

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER... VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR... BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH...

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These heated months seem also to constitute the homicidal season. Congress is getting to be just one mad investigation after another.

And yet the mercurial precipitation was not so swift as to break the bulb in the thermometer. It would make most people sick trying to remember all the pointers on "How to Keep Well."

Colonel Mulhall complains that his old associates just stare at him as they pass. Give him the glassy eye, as it were.

Secretary Daniels hits the nail on the head in saying the red flag has no place in this land of liberty and opportunity.

No doubt by now President Wilson wishes he could stop that time-consuming lobby diversion he started and get action on his tariff bill.

It is said that Jim Hill's father taught him the habit of saving. "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The movie depicting the feminine lion tamer and the lady snake charmer proves, however, that it is possible for woman to survive her innate fear of a mouse.

Joe Brown, who alternated with Hoke Smith as governor of Georgia for a number of years, now threatens to renew the hide-and-seek game by opposing Smith for the senate.

But if John Bassett Moore, the counselor of the State department, were to hike out for the chalettaques then there might be occasion for uneasiness as to our foreign affairs.

Surprise is expressed by his enemies that the state auditor does not take kindly to the law that legislates him out of control of the state insurance department. What could they expect?

The new insurance code will have to run the gauntlet of the courts to find out whether its constitutionality passes muster. In the meantime, while it is hung up, the machinery of government will continue to revolve.

If the modest Colonel Mulhall lost any opportunity to impress his N. A. M. superiors with the rare importance and incalculable value of his work as a lobbyist, it must have been because the typewriters were out of order.

Longer Terms—Shorter Ballots.

The general tendency everywhere toward electoral reform is for longer terms for public officials and shorter ballots to permit of more careful selection. Originally the one-year, or at most the two-year, term of office was the prevailing period, and few elective places except those on the bench extended longer than two years.

Of state and county offices, right here in Nebraska, it has come about that almost as many now carry terms of four years or longer as carry less than four years. Members of our new state railway commission, for example, are elected for six years, and in the county the clerk of the court, register of deeds and county commissioners have four-year terms.

The adoption of biennial elections in Nebraska is sure to be a forerunner of further lengthening of official terms. With longer terms, and fewer elections, the short ballot must be secured by making overlapping terms, so that only a part of the official list is renewed at a time. That is not only the conclusion of the best present-day students of government, but it is the trend of the times all over the country.

Then, All Is Well. Dr. Juki Sojeda, formerly vice minister of finance of Japan and one time president of the Industrial Bank of Japan, in fact, so big a man as to be selected by the Japanese Associated Chamber of Commerce as the official representative to come to the United States and investigate relations affecting Japan, has spent six weeks investigating and has forecasted his report in a San Francisco interview.

In effect he finds from a tour of the country that the only anti-Japanese feeling is in California, that elsewhere Americans, especially business men, are most cordially disposed toward the people of Japan. He admits, nevertheless, conditions just now are delicate, inasmuch as the feeling abides deep-rooted here that Japanese are ineligible to American citizenship, that they would not assimilate with us. Of course, they could not, he retorts, when denied the opportunity as now. But he urges his government to use its best efforts to obtain for its subjects in the United States the privilege of becoming American citizens. There is the crux of the question. There is where Japan stands and evidently will stand until the whole question of race intercourses is disposed of better than at present.

The envoy concludes with the assertion that, "I have told my countrymen they might hope for just and equitable treatment at the hands of their American neighbors," in which, of course, he is right. Concerning the matter of war, he says there will be none unless Americans force it, which, ought, then, to settle that question. "Japan will not fight through imperialistic motive," he asserts. And the United States has no thought of fighting through any motive.

Indecent Fiction. The time has come for effective protest against the vicious tendency of many fiction writers to weave their stories around immoralities and other forms of social delinquency. They do it, of course, because it sells their wares and makes it less difficult to get publishers. To what deplorable ends have we come if our literature must stand or fall solely upon its money-making power, ignoring not only the merit of writing, but the moral influence as well? Are we headed toward the time when salacious word-painting shall determine the merits of "best sellers"?

The defense offered, of course, is that immoral characters and phases of life have always formed a part of standard fiction; that some of the most revered of the old authors dealt in them. So they did, but for a wholly different reason and in a totally different manner than the motive and method of today. The old writer made his villain or immorality the pattern of vice to be shunned, while the offending modern author makes his a pattern of virtue and heroism. The former fictionalist clothed these characters in hateful attire; the present-day writer makes them attractive, alluring and to the unwary acceptable. The wonder is that some of the late fiction has escaped exclusion from the mails in this instinctively censorious age.

The desirable length of a contract between individuals depends upon circumstances. If a tenant is leasing a building, for example, and is convinced he is getting the best of the bargain, he wants a long lease. If he thinks the rent will come down, or the same money will soon procure better quarters, he wants a short lease. In a contract with the city fixing rates for a public service, the same rules will govern; in that case, however, it is generally a safe proposition that the public interest fares better with a short contract.

Well, if the fake reform organ is willing to approve a gas franchise running twenty-five years, it cannot find fault with the limitation to twenty-one years contained in the home rule charter.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES JULY 21, 1900

Thirty Years Ago—The Union Pacific crossed butts with the B. & O. and put them to rout by a score of 11 to 2. Handie distinguished himself by thirteen potshots.

A little son of George T. Crandell was badly torn by the exploding of a cartridge. Morris Sullivan recently found an interesting expense book lost by someone on St. Mary's avenue, which the owner can have if he will call on Morria.

"Anti-minors are alive, and so is 'Spectral Sam,' who has opened a first-class clothing store on Farnam, one door west of Jacobson's, his employer for years. He and his partner, Edward Gleason, his partner, and don't you forget it."

The speed program for the coming state fair is put out under the name of William Chambers, superintendent of the speed department. Dr. Tilden has moved his office to the Nebraska National bank building, Twelfth and Farnam.

Mrs. E. H. Call, 112 South Tenth street, wants a good girl for general housework. Mrs. W. A. J. Goodwin, secretary, has donated a handsome buggy for the matron of the Home for the Friendless at Lincoln.

The friends of Prof. Miles H. Carlton gave him a surprise party last evening in celebration of his birthday anniversary. Mrs. P. S. Post, jr., were registered at the Murray.

Miss Coryell Wood, who was graduated with high honors in Chicago, said she contemplated a permanent residence in Omaha. Judge Palmer called a populist pow-wow to order at Knights of Labor hall, George A. Magney was chosen chairman, W. A. J. Goodwin, secretary, and D. Clem Deaver was called on to state the object of the gathering.

In a few of those grand old "well-chosen" words, Mr. Deaver ripped off the reasons in fifteen minutes. They were to talk over the political situation from the populist standpoint. Among other luminous figures on the floor were George Washington Brewster, Dave Rowdan, Allen Root and V. O. Strickler. The echoes of utopian phrases were filling the hall when a mighty din when suddenly somebody started to pass the hat, whereat all noise ceased and a silence fell like a dull thud upon the assembled multitude.

Dr. Howard's residence, 1216 North Nineteenth street, was entered by burglars, who got away with jewelry valued at \$50. They worked in broad daylight. The new Board of Public Works reorganized the force of inspectors under its control, dropping about half of those on the payroll.

Loaded. An old colored woman on the banks of the James river, in Virginia, was afflicted with ague and rheumatism. When her physician commanded her to swallow several large quinine capsules she obeyed, but the operation frightened her nearly to death. After the doctor had left, she lay upon the bed and groaned.

Her daughter, moved to compassion, finally took down the old woman's clay pipe from the shelf, filled it with tobacco and carried it to her in one hand, while in the other she held a red-hot coal with a pair of tongs. "Huh, ma," she said. "Light up yoh pipe, an' ease yoh'er wid a little smoke."

"Lawdy!" cried the old mammy. "Don't bring none ob dem live coals so close to me! Don't you know I jest swallowed a lot ob cartridges?"—Popular Magazine.

People Talked About. Pincus Zaitoune of New York, a retired shirtmaker, who has just scored a century of years, tangled with Prince Nicotine for twenty-five years. Thirteen great grandchildren, thirty-four grandchildren, three sons and two daughters participated in the centennial celebration and watched his spouse.

Postmaster General Burleson, hearty son of Texas, is the early riser of the administration in Washington. He rises at 5, reads papers until 6, breakfasts and reads reports until 7, works at his department desk until 8, dines between 8 and 7 and scoots to bed at 8 1/2. The 14c Motine club women are discarding diamonds from their show buckles. The glare is too often mistaken for auto headlights.

Roswell Yorke, a New York jockey, injured the other day, blames his disaster to his refusal to heed a warning conveyed to him by a girl who dreamed of his fall. A purchase is the latest addition to the campaign equipment of the Brooklyn women suffrage party. From the cart Mrs. Greely will peddle yellow woman suffrage flowers, saving banks, suffrage literature and soap.

A ribbon fish, the first caught off the Jersey coast since 1838, when Henryy Point was a reservation for naturists, has been caught by William B. Davis of Ocean City, N. J. The fish measures four feet in length. Mrs. Adella Wilson was married to Charles A. Wilson at Luzerne, N. Y., July 19. This is the fourth time she has been married, yet she has never changed her name. Her maiden name was Wilson and ten years ago she married the first of four brothers in a family of the same name.

Secretary of Navy Daniels has ordered that naval officers on duty in places where their uniforms come in contact with dust, grease, etc., shall wear overalls or jumpers. Secretary Daniels agrees with Colonel Goethals, who says that officers are so fussy about their clothing that they neglect some work.

Humor of the Middleman. Brooklyn Eagle. Time works miracles. Who would have believed at the battle of Gettysburg that the next meeting of the blue and the gray on that site would result in sending back into homes all over the nation, as is being done today, a feeling which will knit the nation into stronger bonds than ever since it was divided by the great struggle?

Twice Told Tales

Unnecessary Notice. The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door post, talking in low tones. Presently the young woman looked round to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired. "John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bellpost and let the rest of the family get some sleep!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mystery Solved. Prof. Brander Matthews, the eminent critic, was talking at Columbia university about the wretched quality of modern American fiction. "When I look over our best sellers," said Prof. Matthews, "I can't believe that the writers are really doing their best. I believe that they must loathe their work—that they must be ashamed of their work."

"But such work, if it catches on, pays, while fine work can never pay like a best seller. And so, I suppose, we must say of our modern American novelists as of most other people: "They give up what they like to do in order to get what they like to have."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Night. Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness in the west side court of Denver, Colo. "Hold up your right hand," said the judge. "Up went Pat's left hand."

"Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge sternly, really doing their best. "Burr, and I am, yer honor," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left side."—Woman's Home Companion.

His Alibi. "And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas judge of a meek-looking prisoner. "Yes, sir, and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?" "I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graeton the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graeton's."

The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."—National Food Magazine.

Around the Cities. Cleveland, Milwaukee, Denver and Omaha are mulling for modern railroad depots big enough to handle the traffic. St. Joseph (Mo.) club women are demanding lower street car fares or the police must shoo the street corner rubbernecks.

St. Louis hotels now employ only negro waiters. St. Paul clergymen are protesting against Sunday river excursions. Boston has a policeman who scores 100 points in all examination tests.

Philadelphia expects to secure ice from Newry, to come in ships as ballast. "Tree Trees," two feet in circumference, near Tarrytown, N. Y., famous in history, has just died. St. Louis yearly pays \$1,000,000 to sustain its churches, which hold property valued at \$10,000,000.

The Philadelphia water cops are so fat they can't swim out to rescue the drowning. No reformer has ever undertaken to enforce elimination rules for keeping the police force thin.

Here and There. Chicago health board offers free typhoid fever serum inoculation to 1,000 citizens to popularize the idea. Louisville, Ky., grocers who keep their produce properly clean are rewarded with certificates of merit by Housewives' league.

Alaskan purchases from the United States proper have grown from \$17,000 in 1873 to \$2,444,000 in 1909 and to \$30,000,000 in 1912. San Francisco is considering an electric curfew. The scheme is to have the electric lights all over the city give a signal at 9 o'clock, after which all children must be off the streets.

According to an English parliamentary committee, the production of all of London's electric power in a few large stations would save 6,000,000 tons of coal a year and greatly lessen the smoke nuisance. As a move toward standardizing the United States government will require all electric vehicles purchased for its departments in the fiscal year beginning with July to conform to certain specifications.

According to the latest available statistics there are 67,000 lace makers in Belgium, all of whom work at their homes. To this number should be added about 3,000 girls and women in the government and religious schools who are learning to make lace.

Time Works Miracles. Brooklyn Eagle. Time works miracles. Who would have believed at the battle of Gettysburg that the next meeting of the blue and the gray on that site would result in sending back into homes all over the nation, as is being done today, a feeling which will knit the nation into stronger bonds than ever since it was divided by the great struggle?

The Bee's Letter Box

Editor's Note—As the controversial discussion in this column on the subject of religion, faith, rewards and punishments seems to have been carried as far as its usefulness to our readers would warrant, we give notice that the debate will close with letters now in hand. We thank those who have contributed to this discussion and ask them to write us on other topics.

An Overcast on Patience. COLUMBIAS, Neb., July 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: I wonder whether Charles Wooster has got no pity at all for the readers of The Bee in giving them such bad stuff almost daily and at over 100 degrees in the shade.

I am sure that the majority of your readers would be very grateful to him if he would discontinue writing against any and all religion "and have printed in their paper."

If Mr. Wooster cannot keep it to himself and must tell the world what wisdom there is within his philosophy, let him hire a hall and charge so much per.

The great journalist he is, why not start a paper and tell all about it? At any rate, Mr. Wooster, be merciful with The Bee readers and your wooden god will be merciful with you.

A READER OF THE BEE. (For thirty-five years.) A Protest to the School Board. OMAHA, July 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: My attention has been called to the recent action of the school board, in demoting Mr. Nathan Bernstein as head of the physics department of the high school. Now I really believe that a serious error has been made and in discussing this matter with others, find that the opinion of Mr. Bernstein, who know to be an energetic, well educated teacher, and the testimony of his many pupils, both past and present, speaks well for him.

He has been in the Omaha High school for sixteen years and during that time nothing but praise has been heard of him. Many of us feel that so many years of faithful and successful service deserves promotion and that the Board of Education has made a serious error, which should be speedily rectified. We ask this for the future good of Omaha, as we honestly believe that our city can ill afford to do anything which shall harm a good and efficient public servant. ADAM JAMIESON, 218 Ohio street.

The Creed of Materialism. SOUTH OMAHA, July 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Man feared death, so to relieve himself of the apprehension of his dying hours, he created an eternal "hereafter" to make the thought of death more pleasant. And with man's imagination he conceived that hereafter he should be equipped with all the good things his heart desired. He told himself: "I must die to live." Consequently, when death was at hand, he felt that immortality was at least to be realized. And this belief is not only a cardinal decree of Christianity, but of practically every other powerful religion.

The American Indian had his "Happy Hunting Ground" long ere the disciples of the Christian religion came to teach them of heaven and hell. In such a way is the innate desire for immortality expressed in every believer of every creed.

Back, long, long years ago, when the progeny of primitive man scattered over the earth, there may have been a single, concrete idea of religion. But, separated from the influence of local conditions, this creed was gradually evolved into several. As time wore on, each of the several claimed precedence of age over the others. Possibly the original creed perished, or it may be retained within one of the ancient doctrines. But Christianity (ignoring the delightfully fantastical fairy tale of Adam and Eve) could hardly have been more than a result of these elementary beliefs.

"Where did the first man inherit his religion?" And I would ask: "Where did he inherit his body, his mind, his very existence?" The secret of the world's, of man's, creation has never been and probably never will be disclosed. The first primitive men, whatever their origin, did not possess either the knowledge or the facilities to perpetuate their histories. For centuries, perhaps, (scientific men tell us the globe is thousands of years old) men lived and died without permanent notation of that fact. Then who shall say: "He was the first man" and "he did this?"

If "real Christians know none of hell" I sadly fear the pews and pulpits of most of our churches are full of Christians. Why is there constant allusion to this mythical inferno by religious personages if there be no hell? Or is it simply a "jolly" in Christianity, something not to be taken seriously? Religion should in all events be sincere! You illusion yourself, "W. T.," referring to my "fear" of hell. I leave that fear to you who can conceive of a hell!

As for Mr. Webster's definition of a pagan, Mr. Webster was a Christian hence his views. Ask a Mohammedan "What is heterodoxy?" and he will reply, "Christianity," because the latter is at variance with his own faith. So it depends upon who's foot the boot is on.

And as for its "application in my case," I worship but to the reality of nature in a Vatican whose floor is the verdant grass of the forests, whose dome is the blue of the sky's overhead. My tribute is to live toward my fellow men as I would have them live toward me—without hypocrisy, without animosity, without fear. My religion is as vast as the world and in it I find contentment I cannot elsewhere obtain. My immortality is the privilege of existing now. And of the mistakes, the sorrows and misfortunes of the world I bear my portion uncomplainingly, because I believe that not gods work out man's destiny upon this terrestrial sphere. Such is the creed of materialism—the doctrine of infidelity as W. T. would have it!—Burtin culique! JOHN BOTO.

Tabloids of Science. An instrument in the weather bureau at Washington records every lightning flash within 100 miles. The surest way to determine the age of a painting, according to a London chemist, is to analyze the pigments.

The United States is the home of the heavier-ut-air machines, and yet it has done less than any of the other nations, to develop it. The rounded noses of modern sleeping cars have been found to provide a purer air than the older style of decked roof with windows in the sides.

A portable searchlight, supplied with a battery of cells, is being used by the U. S. Army to illuminate the night sky.

ens from a tank carried on a man's back. has been invented to enable fishermen to see the tops of poles at night without having to climb them. For testing the germinating qualities of seeds quickly an Iowa man has patented a cabinet something like an incubator, warm moisture rising through the walls and dropping on the seed trays.

A New Yorker has invented a motor truck with four rear wheels instead of two, so mounted on short axles that the load is equally distributed among all of them regardless of the roughness of a road.

"Tired Mothers." Mary Elley Smith. A little elbow leans upon your knee. Your tired knee that has so much to bear. A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly from underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

"But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do today. We are so full and thankful, and so slow to catch the sunshine till it slips away. And now it seems surpassing strange to me. That while I wore the badge of motherhood, I did not kiss more oft and tenderly the little child that brought me only good."

And if some night, when you sit down to rest, You miss this elbow from your tired knee, This restless curly head from off your breast, This slipping tongue that chatters contently, If from your own dimpled hand had slipped, And ne'er would nestle in your palm again, If the white feet into the grave had tripped, I could not blame you for your heart's ache then.

I wonder so that mothers even fret At little children clinging to their gown, Or that footprints, when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them mourn. If I could find a little muddy boot, Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor, If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot, And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart today, Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky, There is no woman in God's world could say She was more blissfully content than I. But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own Is never rumped by a shining head, My silver-birdling from its nest has flown— The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

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