

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of February, 1914, was 44,163.
Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 24 day of March, 1914.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.
More man's next job is the spring haf.
Only one more Friday, the 19th, this year.
The crook who gets into trouble invariably tries to blame it onto some one else.
The chief danger of a drifting foreign policy is that it may hit the rapids down the stream.
"Quit the Stage for Photo Plays," says a headline. Always on the move, those actors.
And now the graft germ seems to have worked its way into the normal school board.
Brazil is rich enough to meet Mr. Bryan's best lecture figures if it really wants to hear him.
After the next White House wedding the cabinet will be more of a family affair than ever.
Evidently Villa has met John Lind. A report says he has been captivated by the "maxim silence."
So far as anyone knows, Hiram Gill is still mayor-elect of Seattle, not as yet having been again recalled.
We fear it will be difficult for the freckle-faced girls to adapt themselves to the new rainbow wig fashion.
Every base ball fan in the country is pursuing the administration's policy of watchful waiting just now.
"Carraime will investigate." Well, maybe a little humor will not be out of place even in so grim a situation as this.
Miss Eleanor Wilson knows beforehand that her affianced husband will be in hearty accord with her father's administration.
Oh, if the street car people could only have foreseen that the change of less than 500 votes, would have beaten the seven-for-a-quarter ordinance!
It will be base ingratitude for demonstrated devotion and unswerving loyalty if "Boss" Howell does not force the World-Herald to treat Treasurer Ure more kindly.
"Billy" Bryan gives a beautiful boost to "Billy" Sunday as an evangelist orator. "Billy" Sunday can send the ball back to "Billy" Bryan without a moment's hesitation.
A vote-for-women champion holds the warning signal that no woman's job is safe from men's intrusion except that of wet nurse. Yes, but what man's job is safe from women's intrusion?
Now that the home rule charter is no longer at issue, perhaps some folks may take a saner view of that part of the election commission law that disfranchises foreign born citizens by the wholesale.
The Chicago Evening Post rises to remark that President Wilson is today the chief shepherd of the democratic flock. But that still leaves our Mr. Bryan head keeper of the dove-cote.
Ambassador Page doubtless has an explanation that will be wholly satisfactory to the president and state department officials, but it would have been much better not to have said anything—he must explain.
"Every cloud has a silver lining." Perhaps the failure of those bond propositions to carry saves us from being the target for another credit-smashing circular from the pen of Verner, the man with the hammer.
The city of Cleveland is to have a \$50,000,000 Rockefeller foundation, the income to be used for civic betterment and municipal improvements. Won't someone endow Omaha with a foundation that will enable us to keep pace with Cleveland?
Colonel George Harvey reminds us that nearly a year ago he picked Senator William E. Borah for the republican presidential nomination in 1916. Since Colonel Harvey saw Woodrow Wilson first his prophetic genius makes folks sit up and take notice.
What about an independent audit of Water board finances and operations by a set of expert chartered accountants? The longer it is delayed, the longer it will be until we have dependable figures for comparative exhibits by which gains and losses may be measured.

Work of the Grand Jury.

After six weeks of onerous duty, the grand jury has completed its work and made a report which should open the eyes of the public to existing evils and local conditions demanding correction.
The observations with reference to the county poor farm, detention home, city jails and police forces in Omaha and South Omaha, pool halls and hotel fire hazards show that the inspections made as directed were by no means perfunctory, and that the problems presented are viewed from the standpoint of humanitarianism and common sense, even though some of the recommendations may evoke dissent.
It is, however, in the long list of indictments brought, and the various charges on which they are based, that the wide scope of the grand jury inquiry is disclosed. Members of the jury are entitled to a special vote of thanks for doing what no other grand jury has ever done so thoroughly before—going into the shady practices of crooked lawyers, and their accomplices, engaged in blackmailing and other frame-ups for contingent fee division of the spoils. It is to be noted, also, that this grand jury has accomplished its work in co-operation with the county attorney without requiring the guidance and assistance of a special prosecutor.
It may be safely put down that the grand jury has rendered the community a most salutary service in helping to clear an atmosphere surcharged with rumors of questionable transactions.
How to Keep Communication Open.
What The Bee said shortly after the visitation of our city by the destructive tornado a year ago with reference to the need of underground wire communication to prevent a big population center being completely cut off from the outside world at its moment of greatest distress, is being echoed in the east where severe storms this month played havoc with overhead telegraph and telephone wires and cables.
It is interesting to note that the officers of the corporations controlling this communication are being quoted as realizing the necessity of this step, and letting it be known that a beginning has already been made. Heretofore the tremendous cost of underground construction has restricted the burying of wires to small areas in the business centers of the biggest cities, but experience is teaching that the cost of repairs and of rebuilding and the loss of revenue while wires are temporarily out of commission constitute a large offset, growing larger every year. Resort to wireless might fill the gap were it not for the fact that the storms, floods and cataclysms that do the damage likewise interrupt wireless communication, and frequently destroy the wireless terminals, rendering it no more dependable than the other.
With underground conduit trunk lines for the main thoroughfares of communication, the danger would be forestalled, and the possibility of complete isolation of all our large cities almost wholly extinguished.
A Duty We Owe.
Regardless of the ultimate fate of the literacy test, the United States has an inescapable duty toward the poor person in a foreign land likely to be excluded if applying for admission to our ports. It should see to it that these people are not deceived into breaking home ties and making other sacrifices to come to America when it is reasonably certain before they embark that they cannot meet the requirements of the new immigration law. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor has pending negotiations with diplomatic representatives of European countries for the preparation of a plan to afford exactly this protection. It contemplates due warning to all such people who have no way of knowing, especially in view of the NUM misrepresentations of those interested solely in their transportation, of their probable ineligibility.
While we have waited until late in the day to begin this good work, it is not too late to make the most of it. Our government owes too much from every standpoint to the European not to do everything in its power to protect him against such rapacious deception. It is hard enough for those eligible to entry to turn their backs on the homeland and launch out on such an uncertain voyage; for the chance to better their condition in life, let alone those who are almost sure to be rejected at the port of entry. Indeed, could a more pathetic picture be drawn than such a one as this? Here, for instance, is an entire family that has uprooted itself from its native soil to come to America and on landing finds that one or two members fail to pass muster at the portals. They have the harsh alternative of all going back together or dividing the family, some to remain in the new land, some to return under most dismal and disheartening circumstances to the fatherland.
In any event, the sacrifice is more than should be imposed upon them. Our country must stand in the light of condoning and conniving at such rascality so long as it falls utterly to prevent it, or at least do everything it can to prevent it.

The Need of Team Work.

This is a subject The Bee has frequently put before its readers. It is also a subject that justifies constant hammering to drive the nail in.
Every great forward stride that Omaha has made in the past has been accomplished only by team work of its enterprising and public spirited citizens. This sort of team work put Omaha on the map originally, and has kept it forging to the front. Unfortunately, however, we seem to have periods when lack of team work comes into evidence with consequent disruption of the forces that ought to be pulling together. When people, whose present and future depends on the growth and prosperity of the city, let themselves be set at cross purposes just to satiate someone's love of notoriety or to satisfy someone's foolish prejudice, the whole community is held back, and never recurring opportunities are wasted.
What would be particularly timely for Omaha just now is a revival of the pull-together spirit, a unifying movement bringing all the different elements into better tune with one another and greater readiness to co-operate in undertakings promising mutual benefits.
Personal Appearance.
Writing on the subject, "The Value of Being Nice," a seminary professor engaged in training young men for the ministry, quotes former President Patton of Princeton as saying to an incoming class of divinity students, "Pray without ceasing and shave every morning." "Praying without ceasing," adds the writer, "takes care of the springs of power, but a daily shave helps to maintain outward evidence of inward grace. Because there is no spiritual grace in a clean collar, some men go upon the supposition that there is such grace in a soiled one. Fearing that carefully combed hair may mean foppishness, some of our young men affect tousled hair."
The adroit curtain lecture to young preachers may well be headed by men of other callings, too. "Clothes do not make the man," but they help him when properly worn. Personal appearance counts for a lot today and it is a compliment to our day that it does. Those who study to be eccentric with the mistaken notion that uncommon powers thrive only in such an atmosphere usually succeed in just one thing—making themselves conspicuous. Slouchy clothing, and unkempt heads may be found upon greatness, but they are no part of it.

Looking Backward

This Day in Omaha
MARCH 15.
Thirty Years Ago—
Work is proceeding on the plant which is to be installed by the Union Stock Yards company at South Omaha. About seventy of the 300 car loads of lumber to be used in erecting the buildings, fences, pens, etc., are already on the tracks. The stock yards at Council Bluffs are to be torn down, and the lumber used in their construction is to be used on the fences.
C. H. Hendricks of the engineering corps, doing the work for the government in Yellowstone National park, is in Omaha and tells about the work in progress out there. He says the snow is six feet deep at Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, and every one snowed in.
During the winter a new dummy train is to be put on, making the trip from Council Bluffs to South Omaha, every ten minutes and as much often as the business may demand.
The Union Pacific will extend their track from Summit to Gilmore, and the Missouri Pacific is figuring on an extension from Gilmore to Papillion.
S. H. Johnson lets it be known that he wants 3,000 yards of dirt at or near the convent on St. Mary's avenue.
The Bee has an obituary on the death of Hon John Taffe, once associated with Colonel E. B. Taylor, as editor of the Omaha Republican, and member of congress from Nebraska before its admission to the union.
Twenty Years Ago—
Fourteen representatives of the Union Pacific employees along the line filed into the office of General Manager Dickinson, where the conference was to be held between them and President Clark and other receivers of the road as to preliminaries for the terms of settling the wage and employment dispute that had dragged through the federal courts. The courts ordered the officers to grant the men this meeting. President Clark ticked the men into a good humor at the outset by making them a felicitous speech. Grand Chief Clark of the engineers' national brotherhood, who had been here to advise with the men, left for the east.
While sewing at her machine, rather late at night, Miss Maggie Anshutz, 318 North Sixteenth street, happened to an accident that threatened her life. A coal oil lamp tipped over, igniting her clothing, and in a minute she was a mass of flames. Hurting herself against the door in an effort to get out of the room and find relief, she fell on the threshold, where, attracted by the noise, W. Burt, who with his wife occupied adjoining rooms, hastened to see what was the matter. He and G. L. Sutter, another roomer, did all they could to extinguish the flames and save the woman, but not until she had been dangerously burned.
Miss M. E. Smith, the efficient secretary of the board of trade, was appointed secretary of the executive committee of the interstate irrigation convention.
It was announced that C. N. Dietz, H. F. Cady and their Omaha friends, had, by recent purchases, secured a controlling interest in the Sheridan Fuel company.
Ten Years Ago—
John Redell, former fire chief, filed a claim of \$1,600 with the city council for back salary, he says is due from the time he was dismissed by the mayor up to the date of his dismissal by the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners. The council forthwith gave evidence of being from Missouri.
In view of the intended departure from the city of G. W. Sues, commander of the Millard Rifles and the refusal of Lieutenant Remington to assume the position of commander, this organization of the National guard let it be known that it might go out of business.
A. E. Schockley died of pneumonia at his home, 1213 Cumine street. He had resided here for a number of years and was a conductor on the street railway.
Word was received from Tabor, Ia., of the death there of C. W. Hill, formerly connected with the Young Men's Christian association in Omaha and South Omaha. A wife and two children survive him.
Marriage licenses were issued to David S. Marker and Elmira M. Park, both of Omaha; Ray Byrnes of Chicago and Rare Powell of Avoca, Ia.
The coroner's jury in the case of Harry D. Connolly, killed in the railroad yards, laid the blame for the accident on the train crew.
Fascinating Proposition.
The French doctors are right about it—which is doubtful—the heat of the sun can be made to take the place of food. There is something fascinating about the proposition. Think of the Old Sol restaurant, open from dawn to dusk with meals at all hours and nothing to pay!
Some Consolation.
Indiana News.
The discovery that Egyptian cotton raised in Arizona is satisfactory to the British manufacturers ought to be rather cheering to the ultimate consumer, and even the home marketers may thus get a glimpse of the silver lining in the tariff cloud.
Where the Charm Is Lost.
New York World.
The distinction of being income-tax payers is shared by so many that most of the charm of the privilege is lost upon the man who has never before contributed his fair share toward the support of the government.
Some Last Out.
Boston Transcript.
The census reports that 13,758,554 telephones calls were made in this country last year, and there would have been more if we hadn't found the line busy so often.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Boston Transcript: Rev. "Billy" Sunday who is now battling 400 in the evangelical league, will find that when it comes to tackling the devil in New York City the game will go into extra innings.
Brooklyn Eagle: Three clergymen were present at the dinner of American wine growers, but curiously enough the people of the vineyard was not once mentioned in the after dinner speeches.
Pittsburgh Dispatch: There is some foundation for the assertion that Industrial Workers of the World church raids are not more improper than the action of foreign tourists who invade cathedrals en masse and interrupt the services. But there seems to be the difference that foreign worshippers won't object so long as lector bills are promptly paid.
Atlanta Constitution: "Lord send an airy spring," prayed the shivering Billville parson. "Not one with rheumatism and the earthquake chills in it, and shakes too frequent, but a clear spring-time of fish and freedom, hammocks and happiness, with just enough plowin' for exercise, and time enough to rest on the river banks of life and dream that we are rich."

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

Hard luck is the kind that comes easiest. Trouble never dodges the fellow who is looking for it.
The man who buys his friends generally gets stuck.
Faith may move mountains, but it takes work to tunnel them.
Fools and children tell the truth, and generally at the wrong time.
Experience teaches us the paradox that the easy job is hard to get.
Suspicion always finds what it is looking for if it looks long enough.
The eyes are the windows of the soul, and every man must look out for himself.
Any man who can make money can make friends, but he can't always keep either.
Some fellows will propose to a girl on their knees and some on their uppers.
Don't curse your luck. It's the hand of fate that generally has a finger in the pie.
It isn't until they fall off that some people know which side of the fence they were on.
It is better to share your joys than your sorrows. incidentally it is also much easier.
In these days of tainted money there seems to be a difference between spot cash and spotted cash.
Some men are proud of having descended from their ancestors, and others boast of having risen above theirs.—New York Times.
PASSING PLEASANTRIES.
"I understand you were crippled in Wall street?"
"Quite the contrary," replied the man who jokes about serious matters. "When I went into Wall street I had a hunch. I got rid of it."—Washington Star.
"Farmer's Wife—Yes, I suppose I can let you have a cup of coffee. How do you take it?"
"Prayed Philip—With breakfast, please."—Boston Transcript.
"Stranger—The stock in this jewelry store seems to be pretty low down. Do you suppose I could get any sort of a ring there?"
"Wag—Certainly. Rings are things always kept on hand."—Baltimore American.
"There is one way in which women's housekeeping experience will help them at the polls."
"In what way?"
"In folding blanket ballots."—Baltimore American.
Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what great men were born in February?
"Tommy—Glad to say, Washington, Abraham Lincoln, St. Valentine and Mr. Groundhog."—Birmingham Age.
"I allus did speck we wus g'inter hab some kind o' botheration 'long o' deshere democrats," said Erasmus Pinkley.
"What's day been doin'?" asked Miss Miami Brown.
"Hid o' goin' along waitin' for plain old 4-11-44." "I'm some extra extra dey calls 'foreign policy'."—Washington Star.
Tom—I've seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at the ticket window this morning and she took seven minutes to buy a 5-cent elevated ticket.
Alice—Did that make you want to marry her?
Tom—Yes, I figured out that she could never spend my income at that rate.—Boston Transcript.
Borrowly—Let's see, do I owe you anything?
Bangs—Not a cent, my boy. Are you good around paying your Hilda debts?
Borrowly—No; going around seeing if I'd overlooked anybody. Lend me five till Saturday, will you?—Boston Transcript.
They had been making hay while the sun shined, and when they had finished a high haystack the boy shouted from the top.
"Say, mister, how am I going to get down?"
The farmer considered the problem and finally solved it.
"Oh, jest shet yer eyes an' walk around a bit!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.
THE NEAREST FRIEND.
John Kendrick Bangs.
A man I know, and yet know not at all, is one who ever stands at back and call. Responsive always to my slightest whim. No matter what the task set for him. My friend he would be, yet most truly he. Of all my foes is my worst enemy— A riddle that puzzles solving-loving, warm. Yet daily in some way he doth harm.
Control him? I have tried with some success. Yet often he eludes me, and distress. Incalculable follows in his train. And leaves me face to face with bitter pain. His thoughts I know, and yet within his soul. He carries as it were a mystic scroll. That try how hard I may to penetrate its meaning clear, I never can translate.
Why this good deed he does, or that of ill. The deeds that dull all hope, or haply thrill. My heart and soul, I cannot comprehend— My enemy today; tomorrow friend! With joy and shame, alternately, through life. He's filled my days with happiness and My love and hatred form his worldly grief. This man I know, yet know him not!—Myself!

MAN WITH A HAMMER.

People you fool easily soon get wise, and hate you.
The people pay for the compliments they receive from politicians in taxes.
We need more plain, simple common sense and less extraordinary nonsense.
The people, like fire department horses, run as fast as they can on a false alarm.
There is about as much reform in politics as there is justice in a court house.
Radium is like the recall; a great deal was expected of it, but when the test came, it was about like other remedies, though more expensive.
The notion that a poor man is the soul of honor, while the well-to-do man is naturally disposed to roguery, is only accepted in socialism.
Instead of being the greatest lot of patriots in the world, as they claim, the people of the United States are really the greatest lot of chumps. If they were not chumps they would not so calmly submit to being made fools of by the politicians.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.



MAN WITH A HAMMER.

People and Events

With Mr. Groundhog on the retired list for the rest of the year, official weather prophets can cheer up and look pleasant.
John D.'s "first sweetheart" passed away recently without sending a farewell message to Pontoonic Hills. "Pears she never forgave him."
The "to-to-church" movement is stirring the depths near and far. Already the Prophet Daniel has made his appearance in Paris. Other ancient reactionaries may be looking for an opening. Brace up!
"A champagne thirst on a beer income," an epigram old enough to boast of whiskers, has been translated by a Texas congressman into "a limousine display on a wheelbarrow income." The translation does not improve the mellowness of the sentiment, but brings it right up to the minute.
The tomb of Osiris has been reverently uncovered at Abydos, O'Bris in Egypt, O'Kuma in Japan, O'haughnessy in the Mexico, O'Brian in Omaha, O'Rion in the heavens! "Say no more," whispered O'Shea to O'Kealey, "Time is too short, space too limited to record what the world owes to the Os."
Reformers in and out of church societies in Chicago solemnly affirm that any live thrust in the city can be satisfied by going in the front door of a saloon and putting up the price. Therefore they demand the abolition of the side door "family entrance." It is some job to put a straight front on a crooked thief.
Clifford W. Hartridge, one of the first of Harry Thaw's lawyers, has been disbarred from practice in New York and condemned by the reviewing court as a man "unfit to belong to an honorable profession." Clifford got next to Harry early in the latter's troubles, got handfuls of Thaw's money and blew it in on gaming tables and in bribing witnesses. Occasionally knowledge of the law does not save shady practitioners from the law's clutches.
Humiliation troops at the heels of Boston and its proud head bows almost to the dust of Commonwealth avenue. The other day a lawyer in Paris, defending the notorious affinity charges of New York, said: "If Earle is attacked violently by certain people he is valiantly defended by others, notably by those of Boston, the most literary city in the United States. The people of the latter city have rendered homage to his qualities." Poor old Boston.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The senate's prompt challenge of Ambassador Page for what he was reported to have said in his London speech about the Monroe doctrine only goes to show how superstitious Americans are of this cherished shibboleth when they think its name has been taken in vain. This is the more striking because at times we seem imbued with a belief that the Monroe doctrine is a dead letter, that it has outlived its usefulness and been discarded. All this, however, is our own private affair. The moment we wish to reconsider and revive the Monroe doctrine as the sine qua non of larger Americanism we claim the right to do so.
Ambassador Page nor any other man, American or not, has warrant for thinking that he can speak upon this precious subject abroad and have himself thoroughly understood at home or there. In some way or other his words or meaning will be misconstrued. He may depend on that. Though there be those among us who captiously declare that the Monroe doctrine was repudiated the day our troops stepped on foreign soil in the latter '90's, or that our attitude toward Mexico is a mild impeachment of that doctrine, or that we have rendered it nugatory by past relations with the rest of Latin-America—though all this be true, let no one, American or other, attempt to define the Monroe doctrine to a foreign people and expect to avert a turmoil in the United States as a result.
If there ever was a time when a clear and definite interpretation of the Monroe doctrine seemed desirable it is now, not only for our own sakes, but for our friendly relations abroad. Yet, how such an interpretation is to be arrived at is another question. Latin-America, at least the most enlightened element of it, insists that reciprocal rights and duties between it and the United States are involved in the Monroe doctrine; that, as a former minister of the interior in Nicaragua stated it some three years ago—"Under this doctrine the United States is responsible before the world for the destinies of the continent." Yet how slow our Latin-American neighbors are to admit this principle in practice. When it comes to a test the South and Central American view seems to be that it is purely a contrivance to cover territorial conquest.
While this doctrine may continue to serve its real purpose with us so long as we ourselves are in disagreement about what it is, we can hardly expect other nations to have a clearer conception of it.
President Wilson's message on the Panama canal is pronounced "a classic" from a literary standpoint by a prominent London editor. It's dollars to doughnuts that if the message were opposed, instead of favorable, to the British demands no Londoner would ever have discovered classic qualities in it.

The Same Old Story.

According to St. Louis papers, it develops that reasonable precaution might have averted the wholesale loss of life in the fire that destroyed the Missouri Athletic Club building, where scores of men resided. The chief precaution would have been whatever was necessary to make the place fit for human habitation. As it was, the hazard is said to have been far too great. In case of fire, says the St. Louis Times, all having to do with the property—the lessees, owners, city officials and officers of the association occupying it—must have known that it would prove totally unsafe.
So it is the same old story of closing the barn door after the horse is stolen. In fixing the blame for such disasters it is quite the custom to gloss over the patent facts and pretend to believe that it was all due to more unavoidable accident.
The St. Louis holocaust, like many another in other cities, stands as a grim rebuke to any municipality permitting the erection of buildings in which human beings are housed on any but the most approved fireproof plans. If one-half the effort spent on some of the chimerical projects of civic reform was exerted toward securing none but thoroughly safe structures for such purposes there would be less occasion for mourning over our Iroquois theater and shirt factory and athletic club disasters.
But this is one of the aspects of city govern-

"38" Packard "48"

Seven-Bearing Crank Shaft

The Packard seven-bearing crank shaft is a factor in the smooth running and long life of the car.

A rigid crank shaft is a feature of special interest to experienced motorists. In the Packard it measures up to the standard of strength which is built into every part and which distinguishes the car.

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Ask the man who owns one