

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

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MARCH CIRCULATION: 52,544

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of March, 1913 was 52,544.

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

Swatted your first fly yet? The month of April would not be itself without its showers.

As we get it, Chairman Underwood wants to pulverize the sugar trust.

Japan, we are sure, realizes that discretion is the better part of valor.

"Schools for Mexico," says a headline. Yes, that might help a little.

Organize a base ball league in Mexico and let the war problem solve itself.

The late legislature seems to be having the most long lingering death of all.

Bob Fitzsimmons is to become a lecturer. On pugilism or matrimony?

Omaha ought to be the safest city in the country to live in now that it has been tormented.

After all, the terms producer and consumer are relative, for every consumer must first produce.

It will remove much of the drama of ocean travel to refer to an upper deck as upstairs instead of above.

In burying the hatchet Speaker Clark let Secretary Bryan throw in about three shovels of dirt to his one.

France proposes to tax the baby's carriage. Next thing it will be taking the little fellow's candy away from him.

The last will and testament of the late J. Pierpont Morgan is an interesting document—also disappointing to most of us.

Atlanta is predestined to be a busy place for two weeks in May with the four schools of Presbyterianism holding their general assemblies there.

Who says this is not a progressive age? The last testimonial from Omaha citizens to an army officer is an automobile; the one before that was a horse.

The promise is made that the volume of our 1913 session laws will for once be printed and ready for distribution on time. We have heard that promise before, but will be glad to be shown.

Perhaps it would be a good gambler's chance to bet that Judge Guthrie of Kansas City, who had the unsuccessful little run-in with the newspaper editor, will not ask for a vindication at the polls.

The superintendent of the Norfolk asylum has resigned because he declines to be a party to making that institution a foot ball of politics. That new board of control evidently has some trouble ahead of it.

Over in Chicago a development of the split fee system has been uncovered whereby the doctors divide with the maternity hospitals. We take it Nebraska's new anti-fee splitting law will prevent the transplanting of that little graft to this state.

From the fact that Mr. Morgan's will is executed under date of January last, it is reasonable to assume that the great money king was at that time satisfied he had about lived out his allotted life and made arrangements accordingly.

"Our brothers of the Pacific coast understand the oriental question much better than we do of the Atlantic coast," says a writer in the New York Sun. And that fact needs to be kept ever in mind in judging the Californians' attitude toward their oriental residents.

Red Cross Again.

The Bee is in receipt of a letter from Mabel T. Boardman, the active head of the National Red Cross society, which will be found on this page, explaining at considerable length why that worthy organization did not take a hand in the relief work in Omaha, but devoted its energies to the flood districts of Ohio and Indiana.

In this connection, it should be understood, as before iterated, that Omaha has no complaint to make because the Red Cross people decided its assistance was not needed here, because events have justified that decision. The invitation to criticism of the Red Cross has come, not from anything its officers have done, or could control, but from the over-zealous exploitation of the Red Cross work in magazines and other periodicals boasting about its quick response to the call from Omaha as an example of how that society goes to the rescue of every stricken community. Had the Red Cross publicity agents confined themselves to the strict facts, no one hereabouts would have had any comment to pass.

Printing, the Facts.

Senator Works of California urges legislation to prevent newspapers from publishing facts of crime or disaster, which he considers demoralizing in effect. Only one daily paper that we know of shares his views. It even excluded the facts of the Omaha tornado and Ohio floods from its columns. This may comport with certain ethics in which it and Senator Works believe, but it is not consistent with the function of a newspaper, which is nothing if not to print the news.

So long as the ultimate censorship of the press rests with the public in the bestowal of its favor, it seems safe to leave to the discriminating decency and intelligence of the publisher the determination of what to print. But as to the moral aspect of the question, is the abhorrence of evil lessened by giving publicity to the facts of everyday life? Here is a most timely and interesting comment by the Christian Endeavor World under the significant caption, "God in the Newspaper."

The daily press is as full of spiritual teaching of a kind as the Bible. It does not preach sermons, it is true, or tar on morals to its news, but the lessons are so plain that he that runs may read. Shining behind the tragic facts of multitudes of front page articles one may read such terrible texts as "Whatever a man saith, that shall he also reap;" "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption," and "The wages of sin is death."

God is speaking loudly in every newspaper in the country. The bush is aflame, yet men pass by unseeing. We cannot help feeling that this expresses the truth. "The wages of sin is death," and it is possible to impress the horror and repugnance of the wages in a cold-typed recitation. Humanity is emotional, no matter what any school of ethics may teach, and those emotions are susceptible to good as well as evil influences and back of all is the light of reason aroused by the voice of God, whether uttered through press or pulpit.

The Bryan-Clark Love Feast.

Mr. Bryan seems to have done about all the recanting in the burial of the hatchet between himself and Mr. Clark, judging from their public statements.

It is beyond the power of Colonel Bryan or anyone else to correct the injustice that was done to me at Baltimore. But now that Colonel Bryan in his public statement has done what he could to remove the injurious impressions that were created by his Baltimore speeches, I feel that we can all the better co-operate for the good of the administration.

If Mr. Bryan can see any exculpation in that statement by Mr. Clark he is lynx-eyed. It leaves no room for doubt that Clark still blames Bryan for his defeat at Baltimore and will continue to rankle under it, no matter what show may be made of personal friendship for party purposes. Mrs. Clark's words still ring in the public ear:

I have often warned my husband to look out for that man Bryan. Mr. Bryan's statement given out from the reconciliation dinner is much more apologetic, but it is always easier for the winner than the loser in any contest to do the apologizing.

It is my earnest wish that there may be cordial co-operation between the State department and the speaker in carrying out the policies of the administration. This concluding sentence of Mr. Bryan's statement suggests the selfish motive impelling the suit for peace with the speaker, which, no doubt, is instituted by direction of the president, himself, rather than by the voluntary abnegation of his secretary of state.

Emma Goldman will let her press agent, Doc Reisman, overshadow her if she is not careful. He gets a slug head on his arrest and Emma slips off into an inside page under a single liner with her meeting and speech.

An Illinois law-maker proposes to raise the standard of journalism and journalists by law. Wonder if he ever thought of raising the standard of legislators—particularly in Illinois.

The silk tile is said to date from early in the nineteenth century. The old derby may not date so far back, but it has a more promising future.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files APRIL 21, 1913.

Thirty Years Ago—George Dickinson, the popular train dispatcher for the Union Pacific, was surprised and camed at his residence on Howard street, all on account of his birthday. Conductor Charles H. Mack was spokesman.

The Union Pacific base ball club played their first game with the St. Louis Browns at St. Louis, the game terminating suddenly at the end of the second inning by rain with no score.

The Humane society at its meeting decided to locate the drinking fountain donated by Mrs. Appleton of Boston, at the corner of Douglas and Thirteenth streets.

Beck beer was put on the market today, thus forcing the season a week. Only Sunday school last night presented to a crowded house two juvenile plays to the enjoyment of the audience.

Miss Minnie Rath will spend the summer in Canada with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Cochran.

Adolph Meyer of the firm of Max Meyer & Bros., returned from the east with his bride.

John R. Manchester went out to Columbus.

The owner of one large red and white spotted cow can have the same by calling for it at 1823 Webster street, where it has been taken up.

Telegraph wires were down because of an April snowstorm out in the state, which, however, passed by Omaha.

Twenty Years Ago—Deputy Sheriff Lewis got back from central Illinois, where he spent a week with his parents.

James S. Gunning, for two years in the employ of S. A. McWhorter, was planning to go to Louisville, Ky., to represent J. F. Harris & Co., grain merchants of Chicago.

Frank Gebhart, credit man for the People's Mammoth Installment house, accompanied by his brother, Francis, left for Baltimore in response to a message announcing the grave illness of their father.

"Parson" Davies, manager of Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, who was in the city with his actor-pug, intimated that Jim Corbett was afraid to meet Jackson again, preferring Charles Mitchell instead. He said he posted a forfeit with the New York Clipper, which Gentleman Jim failed to meet.

Peter Jackson, the black prize fighter, starred at the Farnam Street theater as Uncle Tom in Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and, according to critics, twinkled like a real star.

The chimney of Monmouth Park school was blown off by a stiff wind that passed this way.

General Manager Dickinson of the Union Pacific said he was to meet the shopmen strikers in a friendly conference and was confident of a compromise that would end the trouble and send the men back to work.

Ten Years Ago—The Union Pacific announced that its veteran general western agent at San Francisco, D. W. Hitchcock, would retire and be succeeded by S. F. Booth.

"I look for no substantial relief, such as the people of the state need, from this law," said Representative George L. Loomis of Fremont, one of the democratic leaders of the lower branch of the Nebraska legislature at the 1903 session, in commenting on the new revenue law enacted.

Judge Irving F. Baxter was entertaining his father, George Baxter, of Syracuse, N. Y., who, already having large investments in Nebraska, was looking for just the right place to live in this state permanently.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flynn, the former being the esteemed custodian of the county jail, and this was the second child born to them at that location within eighteen months.

The Board of Education decided to keep a close tab on the quality of service rendered by high school teachers, adopting this resolution: "That the superintendent furnish each member of the board a report upon conditions in the high school, showing the number of teachers, number of classes taught by each and number of pupils in each class, the number of failures in each class and the grade taught by each teacher, said report to be made twice each year."

Twice Told Tales

A Story Jones Tells.

A well known Philadelphia lawyer tells of an enterprising man in that city who retained him to prosecute an action. Consultation with the plaintiff's witnesses revealed the fact that their stories were most conflicting and consequently far from convincing. This fact was communicated by the lawyer to his client and the latter was advised to drop the suit. After some hesitation the client said that he would have a talk with the witnesses and the next day inform the lawyer what he would do if the matter.

The next day the client appeared, quite cheerful, and with the air of a man who has won a good fight. "I have talked to all witnesses," said he, "and they all say they must have been mistaken when they conferred with you. They all see it alike now. I have also seen some of the jurymen and they think I will win. Now, if there is such a thing as justice in law, we can't lose!" —Chicago Record-Herald.

When Poets Meet.

Two poets meet on the street and one says, "Good day."

And the other poet says, "You lie—it's a rotten day."

And the first poet says, "How do you like your days?"

And the second poet says, "I don't like 'em raw, anyhow."

"Oh, don't you," says the first poet. "But doesn't Lowell say, 'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

"Yes. But doesn't Longfellow say, 'The day is done?'"

"You gather, then—"

"That poets may cook their days to suit their taste. The day is cold and dark and dreary, isn't it?"

"It is. Do you think it will clear up in time for a game?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Busy Day.

"Being caught in a restaurant the other day there was a sudden downpour," Harold Remington, formerly of Cleveland, delights in telling his friends. "I mechanically picked up the first umbrella at hand and started out with it. A woman pounced upon me, exclaiming, 'You are carrying off my umbrella, sir!' I returned it with an elaborate apology, which was received with manifest skepticism."

"When I got home I looked over the family collection of half a dozen assorted umbrellas and found that every one of them had a broken rib or a torn cover and in some way needed overhauling. So I decided to take the whole bunch back downtown with me to the repairer."

"As I was riding tranquilly in the subway somewhat embarrassed with my armful of umbrellas, what was my horror to see the woman of the restaurant I encountered earlier in the day, seated directly opposite me. She recognized me at once and said with a cynical smile:

"My, but you have had a good day of it, haven't you?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tabloids of Science

For felling trees a motor-driven circular saw which travels on a track as it cuts its way around a tree has been invented.

Match marks can be removed from paint by rubbing with a cut lemon, then with whitening and then washing with soap and water.

Oil paintings can be cleaned with a cut potato, followed by a wiping with water, a drying with cotton and a final polishing with a silk handkerchief.

It is estimated that an investment of \$200,000,000 would be required to produce mechanically as much nitrogen as comes yearly from the nitrate deposits of Peru.

Slag from garbage incinerating plants is valuable for filling between ceiling and floors of storage warehouses, as it is sterile and contains no sulphur to injure stored goods.

By means of an ingenious instrument, the hydroscope, the human eyesight can penetrate the ocean depths and clearly distinguish objects more than a mile below the surface.

One of the greatest collections of the African stone age, that of Herbert Ward, the noted sculptor, sole survivor of the Henry M. Stanley expedition, is to be presented to the Smithsonian institution.

Signs of Progress

A rat proof corner is made of concrete and wire mesh with a tin roof.

All the handcars of a large southern railroad are being equipped with gasoline motors.

Chicago is contemplating the installation of a \$600,000 high pressure water system for fire purposes.

A Denver hotel has disappearing beds so that the rooms may be used for display purposes during the day.

The Bee's Letter Box

The Red Cross and Omaha. WASHINGTON, April 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: My attention has been called to an article published in The Omaha Bee in regard to the Red Cross and the Omaha cyclone. Directly upon the news of this cyclone reaching the Red Cross, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, the national director, telegraphed to the governor of the state asking if Red Cross assistance was needed. The governor replied:

Death list in state near 200. Number injured unknown at present. Property losses very large. Starving injured and are caring for needy. No assistance necessary from outside of state. Your offer of assistance appreciated by me.

However, from the newspaper reports the disaster seemed so serious that Mr. Bicknell decided to proceed to Omaha. In the meantime we have instructed our Red Cross representatives, Mr. Eugene T. Lios of Chicago, and Mr. C. M. Hubbard of St. Louis, to proceed to Omaha to offer Red Cross assistance if necessary.

Mr. Lios reached there March 22 and, after consultation with those interested telegraphed to Mr. Bicknell as follows:

Mayor Dahlen and T. J. Mahoney, chairman citizens' committee, say no funds from outside the state seem necessary now. Emergency plans devised by Major Hartman, local army officer, well in hand. About 120 dead in Omaha. Your presence unnecessary.

Mr. Bicknell, having already started, had reached Chicago, but turned back to go to Ohio. I think, in justice to the American Red Cross these facts should be known. Its assistance was offered, but it was informed no outside aid was required. It should hardly, then, be blamed for taking no further action.

Since that information has reached this office that assistance was not desired at Omaha, and we are hoping that we may be of some help in this matter. Our difficulty is that the contributions sent in to the Red Cross always come in liberally if we are able to issue our appeals while the papers are full of the news of a disaster, but if issued some time after, there is very little response and the papers generally speaking, will not even print the appeal.

A disaster caused by the floods in Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, and threatening the lower Mississippi, has filled the press and brought in very generous contributions for the flood sufferers. Of course, though these contributions have been generous, the territory to be covered and the number of people that have suffered amount to very many thousands, so that as far as the individual is concerned, there can only be a little used for each.

In regard to the nurses, the Red Cross stood ready to provide a number from outside of Omaha if required to care for those injured by the cyclone, but no request of it for extra nurses was made.

I think Miss Leupp's article gave hardly a fair impression of this office. We have been at work here in a small room, which is our headquarters, some times with nine or ten people, and at all times with at least seven, ever since the pressure for this late relief work began. Much of our force have worked night after night until midnight. This, of course, is only our office force.

In the flooded district we have had some thirty agents under Mr. Bicknell, who himself has been at work with his assistants from early morning until midnight. We have also had about 200 nurses in the flooded area. It was not from lack of any interest in Omaha that the Red Cross was not equally active there, but only because we were informed such outside aid was not required.

I would be much obliged if in justice to the Red Cross you would kindly print this letter. MABEL T. BOARDMAN, Chairman of the National Relief Board.

Our Primitive Street Cleaning.

OMAHA, April 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: It seems to me our city wastes time and money in its primitive method of street cleaning. I stood and watched a gang of men working on Fortieth street north of Davenport and was impressed with the need of a more business-like system. The men scraped up the dirt—some of it—in piles and shoveled it leisurely into a wagon that came along in due time and that was all there was to it. They leave about as much as they take by this method. But even at that if the city commissioner in charge of this department would, or had the facilities for following up this little touch of cleaning with a thorough flushing it would do some good. As things are the so-called cleaning can hardly be detected in a day or two. I am convinced that this matter of street cleaning is one of great importance to come before the charter-makers. We waste time and money and do not have clean streets—in our residence district—to enjoy after all under present conditions. There are streets in our resident sections that are hardly touched with a cleaning in the course of a year. ASA McPHERSON.

Work of the City Fireman.

OMAHA, April 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Since the memorable day of the greatest disaster that ever struck our city there is hardly a day passes that you do not hear of some act of heroism, either collectively or singular. I do not wish to detract anything from the brave deeds and acts that were performed during this trying time. But I would say this, that men that were actually on the spot first and owing to their trained condition saved many persons who would not have been saved today, and who blindly cut their way through the debris, removing high voltage wires, to succor the unfortunates, not knowing what instant they would meet their death trying to save others, but that body of men was our brave fire department, who were handicapped from the very beginning, but with unwavering energy, with axes and paws, many a man owes his life to their to-day. It was impossible for them to work in unity, but in that dark and awful night each man proved himself a thorough American, and never for any favors whatever, but simply did his duty as a good fireman should do. Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and other cities do everything they can for their fire ladders, but also Omaha neglects its most important arm of the city and never give their firemen any consideration, but tries to crush their spirit if anything goes wrong, but never a word of praise. Citizens of Omaha, wake up and look to your fire department, who in the call of duty may not when they may leave loved ones to mourn their loss, and when speaking of heroes forget not your firemen who were there first and did work that the world will never know. CONSTANT READER.

Muffled Knocks

Men wish to talk about their work, women about their neighbors. And both are pretty tiresome.

After a man has learned what there is in it for him he has little difficulty in making up his mind.

They usually fall for it, but once in a while the tremolo stop sustains a rebuff at the hands of a jury.

The robbery of a poor man arouses indignation. But the robbery of a rich man merely stimulates applause.

Education is a grand good thing, and people are beginning to appreciate it. A good school teacher can make \$50 a month, for seven or eight months every year.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

"My darling, I love you. Let me enfold you in my heart. Let me make you forever and forever my beautiful May queen."

"That's all very pretty, George, but not practical. Make me your June bride and enthrone me in a bungalow and I'll call it a go." —St. Louis Republic.

"I suppose Mrs. Smith is much distressed about her husband's death?"

"That's good news," said Mrs. Way-out. "I hadn't expected anything better than a cheap gin-gam." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What were poor old Hartley's last words?" asked Hicks at the funeral.

"He didn't have any," said the widow. "I was with him to the last." —Harper's Weekly.

UNFOOLABLE FATHER.

Strickland Gillilan in Leslie's. I used to do some little tricks my father (disapproved);

Would play with tools he'd put in place and said should not be moved; Go fishing when he'd pointed out some weeds among the corn—

Do all the bad things boys have done since first a boy was born. I never stopped to figure that he'd had a boyhood, too—

I used to think I'd fool my dad, but now I know he knew.

He knew that, when his back was turned, I'd work a little less Than when he stayed about me with his rigid watchfulness;

He knew his orders roused in me a little streak of mule— Was he not once as young as I, and quite as big a fool—

And so, although he held his peace, this thing I say is true; I used to think I fooled my dad, but now I know he knew.

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