

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

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REPRESSION OF ANARCHISM.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley has revived and intensified the feeling that something should be done for the repression of anarchism in this country...

less have continued to maintain silence in this respect but for the demand of the republican platform that treasurers keep the taxpayers informed concerning the disposition of public funds entrusted to their care.

MODIFIED HIS VIEWS.

Senator Hoar, by far the ablest among those who have opposed the policy of the administration regarding the Philippines, has modified his views...

Supply Greets the Demand. Philadelphia Record. The cry for cheap money has been answered by a heavy increase in the volume of loans...

Prosperity Well Rooted.

Cleveland Leader. Good authorities say that the farmers of the west will not feel poor or be compelled to restrict their purchases materially...

Don't Break Up the Ship.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Mr. Lawson should reconsider his lowering determination to break up independence for junk. But if he persists in ending the yacht's existence...

DIVIDEND DISBURSEMENTS.

Substantial Increase Over September Last Year. New York Times. The substantial prosperity of the country is perhaps better illustrated by the satisfactory returns from investments...

CALIFORNIA FILES A KICK.

The Land of Sunshine Attacks Correctness of Vital Statistics. San Francisco Chronicle. So much has been said for the showing made by the vital statistics gathered by the census bureau...

UNCLE SAM AS A CUSTOMER.

Sung Bunch of Millions Paid for Foreign Goods. Chicago Tribune. Much has been said concerning the splendor of our foreign trade, and about the extraordinary balances in our favor since 1893...

Western Gallantry Aroused.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. Out in Nebraska a woman died to commit suicide and failed, and right afterward she received a number of offers of marriage. This shows how advertising pays in Nebraska.

A Wise Prophet.

Chicago Record-Herald. Another prophet has arisen. He says the world will come to an end in a thousand years. That's the kind of a prophet there is no living man can prove that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Timely Information.

Washington Post. The battle of Santiago has broken out again in Spain. Commandant Concha, formerly captain of the Viscaya, said at a banquet at Bilbao that the politicians were responsible for Cervera's defeat.

ABOUT TEACHERS WHO TEACH.

York Times: Since Chancellor Andrews has drawn the line between lies and white lies, the Times desires to ask him, merely as a matter of education and not necessarily for publication, if a man tells you he is for you and in fifteen or twenty minutes is sticking his knife into the soft and unprotected parts of your anatomy...

PERSONAL NOTES.

James McGarry, the original of "Mr. Dooley," is dying in a Chicago hospital. Mrs. Nation, after looking over Coney Island, has taken a large contract when she offers to clean that Augean stable.

NO SYMPATHY FOR DEFAULTERS.

Auburn Post (rep.): The republican state convention voted, Sept. 8, 1899, a resolution of moral censure against Joseph Bartley for his failure to appear for parole...

Broken Bow Republican.

Broken Bow Republican: The Governor's aversion in convention, did much toward compelling the had control of the state to give ground on him. In his returning Bartley to the penitentiary he complied with the commands of his party in a way that will commend him to all parties...

Tekamah Herald (rep.).

Tekamah Herald (rep.): The action of the republican state convention on Bartley's parole is satisfactory to nearly all republicans. The motive or integrity of the governor was not questioned. No one doubted what the governor sought to do...

Stanton Picket (rep.).

Stanton Picket (rep.): Now that the republican state convention has spoken in no uncertain tones and Bartley has been sent back to the penitentiary, the fusion press is plainly dissatisfied. They wanted immediate return of Bartley to the penitentiary, not because they believed it to be right...

Central City Nonpareil (rep.).

Central City Nonpareil (rep.): The republican state convention, in demanding the immediate return of Joseph Bartley to the penitentiary, followed the sentiments of the rank and file of the party in the state. It is no discredit to Governor Savage that he voted in granting the parole...

Holdrege Citizen (rep.).

Holdrege Citizen (rep.): The republican state convention last week not only nominated a state ticket, but also took hold of the Bartley parole matter in a vigorous manner. It requested in an emphatic manner that Bartley be returned to the penitentiary at once and the governor complied with the request with all possible haste...

Wausau Gazette (rep.).

Wausau Gazette (rep.): The Omaha World-Herald is in a fit over the action of the republican state convention and is shedding crocodile tears as big as goose eggs over the control of the state by Bartley. With long harangues about the broken up home, the weeping wife and dishonored children this great popocate daily is trying to play upon the feelings of the public and stir up a sentiment against the action of the convention...

LAUGHING LINES.

Detroit Free Press: "You've remembered the faces of those I've loved most dearly." "That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred-dollar bill looks like."

Boston Transcript: "He-Darling, you are the only girl I ever loved." "I'm sure you are. You've probably told that to some other girl. He-Aha, and you are just like the rest; you can't believe me any more than they did."

Brooklyn Life: "A problem novel? What's the problem?" "The problem is that the one that arrests the attention of the thoughtful reader in 'How in the world did the author ever intend to get a publisher?'"

Baltimore American: First shade for the banks of the Styx! Who shall do the looking spirit who got up and walked away when I had a chance to know what I got into on the earth by marrying five wives at once?"

Washington Star: "Every man has his price," said the citizen. "Don't you believe a word of it," answered Senator Sawyer. "I know several men that have been waiting for their price for a long time, they'll keep on waiting if I have my say."

Philadelphia Press: "Professor," said Miss Gidday, "you've made a study of human nature, but at what age does the most likely to marry?" "Depends," promptly replied Prof. Oubache.

Indianapolis News: "She sued him for breach of promise." "Did she win?" "In a way. After carefully looking over the defendant the jury awarded her a 2-cent postage stamp."

T. A. D. in Catholic Standard: Maud Muller on a summer's day Fared forth upon the links to play. She was as fair as fair could be And hoped to catch the gallery. The gallery was there in force, Each member being a Judge, of course. And every judge in all that swarm Made comment on each player's form. All of which thrilled Maudie through and through. Her form was so fine; she knew it, too. So when she sought the teeing-green She tore herself quite like a queen. Alas! her "form" was not the kind The various Judges had in mind. She looked "real cute" when teeing off, But that's not every body's grief. Mediously warbling "Fore!" Her driver high and wide she bore. And then for all she she was fast She swung it downward to the earth. Great clouds of earth to heavenward flew. She'd snapped her driver stick in two! The ball untouched, another stick She grabbed and tried a second lick. Again in vain! and then, again, She busted every stick she had. The saddest words of tongue or pen, The poet says, are "Might have been." But he was wrong. The saddest utterance of those who dare not speak of evil. Maud being a lady knew she ought Not to break a lady's word or thought. Thus as she stood in sorry plight Forth stepped a youth, a gallant knight. Quoth he: "I judge the thing to do Is just to let me swear for you."

"Most noble judge, pray do," quoth she, And so he did quite merrily. Some months thereafter they were wed. He'd won her love because she said: "I never met, I must confess, A man with so much confidence."

MAUD ON THE LINKS.

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