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MAKING THE PLATFORM.

According to Washington advice which appear to be authentic, it is the wish of President Roosevelt that the platform of the republican national convention shall be short, plain and direct...

The republican party does not need to make any elaborate declaration of its principles, nor does it need to incorporate in its national platform any defense of its policies. The American people know fully what the party stands for...

The prevailing spirit of conservatism in business ventures is well shown in the fact that the aggregate capitalization of new companies formed in eastern states during last month was a little less than \$75,000,000...

Philadelphia is the latest city to exemplify the danger of storing explosives in a congested business district. This time it is gasoline which has covered the firemen with flames.

Nebraska gets a reading clerk and a tally clerk at the republican national convention. Now if the convention will only throw in the vice presidency our happiness will be complete.

When "Uncle Horace" Boies views from afar the action of the Iowa democrats how he must regret that he figures in history as Iowa's only democratic governor since the civil war.

Had Lee Herdman only continued a good Indian and stayed on the reservation his re-entry might have been heralded at the station with a brass band...

A party has been formed at Pierre, S. D., to make the trip to St. Louis in a skiff. When the navigability of the Missouri river is thus established it is hoped that it may again figure with the long list of creeks in the river and harbor bill.

The United States leads the world in the number of battleships under construction. Since the experiences of the Petropavlovsk and the Missouri, however, there is some question as to how much a battleship adds to the fighting strength of a nation.

The railroads own fully one-fifth of the taxable wealth of Nebraska and they should be willing to bear one-fifth of all the tax burdens. In other words, the railroads should bear their just share and proportion of expenses for maintaining government—nothing more, nothing less.

The Colorado supreme court in the Moyer case is in a delicate position. By taking one course it can proclaim the superiority of itself over the executive branch of government, while by another it will make itself play second fiddle to the governor.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Industrial peace, for the reason that capital is not at all anxious for investment and is for the most part quite content to let matters drift for a time. In other words, there is no rush of activity or enterprise in any branch of industry...

The urgent requirement is the maintenance of industrial peace, so that there may be a recovery from the depression which has naturally followed the extraordinary prosperity of the past five or six years. This depression is by no means great, but it could very easily be aggravated and made serious by widespread labor disturbances.

Under the old method of assessment the railroad tax agents, or rather tax fighters, made it their business to sleep with the taxing board from the opening day to the close of the assessment, and their hypnotic influence generally overcame all the arguments, facts and figures that could be presented in support of an equitable assessment of railroad property.

It was hoped and expected that the present year would witness a radical departure from the odious system that has made assessment of railroad properties in past years a farce. It was hoped and expected that the board would adopt as a model for its proceedings the methods that prevail in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and other states that have successfully grappled with the railroad assessment problem.

It must be manifest that the board could not possibly hear all the railroad representatives and the representatives of taxpayers on the same day. While the principles that should govern the assessment of railroads would apply to every railroad, the conditions of the various systems present a variety of problems that must be discussed and determined separately.

M. V. Gannon, who will be remembered as a prominent leader of Omaha democracy in ante-Bryan days, traveled all the way from Chicago, where he now lives, to Des Moines to organize victory for Hearst and the yellows in Iowa. When the Hearst bureau settles with Gannon it will find his retainer and expense bill almost as long as the distance from Lake Michigan to the Missouri river.

Opinions are ventured by interested bidders on Indian supplies that the Indian supply depot at home is here to stay. That is a consummation to be wished, but still it must not be allowed to interfere with the annual rescue of the supply depot item from elimination from the appropriation bill through a heroic dash by the congressman representing this district.

The building boom we are about to experience is not confined to Omaha, but extends to the entire area comprised in what we are pleased to term Greater Omaha. South Omaha, Council Bluffs and the suburban towns of Florence, Benson, Dundee and Bellevue are all showing new roofs that betoken an expanding population of prosperous home-owners.

It is highly satisfactory to note that at present an extraordinary state of labor peace exists in the United States. While there are some local disturbances, a few of them more or less serious as to their immediate neighborhoods, no great industry is disturbed and so far as appears none is threatened. It is usual for dissatisfied labor to make a demonstration at this season of the year and the fact that nothing of this kind has occurred of a serious nature warrants the inference that very generally the wage earners are pretty well satisfied with conditions, or at any rate have concluded that nothing is to be gained under existing circumstances by warfare.

That such is the wise view is not to be doubted. While it is true that the cost of living is high and that wages have not generally been keeping pace with the advance of commodities which constitute the necessities of life, yet it is perfectly plain that labor could gain nothing by causing a disturbance of industrial peace.

It seems little less than a miracle that the upper deck of a ferryboat, being a hundred passengers or more, could crash down on the deck below, also filled with people, without causing the direct loss of a single life. The kindly Providence which appears to guard humanity in such perilous accidents is so persistently abused by American builders of all classes that it is a marvel that it never becomes weary and exhausted.

DVORAK AND AMERICAN MUSIC.

New York Mail: Dvorak's thorough devotion to his own national music, which he cultivated with a firm philosophic tenacity as well as with melodic genius, has left the world richer in truly beautiful music. The man of whom this can be said deserves an honorable niche in the world's hall of fame.

Philadelphia Inquirer: He was one of the few really great composers who found a source of inspiration on this side of the Atlantic, and the fine symphony which he entitled "From the New World," a work which appeals to many to whom symphonies generally are something of an infliction, will be a lasting monument of his residence among us and of the receptivity of his temperament. It is not hyperbole, but the literal statement of a fact, to say that the great composer's leaving makes vacant is one which none can fill.

Boston Transcript: Dvorak measured himself in the cramped field that he chose. And the very evaporation of his hopes and plans for us is our happiest promise. We may have any quantity of folk-songs. It is a brick-kiln and not a house; and great genius may build great music at the nation's expense, but of no folk-song, we simply stand the chance of other countries—the sheer good luck that it may be on our own shores, and on no others, that the next great musician shall be born.

New York Globe: Of late Dvorak has been somewhat out of the fashion, and there has been a tendency among the truly advanced to belittle him as a colorist with instruments and little more. But Dvorak had no need in his prime to bring his melodies into the world by laborious reflection, or to write his music by piling intricacy on intricacy. His was a fresh and fertile invention, and his was the power to develop the fruits of it with a freedom, freedom, ingenuity, clearness and individuality that promise his music an enduring beauty.

Brooklyn Eagle: Dvorak's influence in this country is not merely the influence of his music, as Wagner's is, for example. He taught composition to aspiring young composers and his sincerity and earnestness of purpose made an impression. We have not yet got a crop of symphonies based on the ideas of Dvorak, but we have had, in the person of Frederick Wadsworth, a composer who has utilized Indian chants successfully and ten years is too short a time to expect flowers and fruitage from an artistic idea. The thing that our composers most needed was to be themselves, to escape the influence of their reverence for the masters. The hope of American music at present is that, individually, if not Americanism, is peeping out in the music of men like MacDowell and Chadwick. They were young enough to be stimulated by the Dvorak influence. But whether or not the Bohemian composer hastens the date of his American "school," he has at least left the world better and richer for his part. Neither his Slavic dances, his symphonies nor his quartets will die easily, and so long as they are played the world will be the better for Dvorak.

"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."

Coolness, Bravery and Resourcefulness Saved the Missouri. Boston Transcript.

Russia mourns the loss of 600 men besides her most gallant commander, and perhaps her greatest painter, by the destruction of the Petropavlovsk. This country mourns about a twentieth as many by the accident on the Missouri, and the tragedy might have been almost on a numerical equality with that on the Russian vessel had it not been for the prompt presence of mind and devotion to duty of one man, or two at most. In this thrilling emergency Captain Cowles, commanding the American battleship, showed himself cool, brave and resourceful. He did the right thing at the right time, and saved the ship from destruction, or at least helped to save her. He showed himself a credit to the American navy, worthy to have his name enrolled with the many who have helped to make its fame illustrious.

Captain Cowles deserves the applause and the gratitude of his countrymen, and, though reports are proverbially ungrateful, he has undoubtedly received them. But there is another man in more humble station whose praises can hardly be trumpeted beyond their deserts. If the report concerning his action should continue to stand as a statement of the facts. There is a contrast in the head lines of today's news that might easily have been readily paralleled in one column we read of 600 scalded and drowned on the Petropavlovsk. In another we read: "Monson jumped, thereby saving 600 men."

This intelligence must send a grateful thrill to the heart of every patriotic American. It intensifies our admiration for "the man behind the gun." In this instance he is readily paralleled in the man who was the chief gunner mate. When the explosion on the Missouri occurred the big magazine door was open, and standing against it were four charges of powder. "Without a moment's hesitation, Monson shoved these aside, and jumped into the magazine, closing the door after him. The magazine was quickly flooded with water and when the men opened the door they found Monson barely alive, the water having reached to his neck."

Here is an incident that in the hands of Victor Hugo might have been made more thrilling than his "Story of a Gun" in "93," without its drawback of tragedy and disgrace. It is inspiring just as well as heroic, and with no more responsibility than what he chose to assume, having at that awful moment but one thought and that the discharge of the highest duty that any man can face, the preservation of his ship and his comrades at imminent risk to his own life. The chances were so many against him that his death would not have added to the heroism of this brave act, so vital at the critical moment. He deserves not only the thanks of his countrymen, but special recognition, honors and reward.

A Grab for Unearned Money. Brooklyn Eagle. When a man serves a private corporation at a fair wage he is supposed to lay aside a little of his money against the rainy day. If he retains his vigor in age he is not discharged. In our easier government service the dangerous theory is advanced that when a clerk reaches the age of 60 or 70 he should be retired, to make room for some other favored son, and that his wages should still be paid to him. This argues that he need save nothing while he holds his place, a contention that would be demoralizing both to him and to the nation. We own to seeing little in this civil pension scheme but a grab for unearned money.

ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

Ripples on the Current of Life in the Metropolis. A heavy fog on Wednesday was speeding along upper Broadway, which was crowded. Suddenly the machine turned sharply to the left and, without diminishing speed, described a complete circle. It missed a street car by a foot, a carriage by a fraction of an inch. Then it shot off in the proper direction, having done no harm. "I don't think them 'chaffers' ought to drink," remarked the cop, thoughtfully. "And yet," he added, "a sober man 'ud broke his neck by a trick like that."

Saturday the revolving door through which people enter the Fulton building happened to be motionless for a few seconds. Urushed a man in a great hurry and tried to enter to the left just as a strong insider started out the proper way. There was a bang and a buff, and the man was shot backward, angry and bruised. "Well," he observed to the spectators a few minutes later, "there's some comfort in knowing I'm a Rube, anyhow. It was not settled in my mind before."

The desirability of a city job as a means of livelihood is greatly enhanced by a decision of Justice Seabury in the city court, which practically makes the city employee's hard earned salary sacred from the grasping clutches of the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker. Justice Seabury vacates an order directing the Controller to turn over \$15 each month from the salary of a draughtsman employed in the department of sewers in the borough of the Bronx, in satisfaction of a judgment obtained against him. Justice Seabury says the act of 1903 provides that where a man had a salary in excess of \$20 per week 10 per cent of such excess can be taken each week by attachment, until the judgment is satisfied, but he holds that this act does not apply to municipal corporation, but only to a business corporation, and that it is clear that it was not the intention of the legislature to have it so apply, as it would greatly interfere with the administration of public affairs.

In the Bronx there is a large preponderance of the Teutonic in the population, and the vernacular often gets twisted. A German druggist, whose corner store on the Boston road is generously exposed to the winds of heaven, suffered a breakdown of the steam heating apparatus in his building during one of the worst storms of the winter, and he was compelled to stop work temporarily. Passers by were enlightened as to the cause of this temporary suspension of business by a placard hung in the thickly frosted window, announcing, "Closed on account of the heat."

Another native of the fatherland, embarked in the respectable avocation of a fishmonger in Third avenue, near the One Hundred and Ninety-sixth street elevated station, adorns his stall with a sign which asserts, in brilliant blue lettering, that he purveys "Blew-fish, puggies and eels" to hungers for sea food. The city house of the late William C. Waterbury, at the northeast corner of Sixty-eighth and Fifth avenue, has been sold to James Henry Smith for a little more than \$2,000,000.

The house is in many ways the most famous in New York. It is a four-story structure, with a Fifth avenue frontage of fifty-five feet, and a sixty-sixth street frontage of 200. The exterior of the house, however, gives no adequate idea of the magnificence of the interior. It is said that with the furnishings and decorations his new home represented an expenditure of \$3,500,000. The buyer is a nephew of George Smith, the Englishman, whose parents in March, 1890, oversteering a \$50,000,000 fortune, which had hitherto hardly been guessed at.

Before Charles M. Schwab goes to Europe next month he will see one of his cherished plans in a fair way of realization. For three years the steel man has been working on a plan for a children's park and health trust. This trust is an octopus which aims to seize the poor young children of New York in its tentacles and force them to be fat, happy and healthy during the hot summer time. The plan is located on Staten Island and consists of a park many acres in extent, upon which are constructed a number of pavilions stocked with all the machinery calculated to squeeze laughter out of the young people. This place will be known as Recreation park and it is located on the shore of the island, near Richmond beach. From Recreation park to the Battery there will be a boat (also owned by the trust) which has been christened Happy Day, and the plan is to have about 1,000 children make the trip every morning, and after spending the day at the beach return at night to their homes. Trained nurses, guards and big, good-natured private policemen will see that the children are properly cared for. In the big pavilion every day a lunch will be served, and the rest of the time will be spent mostly in bathing, wading and playing around in the sand. Mr. Schwab will get his dividends on the million or more invested by hearing reports of how the children enjoyed themselves.

A nice-looking woman walked into one of the Broadway stores of the Tobacco trust the other night and asked to see some of the store's best cigars. The clerk handed out a dozen boxes in a jiffy. While the new patron was taking a dry whiff of each fifteen men lined up along the counter to make various purchases. They might just as well have been wooden Indians as far as the one clerk was concerned. But just about the time the entire line began to display a nervous desire to get away, the fair one selected a 12-cent cigar with a bright band, and asked the customer next in line if he didn't think it was a good one.

"I've been smoking thirty years and couldn't have selected a better one myself," he replied gallantly. "Then will you please wrap this one up?" she said, tendering the clerk a \$20 bill. It took the clerk five minutes to empty the bill, and then he tripped on a change of cigar box and dropped all the coins. It was finally handed to the purchaser. When she had her hand on the door knob she thought of the coupons. She turned back. "Don't you give trading stamps with cigars?" she asked sweetly, whereupon the clerk thrust a quarter's worth of coupons into her hand.

It has been "all how dead easy" a woman can paralyze a cigar store," said one of the men in line when he finally got the package of tobacco for which he had waited twenty minutes. Didn't Know It Was Loaded. New York Times. "Russia has never ceased to wonder why the idea that it was willing and anxious to make war with Japan became so generally prevalent in the United States."

These are the curious words of Count Cassini in his appeal to the American people for a better understanding of the motives and the course of Russia. The truth appears to be, so far as we can judge from the early negotiations and from every important development since, that the Russians were signally and most unfortunately ignorant of the fact that Japan was loaded.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Includes text: "Fifty Years the Standard", "Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.", and "PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO."

PERSONAL NOTES.

The ways of the assessor are devious and, though he may be perfectly honest in so doing, it is his duty to make every one that has give up. "Old Bill" Voeburg, for fifty years a notorious bank robber, was undoubtedly right. The meanest thing he ever did was to marry a good woman. Chicago is planning to have a quiet Fourth of July. The aldermen who are pushing this movement are jeopardizing their hold on the physicians' vote.

A SMILE OR TWO.

Blinks—Time runs on, eh? Now, what makes time run on? Blinks—The spur of the moment, I suppose.—Pittsburg Post. "Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from the country. "When was that?" "When a fellow asked me h-how much I would take for a-a horse and while I-I-I was a-trying to tell him \$0 he offered me \$50."—Kenebec Journal. "Why don't you make an effort to counteract the suspicions which have arisen concerning you among your constituents?" answered Senator Borglum. "Suspicious don't do any harm until you go to stirring 'em around and uncovering facts."—Washington Star.

The youngster had heard a facetious reference to the fool killer and he was curious. "Does the fool killer have to work awful hard?" he asked. "No; he doesn't have to, my son, but he ought to," was the reply. "He'd have no time for sleep if he didn't shirk his duty most shamefully."—Chicago Post. "So Josh has been in town three weeks?" "Yes, answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I don't want to counteract suspicion," answered Senator Borglum. "Suspicious don't do any harm until you go to stirring 'em around and uncovering facts."—Washington Star. JEANNE D'ARC. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England. Goddard of battles, with the maiden sword And blameless banner, when to France he went, Not all her gallant manhood, helmet and mailed, To drive from off her soil the alien hordes, That o'er her pasture, hamlet, vineyard poured, You with your unarmed innocence sealed The walls of war, and, where man's might had failed, Crowning, enthroned the anointed of the Lord. And should France yet again be called to arms, The stranger from her gates, and hurt! Feet that would violate her frontiers fair, Not meretricious sycophants of sense, But the pure heart and patriotic prayer, Once more would prove her rescue and defense.

Advertisement for Kirschbaum American Serge. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and text: "WHEN you buy a blue serge suit by all means ask to see Kirschbaum American Serge—a special fabric remarkable for its firmness, durability and deep, rich, fast color." and "Berg-Swanson Co."