THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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JUNE CIRCULATION.

50,401

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of June, 1913, was 50,401. DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

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

On early closing, we vote "Yes."

Our secretary of navy, when last heard from, was exploring the coasts of Montana.

Steamboating on the Missouri is different from what it used to be in the days before the advent of the railroad.

If things do not go right with Brother Metcalfe on the Panama he cannot lay it to a lack of farewell receptions.

President Wilson should learn from the insidious lobby investigation that it is easier to start something than to stop it.

At that, Omaha will show up favorably in any comparison of climatic conditions with cities of our class east or west.

Colonel Mulhall, so reports say, broke down and cried. You know what the good book says of a broken and contrite heart.

Secretary Bryan admits that he recommended Governor Metcalfe in advance for the job. Wonder if our democratic United States senator can say as much.

The Nashville Democrat in urging the democrats of Tennessee to "get together" may subject itself to serious charges as to aiding and abetting if it is not careful.

With all these atmospheric disturbances in the halls of congress and in the investigating committee rooms, why should Washington be surprised at being storm-hit?

Newport is infested with diamond thieves, one summer resident losing $75,000 worth of gems. Less distinguished summer resorts are not troubled to quite the same extent.

Consolidation of smaller towns about Kansas City with the metropolis is the talk of the hour there. And it is the order of day everywhere. Omaha must fall in line.

In the midst of the excitement over Mexico, the Balkans and Mulhall, it is gratifying to hear from Casro and know that he is still able to sit up and take a few hostile cities.

With the pacific results of the Atlantic coast trainmen's strike threat so freshly in mind, the country may refuse to get scared over the Pacific coast men's 98 per cent majority for a strike.

The assessment of taxable property in Nebraska shows an increase for the year of $7,500,000, or five times that amount, or $37,500,000, for the full value. And only a small part of it represents automobiles.

The proprietor of Omaha's melancholy ball team may carry out his threat of getting some real pitchers any time he wishes without offending the fans, who enjoy nothing as much as seeing the home team win a game now and then.

The "socialist" party shows a higher registration in Omaha than the "progressive" pary. The only significance of that is that those who voted for Roosevelt last year had no serious intention of abandoning their membership in the republican party.

As proof of the progressive policy of the new administration, Assistant Postmaster General Roper let it be known that the Postoffice department is contemplating including Florence, Dundee and Benson in the free city delivery area with Omaha. Yes, but what will the hungry democrats aspiring to postmasterships in Florence and Benson say to this?

Easy for August.

In the matter of good conduct, August, as the last month of the summer, has an easy record to surpass in the precedents set by June and July, both of which were unusually hot and dry in this immediate vicinity and in many sections over the country. August may go to considerable length in misbehavior without exceeding what has already been done to us this season, though it is to be hoped it will "let not ambition mock its useful toil" and prompt vain aspirations when there is left for it so much really to do in compensating for deficiencies gone before.

Caprice and folly may do for giddy months like June and July, but never for August, whose very name suggests soberness, dignity and respect for the rights and comfort of humanity. We hope this quiet appeal to its sense of decorum will not be in vain. There is a time for all things, as old authority tells us; a time to weep, as well as a time to laugh, so, while we desire the sunshine, we need the rain; a time to mourn and a time to dance. Folks have done a good deal of both lately—mourned for relief from and danced to the tune of 100 in the shade until they are weary and worn and have a right to expect better treatment.

Heed the Danger Signal.

All right! It is well to have these propositions understood in advance.

The gas company people favor the gas company franchise because they honestly believe it is a good thing for the company.

The mayor and city council favor the gas company franchise compromise because they honestly think it a good thing for the people.

Opponents fighting the gas company franchise compromise are against it because they honestly think it a bad thing for the people.

Unfortunately, however, as the debate proceeds, and the heat units tend to exceed the candle power, the danger is that they will all be accusing one another of sinister motives and malign purposes.

Winnipeg, U. S. A.

Nearly all Americans who visit Winnipeg, the metropolis of Manitoba and western Canada, come away with glowing descriptions of the physical excellence and progressive and hospitable spirit of the city. It invites and attracts large numbers of people from the United States, not merely pleasure seekers, but business men, and has become something of an American convention city. Here within a few days of each other American real estate men and the League of American Municipalities hold their national conventions.

The climate is inviting for these gatherings in summer. Yes, but let us not discount the chief point of interest—the fact that this busy, bustling metropolis on the threshold of the Canadian frontier, stands out as a loadstone, attracting mutual interests on both sides of the Dominion line. This is doubtless a much more potent factor in the unifying and harmonizing of international interests than may be commonly realized on first suggestion. Of course, very intimate practical relations between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America is inevitable. Economics controls the situation, and economics is pragmatic, not sentimental. While history made Canada an English province, geography made it a next-door neighbor of the United States, and more and more, as the two countries come to appreciate the value and advantages of this relation, the closer they will make it.

Putting it Up to the Clergy.

The Society for the Friendless proposes to put up squarely to the clergy the responsibility for securing eugenic marriages. It has authorized a resolution to be submitted to the various annual church conventions in the autumn, which, if adopted, will commit the ministers performing marriage ceremonies to require certificates of sound physical condition of both parties. The resolution proceeds on the theory that social vice is largely attributable to physical delinquencies avoidable by proper restrictions.

Some ministers over the country have begun on their own initiative, without waiting for compulsory action by their ecclesiastical authorities, to make such demands upon couples seeking matrimony. But this resolution in itself is an admission of the need for some power to make the practice general. Certainly the clergy should take the lead in any movement calculated to exalt the sanctity of the family altar and purify the wellspring of life. Here is a chance to make good on high-sounding resolutions and what seems to be a solemn duty. Such reservations may conflict seriously with money-making matrimonial bureaus, which ask only possession of the legal license, but the clergy can, if it will, exact more without waiting for the law-makers to do so.

It seems that down at Lincoln the home rule charter is likewise being framed by a subcommittee to be considered and acted upon by the whole charter convention when reported out. It is fair to presume, then, that its opponents will try also to make capital by calling it a "star chamber charter."

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

AUGUST 1.

Thirty Years Ago—

An informal meeting of prominent citizens was held at the Paxton to consider arrangements for the reception of President Arthur, expected to arrive Saturday. Judge Savage presided and appointed this committee: Charles F. Manderson, E. L. Ellerbower, E. Rosewater and General John C. Cowin.

An entertainment at the Masonic hall for the state convention of colored citizens was held to raise money to pay the expenses of delegates to the national convention to be held in Louisville. The committee of arrangements consisted of C. D. Bell, John Williams, John Lindsey, John Butler and A. W. Parker.

The new hose team, which is to be a running team, has adopted the name of the J. M. Thurston Hose company.

Sam Adkins, the popular baggageman of the Union Pacific, is for the third time receiving congratulations. The youngster is a girl.

Two hundred Indians, headed for the Winnebago agency, made a lively scene on Farnam street, coming in a wagon train drawn by ponies down St. Mary's avenue and across Fifteenth. They hailed from Kansas and were to make a month's visit with friends in north Nebraska.

R. B. Wallace and family was registered at the Metropolitan from Fairbury.

Charles Hess, well known employe of Lininger & Metcalfe, left for a two weeks' vacation at Peru, Ill.

G. F. Elsasser, at 318 South Tenth street, stands ready to give employment to a first-class barber.

Twenty Years Ago—

George Thatcher and a galaxy of clever comedians presented that popular and latest operatic extravaganza, "Africa," to the utter delight of a large audience at the Boyd theater.

W. C. McLean of the city engineering department has recovered from his slight illness and is again at his desk in the city hall.

Ex-Governor and Mrs James E. Boyd and family returned from Chicago, where they had spent two months. The governor and his wife prepared to leave at once for the Black Hills country.

Rev. Paul Mathews and sister, Miss Mathews, left for the east on a summer visit.

E. Hardy took out a building permit to erect a $1,000 frame dwelling at 5312 North Twenty-fifth avenue.

It leaked out that, despite the effort to give the impression that harmony prevailed among the railroads attacking the maximum freight rate bill, friction instead actually existed and that sharp exception had been taken to the methods employed by J. M. Woolworth and the Burlington in proceeding to the attack.

City Engineer Rosewater was preparing for the building of the new market house on Capitol avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

Ten Years Ago—

L. A. Welsh, local weather forecaster, concluded thirty years of service for the weather bureau, more than a third of which had been spent in Omaha.

Rev. C. W. Savidge announced that he had completed the raising of $2,550 for the purchase of the Swedish Methodist church building on North Eighteenth street, which he proposed remodelling for use as the People's church home.

The American Cartoonist, a new trade journal of a hydra-headed variety, with one head in Omaha, another in Denver and others elsewhere, was launched. John A. Ball and George R. Spencer were members of the local staff. The editor-in-chief was Walter Juan Davis of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knott were on their way for a four-months' tour of Europe.

At the conclusion of the seventh annual picnic of the Jacksonian club at Courtland beach, A. C. Shallenberger in a speech drew the color in arguing for party success. "More white men," he said, "vote the democratic ticket than any other," and that was one of the reasons why he said the party should succeed in the forthcoming election.

Mrs. Rose Ella Daly, wife of J. W. Daly, 901 North Twenty-fifth street, died at 4:10 p. m.

People Talked About

R. S. Sigman, Asheville, N. C., has retired at 81, after serving sixty years as a railroad engineer without having had a serious accident.

A Kansas City court has raised to $100 the limit of fine for mashers caught in the act. In addition to the fine the masher had his face battered with an umbrella. More power to both arms.

Jules Verne and George Francis Train are pushed off the score board. The Mears person of Boston circumnavigated the globe in thirty-six days, twenty-one hours, thirty-five minutes and one suitcase.

Dr. W. E. Scripture of New York City says that ambidextrous persons never dream, while right-handed persons dream with the right half of the brain and use the left brain lobe for conscious thinking only.

Because he never missed writing a letter to his mother each week of the fifteen years he has been in America, J. W. Gordon, a tailor of East St. Louis, is heir to $500,000 left by his bachelor uncle, L. Liebowitz of Libau, Kuhland, Russia.

Miss Caroline McHargue and Mrs. Martha Walker, sisters, 74 and 78 years old, respectively, of Winston-Salem, N. C., are engaged in weaving carpets, portieres and other furnishing for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's room in the White House. These women use only barks and herbs in dyeing their materials.

The relatives of the Allen outlaws of Virginia have placed on the tombstone of the hanged desperadoes this unconscious tribute to the governor's backbone: "Sacred to the memory of Claude S. Allen and his father, who were judicially murdered by order of the governor of Virginia over the protest of 100,000 citizens of the state."

Nebraska Editors

W. S. Barker, proprietor of the Valentine Republican, has installed a standard linotype in his office.

The Garden County News at Lewellyn was sold to Charles Tomppert last week. He will move the paper to Oshkosh.

Editor Ruddock of the Tecumseh Gazette has installed a power press and increased chautauqua session in his town last week.

Twice Told Tales

Barking at the Wrong Man.

"Been on your vacation, eh? I suppose all the big ones got away as usual?"

"No, I can't say that they did."

"Well, go on and tell me about it. You didn't catch a single one less than three pounds."

"No, I can't say that either."

"No? Well, spring the other one about finding a spot where you got a bite just as soon as you put your line in the water. I'm willing to listen."

"No, that didn't happen either."

"It didn't? Then you're the guy, of course, who caught a fish this year with the identical hook in its mouth that you had lost last year?"

"No, I—"

"Oh, I know; you're going to tell me that one fish fought you for three hours before you landed him."

"No, I'm not."

"You're not? Then for goodness sake what is your vacation fish story?"

"I haven't any. I've been trying for three minutes to tell you that I didn't go fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

Where Father Fell Down.

They were speaking of the foxiness of father the other night when Richard Metcalf, the new civil governor of the canal zone, told of the bad break made by the esteemed Jones.

Jones lives in one of the big eastern cities, so related Mr. Metcalf, and, like many another thoughtless husband, frequently returns to his happy home rather late at night. Naturally wifey remonstrates and then some argument.

One night Jones was later than usual, and, holding shoes in one hand and his palpitating heart in the other, he sneakfully climbed the family stairs. But just as he entered the room wifey awoke. Quickly sitting beside the baby's cradle he started to rock it vigorously. Happy thought!

"Why, John," exclaimed wifey, gazing at the bluffsome sinner, "it is after 2 o'clock! What are you doing out there?"

"I am trying to get the baby to sleep?" answered John, still rocking to beat the band. "I have been working with him for more than an hour."

"Is that so?" responded little wifey in cold, hard tones. "Well, the baby is in bed here with me, and has been the whole evening."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Polluting the Water.

There was an amusing incident at the opening of Kelsey park, Beckenham, the other day.

John Burns, who performed the opening ceremony, was interrupted several times by a man who evidently disapproved of him and whose remarks were not in the best of taste. After a little the crowd became tired of the man's objectionable attitude.

"Chuck him in he lake!" somebody shouted.

"No, no, no," cried Mr. Burns hastily. You mustn't do that! Don't you know there are heavy penalties for polluting the water?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Editorial Snapshots

Chicago Inter Ocean: Why worry about the Mexican situation? Mr. Bryan is back on the job again, and several hundred dollars better off.

Philadelphia Ledger: Let there be three kinds of currency; real currency, cotton currency and concurrency; the last is the slogan of the gold-brick statesman.

Boston Transcript: The noise down in Washington will sound by contrast like primeval solitude when the Hon. Robert M. La Follette starts to climb tariff hill, and cuts out his muffler.

Chicago Tribune: In one important, particular, however, Mr. Bryan is consistent. He adopted his policy of earning a little money on the side, to eke out his salary as secretary of state without waiting for the consent of this or any other nation.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: In the Colorado desert in California in June, 1896, the record for absolute heat was scored at 130 degrees unofficial and 128 official in the shade, while the highest elsewhere in the world was 127.4 degrees in Algeria on the edge of the Sahara desert. The person who asks, "Is it hot enough for you?" may be invited to either of these places.

New York World: The revolutionary methods of the Industrial Workers of the World have failed in Paterson. They have inflicted upon the city a heavy moral and financial loss; but they have also inflicted much suffering upon the strikers. The discredited leaders may find it convenient to forget their promise to come back in six months. The strikers had real grievances. Under sane leadership they might have fared better.

Out of the Rut

Finding a well stocked ice chest and pantry a St. Louis burglar ate a meal, then went to sleep. He talked in his sleep, woke up the family and they called in the police.

The pet parrot of the late Dr. W. P. McMillen of Decatur, Ind., was found dead in her cage recently. She was 80 years old and hadn't said a word to anybody since her master's death in 1907.

An outside barbarian in one of the lobster palaces of New York ordered lobster with tartar sauce. This so offended the esthetic soul of a waiter that he refused to bring the barbaric order and punched the customer in the jaw.

Mrs. J. Walters of Campbellstown, Lebanon county, Pa., holds the record in that part of the state for making sunbonnets. From March, 1913, to the present time she has made more than 1,000 bonnets of silk and other materials.

How hard it is to restrain those impetuous maidens of New York. At Elmira a woman 86 years old eloped from the county alms house to marry. And the unfeeling officers locked her up with the youth of 84 who inveigled her into the escapade.

Missouri women know how to enforce a contract. A wife lived apart from her husband in St. Louis because he became a drunkard. When he reformed she returned to him, first receiving a bond for $10,000 that he would continue sober. When he fell recently she brought suit on the bond.

Pound, Nasbys, Pound.
Buffalo Express.

The substitution of Jefferson's for McKinley's portrait on postcards may be only a shrewd movement on Mr. Burleson's part to make those holdover republican postmasters pound the cancellation stampers with greater vim and thus produce more legible postmarks.

The Bee's Letter Box

Butchery of a Park.

SOUTH OMAHA, July 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: There is strong objection to the way in which Syndicate park in South Omaha is being butchered up.

Many fine trees have been needlessly destroyed.

Better leave the park as nature left it.

Many people are denouncing the bunkling job that is being done in the park in building a so-called boulevard.

The boulevard could have been built without destroying the big trees. Two trees in particular were about 100 feet high and were about the tallest trees in the park.

When they get their so-called boulevard built there will not be much of the park left. MANY CITIZENS.

The Pleasure Boat.

To the Editor of The Bee: Being acquainted at one time with the owner of an excursion boat in Cleveland, O., I took the liberty of calling his attention to the disgraceful performances taking place every night on this pleasure craft. As near as I can remember his reply was as follows:

This boat leaves the wharf every evening at 8 o'clock with a bunch of well dressed men and a crowd of beautiful young women who have labored all day in the factories, department stores and sweat shops, and these nightly excursions are their only refreshment after the long hours of labor, and they rightly consider that I am a friend of the working class. It is true that I allow the coke fiends and the soiled men of the town to come aboard and take part in the festivities, and I believe this plan will prove beneficial to both classes, for if the shameless and guilty be allowed to mix with modesty and innocence they may be persuaded to amend their lives and reform their manners. On the other hand, if a young working girl can pass through this fiery furnace of temptation and still remain good her power of resistance will be fully demonstrated and her friends will acknowledge that the day of miracles is not yet passed. I allow no liquors to be sold on board except the best, and no man or girl can be served after they become too weak to call the waiter. At 11 o'clock the boat stands five miles off shore and I order all the lights out on both decks so that those who wish to talk over the business and political affairs of the day may do so without being interrupted or embarrassed. After sacrificing my personal interests in order to benefit the community I am continually harrassed by the newspapers, bled by the county attorney and the police force and called to account by men like yourself who being corrupt at heart see harm in everything. This boat returns in the morning in time for all who have recovered from their seasickness to go to work and those who are indisposed must straighten up and leave the boat by dinner time. To make a long story short, he continued, I have no use for a reformer nor a prude. There is no harm in drinking beer and ragging, unless we think so. There is no harm in singing vulgar songs unless we make harm out of it. There is no such thing as vulgarity—it is only our imagination that makes it appear so. When a man sits and falls asleep over a bottle he is as harmless as a bell boy, and when a glutton rises from the table, nothing could induce him to engage in a street fight. I hold the opinion that liquor and tobacco, if moderately used, are good for the health, but a man should never drink more than his stomach will hold. Let us have everything wide open, I say. Let the sexes get together and amuse themselves, and because a few go to the bad is no reason for restraining the rest. Parents who are unwilling to trust their children on my excursion boat at night, where there are plenty of men to look after them, ought not have children, and I hope I have made myself clear.

I saw at once that the man was shrewd enough to hypnotize his own conscience and "make the worse appear the better cause," so I strolled away without making any rejoinder. E. O. M.

A Sample of Several.

OMAHA, July 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wish to commend your public service rendered in establishing a place in your office where children's street car tickets are sold. I have availed myself of your courtesy twice. I would not feel quite right about it if I did not refer to it in this way. H.

Here and There

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept wherein passengers may enter any complaint they wish to make.

The estimated daily average consumption of cigars in the United States is 21,718,448, and of cigarettes 23,736,190.

Glasgow corporation tramways carried during the last financial year 270,000,000 passengers, an increase of 35,000,000 over the previous year.

The smallest commercial electric motor weighs less than two pounds. It is used where a little power is required, such as for dental drills, etc.

In the United States, in every business day of the year, $1,000,000 worth of property is destroyed, three lives lost and seventeen persons seriously injured by fire.

The fireproof qualities of a pressed steel passenger car were recently put to the test by fire built inside one of them. The damage done was trifling and the flames refused to spread.

Dr. J. R. Katz of Amsterdam, Holland, made tests for the purpose of finding out the best way to keep bread fresh. He discovered that it could be kept seventy-two hours in the coolest compartment of the icebox, then heated a few minutes in the oven and be as fresh apparently as at first.

The busiest railway station in the world is that of the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, for the total number of passengers arriving or departing is officially set down at nearly 45,000,000 annually. It is estimated that 35,000,000 would be the number dealt with in a year at the three great London terminals—Waterloo, Liverpool Street and Euston.

The United States is a heavy coffee drinker, with 800,000,000 pounds last year, or 9.53 pounds per head; Germany has the next highest aggregate, which works out at 5.50 pounds per head; South Africa stands high, with seven pounds per head, and Great Britain is far in the rear, with only .65 pound per head. The heaviest consumer of coffee per head of population is Holland, with 15.12 pounds per head, while Belgium comes next with 10.90 pounds per head.

Crop Average Steady.
Philadelphia Record.

And still the government crop reports are favorable. There are dry spots and wet spots and grasshoppers, but the general average holds steady. The people will get the daily bread they pray for, no matter what the prophets prophesy.

Relief for Tightwads.
Boston Transcripts.

Postmaster General Burleson has put the parcel post rates down so low that even the most tightwad congressman can now ship his household goods and laundry back home without putting too severe a strain on his official frank.

LINES TO A LAUGH.

"Don't you think," asked the deacon, "that we ought to begin praying for rain?"

"No," replied the parson, "I have a better idea. Let's make immediate plans for a Sunday school picnic."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I wonder," said Mayme, "how the men used to feel who wore coats of mail?"

"If you really would like to know," suggested her smart brother, "why not ask the postman?"—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Buggins—Do you darn your husband's socks?

Mrs. Dashaway—No. I speak of them a little more profanely than that.—Philadelphia Record.

"A successful man earns more than his wife can spend."

"My husband does that."

"Why, your husband doesn't earn much, Mrs. Titewaddo."

"I know it, but he hangs onto all of it."—Houston Post.

"I went to a private dance the other night where they danced the frisky dances."

"And what was your impression?"

"I was glad I had no grown-up daughters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jack—I hear that you called on your girl's father. How did you come out?

Tom—So so! I said to him: "Mr. X, I love your daughter." He said: "So do I; now let's talk of something else."

Jack—And then—

Tom—Then—well, we talked of something else.—Boston Transcript.

"Did you ever see a man jump a mining claim?" asked Tenderfoot Tim.

"Yes," replied Rattlesnake Pete: "Jumping a claim isn't anything much. I've seen a man swallow a mining prospectus."—Washington Star.

VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

Philander Johnson in Washington Star.

'Twas the voice of the sluggard! I heard him remark:
"It's for a bench in the cool, shady park.
'Tis not that I fear a judicious display
Of well advised industry, day after day,
But the habit of thrift, once inculcated, seems
To lend some rather distressing extremes.

Suppose I should toil till my profits amount
To enough to establish a large bank account,
And suppose—just suppose—I should finally pass
By financial degrees to the billionaire class.
Oh! what shall I do when I struggle some day
For a method of giving my surplus away?
Shall I sit up at night in an effort to show
That the wealth is not tainted which I would bestow?
Shall I scan the geography, seeking to find
A spot unto gratitude freely inclined?
Shall I pant in the eager philantropists' race
With expert accountants all over the place?

Nay! Nay! When kind hearts scatter benefits free
Some one to encourage the cause there must be.
So I sit where it's breezy and shady and warm,
A subject for uplift, a mark for reform."

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