

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646

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 June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 15 day of July, 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.

July 19 Thought for the Day Selected by Carl E. Herring

Let us thank God every morning when we get up that we have something to do that must be done that day. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you—temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred things which the idle never know.—Chas. Kingsley.

Any other public corporation hereabouts got any reduced rates to announce?

Count that day lost whose low descending sun brings nary a talk from our Will'jam.

The cabbage crop is reported to be the finest ever. Smokers will please cheer up and look pleasant.

Governor Morehead is evidently taking his time to determine whether his hat is of senatorial size and shape.

Even George Washington, who could not tell a lie, would have had to admit that those ball stones were as big as hen's eggs.

Cipriano Castro, the stormy petrel of Venezuela, threatens to come back. Senor Huerta had similar good intentions, but see what happened to him.

The Bee certainly had a prophetic vision when it denounced the continued agitation in Georgia against Leo M. Frank as calculated to foment an attempt upon his life.

The occasion and the aim justify a concerted drive for good roads, not only on the appointed days, but on every day, until the last stretch of bumps or bog are stormed and reformed.

Great Britain's response to the pocket touch of war reaches \$3,000,000,000. Never before has J. B. dug so deep into his long purse, proving that he is fully awake and appreciates the size of his job.

Spokesman for Austria-Hungary in a lofty moral plane discusses the unrighteousness of Americans selling war goods to all who care to buy. As an exponent of righteousness the dual monarchy is a prize winner.

Ordinarily the disastrous periodic floods of China, with their appalling loss of life, would produce a shudder in this country. Unfortunately the national stock of shudders is exhausted, and thrills are commonplace.

A Philadelphia citizen offers to be one of 100 men to subscribe \$1,000 each to finance a military training course in the Central High school. The offer lends energy to the spirit which once animated Independence Hall.

A huge surprise awaits the soldier fortunate enough to arrive home with a whole frame, when peace comes. Practically every vocation formerly monopolized by men over in Europe has been taken over by women. The longer the war lasts the tighter will be their grip on masculine jobs.

A hall was given at Hoffman hall on South Thirtieth street for the benefit of Mrs. Mary Zuehlke, who lost her two little sons last week by drowning. The net receipts were between \$50 and \$100, for which more credit was due Policeman Peter Matza than anyone else.

Prof. George F. Seuer has been elected musical director of the Concordia Singing society.

Rev. A. F. Sherrill of this city will fill the pulpit during the summer at the Pilgrim church in St. Louis.

H. Hardy of the 9-cent store is in Lincoln investigating the desirability of starting a branch store there.

A. W. Atwood of Dr. Rieder's prescription pharmacy spent Sunday in Plattsmouth.

The Omaha bricklayers and their friends to the number of about 500 picnicked in Union Pacific park.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and his party left for the east yesterday.

Citizens in north Omaha started a movement for a new park in their part of town that will take in about forty acres along the river bank between the city and the river bank. Commissioners Daily and Bailey have been appointed a committee to take action in the matter.

J. B. Haynes offers to furnish first class short-handled rakes on short notice and to rest typewriters; also to pay cash for information 42-vee-nues 12 1/2 moved-in filling them.

Thirteen Years Ago This Day in Omaha

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A Blot Upon Georgia.

What are they up to in Georgia with this new agitation and uprising over alleged plots to free Leo M. Frank? To this question propounded by The Bee four days ago, we now have the answer in the attempted assassination of Frank. Commenting on the reports from Georgia at that time, The Bee gave expression to its forebodings as follows: To the observer at this distance all this maneuvering to keep popular prejudice excited in Georgia looks like a continuation of the outrageous performances which have already so discredited that state, and, more than that, like a deliberate attempt to lay the foundation for, and to instigate, another murder "a la Madero" under pretense of shooting Frank down while trying to escape. Before the people of the rest of the country, the state of Georgia is today as much on trial as Frank ever was, except that the Georgia people have the verdict in their own hands.

Whether the assassin of Frank was directly incited to his act or was goaded to it by the continued outpouring of mob maledictions, no one can doubt that he was persuaded the people of Georgia were demanding that Frank suffer death and that by making himself the instrument for killing Frank, he would earn his own freedom as a reward.

The whole outrageous proceeding is a foul blot upon the state of Georgia which it will never wipe out.

What of Those New School Buildings?

After an energetic publicity campaign impressing upon the people the dire necessity of additional school facilities to relieve existing pressure, a bond issue of \$1,000,000 was submitted and voted, almost without opposition, at the election held the first Tuesday of last May. Since then the third month is now passing with no move being made, so far as the public is aware, in the direction of getting down to business with the construction of new school buildings. First the delay was ascribed to the desire to wait until it was definitely known whether consolidation would carry, but the consolidation election is nearly two months in the distance, so can have nothing to do with present conditions.

The main point is that if the school buildings were so urgent in April, how can they be less urgent in July? How can it be possible to relieve school congestion the coming year if the building season is permitted to go by without even a start, when to erect a suitable structure in the proper manner will at best consume from six to ten months? It is hardly likely, we know, that the entire million dollars can be advantageously used on new school buildings all at once, but the voting of the money was in response to a specific demand, and the intention was that this demand should be met, not next year, or in the dim and distant future, but now.

The Governor and Good Roads.

Every citizen of Nebraska can join with Governor Morehead in his advocacy of the good roads campaign. Much progress has been made in Nebraska already, for here the road problem is not involved with many of the complications and difficulties presented elsewhere. This state is well favored by nature for the easy construction and maintenance of fine high roads, which fact perhaps accounts for the people lagging somewhat behind in their efforts to improve on nature, even so slightly. No matter from what source came the stimulus, the apathy in this direction has been overcome, and Nebraskans are now as much interested as any in the condition of their highways. As a result the state is gaining much in the estimation of those who travel between towns by modern methods, but the existing good roads can easily be made better, and effort expended on them will be well repaid.

The Newest Submarine.

A few days ago a submersible boat of the American navy came into New York harbor from a South Atlantic station, after a non-stop run of 1,850 miles. So far as is known, this exceeds any performance of this type of boat elsewhere recorded. Now, the latest of these craft has shown by careful test that it has a cruising radius of 6,000 miles, or that it can cross the Atlantic to Europe and return without taking on fuel or other supplies. Ordinarily, this information would not be of more than momentary concern to the public, but in these days when alarmists are dining into the public ear that our navy is deteriorating, that we are as defenseless as an oyster without a shell and the inventive genius of the country is to be enlisted in hope of saving us, it is well to realize that our naval designers and constructors are capable of producing craft as efficient as any ever known, and in many particulars superior. The G-3 ought to be good for the nerves of some.

The Saengerfest.

Omaha this week is again to have the pleasure of entertaining the Northwestern Saengerbund, and will give these singers joyous welcome for the message of music they bring. The associated societies of this organization are devoted to the most rational of ways of recreation, popular in conception and government and giving everyone a chance to show his ability and share in the achievement according to his capacity. The programs for the concerts in Omaha include excellent music, representative of past and present, and many noted soloists are to charm the audiences by the display of their wonderful gifts. But the most impressive spectacle will be the massed choruses, pouring out in mighty volume the melody of their songs. It will be a welcome break in the mid-summer life of the city, and the singers will be accordingly appreciated.

In time of peace the distinctive feature of the July 14 celebrations in Paris has been the decoration of the Strasburg statury, one of several groups contributed by different cities and provinces for the adornment of the famous Place de la Concorde. Around it clusters the memories of 1871, when Alsace-Lorraine were torn from France and the Cathedral city passed to possession of the conquerors. The group is rarely without decorations, renewed from time to time by patriotic pilgrimages.

Harvest hands, picnickers and other close-to-nature devotees are cautioned to swat the ligger. The national public health service bulletins this summer pest as an insinuating little cuss which digs trenches in uncomfortable places and brings the victim up to the scratch. Adequate preparedness calls for a magnifying glass and a sterilized needle.

What Would You Do?

Wanted in the Delinquent. When Mrs. Carson came back from visiting her son in Chicago, everybody was curious to hear all about him. Mrs. Carson smilingly admitted that her son was really amazingly prosperous; that he was all about her daughter-in-law's limousine and French maid and beautiful clothes, and she seemed delighted with the property in which they lived.

"They are spending far, far too much money," she said. "John does make a large income, but nothing like enough to warrant their expense. I was simply scared at the awful waste I saw all along the line. Mary's clothes—so many of them and so costly! The rugs, the silver, the unnecessary servants, the food—oh, the food! The whole thing got so on my nerves that I could not wait to come home; it just spoiled my visit."

"But don't you think you just imagined it was all too costly? May not your son have more money than you realize and wish to live in that style?" "Ah, that's what Mrs. Carson retorted. One night Mary was out, and John and I had a long, long talk in his study; we sat close up to the fire and talked as we have not had a chance to since he was a boy and we two lived here alone. "Mother," he said, "it's good to see you! I love your plain black dress; and your hair is so nice and smooth—it looks good to me! And I love to have you refuse to eat sweetbread and fancy salads, and I want you to wear your own bed and dust the parlor. I hate all this fuss myself. I'd like to go back and be simple and sensible again, just as you and I used to be in the old house at home." And he sighed so that I just ached all over.

"Tell me all about it, John," I said; "tell me everything. I've waited for years to have a real visit with you—you know this is the first time I've been west since he was married—and I want you to be just as open and frank with me as when you were a boy." And he did tell me. She stopped and looked out of the window and the lines in her face deepened.

"When Mary married him they had rather a small income. Mary had been an only child and accustomed to far more, but she was in love and did not mind living without things at first. But gradually, as he had more money, she had increased their expenditures 'way ahead of what they should have spent. They not only had never saved anything, but she had run up bills that he did not see how he was ever to pay. He was so worn out trying to get more and more money that he was almost ready to lie down and die. When he said that—he just whispered it with his head in his hands—I thought my heart would break."

"But why do you not talk it over with Mary?" I asked. "She loves you, and of course she would cut down expenses and live more simply." "He just shook his head. 'Not now. Once, years ago, perhaps she could and would have done it, but that time has gone by. I have told her that I cannot afford this scale of living, but I can not make any impression upon her. Or, if I do, she promises to do better, presently everything is just as it was before. No, can't change anything myself. But I've been wondering, mother, if perhaps you could do it. Do you think if you had a talk with Mary it would help matters?'"

"Well, you can imagine how I felt. Mary has no mother, and I believe she loves me. She has always been affectionate, and while I was with them she did everything she could to give me a lovely time. But ought I to interfere in what, after all, was not my own affair? Would I not do more harm than good? "I must not meddle," I said. "Mary would resent it, and you would unconsciously feel that I had made matters worse instead of better."

"So I just came back home again and never said a word. Do you think I did right? What would you have done?" "Just what you did, I think," I said. "I don't believe a daughter-in-law ever takes suggestions very readily from her mother-in-law, even if they love each other; the implied criticism is pretty sure to be resented. But could you not have advised your son to take some step which would have helped matters?'"

"I did do that. 'John,' I said, 'but your foot down! Tell Mary that your household expenses must be limited to exactly so much a year, and no more. Get her to set down in black and white what you pay for servants and food and clothing and entertaining, and add it up; she will probably be appalled at the total. Then insist that some of the servants must go; and give her a dress allowance and make her agree to live within it. If worst comes to worst, move into a smaller house, or take an apartment, or even board at a hotel. Take things in your own hands. Don't let her run away with everything! Can't you stop this expenditure if you are really determined about it?'"

"What did he say?" "He shook his head. 'Mother,' he said in that despairing way that almost makes me cry to think about it. 'I've done all those things, and more. Mary won't move, and I doubt if it would help things if she would insist on, are rightfully costly. She has promised to do better time after time, but nothing lasts. She is all that is sweet and attractive, and I'm in love with her just as I was when we were married. But she is a spoiled child. I'm afraid, and nothing will ever make her over into her wise, economical housewife. It simply isn't in her.'"

"Then, you see," I said, "your talking to her would have done no good. I'm rather glad you did not try it." "I've been wondering whether I might write it all to her, and beg her to forgive me if I told her that I had found John looking so old and careworn that I feared he was worrying over his business, and I thought if she read that he was, she might help him to make things easier. Do you think that would do any good?"

"No, I'm afraid gentle measures will not help things. The cause lies too deep. You will have to wait. Nothing in this world will help a situation like that but trouble, and I'm afraid it's bound to come. If Mary has at heart a kernel of real, sound womanhood, adversity may develop it, and they may start life over again on a better basis." "And poor John must lose all his money and go through bankruptcy and all that?" "I hope it won't be as bad as all that. But anyway, loss of money isn't the worst thing in the world. And other things may step in to help, too. They have no children?"

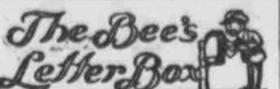
Twice Told Tales

Grammatical Errors. Little Wendell Holmes Emerson of Boston was reading sedately with his book in the park shabby after a picnic dinner. He had eaten too much and was very much surprised and shocked at himself. He prayed fervently that no one would notice his condition.

"No, then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him. 'Ah!' thought Wendell, 'I have sadly injured her aesthetic sensibilities.' By this time the kindly old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," she said, "are you over eight?" It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson recovered his dignity. That a woman with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticize him was unbelievable. "No, ma'am," said he proudly, "I have over-eaten!"—National Monthly.

Unauthorized Version. Young America had represented the family at church.

"What did the minister say?" his mother asked. "Was a knocker, and you'll find an opening," was the astounded reply. "Johnny," she said severely, "don't make light of religion." "I ain't, ma," said the boy. "You set anyone Knocker and it shall be open unto you—that's jess what he said!"



Quincy and State Tax Commission. OMAHA, July 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a rule it does not pay to object to errors in papers. But when through a slip an error is made that may injure others, and I am the innocent cause thereof, I believe I ought to correct it.

Your Lincoln correspondent, through a mere slip, I believe, represents me as having severely criticized the work of the tax commission. He is entirely at fault. What criticism I ever made of their report was but minor and made in consideration of the public interest. I did not criticize it publicly, because I believed, and still believe, that it was a progressive report. It aimed in the right direction. One of the best proofs of this fact lies in the record of the recent session of the senate. That body, controlled by a majority pledged beforehand to prevent anything that had the smeaek of progress in it, refused repeatedly to notice the recommendations of the tax commission. It utterly ignored the commission, when it did not fly directly in the face of it.

As a matter of fact I was the only member who defended on the floor of the senate the work of that commission. I was the only member, that I now recall, who introduced any bill to carry out recommendations of that commission. This, too, while the majority overwhelmingly defeated every one of them. (And the leader of that majority now asks the progressive democrats of this state for their suffrages to make him governor.)

These facts hardly justify the statement that I ridiculed the report of that commission. I believe this is due the members of that commission.

L. J. QUINBY. Save the Dove. SOUTH SIDE, July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I saw by the papers of yesterday that now is the time to kill doves. If there is one bird that ought to be saved above all others from the gun of the fellows who think they are sportsmen it is the gentle and innocent dove.

It has been a wonder to me that the legislature has not passed an act to protect the dove and to save it from further destruction. At the rate they have been killed in the last few years they will soon go the way of the wild pigeon and the buffalo. The American spirit as furthered by Roosevelt and others that think they are sportsmen is to kill all wild animals and birds. That is one reason for my dislike of Roosevelt. A few years ago when we could save doves in large numbers along the fences and hedges. Now it is a rare thing to see one in going along the roads for many miles. Instead of protecting the squirrels that destroy birds and their nests and are a general nuisance besides, the legislature should pass an act to protect doves for a number of years at least, for they are of some use while squirrels do more damage by far than they are worth.

I believe that a movement to protect doves should be started with the purpose of getting the next legislature to pass an act to forbid their further destruction, for the man with the sporting gun will soon have them totally exterminated. Let us try to discourage the destruction of the old turtle dove, for it ought to be regarded as a shame that such fine birds should be destroyed for the little mouthful of meat that may be on them.

F. A. AGNEW. Rather a Municipal Loan Office. OMAHA, July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why don't Omaha spend \$2,000 to open up a municipal loan office, where deserving citizens can get a loan at reasonable interest, if it wants to do a real service for humble people instead of bringing the Rev. "Billy" Sunday here?

It is almost impossible to get out of the clutches of a loan shark, and dangerous for women and girls to get a loan from some of them. Some loan sharks not only rob them of all they earn, but try to debauch them as well by threatening to take all they have. I know what I am talking about.

ELIZABETH S. Thanks from Out-of-Town Winner. STROMSBURG, Neb., July 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I received the \$1 award given as a "limerick" prize in the Buffalo Hill contest. Many thanks for the appreciation.

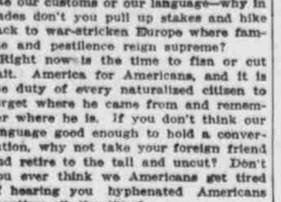
HATTIE CLARK. The Hub of the Universe. EUSTIS, Neb., July 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: Mr. Poly Giot asks, "Are we attempting to cause illiterates to believe that the world's wisdom is all packed in America?" You bet we are, old sport. We are also attempting to cause those illiterates, and your intellectuals also, to believe that these United States is the hub of the universe. 'Tis the greatest and grandest nation that the Supreme Being ever permitted the sun to shine, or rain to fall upon. Any citizen, natural born or naturalized, who does not think so is a blamed poor citizen, indeed, and this country would be better off if the said citizen would have remained on the other side of the pond.

Mr. Poly Giot says, "These 'turners' soon transform our prairie into gardens." Sure they do, old sport. But you can bet your bottom dollar they don't do it because they want to. No! They do it because they have to for the filthy lucre they can derive therefrom, and in the natural course of events their farms loom up like unto an oasis in the Sahara desert. The constant tilling of the soil, supplemented by live stock, together with the rainfall, will make any piece of land produce. Get me, Steve?

Let us presume that I'd drift into The Bee's composing room next Monday night and hit 'em up for a night's work, and I'd get it. Do you suppose I would work there at night for eight hours just simply for the fun of doing it? Not yet. I'm working there for that little piece of change that I can drag down in the morning. We do these things because nature demands it. We must have some coin of the realm to buy the necessities of life—to buy shoes for the baby, etc. Same way with the foreigner. He comes over here as poor as a church mouse, and your kind-hearted Uncle Samuel beats him a quarter section of land against \$3 that he can't live there five years. That's a treat for him. He never had an offer like that before. He might live in one of the old countries a thousand years and never acquire enough land to raise enough to feed a cutworm. He has to get right down and dig his living out of the soil and, incidentally, enhances the value of his farm. His offspring, if he has any, and the old woman, are forced to get into the collar and work

LAUGHING-GAS.

"Old Swift borrow money to buy an auto." "No, he is a higher financier; he bought an auto to borrow money," Philadelphia Bulletin. "Does young Jiggaby come by his erratic temperament naturally?" "Yes; his mother was a grand opera singer and his father was a left-handed pitehen."—Puck. "She—I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory." "He—What did he do?" "She—Made me pay in advance.—Chicago Post. Teacher—Why did Shylock insist upon having a pound of flesh? Little Girl—Guess he thought a trading-stamp went with every pound.—Indianapolis Star.



"What makes you think his advice a ways is good?" "Because it is invariably so disagreeable to follow."—Houston Post. "Really, Isabel, I just hate to pay war prices on these imported delicacies." "Still, dear, would it not seem cowardly to shirk our share of the suffering?"—Life. "I understand he let you in on a get-rich-quick scheme." "No. Do you suppose I would be greedy at him for that?" "Then what was the sudden sweet?" "He made me think it was a get-rich-quick scheme, but it wasn't."—Houston Post.

FAREWELL TO OLD HOME.

The New York Sun's recent removal from quarters occupied for forty-seven years to a new building was the occasion of the following poem from the pen of Dana Buriet, member of the Sun Staff: If me may mourn for broken walls (As gods and little children do), If men may weep for wood and stone, Old friend, I weep this day for you.

The time-worn step, the twisted stair, What dreams have gone a-climbing there! The cluttered desk, the busy room, The story spinning on its loom, The voices and the clacking keys, The toll, the strike, the memories.

But now thy measured sands are spent, Fate's flier proven against thy wall. Thine honored history is done, And Time writes fits to it all. The honest brick, the naked beams, The settled dust of ancient dreams! The clutter and the sudden sweet, The hands that served, the hearts that beat.

The old head bowed beneath its star— How dear a workman's memories are! Beneath those dim and aged eaves Was traced with many a driven pen The heartbeats of a hundred years, The moving pageantry of men! But now no more of triumph won, Good friend, thy usefulness is done. Young heart that strode the stair to fame, Old heart that could not quit the game, The book is closed wherein you write, The hour has struck. Give ye good-night.



PROTECT YOUR MOTOR. BY using oil that stands up under both extremes of temperature. Oil that leaves practically no carbon. Oil that absolutely reduces friction. Then you will be in the ranks of the care free motorists who use Polarine the standard tested motor oil. STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEBRASKA) OMAHA

The Ideal Summer Office Building. The office building furthest up the hill, gets the best air, and with the outlook on the beautiful Court House plaza and its own spacious court, there is no more delightful place in which to work in summer than THE BEE BUILDING. Its popularity is shown by the fact that offices offered are very few indeed. Some of these may meet your need, however, better than any in the building. We think it would be well to look them over, or, if we have not what you want, we will place you on our waiting list. We offer: Room 222—Choice office suite, north light, very desirable for doctors or dentists; waiting room and private office; 250 square feet \$45.00 Room 601—Nice cool office with vault, rear elevator and stairs; electric light free, 210 square feet \$18.00 Room 640—62x26. Water; partitioned into private office and waiting room; has large double east windows; 120 square feet \$18.50 APPLY TO BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT, ROOM 103. THE BEE BUILDING