer finds an element of blue-sky artists, operating on tremendous scales, and in very flourishing manners. They represent to the public that they hold the only solution to the "get rich quick" trick and would reluctantly part with a recipe of the solution, even though the supply of such documents are limited, and at the same time, they will accept without a murmur of protest, the small sum of any man's entire fortune, and last but not least, they will surrender over to their victim, a beautifully engraved certificate of stock, which in 99 cases out of 100, is worth 75 cents to $1 per 100 at any reliable printing and engraving establishment.

Yes, let us have fortunes told instead of stoled.

A READER.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR.

Wife—Oh, Doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind.

Doctor (who knows Benjamin)—Don't trouble about that—he can't go far.—Medical Pickwick.

"You'd better marry me. Eligible men are scarce."

"I suppose I could offer that as an explanation," said the girl reflectively.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"J. Fuller Gloom is the most disagreeable person of my acquaintance."

"Yes, he is afflicted with chronic influenza of the disposition."—Kansas City Star.

"Pop, what do they mean by twaddle?"

"That refers to arguments advanced by the other side."—Louisville Courier Journal.

IN LILAC TIME.

In other years, when spring was new,
And swift wings cleft the cloudless blue,
When violets crept through leafy lanes,
And fern fronds broke earth's prison-chains,
Fay fingers set all bells a-chime—
Oh, life was sweet, in lilac time!

Then came a May of chilling fears,
The very clouds were moved to tears;
The woodland haunts we so well knew
All-shadowy, dull and hateful grew.
Ah! Spring seemed blighted in her prime,
Though calendars marked lilac time!

Days came, days went—weeks—months—a year—
How dark the world, tough May was here!
For you in Flanders did your part—
Your strange pursuit war's harsh stern art.
To dangers, storms, or heat or rime,
Indifferent—or to lilac time!

The task is done and some return,
Since victory's won, their meed to earn;
While banners wave, a nation cheers,
And hearts forget the ache of years.
But others lie in that far clime
And sleep, though here it's lilac time!

—Ella A. Fanning in the New York Times.