

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circuit court clerk of said county, do hereby certify that the average daily circulation for the month of August, 1913, was 50,295.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of September, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Thaw demands a "square deal," and here is hoping he gets it.

Coatlook and Sherbrook may now step back into their little holes of obscurity.

Canada evidently has a few fool hero worshippers, just as we and other countries have.

Our old friend, Dr. Cook, will speak to us. Who says our Omaha Commercial club is not progressive?

Thaw's deportation may not have been altogether regular, but you cannot blame Canada for any irregularity.

That proposed big tax on colossal inheritances no more taxes us than that threatened big tax on huge incomes.

Mayor Gaynor did not leave Tammany in doubt as to his opinion of it. "Corrupt scamps" was his latest expression.

If the sultan's staves danced the turkey trot, they did it because they had to; our sweet American women dance it from choice.

Whatever else may be said about him, everyone will admit that Mayor Gaynor managed to get the center of the stage whenever he wanted it.

John Kirby, Jr., says the National Association of Manufacturers will continue its "class fight." But with new men and new methods, we take it.

Those Missouri and Arizona judges need not have to worry their wise heads about the propriety of pink tights under diaphanous gowns, for old Boreas will settle it soon.

Could anyone imagine Woodrow Wilson, no matter how scrumpy his salary, appearing on a stage in a tent show with semi-vaudiville performers if he were secretary of state?

The backwardness of Brother Weed in coming forward to push his plan for a duplicate set of mains to serve the hydrants separately from the rest of us is almost inexplicable.

That is an interesting disclosure about hydrophobia being cured by quinine. Still, hydrophobia is too rare a disease for this to stimulate much of a boom in the quinine market.

It must be admitted that from some sort of censorship, public sentiment, probably, we are getting a better average grade of exhibitions in the moving picture shows than at first presented.

It seems that someone else also sees how near to home in his cabinet family President Wilson struck when he declared that no man is entitled to praise from another man for doing his duty by neglecting his own duty.

According to dispatches Europeans are astounded at Secretary Bryan's persistence in chautauking, but, of course, they cannot understand the pangs of poverty that come in trying to eke out an existence on \$12,000 a year.

House Leader Underwood defers announcing his intention to become a candidate for United States senator "until after the president signs the tariff bill." As if there were any doubt about it! Oh, why wait, Mr. Underwood?

When Mayor Gaynor entered the race his enemies said he had only missed things up in favor of Tammany, which, had Gaynor kept out, would have been surely and badly beaten. Well, now that Gaynor is out of it, will it be any easier to beat Tammany?

Mayor Gaynor.

The unexpected death of Mayor Gaynor of New York summons the attention of the whole country, because the office is one of more than mere local importance, and because, also, he was a character of commanding personality and impressive individuality.

As mayor of New York, and as judge before that, Mr. Gaynor challenged admiration for his fearless assertion of the courage of his convictions. He was made mayor by Tammany, but was not Tammany's mayor, as was conclusively proved by the failure of Tammany to make him its candidate for another term.

Whether the death of Mayor Gaynor will simplify or still further confuse the impending municipal campaign in New York will shortly be disclosed.

Overdoing a Good Thing.

The western governor who sends prisoners to the woods to work unguarded will have to hurry if he distances the warden of the California penitentiary at San Quentin in leniency to convicts. This official has allowed 1,400 prisoners, including four awaiting capital punishment, to leave the prison grounds to attend a ball game unguarded, with no assurance that their work to return. Fortunately, all returned and everything went well.

Admitting all the strong points in favor of the honor system of handling convicts, this really seems like overdoing a good thing. Such wholesale and unusual freedom, ignoring all safeguards, is not necessary, to say the least, and so far as the principle of the honor system, itself, is concerned, subjects it to an extra strain.

Safety on American Railways.

The Railway Library for 1913 supplies encouraging information as to the number of railroad accidents and fatalities for that year, which is especially interesting in view of the agitation for federal control of physical railroad operation growing out of recent wrecks on eastern lines. Attention is directed to the fact that twice in the history of British railways the London Board of Trade was privileged to boast that a year had gone by without a single fatality to a passenger in a train accident.

Every year this accident of immunity from such fatalities befalls on more miles of American railways than there are miles in Germany, France, Austria and the United Kingdom combined, and 1913 was no exception, as this statement shows:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Value. Includes Number of operating companies (290), Mileage of these companies (101,144), Passengers carried (322,181,813), Passengers killed in train accidents (None), Passengers injured in train accidents (2,525).

This is a mighty favorable showing. Along with it goes a welcome reduction in the total number of fatalities on all American railroads, and undoubtedly this is due in large part to the fact that these roads, most prominent among which are leading western lines, have invested millions of dollars in safety appliances and are exerting vigilant efforts to promote safe travel.

Thaw and Charlton Cases.

Italian lawyers evidently do not take to young Charlton as American and Canadian lawyers do to Thaw. The accused murderer at Como faces trial in a strange tongue unable without the court's aid to obtain even formal defense, while the degenerate man slayer in Quebec is besieged by legal lackeys, ready for his money's sake, to make a travesty of justice.

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Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

SEPT. 12

Thirty Years Ago—The Port Huron band of the Union Pacifices another package by a score of 3 to 2. By way of balmin the account of the game says "the decisions of the umpire were most absurd, and prove that gentlemen, one might say, entirely ignorant of base ball."

Will Redick and Miss Mamie Wood were married, and the couple left for the east expecting to occupy a new house on their return, which Mr. Redick has built on Georgia street.

A lawn party was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodworth at their residence, Courtland Place. The Fourth Infantry band played during the evening, and visitors occupied themselves examining the curios brought from Java and the Philippine Islands late by Charles Woodworth. Many who were unable to be present sent their regrets.

The third day at the state fair brought it within the line of an unqualified success; at least 10,000 people were in attendance. The funeral of Mrs. Estella Schroeder, wife of Ferdinand Schroeder took place from the residence on Tenth street. She was the daughter of Hon. Fred Metz.

Dr. A. L. Talmage of New Haven, Conn., accompanied by his family, was here visiting his brother, who was very sick. Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, the executive head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, arrived in the city, accompanied by A. B. Garreison, general assistant conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors.

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Twice Told Tales

Helping a Brother.

Referring to brotherly love, Senator William H. Thompson of Kansas said he never saw it more beautifully exemplified than the way in which Green helped his friend Brown over a rather difficult place.

Some time ago the Greens called at the home of the Browns. Brown, not expecting the call, was absent from the domestic camp.

"Oh, Mr. Green," remarked Mrs. Brown during the conversation, "I want to ask you something; I was looking through my husband's desk this afternoon and found some of the queerest tickets you ever saw. One was marked 'Mudhore, 8 to 1,' and so on like that. What do you suppose they refer to?"

"That's an easy one, Mrs. Brown," was the smooth rejoinder of Green. "Your husband is probably making a study of archaeology."

"Archaeology?" was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. "Do you really think so? How very interesting."

"Yes," responded Brother Green, "those queer looking tickets you found are undoubtedly relics of a lost race."—Boston Herald.

Nothing to Fear.

Cato Sells, the new commissioner of Indian Affairs, told a story to a Washington bunch the other night in demonstrating that our fears are often quite groundless.

On entering a fashionable cafe in one of the big eastern cities some time ago Mr. Sells said, a doctor was amazed to see one of his patients happily plowing his way through a layout of beef. Instantly he speeded to his side.

"What in the world are you doing, Smith?" demanded the doctor in his severe voice. "Didn't I tell you not to eat beefsteak?"

"You certainly did, Doc," frankly admitted the patient, "but everything is all right. There is no occasion for alarm."

"You are disobeying my orders!" heatedly explained the doctor. "I want you to understand—"

"Don't get excited, Doc," interjected the patient. "As I said before, there is no occasion for it. I can easily settle for the steak and pay your bill, too."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Church Bells.

An energetic young priest in charge of a parish in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, had succeeded in raising money enough to build and equip a new church, all except the bell. To get enough money for the bell, he held a meeting of his parishioners, at which the members of his building committee made speeches.

All except McCarthy had spoken. One mentioned their fine church; another, their comfortable pews; another, their splendid altar; and another spoke of the steam heat they had in the church and of the coal in the cellar for the furnace. They were all sorry, they said, that they were without a bell and hoped the members would be able to make a further effort and secure the money for that purpose.

Then came McCarthy's turn and he spoke as follows: "We have a fine church. Our pews is comfortable and our altar is grand. 'Tis true we have no bell. But," said he, "we have steam heat in the church and plenty of coal in the cellar. 'The devil wid the bell. Let's put a whistle on the church.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

Odd Bits of Life

A Pennsylvania millionaire wants a divorce because his wife won't let him go to church.

W. E. Sherwood is dead in Evansville, Ind., from poisoning communicated by a new pair of socks to a scratch on his foot.

Camels imported from Asia have been tried in Australia with fair success for hauling wagons in regions lacking railroads.

A Michigan woman, 32 years old, has become the mother of twenty-four children, and it is reported that her husband remains an optimist.

One of the world's largest church organs is an electrical instrument at Hamburg, which has 12,113 pipes, some of which are thirty-seven feet long.

By a German process the exterior of automobile bodies can be given a metallic coating, fine particles of metal being sprayed on under high pressure.

The only man in the country whose name and address are the same way whichever end you start is O. M. Reser, Reger, Mo., according to the Brookfield (Mo.) Gazette.

A copperhead snake, about to bite a child, was attacked and killed by a gamecock in an Ohio town. Congratulations to the child, the rooster and the town's correspondent.

Nine cows strayed into the right-of-way of a Wisconsin railroad and stole some dynamite they found near the track. Human life may have been saved, but beef has gone to the railroads.

Jesus Childs of Forsyth, Ga., is exhibiting a stalk of corn grown on his place on which there are nine well-matured ears. He planted a great many varieties of corn and found several stalks with six and seven ears.

Warren H. Spangler of Montclair, N. J., caught a four-pound bass which retained its life in a curious fashion. When it was cut open a small and very feeble field mouse jumped out and a morrant later was caught and eaten by the camp cat.

Stories in Figures

France has over 4,120,000 women workers. There are 1,832 local labor unions in Canada. United States last year produced 32,320,000 barrels of salt.

The United States army has more than 1,200 telegraphers in its ranks. A proposed memorial tower at San Antonio, Tex., will be 302 feet high. Mysore state, India, has an area of 2,475 square miles and a population of 2,968,139 persons.

The estimated daily average consumption of cigars in the United States is 22,715,445, and of cigarettes, 25,738,190. Japan each year produces more than 200,000 bushels of rice, nearly 80,000,000 pounds of tea and more than 25,000,000 pounds of silk.

At a recent election in Sweden the fact was revealed that only 3.6 per cent of the women voters were disqualified for failure to pay taxes, as compared with 2.4 per cent of the men.

The Bees Letter Box

Look Out for the Crash.

OMAHA, Sept. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: Did you hear that crash? That was the high cost of living coming down in response to the effect of the new tariff bill. Isn't it wonderful what a tariff bill can do, when it comes to the domestic economy of the housewife? I read in the printed reports prepared for Nebraska that Senator Hitchcock says the bill has taken the tax off necessities and placed it on wealth. Here are some of the articles placed on the free list, all in daily requisition in the homes of the people, especially the homes of the workmen:

Antimony ore, limestone rock, asphalt, sulphatum, bitumen, fabrics of jute, yarns, wool blankets valued at less than 40 cents a pound, textbooks, sugar machinery, castiron pipe, surgical cutlery, cement, crockets, oil, denatured alcohol, flax and hemp fur and fur skins, gunpowder, pig iron, spiegeleisen, ferro manganese, wrought iron slabs and blooms, photographic moving picture films, steel ingots, blooms and slabs, cattle and other live stock, wheat, saved cedar, angora goat and alpaca wool and paper twine for binding wool.

What a priceless privilege to the busy, economical housewife, trying to make 20 cents go so far as a dollar used to, when she can walk into the grocery store and buy her daily modicum of antimony ore with the knowledge that she is not paying any tribute to the robber trusts, entrenched behind a tariff wall. And think of the untold quantities of spies—

considered that will now be lavishly used in homes where hitherto it has been considered a luxury. Pig iron, too, will be cheaper, and every man can buy his surgical catgut and steel blooms with emotions of untold joy, because they will no longer bear an impost; moving picture films will be used as commonly as Brussels carpet hereafter and no one need go without paper twine for binding wool, because the democrats have redeemed their promise to reduce the cost of living.

OLD FOGGY.

Various Reflections.

OMAHA, Sept. 11.—To the Editor of The Bee: When mankind are unable from political causes to regulate their lives according to the dictates of practical reason they complain without hesitation and condemn without discrimination; yet women cheerfully endure the tyranny of fashion and men acknowledge themselves slaves to vicious habits, and very few are ready to rebel or to challenge the authority of their masters.

Worldly pleasure and whitewashed wickedness are bosom friends, and while they are not always found together they seldom wander far apart. When our vigilance becomes in the least degree relaxed we lose the power of distinguishing the one from the other.

Our ignorance is often insulted by having arguments set before us which we cannot decline, and yet cannot answer. J. S. Mill submitted the following logical puzzle, the solution of which, according to Prof. Hamilton, is impossible: "Achilles is 100 feet behind the tortoise; they both start running at the same instant; Achilles runs ten times as fast as the tortoise; yet cannot pass him; for when Achilles has run this 100 feet, the tortoise has moved ahead ten feet, and when Achilles has run the ten feet the tortoise has advanced one foot, and so on forever." The solution of this problem is certainly beyond the jurisdiction of the common understanding. E. O. M.

Editorial Pen Points

Brooklyn Eagle: Given wooden cars and wooden heads to run them, spontaneous combustion couldn't be averted by any road on earth.

Washington Post: Still, it may have been the announcement of the same Pankhurst's visit that made the fire insurance companies want to get back to Missouri.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The International Association of Dancing Masters proclaims that the tango and the turkey trot are "all right if danced with decorum." Which to many will appear like saying that stealing is all right if you do it honestly.

Springfield Republican: Professional medical optimists have been cheering us up through the dog days by telling us that it's really the most healthy time of the year. But there is no need to worry as the dog days go; when December comes it will be proved no less remarkably salubrious. There is no sickly season for the optimist.

Indianapolis News: If, as Mr. Frank A. Vanderbilt assures the country, \$2,000,000 a week for five years can profitably be invested in developing the country's electrical industry, why should anybody hesitate longer? And likewise with such profitable possibilities before him why should Mr. Rockefeller blow in \$10 to join an automobile club?

Chicago Tribune: The frequent cases of trouble over the display of the Stars and Stripes north of the border should have warned Mr. Jerome of the spirit in which his innocent and public recourse to the national pastime would be misunderstood and resented. There seems to be a most regrettable lack in Canada that of althogether upon which Lord Haldane relies for the perpetuation of peace among Anglo-Saxons.

Philadelphia Record: Most of the Pullman stock, something like four-fifths of it, is water, or to be more exact, it is made up of stock dividends, paid from the surplus earnings after the payment of liberal dividends. The stock dividend in March, 1910, was \$20,000,000, and in 1909 it was 20 per cent of the then existing capital. Would it be altogether unreasonable to suggest that the company should have used some part of these phenomenal profits in burning a lot of its wooden cars before they were tele-scoped.

Nebraska Editors

J. A. Dickey, late of the Wilcox Herald, has leased the Harlan County Ranger.

Editor Haskell of the Ord Quix, who is visiting in New York, saw an X-ray skirt in a fashionable restaurant. He says he took out one glance at the garment and its fair wearer, but the impression seems to have been sufficient inspiration for two paragraphs of description and comment.

C. M. Reynolds, for about ten years publisher of the Sutherland Free Lance, has disposed of a half interest in that newspaper to Miss Grace E. Martin. Miss Martin was for seven years assistant postmaster and is also familiar with newspaper work.

JOLLIES FROM JUDGE.

Mrs. Youngwife—How do you make mine pie?

Mrs. Matron—Oh, out of anything! Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, thought and used a carpet beater. Now the doctor's down the street, beating microbes out of Pets.

Hobson—Are you in favor of that curfew law? Dobson—Yes; I'm in favor of any law that reduces the number of dogs.

"A famous lecturer says that the slashed shirt shows whether or not the woman is qualified for the ballot." "Huh! He means the ballet."

Sarah—The Bible speaks of people who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Clara—Well, I think I'd rather swallow a camel myself. I just hate bugs.

While styles have changed by fashion led. She's still a theme for jest. Although in truth it must be said She's no more overdressed.

"My pie," said the proud young lawyer, "seemed to deeply affect the jury." "Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would bring about the conviction of your client in spite of his innocence."

"She broke the trotting record," said he, "all clean and slick. Say, talk about your steppers!" She made the rest look sick.

"What horse was that?" I asked him. "My draught 'twas," said he. "She broke the record lately." "For the turkey trot, did she?"

Knicker—What did the town look like? Becker—A moving picture show of molasses in winter.—New York Sun.

OLD BRER MERCURY.

Ole Brer Mercury sot on a lim', De people put 'im on de tree, An' de people fused an' de people fumed, But, 't won't come down, see 'em.

No, sir-ree! De ole woman goes to de attic An' dig out her coat an' fur, But ole Brer Mercury sticks like glue To dat lim' an' he will not stir.

Yes, sir-ree! On dat lim' ob de tree De ole woman goes to de attic An' dig out her coat an' fur, But ole Brer Mercury sticks like glue To dat lim' an' he will not stir.

No, sir-ree! De ole woman goes to de attic An' dig out her coat an' fur, But ole Brer Mercury sticks like glue To dat lim' an' he will not stir.

Yes, sir-ree! De ole woman goes to de attic An' dig out her coat an' fur, But ole Brer Mercury sticks like glue To dat lim' an' he will not stir.

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