

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

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DECEMBER CIRCULATION. 54,211

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 December, 1914, was 54,211.

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

Thought for the Day

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do that makes life blessed.—Goethe.

This earthquake business can be easily overdone.

Shoveling snow or shoveling coal—equally healthy exercise.

Punctuality is a jewel too rarely displayed by some of our county commissioners.

The grandfather clause means more now to the occupant of the White House than it used to.

Farmers with loaded bins of wheat or other bread-making grains have no urgent need for "Don't Worry clubs."

Official anxiety for a municipal sinking fund would carry an air of sincerity if officials made a sinking fund stay put.

Considering the general repute of San Domingo for tropical heat, the wonder is that Minister Sullivan kept his shirt on.

Despite the cordiality of neighborly advances, Medicine Hat persists in the cold storage treatment for mild weather lovers.

Never mind, Mr. Commissioner Best, keep it up, and you will in time get the transaction of county business down to a business basis.

The commissioning of eighty-nine colonels by Governor Morehead puts Nebraska in the forefront of states prepared for any emergency.

Two guesses of the name that will be bestowed on the new infant at the White House, and if you repeat you will guess right both times.

Doubtless there are men in Washington who will contend that the arrival of a grandson at the White House is not the reason why the president walks the floor.

The biennial investigation and regulation of the South Omaha stock yards and commission houses suggests to all concerned that Lincoln is an ideal resort for a winter vacation.

Occasional outbursts of campaign thunder in congress and Indianapolis are not keynotes alone, but advance notices of the red line dates the makers must feature in the calendars of 1916.

The proposed increase in various municipal expenses, made to order in the city hall, is interesting as an exhibit of the prodigal generosity of those who are not obliged to dig the money out of their own pockets.

Secretary of Agriculture Houston is heedlessly averse in classing college students as narrow minded. By the time they reach Mr. Houston's years and opportunities they will have acquired breadth of vision at least equal to the range of the secretary's spectacles.

Thirty Years Ago

James Stockdale and family who left Omaha last May for an extended trip to England and other points, and whose vessel was said to have been shipwrecked, have reached Omaha safe and sound.

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Popular Vote and the Administration.

Among the many things said by President Wilson in his speech on Jackson's day was an assertion that, had 1914 been a presidential year, the popular vote showed the democrats would have had a majority of eighty-three in the electoral college.

If the figures of the late election have any significance, it must be they reflect a growing popular distrust of the democratic party. Mr. Wilson and his associates may juggle the facts as they will, but the outlook now is not encouraging for them.

Altogether Unduly Alarmed.

From a reader of The Bee out in the state we have an evidently frank letter asking us to pursue an article that appeared recently in the Literary Digest entitled "A Call to German-Americans to Organize."

Being thus asked for our opinion, we freely give it, to the effect that those who raise this question are either insincere or altogether unduly alarmed.

Another President for Mexico. Again the wheel has turned, and another man sits in the chair as president in Mexico, the fifth in four years, and the term for which Porfirio Diaz was elected yet has a year to run.

State or Parent? Are we ready to substitute state for parental control of growing children? Should the parents be held responsible for the rearing and training of their offspring, or should society take over the task?

Sorenson's Scintillations. HE BEE recently began the publication of "A Thought for the Day" at the head of its editorial page, each day expressing some sentiment selected from some author.

War is hell, and so are earthquakes, especially in neutral Italy. The girls may wear low neck waists outdoors on the coldest day, winter, but don't ask them to have the office window down a couple of inches to ventilate the room.

Whether or not Senator Hitchcock's bill to prevent the sale of arms and ammunition to the European belligerents is passed, the fact remains that the senator continues to figure in the spotlight owing to his persistent opposition to the administration, which explains why he has been unable to distribute any pie to the hungry democrats in this great, grand, growing, glorious commonwealth, etc.

It is comparatively easy for any farmer who can only afford an automobile for travel and a tractor for work to pledge himself not to sell any of the horses he hasn't got to the warring nations of Europe.

Senators Dodge and Howell of Douglas led a kick the other day because of a reputed lack of ventilation of the senate chamber, and the consequent heat, which the senators get through the session without a more serious headache than from over-ventilation of the senate they be fortunate indeed.

What the medical profession is doing for the patient is a thing to make angels weep; it often makes patients swear, and, incidentally, starve. It really seems that the hospital furnishes the patient for his \$25 or \$30 a week in a room to sleep in and meals that he would kick about in a four-dollar-a-week boarding house.

The trouble is, of course, that the whole institution, so far as the service is concerned, is a training school; the kitchen, a cooking school, and everything is done by the cadets; the result to the patient being much the same as getting shaved in the clinic of a barber's college.

My own opinion is that hospitals need more publicity. They are altogether too close corporations. I do not mean that the lay public should break in and control them. The medical profession must, of course, be in control.

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Hospitals in Chicago; How About It in Omaha?

American Journal of Chemical Medicine. SOME time ago, at a gathering of medical men, when the conversation turned upon hospitals, a brilliant young obstetrician of this city, who has a large and growing practice, both hospital and private, said to me that, barring one or two exceptionally well-equipped and well-conducted establishments, he would rather have his patients under his care in a reasonably appointed home than in any hospital in the city.

Naturally, this rather sweeping assertion astonished me, and I asked him for his reasons. They were very simple, and very tersely and forcefully given. He declared that the average hospital was a good deal of a delusion; that to have one's patients in it gave one a false sense of security which the actual state of the case did not warrant; that one naturally relied upon a hospital affording equipment and facilities of service which, as a matter of fact, it did not afford; and that in an emergency one was more likely to be left in the lurch than he would be in the patient's home, where the attending physician himself was sure to forestall such occasions.

I was disposed to think, at the time, that my friend was exaggerating a little; that possibly he was fresh from some disagreeable experience at some particular hospital, and, like David, he said in his haste, "All men are liars."

However, I kept all these things in my heart, and pondered on them. I kept my eyes and my ears open, likewise my mouth, for I made quiet inquiry here and there among both physicians and laymen who were in a position to know something about the matter, and I must confess that the result of my still investigation is, to persuade me that my friend's obstetrician was not talking in any hyperbolic terms, but spoke forth the words of truth and soberness.

I dislike very much to criticize an institution such as the hospital. That sentiment, however, is just one of the things that is wrong with the whole situation. As an institution, the hospital is surrounded with a halo of sanctity that seems to exempt every individual establishment from ordinary twentieth century standards of efficiency, and to prevent everybody from venturing even a well meant word of criticism or suggestion.

The truth is—no matter how it, not alone from his own observations, but from the irresistible consensus of other men's experience—the average hospital is a very mismanaged and maladministered affair. Just where the fault lies, we are not now inquiring. We must inquire into that later. For the present, we are concerned only with pointing out the deplorable fact, a fact which really needs no pointing out to those who have anything to do with hospitals.

The service, from the patient's standpoint, is worse than a joke. Its ordinary department is a thing to make angels weep; it often makes patients swear, and, incidentally, starve. It really seems that the hospital furnishes the patient for his \$25 or \$30 a week in a room to sleep in and meals that he would kick about in a four-dollar-a-week boarding house.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Thought-Stimulating Thoughts. COLLEGE, NEB., Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I submit the within "Thought," one of Florence Nightingale's favorites of all her beautiful expressions. Because I am helped to think better thoughts by your "Thoughts for the Day," I send you this, trusting that others may derive benefit from it.

He Knew Lincoln. HOT SPRING, S. D., Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: I consider myself fortunate above many men of my generation now living, in that I knew Mr. Lincoln very well. I did not have a personal acquaintance with him, but knew him as well as you know any man who walks your streets, and heard him make some of his great speeches.

As I remember him, he was about six feet four inches high. When not in a hurry his favorite method of walking was with his head bent forward and his long arms folded behind his back under his swallow-tail coat. He was thin, wiry, slender, raw-boned. Standing he leaned forward—was what may be called stoop-shouldered.

He walked and worked slowly. His head had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame. Physically he was a very powerful man—lifting easily 400 to 500 pounds.

His cheek bones were high, his complexion sallow or dark, his ears were long and ran out almost at right angles from his head.

He was not a pretty man by any means, nor was he an ugly one; he was a homely, sad-looking man; careless of his looks; plain-looking and plain-acting.

What the Chiropractors Ask. OMAHA, Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: The medical doctors will oppose the bill to give state recognition to the chiropractic science of drugless healing. Cures are effected by means of spinal adjustments. It is quite different from osteopathy.

When the osteopaths applied to the legislature in 1901 for recognition the medical doctors put many stones in the way and demanded that the examination tests be as rigid as those prescribed by the medical board. Another session of the legislature found this to be unfair. Since 1909 the osteopaths have been admitted upon examination by a state board composed of osteopaths. The medical doctors themselves powerless to obstruct the progress of the new schools of healing, which in other states had proved their merit.

Now the chiropractors are asking for recognition on the same terms accorded to the osteopaths, and there is every reason to believe that they will get it. The fight made by the osteopaths as against the medical profession crystallized public sentiment on the issue and now it is a matter of common knowledge that the people look with favor upon any scientific school of healing that discards or minimizes the use of drugs.

About the Long Ballot. SOUTH OMAHA, Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: As one who has served on election boards a good many times, I will express my views that the long ballot is not such an evil in itself as some think it is, but some very needful changes could be made.

I am not a printer and do not know much about setting type, but it seems to me that the spaces on the ballot could be shortened without hurting anything and save in length that way a good deal. Then it would be well to have everything to be voted on placed on one ballot and not have three or four tickets, as we had last November. Then there is an intolerable burden that is heaped on the judges of election by requiring two of them to sign their names in ink on the back of every ballot on paper that is used for newspapers.

Last November two of us had to sign our names on such paper several hundred times. It seems to me that a provision could be made by which the election commissioner could have some distinguishing mark printed on the ballots and give the election judges a lot of very hard work. Then it seems to me that it would be good policy to increase the election boards to six members, and in case there was a tie to have the election inspector settle the tie in case of a disputed vote. Then at noon have three members of the election board go into a room by themselves and begin to count the ballots, and have the ballots taken to them at the end of each hour, and by the time the polls closed the count would have so far progressed that it would not take the judges until the next day to count the ballots.

Have a provision that no one counting the votes should divulge how the vote is progressing until after the polls close, under a severe penalty.

There has not been a legislature in the last twenty years in Nebraska that has not made the election machinery in the state more cumbersome than the legislature before had made it, and it is time a change was made so as to make the work less burdensome to the election boards. Have all elections, both primary and general, last from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Bural Child Fears the Fire. SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: Being introduced in the legislature at Lincoln to give the city of Omaha the right and power to install an electric plant at the pumping station at Florence to furnish power and light for the city of Omaha. Is this a repetition of the old water plant, where the taxpayers paid thousands and thousands of dollars costs and expenses and attorney fees before we got possession of the plant? Of course, this carries a bond issue without the approval of the taxpayers. It is not necessary to bother them with it, just assess it to the property—that's enough.

Are we going backward from a metropolitan city to a country village by stringing a lot of poles down the street and tearing up our sidewalks or cutting our paved streets to lay the wires for a second plant? Who is going to pay these bills? Oh, I suppose the taxpayers.

What is the matter with the Electric plant? Are they unable to furnish power or light to the city, or do so when requested? If it is an electric plant that you want, why not buy the one that is already installed? Why doesn't the Real Estate exchange and the Commer-

cial club legislative committee draft a bill and have it passed, giving the city of Omaha the right to buy at private sale and issue bonds to pay for an electric light and gas plant, and select three business men to negotiate this deal and submit it to the people for their approval? A thousand dollars to a nickel that I can pick two men in the exchange and purchase either of these plants for \$1,000,000 less to the taxpayers than this freezout proposition that you are starting, for you don't need two plants. Then, I never was of the opinion that it was a good policy to coax a man or party into partnership with you and at the first opportunity rob him. For I remember very well when the electric light plant company was organized, and we hailed it with a great deal of delight to think that we were going to have electric lights in our houses and arc lights on the street corners.

I am convinced beyond a doubt that the owners of the electric light plant and the gas plant, when properly managed, would be a good thing for the city of Omaha, but let us buy these in a business way and not commence such sharp practice.

The water plant is now running smoothly, as I understand, and we have one of the best managers that the country affords. But we are imposing upon him. He is packing the responsibility of the city, county and state on his shoulders—that is, he thinks he is. Why not relieve him of the last three so that he can have a good night's rest and wake up refreshed in the morning and give a full day's work to the interests of the water plant of which he is the manager.

These are merely the views of a taxpayer for more than thirty years in Omaha—one who will probably be a taxpayer for the rest of his life. Let us start the year 1915 by doing business on business principles and fair basis to all.

W. H. GREEN.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES. Farmer Hawbuck (to college-bred son home for the Christmas holidays)—That oldest gal of St. Barton's is gettin' ter be right good looking.

Ron—She's as beautiful as Hebe. Farmer Hawbuck—Aw shucks! She's a

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While it takes the severest tests of the elements to produce the old oak, king of the forest, it also requires a continuation of vicarious winds and storms to maintain its monarchy. Strong characters are kept strong very often only by the severest trials and tests of life.—The Bee.

The severest tests of the elements Produce the old oak tree—King—with a forest's reverence, Enwrapped in majesty.

Nor yet supreme, for needs must he Maintain his monarchy. So let the storms rage wild and free, And winds blow wrathfully.

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blame right purtier than he be. Why, he ain't no beauty; she gets it from her ma's folks.—Boston Transcript.

"I am a self-made man," said Mr. Cumro. "Didn't you wife have something to do with your career?" "She used to say so. But after seeing how I behave in society she refuses to take any of the blame.—Washington Star.

Little Helen was taken to church for the first time one Sunday. The service was a source of wonder to her, but after the altar basin had been named and she had put in her mite, her curiosity was uncontrollable, and she turned to her mother.

"Mother," said she, "what do we get for our money?"—Judge.

"Are you the leader of this band of men?" "No," replied the general in a turbulent territory; "I'm their follower. I tell them where I want them to go. Then I get behind them with a gun and see that they go there.—Baltimore American.

Polly—Molly seems to realize very fully the seriousness of getting married. Molly—Yes, the poor girl is just worried to death. There are sixteen girls who want to be her bridesmaid, and she can't decide which eight she can best afford to make enemies of.—Puck.

"See here, Charlie, I don't like that young fellow who comes here so much." "What's wrong with him, daddy?" "I'm told he doesn't pay his debts." "No," with a frown's reply of pulling it, daddy. Reginald has merely declared a moratorium.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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