

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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APRIL CIRCULATION. 58,848. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of April, 1914, was 58,848.

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

Not an Apology—Only Regrets. Having had tardy access to "the exact wording" of the new treaty negotiated with Colombia by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, adherents of the administration are now declaring that it "puts a different face" on the "apology" which has caused so much heated comment in this country.

Let it be noted, too, that nowhere in the whole document is there any word by which Colombia on its side expresses sincere regret so that the United States can accept that declaration. On the contrary, other stipulations of the treaty make it plain which country is "regretting."

The current number of a little journal issued by the Kansas City Commercial club bears this slogan:

The Three Things to Do: The best thing—Do something and do it right; the next best thing—Do something and do it wrong; the unpardonable thing—Do nothing.

The theme is action. "To fail at all is to fail utterly," Lowell put it. Life, itself, is little more than an experiment supplemented with sorrow and the right way generally comes from doing the wrong way often enough and long enough.

It is a good little slogan, not only for cities that are out to accomplish things, but for individuals as well. It stands for the idealistic, inspires constant effort. "To do nothing" is only unpardonable, it is abominable. It stands for all that is worthless; it is another name for retrogression.

Perhaps Kansas City may find that its little slogan will prove acceptable to other wide-awake commercial organizations like its own.

As to Ballot Rotation. An interesting development of the new election system is promised by the demand of the opponents of university consolidation for the rotation of the official ballot on the proposition for and against consolidation.

The theory of rotation is, of course, that the voters affected by it have no knowledge of or preference for any of the candidates for a particular office, and therefore the ballots cast by them should be equalized as between the candidates. How this can apply to a definite proposition such as a constitutional amendment, a bond issue, an initiative measure, or a referendum like the university proposition, is not entirely clear.

The drafting officer has succeeded in finding six bull moosers for sacrifice on the county ticket, which contains about forty places to be filled. Come early, and be sure and draw a prize!

The congressional appropriation for distribution of free seeds has again been knocked out, but is expected to come back in conference committee. Some day the free seed grant may be lost in the shuffle, and then the congressmen will have to find some other way to tickle their rural constituents.

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The Stuck Pig.

SOUTH OMAHA, May 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: A stuck pig always squeals. My article, "Democratic Inconsistencies" must have stuck the fellow. C. W. Clark of Union, Neb., pretty hard from the way he squeals. He must be from the stripe of copperhead democrats of the times of the war of the rebellion, who called Lincoln an ape and baboon and called the soldiers of the union army "Lincoln hirelings" and "Lincoln dogs."

When I was a boy it was called the "war of the rebellion," but in these days of "progressive" ideas it is called the civil war. I do not see where the "civil" comes in when it is known that tens of thousands of the finest boys from the north were starved to death in the vile prison pens of the south and thousands more of them came out with health broken for life.

The man Clark said I would eat the flesh from every democrat in the United States. My wife says I have a huge appetite, but it would have to be large for me to try to eat the flesh from even one democrat, and I would have to be "awful hungry" to try to eat a democrat. This man Clark does not seem to like my article, but men who know more in a minute than he ever will know have told me it was the finest production that I have ever had published.

A coward and bully is the only one that will use the language that Clark uses in his "reply" to me. He probably is one who votes the straight democratic ticket and would do so, even if the devil was one of the candidates for office.

Thought I am an Abraham Lincoln. James G. Blaine-William McKinley-Joseph G. Cannon republican of the old school without any of the "progressive" foolishness or nonsense about me, yet I will wager that I have voted for far more democrats than this fellow who uses the language of a backguard in attempting to reply to my recent letter, has republicans. He had better read my letter again before he claims that I believe every democrat to be a rebel.

Backbone Versus Pie. GRAND ISLAND, Neb., May 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your issue of today a letter from a Mr. Clark appears in criticism of another from Mr. Agnew.

Mr. Clark's letter is undoubtedly from a true-hearted democrat, for who but a true-hearted democrat would have ability to exhibit such a wonderful tendency toward such a fine attempt at democratic oratory, the greatest value of which has been to give the English language the word mug-wampy to hurl at the politicians of democracy, whose chief glory is known by their faults.

Mr. Clark would have us believe that Mr. Agnew would like nothing better than a toothsome morsel of democratic flesh. We know that democrats have no appetite for such fare, but would rather dangle their legs at the pie counter and sink their political fangs into any old pie on the counter, or lap the crumbs that fall their way—poor half starved rascals. They've been hungry a long while. During the present administration a 100 a year pittance is sought for a few acres of land dispoised with cannibalistic greed, and a 100 a month morsel is big enough and contains so many indigestible qualities, not compatible with local party security, that command the devotion and censorship of state, the hero of many brain attempts to run the bake shop on his own hook.

Enslavement of Woman. OMAHA, May 10.—To the Editor of The Bee: Your correspondent, D. R. J., in "A Plea for Votes for Women," asks why it is that if men wish to protect their daughters, "the world is full of girls, scarcely more than children, struggling to earn a pitiful living, robbed of all the joys that belong to youth?"

Our boys are not safe, and many a mother would shudder with horror if she knew the temptations that beset her path in the walks of everyday life. Now what temptations are there more alluring, more calculated to arouse the passions, than present day female attire? Is it only through suffrage and the ballot that women can be induced to abandon the immodesty of the fitted-the-republican costume, which it has always seemed to me that one of the most potent arguments against woman suffrage is her enslavement to fashion. If women are to be emancipated politically, they should first emancipate themselves from the expensive and degenerating slavery of the fashion plate.

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Spirit of the Fathers. Baltimore American. The 1,000 delegates to the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, voted unanimously to offer their services to the government in the Mexican crisis in any capacity. This shows genuine patriotism and proves that the spirit of their fathers is still strong in the organization. They are no preferred sphere of action; merely express a wish to be useful. An offer to help in that way means all that it says.

Villa's Villanous Record

The Rebel Leader's Trail of Crime Among Noncombatants.

General Francisco Villa, leader of the constitutional forces in northern Mexico, is more frequently in the public eye than the Spaniard, Carranza, whom he is presumed to serve. His press bureau is far more active and his dash as a commander vocalizes his importance as a news maker, overshadowing for the time being the trail of murder, plunder and outrage which maps his field of operation.

Murder, plunder and outrage are Villa's specialties. He was reared that way, and increasing opportunities have made him a master hand in the business. To Americans his career is worth studying in connection with his published appeal to the United States to raise the embargo on war material and the certainty that with constitutional success he will sit close to if not actually in the presidential chair of Mexico.

Villa's Start. A biography of Villa compiled by the Boston Transcript and read by Senator Lodge in the United States senate last week, supplies the following facts:

Francisco Villa was born at Las Nieves in the state of Durango about the year 1888. He is wholly uneducated, being unable to read and barely able to sign his name. About the year 1902, when only 14 years of age, he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for cattle stealing. On his discharge he settled in the mining camp of Guanacevi, where a few months later he underwent another sentence of imprisonment for homicide. When he came out of prison for the second time he organized a band of robbers, which had their headquarters in the mountainous region of "Paricio" in the state of Durango, and were the terror of all that district.

In the year 1907 he was in partnership with one Francisco Reza, stealing cattle in Chihuahua and selling them in the United States, and then stealing mules and horses in the United States and selling them in Chihuahua. In consequence of some disagreement he shot and killed Reza in broad daylight, while sitting in the plaza in the City of Chihuahua. During the early part of November, 1910, he attacked the factory of a Mr. Soto, in Allende, state of Chihuahua, and killed the owner. By threatening the latter's daughter he forced her to show where she had hidden a sum of \$11,000, which he stole and used for arming a considerable force. He then joined Madero's revolution, sending his band with Urbina's column. In January, 1911, he was at Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, where he killed Carlos Alatorre and Luis Ortiz for refusing to pay him the money he demanded for their ransom. At Batopilas, state of Chihuahua, in February of the same year he tortured a lady named Senora Maria de la Luz Gomez until she made her pay him \$30,000. She died from the effects of the barbarous treatment she received.

Outrages at Juarez. When Ciudad Juarez was taken from the federals in May, 1913, he killed Senor Ignacio Gomez Oyola, a man of over sixty years of age, under the following circumstances: Having sent for him, Villa asked whether he had any arms in his house, and on saying he had not, Villa, "who was seated on a table," drew his revolver and shot him dead. After rifling the corpse of money and valuables it was thrown into the street.

After the triumph of the revolution, Villa, in November, 1911, obtained a monopoly from the then governor of Chihuahua for the sale of meat in the city of Chihuahua, which he procured by stealing cattle from the neighboring farms. Suspecting one of his subordinates, Cristobal Juarez, of stealing on his own account, he killed him one night in the latter part of November in the Calle de la Libertad.

In the early part of May, 1913, Villa, with seventy-five men, assaulted a train at Baza, state of Chihuahua, that was carrying bars of gold and silver valued at 100,000 pesos, killing the crew and several passengers, including Messrs. Caravantes and a Senor Isaac Herrero of Ciudad, Guerrero.

Late in the same month he entered the town of San Andres, Chihuahua, and assaulted the house of Senor Sabas Murga, an haciendado, who, with his two sons, tried to defend themselves. Two of the nephews were killed, but the Murgas got away. Villa then got hold of two sons-in-law of Murga who had not taken any part in the fight, and after torturing them to say where their father-in-law had hidden his money, he had them killed.

Massacre at Casas Grandes. In July, 1913, Villa took Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, and shot more than eighty noncombatants, violating several young girls, amongst them two young ladies named Castillo.

He attacked and took the town of San Andres, which was held by the federals, in September, 1913, shooting many peaceful residents and more than 100 prisoners, many of these being women and children. In shooting these people, in order to economize cartridges, he placed one behind the other up to five at one time, very few of them being killed outright. The bodies of the dead and wounded were then soaked with petroleum and thrown into bonfires prepared for the purpose. The prisoners were forced themselves to make the bonfires and cover with petroleum the rest of their victims.

After this he went to the small town of Carretas, where he took prisoner an old man of more than seventy years of age, named Jose Dolores Moreno, demanding from him a ransom of \$300. As he could not pay Villa killed him with his own hand.

On September 20, 1913, Villa, having overpowered a force of over 500 federals commanded by General Alvarez at Aviles, fifteen kilometers from Torreon, had very prisoner shot.

Villa has shot in Chihuahua 150 noncombatants, the greater number poor people who could not leave for want of means, or because they thought they ran no risks, as they took no part in politics. For all the people in any way connected with the government had left before Villa entered the city. Special mention may be made of the case of Senor Ignacio Irigoyen and Senator Jose A. Yanes, who, though in no way connected with politics, were taken by Villa and tortured for several days with threats to shoot them until they paid ransoms of \$30,000 each. Having obtained from Villa himself safe passage to leave by train for the border, the train in which they were caught up at the station of Montezuma by a locomotive in which were several officers in Villa's confidence, headed by an ex-Maderista deputy called Miguel Baca Ronquillo, who took them from the train and shot them in the presence of the passengers.

Twice Told Tales

Brother Mine. A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others.

Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy at an afternoon tea a short while ago in the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his falling by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here," said Simma, the senior, decidedly, "you are a donkey. Why can't you keep quiet instead of making your masculine remarks? I'm speaking to you now as a brother."

Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for the moment he did not get the joke.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Chickens Not Measles. A rich city man once bought himself a country house, of which his wife was nobly proud.

After showing some acquaintances all over the house (and telling them the prices of the pictures and furniture), she took them into the grounds, where her possessions included a chicken run populated by half a hundred white Orpingtons.

"I suppose you get lots of eggs from your chickens," one of her friends suggested.

"I don't think so," was the reply. "But don't your hens lay?" "Of course, they can," was the haughty reply, "but considering our position they don't have to."—New York Globe.

SUNNY GEMS. "So you don't think that women ought to vote?" "I have my doubts on the subject," replied young Mrs. Perkins. "You see, Charlie will insist on setting on all the elections, and they're hard enough to guess as they are."—Washington Star.

Alfred Plus—Your caddie is missing. George Minus—Where is the little beggar? Alfred Plus—The other boys say he's gone fishing, because in the morning round you dug him up such a fine supply of worms.—London Opinion.

Hicks—Trying to be a good fellow has sent many a man to the bad. Wicks—True! And many a man has lost his own health from too frequently drinking other people's.—Boston Transcript.

Seedy Boarder—Haw! You-haw-may not believe it, don't you know, Polly, but I was born with a haw—silva spoon in my mouth.

Polly—Well, fancy! An' me an' mother thought you spoke like that on purpose!—Sydney Bulletin.

"They say there was one time when Huerta had Villa at his mercy and spared his life." "Did anything happen?" "How angry he must be at himself for such an oversight!"—Baltimore American.

Passenger—That last station was my destination, sah. Why, sah, didn't you stop thar? Conductor—We don't stop there any more. The engineer's mad at the station agent.—Sacred Heart Review.

"That impudent fellow called Miss Husky up?" "What then?" "She called him down." "Did anything happen?" "Her brother called him out."—Baltimore American.

"Her father said she couldn't have the duke." "Is she reconciled?" "Oh, yes. Her father did the handsome thing. Bought her a poodle instead."—Louisville Courier Journal.

"Why didn't you go on with the trial of that chorus girl?" "She was so pretty that every taleman had to admit that he had formed an opinion."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Her Father—You have been paying attention to my daughter. You haven't proposed yet? His Lordship—Not yet, sir. Her Father—Now let us come right down to business. What will you take not to propose?—Brooklyn Life.

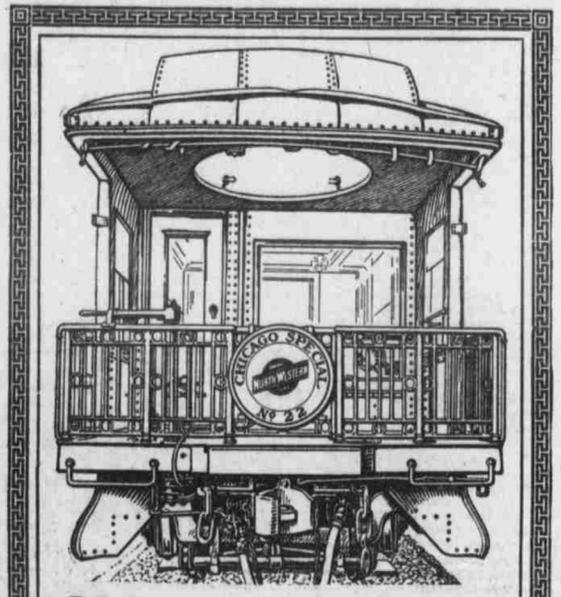
THE UNIVERSAL LESSON. Strickland Gillilan, in Leslie's "Someone knows something that I don't know." This is life's lesson, wherever I go. My train pours on through the night's black sieve; I feel her joggle and veer and give. Yet she clings to the rails, by laws divine Applied by cannier hands than mine. And she sings me to sleep with her rhythmic flow. "Someone—knows something—that you don't know."

I see in a station a yoked rube With a fowling piece, rust crusted, old and crude— Yet, straining the floor 'round his mud-dusted feet, Are trophies of game for a monarch meet. Again the lesson that goes to show: Someone knows something that I don't know.

Even children, scarcely a fifth of my years, Surround me with feasts that arouse my fears For their limbs and their lives, as they swerve and swing. Goes scarcely more swiftly than theseimps go— "Someone—knows something that I don't know!"

I raise my gaze to the stars of night, Lending, through legions of leagues, their light. An angel's murmur: "And yet I see The meagrest marge of immensity!" So I whisper humbly, with head bent low, "Someone knows something that I don't know."

This is my lesson wherever I go— "Someone knows something that I don't know."



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