

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROEWATER. VICTOR ROEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

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APRIL CIRCULATION, 53,406. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of April, 1915, was 53,406.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of May, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. Draper Smith.

I am alone, but I am one; I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do I ought to do, and what I ought to do, with God's help, I will do.—Anon.

It was inevitable that seven should be sipped by a frost. The fellow who "told-you-so" will be numerous for a few days.

Get ready for the next round, which should finish the job of consolidating us all into Greater Omaha.

If we had only given votes to women last fall, the campaign and the election would have been brightened by many more dashes of enlightening color.

Note that Pennsylvania courts refuse to distinguish between naturalization fees and other fees which have to be accounted for and turned into the treasury.

Paint up! Clean up! A lot of visitors are going to "stop off in Omaha" during the next few months, and it is to our interest to make a favorable impression.

Strange, however, that the trainmen became thoroughly convinced that Arbitrator Nagel was prejudiced only after the award was made which fell short of satisfying them.

A fitting celebration of Nebraska's semi-centennial of statehood must be had despite legislative ignoring of the occasion. Nebraska will have a fiftieth birthday only once.

The meter reading tells you what your water bill is to be and what your gas bill is to be, and there is no reason why it should not also tell you what your electric lighting bill is to be.

In several districts the voting was seriously delayed by non-arrival of ballot boxes. Had this happened in other days it would have been a great conspiracy of the powers that be to disfranchise voters by the wholesale.

There will be no official recognition by this government of the present Mexican factions. Such is the tip from headquarters. Still it is likely Uncle Sam would doff his hat respectfully if a few Mexican funerals came his way.

It is impossible to determine at this distance from the war zone whether death by asphyxiation or by shrapnel offer the least amount of human suffering. The victim never tells. Either way accomplishes what war was invented for. Consequently a weary neutral world must calmly await the last word of the doctors on this minor detail.

The export trade of the United States with Canada during the fiscal year 1914 amounted to \$228,500,000, four and a half times greater than exports to South American countries. The figures are impressive from a trade standpoint and equally as an assurance that the land-hungry Americans who invaded the Dominion in years past are getting many of the comforts of home.

Pioneer Hook and Ladder company No. 1 celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and at the same time disbanded. It was organized May 2, 1890, with Benjamin Stickle its first foreman. The parade today was very impressive, the truck being handsomely decorated with flowers and flags. Addresses were delivered by Mayor Boyd and A. D. Jones, and a ball at the skating rink concluded the evening.

Omaha people seem to have lost interest in base ball, and for this reason Manager Hoy is seriously considering transfer of his club to Minneapolis. Fred Sladen left for West Point, where he enters the military academy.

Judge David Brewer of the United States circuit court bench is here and quartered at the Paxton. Principal Lewis of the high school, who had gone to New Orleans to recuperate after an attack of pneumonia, writes to friends he is rapidly improving.

The Indianapolis base ball club put Omaha to the test by a score of 11 to 6.

Miss Marie Alton, the most charming little comedienne on the American stage, is at the Millard, accompanied by a dozen or more large trunks which contain her magnificent wardrobe, said to be simply gorgeous.

Miss Lind invites patrons to call at her residence, 164 Dodge street, and encourage good dressmakers to remain in Omaha.

What to Do After Election. With the election off our hands, the good people of Omaha will be permitted to resume some little matters that have been laid over as unfinished business.

Among these items, first in importance, perhaps, is the city planning scheme. It was partially worked out before the legislature was asked to make the necessary amendment to the charter to give it life. Now even greater need for this work is more apparent and more urgent than ever, with the extension of the city to include its suburbs. The general plan should be worked out as speedily as possible, because of the assistance it will be in planning for public and private improvements that must be made.

Another problem that will be up to the city commissioners, and waiting for consideration, is the collection and disposal of garbage. This has been dealt with in makeshift fashion for many years, and has never been on a satisfactory basis. Some definite plan for the settlement of this important question should be worked out very soon after the new commission gets into running order.

The Commercial club should press for the railroad line into South Dakota direct. This is the most important railroad proposition now before the city. It means the opening of a great productive region, whose output should have the advantage of the Omaha market. Interurban lines should not be neglected and many other important projects have been mooted that should not be permitted to languish.

Omaha's schedule for the future has many important matters set down, all tending to the growth and betterment of the city, and plenty of work for all in pushing them to a successful ending.

Echoes of the Editors' Meet

Wahoo Wasp: Bay, do you know it is a great thing to have these annual gatherings. You forget your shop and daily business, grind and listen to oratory, music and troubles of the other man. Omaha entertained us quite royally and the way the newspaper folks enjoy themselves we really believe it is appreciated. Sometimes we wonder how Omaha can stand it to entertain so lavishly. Probably spent \$10 a head on everyone of us. There were three in our party, which would make \$30. The only way we can save our conscience and figure to pay it back is spending about \$30 a month the year round for paper and printing supplies and for the salaries of our editorial staff for the publicity department of the Omaha Commercial club.

Bloomfield Journal: One hundred and forty-eight editors of Nebraska came across with a good alibi if the "paper is not up to its usual standard this week" for that number enjoyed the hospitality for which Omaha is famous at their convention held in that city. This convention and Omaha have been resolved into a mutual admiration and benefit society, with the resulting advantages about equally divided.

Hildreth Telescope: The Commercial club of Omaha certainly scored a ten-strike when it secured E. V. Parrish as manager of its bureau of publicity and promotion. Mr. Parrish is certainly a live wire. He may occasionally sputter, but we feel sure he never sleeps. To him is largely due the fact that the feeling of antagonism to Nebraska's metropolis which has been prevalent out in the state for so many years has been replaced by the kindly feelings and best wishes for the success of Omaha and her extensive enterprises. The interests of Omaha and the rest of the state are identical and there should be nothing but peace and good will between them.

Emerson Enterprise: We were royally entertained by the Commercial club of Omaha and heard many splendid talks about the big city of Omaha; but there was one thing that we could not help taking notice of, and that was at the various banquets given in honor of the Nebraska editors: nary a smoke bore the mark of an Omaha cigar factory or the Union label. Yet they are boosting for Omaha products. O, consistency, thou art surely being eased from the English language.

Attinson Graphic: As a suburb of Nebraska, Omaha is a delightful spring vacation resort. Particularly when the commercialists therabouts set out to entertain a parcel of conventioners from all over the state. That's a combination for pure undiluted amusement, with ten-round bandsets, concerts and street car joy rides. They all want you to come back and you all want to come back. Here is a case where the come-back is nearly always effective.

Battle Creek Enterprise: The country editors are entertained in Omaha right royally. Omaha was never known to do anything by halves, and when the upstate boys bluster their feet on the pavements of the metropolis there's always something going on that's bound to give the discomfiture. And after we've dined on a la's, etc., there remains the satisfaction of getting back home, shoving those tired and aching toes into the old slippers and pushing up a feast of dandelion-greens, flavored with a dash of saw belly.

Twice Told Tales. Restrained by Law. A traveling salesman for a Ganselvoort street wholesale grocery firm, recently back from a trip through the rough lands of eastern Pennsylvania, tells this possibly true tale:

"One day on my last trip I had a six-mile ride to make to the county seat, and the small village in which I was had only one horse that I could hire and no other form of conveyance. I may say that a friend had landed me in the town that morning from his car and I had sold goods enough to pay the expenses of the trip.

"Well, I got away on the sorriest specimen of a horse I ever straddled and I was to send him back by the mail carrier; though not as a parcel post package. It took me two hours to cover the distance—I was sorry enough I hadn't walked—and as I passed the county jail on my old bag of bones a face grimed at me from between the bars of a small square window. I was too sore to smile, but I nodded to the grin, and the prisoner called to me:

"Say, mister, he said, 'how'd you like to trade that critter for thirty days in jail?'"

"Just then I would have been glad enough to have traded, but the law wouldn't let me, and I rode on."—New York Sun.

Disappointed. Little Elsie, aged 3, was quietly playing on the porch one afternoon, while her father and one of his friends were enjoying a smoke and having a chat on political matters. They paid no attention to the little girl's presence, and Elsie seemed wholly absorbed in her dolls.

That evening Elsie appeared to be unusually silent and thoughtful. When bedtime came and she knelt down to say her prayers there came the usual petitions, and then, with a slight pause, she resumed in a very earnest manner:

"And now, God, please take good care of Yourself, for if anything should happen to You, we should only have Mr. Wilson—and he hasn't come up to father's expectations."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Last Touch. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, at a luncheon in Brooklyn, launched out in one of his witty diatribes against cosmetics.

"Why," said Dr. Parkhurst, "it is reported that a Brooklyn man was pleading with his wife the other day to spend more evenings at home, and he said to her: 'Do make up your mind to stay in.'"

"No," she answered, "I shall make up my face to go out."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

People and Events. St. Louis shoe factories report that business is picking up handsomely, more hands are going to work, and the prospects are sunny on all sides. Not a touch of a war order in the report.

According to the science of jurisprudence, as interpreted by a Philadelphia court, a lobster is not an animal, and may be pinned to a show window of a lobster palace without fracturing the law against "cruelty to animals."

Miss Mae Harlanbokoulous of New Bedford, Mass., sent the heartiest congratulations to Miss Anna Shugrue-Whitney of Waverly, Ill., the occasion of changing her name to Mrs. Frank Matrus. The former adds that long names are inconvenient. "Here's hoping!"

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Buncombe county, North Carolina, has other distinctions which lends a touch of realism to the euphony of the title. It has the largest debt of any county in the state, amounting to 12 per cent of the total liabilities of all counties. The money is said to have been spent in making good roads, a class of public improvement, rightly done, that redounds to the honor of Buncombe.

The Bee's Letter Box

Stick to Your Man. OMAHA, May 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: I'll stick to my man, and I'll stand by his side 'till his hair turns as white as the snow; wherever he tarries I, too, will abide, and wherever he goes, I will go. If he makes a great fortune I'll surely be there, to claim a full share of the prize; but if he should fail and sink down in despair, I'll console him and help him to rise.

Should he gain power and honor while serving the state, or in war win success and renown, with pleasure I'll mix with the rich and the great, and receive the applause of the town; yet should fortune rebel, and deny him a place among people refined and polite, should detractors envelop his name in disgrace, and wealth spread its wings and take flight; yet I'll cling to my man and bear half the disgrace; and whether he is, or is not free of mine, he is mine and his cause I'll embrace!

I've no pushing love to wear me away, no soul rattle whose eyes are divine; my man has no wings, yet with him I will stay, and I'll have no love-privates for mine.

I now he is like but human, and therefore he's prone, like all other mortals, to err; but he's flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, and we're bound to forgive and forget, and I've noticed that those who are hunting a man that is blameless, and free from all guile, are no nearer their goal than the day they began; so I'll freeze to my man yet awhile.

And again, there are others who think they are wise, and could live a life free from all care, if they had a pale man, with white hands and black eyes, a high brow, and a hypnotic stare; and so they consult the low witches, and scheme to get rid of the man they have wed, but a bear in a trap is worth two in a dream, and I'll cleave to my man 'till he's dead.

Yes, in sickness and health, and in joy or in grief, we'll trot on through life's little span; and as long as I live I will hold this belief, that a woman should stick to her man.

SARAH SIMPLE, (Per E. O. M.)

Editorial Viewpoint

Boston Transcript: Indications are that Harry Thaw will go back to the coop about the time Porter Chariton goes out.

Washington Post: If Alexander could witness proceedings in his old stamping grounds he'd promptly redub himself the piker of the world.

Indianapolis News: Evidently the British authorities are afraid that depriving Tommy Atkins of his pipe or bitter would be too alarmingly like taking candy away from a baby to be a pleasant operation.

Washington Star: The Roosevelt-Barnes case brings to attention the interesting fact that there was a time when the colonel would rather be a professor of history than one of its busiest manufacturers.

Chicago Herald: The Japanese are reported to be on Mexican soil in Lower California. If Lower California is as much of a desert as a lot of western and northern Mexico, the stay may cure them of all ambitions in that direction.

Brooklyn Eagle: We already undersell Wales manufacturers of tin plate by about 12 per cent. Pittsburgh plants are to make extensions and employ a thousand more men. In this product America should soon have a world's market, with little fear of being recaptured by any rival.

Philadelphia Ledger: This is America's greatest garden year. In village, town and city there is an unprecedented amount of planting. It means more beauty and more health. If you have a plot of ground and are not using it you are missing opportunity.

Philadelphia Record: The seaman has lost "port" and "starboard"; he is likely to lose "fathom"; it is now proposed to take off his wide collar and his balloon trousers. If this revolutionary measure be determined on we trust that some other style of trousers shall be put on him. But after all these changes in vocabulary and costume have been made, how shall we be able to tell an able seaman from a jandlubber?

Out of the Ordinary. Philadelphia dispatches tell of a woman who had her husband arrested for calling her a chicken.

A hen that likes to "joy ride" is owned by Deputy Marshal Nick Phelps of Independence, Mo. When Mr. Phelps gets into his motor car to take a ride he always has to "shoo" the hen out of the car. Yesterday the hen hid under the auto seat and was not noticed until Phelps arrived downtown. When discovered the hen began to cackle and an egg was found beneath the auto seat, as though laid by the hen to pay her owner for her ride. It served to appease Phelps' anger.

A boss painter of Bath, Me., said that one of his workmen was distorting his work and on investigation the boss found that the man had neglected to put on his spectacles. He was told to mount them, and an improvement was noticed at once in his work, which from that time on for the entire day was perfectly satisfactory. When "snocking off" time arrived the man found, both inside of his spectacles were in the case and he had been doing fine work with just the frames to improve his eyesight.

Women's Activities. Mrs. Arvilla Howard of New York is a professional party woman, superintending children's parties, arranging programs and in every way making it pleasant for the children and saving the mothers trouble.

Stephen Graham says that the Russian peasant woman has little or no housework to do, as there are no beds to make, all the family sleeping on hay in the barns or on coals on the floor. There are no stockings to darn, as they all go barelegged, and no dishes to wash, as they all eat out of one dish and take the meat in their fingers. All the cooking is done in one pot, meat and vegetables being cooked together. Mothers do not bother about their children and practically all the housework they have to do is to sweep out the stove once in a while.

SUNNY GEMS

"Will they charge me much, do you think, to get this advertising picture in the papers?" "Oh, I think it very likely you can get it in at cut rates."—Baltimore American.

Patience—Was she shy on her birthday? "Patience—Oh, yes, she was shy about ten candles in her birthday cake."—Yonkers Statesman.

"What's the baby's name, Bill?" "Algeron." "What? I thought you were going to name him John?" "Oh, that was when I still thought I had something to say in the matter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"A philosopher and a sneak thief are alike in one respect." "What might that be?" "They both take an abstract view of things."—Washington Star.

"What do you think will be the music of the future?" asked the woman with the generous face. "That depends. Where do you expect to spend it?" queried the man with the intermittent hair.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Feast—Have you seen the non-refillable whiskey bottle? "Mrs. Crimmonbeck—Yes, but what I'd rather see is a non-refillable husband."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Crawford—I saw your husband motoring today. He seems to be a careful driver. "Mrs. Crabshaw—Indeed he is. He generally makes a car last until a new model is out."—Judge.

"Two of my friends are having a social war. One gives a dance and the other comes back at her with a bridge party. So it goes." "Have you taken sides?" "I should say not. You get more invitations by remaining neutral."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I suppose you want all the friends you can get." "Yes," replied Senator Berghum; "only I can't help wishing a whole lot of them would be as assertive before election as they are afterward."—Washington Star.

"Before the war broke out I expected to do well in Mexico with a typewriter agency." "You ought to do well with typewriters down there; it's a nation of natural-born dictators."—Baltimore American.

SECRET OF AGE. New York Globe. He was a centenarian. I asked that he would tell me the secret of his age. "Gedsooks, my lad, I do not know."—Thus feelingly he spoke. "I do not drink, I seldom think, I do not chew or smoke." "My habits are most regular. All vice I have tabooed. My morals are much over par. I fetterize my food. I never have a gay young blade. I've led a quiet life, I have done nothing wrong." "I'm trusted by my wife." "Thus you will see I cannot tell why I have lived so long. For I've been good. An all men should— I have done nothing wrong." "Oh, venerable sage," I said. "If future bliss you prize, And heaven gain, You should abstain From all such whopping lies!"

KABIBBLE KABARET. SINGERS FOR "STAND UP" IN THE 7th FLOOR CIRCUS. I DON'T GIBBLE LIKE OTHERS DO SINCE MY TONGUE GAVE ME A KETCH.

FAUST SPAGHETTI. MAULL BROS. ST. LOUIS. Large Package, 10c. Order This When the Grocer Calls. ALWAYS keep two or three packages of Faust Spaghetti on hand—it's a dish that can be served several times a week in so many different tasty ways that one will scarcely ever complain on the grounds of sameness of diet.

Stearns-Knight. Beyond a Doubt. McIntyre Auto Co. Distributors Western Iowa and Nebraska. 2427 FARNAM STREET. PHONE DOUGLAS 2400.

A POSTAL CARD TO THE Discriminating PUBLIC. Hotel Griswold DETROIT. The most modern and homelike hostelry in Detroit. Located in the center of the shopping district and within short walking distance of all the theaters. Come where YOU will be properly taken care of at Reasonable Rates. \$1.50 and up, European. Finest Musical program in the city; dancing every evening. YOU will have MY personal attention.

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Women's Activities. Mrs. Arvilla Howard of New York is a professional party woman, superintending children's parties, arranging programs and in every way making it pleasant for the children and saving the mothers trouble. Stephen Graham says that the Russian peasant woman has little or no housework to do, as there are no beds to make, all the family sleeping on hay in the barns or on coals on the floor. There are no stockings to darn, as they all go barelegged, and no dishes to wash, as they all eat out of one dish and take the meat in their fingers. All the cooking is done in one pot, meat and vegetables being cooked together. Mothers do not bother about their children and practically all the housework they have to do is to sweep out the stove once in a while.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Mrs. Draper Smith. I am alone, but I am one; I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do I ought to do, and what I ought to do, with God's help, I will do.—Anon.

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