

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$1.00.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER. Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week, 10c.

COMMUNICATIONS. Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed, Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION. State of Nebraska, Douglas county, ss: Charles C. Rosewater, general manager.

Table with 3 columns: Circulation category, Amount, and Total. Includes rows for Daily Bee, Sunday Bee, and Total.

WHEN OUT OF TOWN. Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them.

THE MOBILITY IN ENGLAND has started a crusade against tips. The nobility evidently needs the money.

Governor Sheldon has issued a Labor day proclamation which reads as if he had really written it himself.

Secretary Taft came out of that Kansas wreck with no more injury than followed his head-on collision with Senator Foraker in Ohio.

The New York Herald is urging the United States to sell the Philippines. If Mr. Bennett feels that way about it he might put in a bid for them.

The new Singer building in New York was planned to be forty-eight stories high, but the newspapers add a story or two to it every morning.

The local Ohio society is to be reorganized. It is a trifle late to get any more Ohio men on the tickets as candidates for offices to be filled this year.

This agitation for a magazine without advertising is all wrong. The advertising is the most attractive feature of many of the magazines of the day.

An eminent Russian official predicts that Japan would win in a war with the United States. In the light of recent military history, Russia's exaggerated notion of Japan's prowess is excusable.

While insisting that Kentucky is the worst governed state in the union, Colonel Watterston is too true to his party to seek to remedy the condition by supporting the republican candidates for office.

Mr. Bryan is not satisfied with Mr. Taft's policy. When you come to think seriously about it, you could hardly expect Mr. Bryan to be satisfied with any leading republican's policy, just at this season of the year.

As he is coming home by the Transiberian railway, Secretary Taft ought to take with him that six-gallon dinner pail presented to him by Kansas admirers. Eating stations are a long ways apart on the Transiberian.

Mrs. Yerkes has secured a divorce from Wilson Mixer and a decree of the courts prevents him from getting married again during her lifetime. It looks as though Mixer might be compelled to go to work for a living.

The fact that a comet is visible to the naked eye of anyone living in Omaha who is willing to take a look at it at 4 o'clock in the morning is still not an acceptable explanation for the man who stays out all night.

PLACING THE BLAME.

Wall street has suffered another blow, delivered this time in the house of its friends. Jacob H. Schiff, head of the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and recognized as one of the most eminent financiers in America, has filed a note of protest and dissent against the chorus of frenzied financiers who have been making a concerted and determined effort to blame upon President Roosevelt the stringency that prevails in Wall street and the more or less unhappy state in which many of the leaders of speculative interests find themselves.

To blame the federal administration for the difficulties in which we find ourselves is both thoughtless and unjust. Even if the excesses which the great prosperity of recent years has had in its wake had not permitted to continue unchecked, before long a situation would have developed probably far more difficult and serious than the crisis through which we are now passing.

President Roosevelt is certainly not to blame for the many abuses in corporate management which have developed and which he has had the courage to lay bare. At present, it is true, we have to suffer in consequence of the president's uncompromising attitude, but posterity is certain to profit by it.

This is bringing the Wall street chickens home to roost, although it may be embarrassing to some of Mr. Schiff's associates among the captains of industry. He agrees with President Roosevelt that while the remedies proposed for existing evils seem drastic and a little severe on the patient, their administration is absolutely necessary for the future health of the country.

It would no doubt tend toward a re-establishment of better conditions if prosecutions were to cease, with the understanding that violations of the law on the part of corporations will hereafter be relentlessly punished, both as far as the corporation and its executive officers are concerned; that established concerns which for years have carried on their business unmolested shall not now be sought to be dissolved, but that hereafter no corporations will be permitted, which in the opinion of the Department of Justice would even tend toward a restraint of trade and commerce.

Mr. Schiff also expresses regret that "no effort has been made on the part of the government to reach an understanding with the corporations through which the necessity for these harassing prosecutions may cease." The president has made it very plain, in his public addresses, that prosecutions will cease whenever the corporations cease violating the laws. The remedy lies entirely within the corporations, which have too long gone on the theory that a law passed by congress need not be heeded until some department of the government should notify them that it is to be enforced.

Mr. Schiff's interview is a valuable contribution in that it recognizes that the administration is not responsible for the difficulties now existent in the world of finance.

BUNCOMBE BUSINESS. Mayor Dahman has signed the gas bond ordinance and the democratic World-Herald takes this as its cue to prate about the fulfillment of "every pledge on which the democrats voted before the citizens of Omaha at the last municipal election," which, it says, is "a record to be proud of."

The pledge, however, was not to issue bonds, but to give the people dollar gas, and while no one would welcome that consummation more than the Bee, we apprehend that before we are through with it the people will discover that the gas bond ordinance is simply another piece of buncombe business to put the city to the expense of some more high-priced lawyers without any tangible relief to the people who pay the gas bills.

It will be remembered that the enactment nearly five years ago of a law for the compulsory purchase of the water works "immediately, if not sooner," was likewise World-Heraldized as a great popular victory, but that the only outcome so far has been the exploitation of the city treasury to the extent of \$75,000 to \$100,000 to pay salaries to a do-nothing Water board and fees to experts and lawyers engaged to prevent the purchase of the plant.

If the present gas proposition is of the same cloth with the "immediate compulsory" purchase of the water works scheme of five years ago, as it appears to be, the boasted fulfillment of "every pledge" by the democratic city administration will be taken at its proper discount by "the citizens of Omaha."

DECEASED WIVES SISTERS. One of the most remarkable legislative struggles in modern history has been ended by the passage through the British Parliament of the bill permitting a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife. For nearly a century, or, to be more exact, since 1835, the British law has prohibited such marriages and the question has been constantly and persistently before Parliament in one form or another. Books have been written on the subject and it has been a most fruitful source of sermons, editorials, cartoons, and merry jests, but the House of Lords has obstinately refused to assent to the repeal of the old law, although the new measure has passed the House of Commons many times.

The idea that marriages of this kind were immoral came into Britain with the reformation and Henry VIII having been one of the most ardent advocates of the measure. In 1885, at the request of a favored duke who had married the sister of his deceased wife, Lord Lyndhurst secured an act of Parliament making all marriages with deceased wives' sisters valid at that time, but making them illegal in the future. The British clergy has strenuously opposed every effort since that time to repeal the Lyndhurst law. The archbishop of Canterbury made a final impassioned appeal against the adoption of the measure which has just passed Parliament.

The effect of the new law will be far-reaching in England. It is estimated that about 1,800 such unions are contracted every year and that about 9,000 children are born "illegitimate," under the meaning of the old law. The new law, which is retroactive, will legalize all marriages with deceased wives' sisters that have taken place since 1835, although it will not disturb property which may have changed hands under the old law. In its effect upon the life and morality of the people of the country the new law can not be other than good.

A NEW DEMOCRATIC RICHMOND. Despite the suspicion that the announcement that Tammany hall would boom Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, lieutenant governor of New York, for the democratic presidential nomination was started as a joke, some eastern democrats, probably spurred by their desire to find a candidate upon whom they might unite in opposition to Colonel Bryan, are beginning to sit up and take notice, as though they were prepared to accept Mr. Chanler's candidacy in all seriousness. One thing in Mr. Chanler's behalf is that he has no public record that need be explained, dodged, evaded or forgotten. He served one term in the New York legislature without creating any particular disturbance. His chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that he was elected lieutenant governor last year by a majority of 11,886, on the democratic ticket, while Governor Hughes, republican, was elected governor over William Randolph Hearst by 75,000. It may be explained that Mr. Chanler was personally very popular with both democrats and republicans, while Mr. Hearst, who headed the Chanler ticket, had opposition in both political camps. Mr. Chanler belongs to the house of Astor and was born in Newport. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war, a man of great wealth, has traveled abroad, has written several books and is said to be in line with some of the leaders of his party on national issues. No democrat ever was nominated for president without more of a state and national record than is possessed by Mr. Chanler, but there is nothing in the law to prevent such nomination. He has "carried New York," which is always looked upon as a political asset for a presidential candidate of either party. The fact that he has the support of Tammany may be considered a handicap at the start, but the support of that organization is not to be scorned when it comes to selecting the New York delegates to the democratic national convention. The Chanler boom may be more important than it looks.

ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

There are picnics and picnics, mostly gone in their way, some indifferent and yellow, and each conducive to a voracious appetite. But there is no picnic in other sections of the globe like the political picnic which has become a feature of life in the metropolis. Usually a striking affair, the appetite brought into action rivals the swallowing of a late meal by the hungry denizens of the zoo. One of these picnics was pulled off by the Jefferson Tammany club one day last week. It was a picnic from the opening to the closing of the gates. Great numbers of people were there, but the essentials, food and drink, were delayed two hours beyond the appointed time, producing ominous murmurs of discontent. When the grub came 2,000 hungry mouths made a rush, and then there were some things done. One hungry son-of-a-gun called for a second helping, whereas a waiter tilted his nose. A dainty pitched plate caught the nose on the up course and flattened it. Fifty waiters rallied behind the owner of the squashed nose and scattered crockery in every direction. In a second the air was full of grub, table utensils and hot exclamations. The mob rushed the waiters into the kitchen and out again, demolishing that flimsy structure as though it was paper. A riot called brought 10 policemen to the scene and while they finished exercising their clubs on fourteen picnickers were carried to the hospital, four waiters went the same route and nearly every policeman lost a section of his coat in the shuffle. "The fight," one chronicler sagely observes, "took all the tuck out of the picnic."

Fleischmann's famous "bread line" will soon disappear from Broadway. The bakery which for many years has nightly given a wagonload of bread to suffering and starving pilgrims after the bells of Grace church next door tolled the hour of midnight will be raised in the spring and the bakery will occupy a larger and more modern building uptown near Central park. The "bread line" is beyond a question Greater New York's sweetest charity. Many years ago when Fleischmann, the wealthy baker, died a provision was found in his will that "no man should be turned away who asked for bread at his bake-shop." As a result the "bread line" was established. The bakery is located at Broadway and Eleventh street next to Grace church with the St. Denis hotel opposite, and Wacker's store on the corner. At 5 o'clock every night the bread line begins to form and precisely at midnight a half dozen attaches of the bakery begin to distribute bread and rolls to sometimes as many as 600 men and women. And as the line is formed wanderers shuffle up to the door of the bakery with hat in hand or aprons stretched to receive a half loaf of bread or a few rolls there is no better place in the world to study human nature, for the line is a heterogeneous one—every class and type of humanity is represented. From the professional yegman and tramp to the educated man and woman who through adverse circumstances and drink have been reduced to poverty.

William P. Holmes, a policeman of the West One Hundredth street station, risked his life the other night by walking from the roof of one five-story building to another on a plank eight inches wide to capture a burglar, George Tanner, 19 years old. He was caught attaching a rope to a chimney on top of the five-story apartment house at 82 West Ninetieth street preparatory to lowering himself down the chimney of adjacent buildings he wanted to search. Holmes got a board not more than eight inches wide and perhaps ten feet long. He ascended the stairs of No. 80 and gained the roof. The policeman extended the board across the gap between the houses and found there was a margin of only four inches on board resting on each roof. He was just preparing to walk across on the plank when he was discovered by Tanner. Tanner, like the villain in the melodrama, rushed toward the edge of the roof with the intention of knocking away the board, which would have thrown the policeman to the bottom of the airway, sixty-five feet below. Holmes whipped out his revolver and commanded the young man to stop. The order was reluctantly obeyed by the villain, and the hero walked across the board, landing safely on the adjacent roof. Tanner held in his possession a kit of burglars' tools. He was held in \$3,000 bail for a further hearing.

One of the sights of New York, to be shown to every rural relative whether from Harlem or beyond, is the new building which is beginning to rear its forty-one stories far above the ruck of ordinary skyscrapers' roofs in Broadway. Each day, during the noon hour, the crowds that swarm in Broadway and the nearby cross-roads, standing at a look up under shading hands at the workmen climbing the slender steel beams, high in air, almost block the streets, sometimes requiring the services of several policemen to keep traffic moving at a regular pace. Many and strange are the remarks and comments heard by one who stands at the curb and watches the passing crowd. "Der piggest pulldink in der world," declared the German to his friend, just after, "Ach, eighteen hun'ert feet, just dey puldits it by electricity."

Behind him are a lot from the country, who on the day before have toured the upper part of the city in a "rubber-sneek" automobile and thereby gained sufficient confidence to venture forth unprotected. They stand motionless in the middle of Broadway, besides of the setting throng around them, she leaning on his arm, gazing changing comments regarding the height of the building as compared with the Bunker Hill monument. A rather interesting case has just been settled in New York in a form of order which is to be issued perpetually enjoined the Publishers' association from interfering with the sale of supplies to the book counters of cut-rate stores and from discriminating against their proprietors. The test was brought by Macy & Co. because of the following conditions: If the retail price of a book is \$1.29 and the publisher sells at wholesale for 80 cents, the small or retail dealer can meet the jobber's price and still sell for a profit. But the large stores buy in jobber lots and sell at retail, thus eliminating the middle man and selling at a good profit below the published retail price. The publishers undertook to protect the smaller book dealers by increasing their own selling prices and retreating to such concerns as were not proven responsible for cutting rates. This would have worked except for the New York law against unfair trade competition and trusts and under this law Macy & Co. brought suit and won. The court of appeals has decided in their favor and there is no appeal to federal courts, so the matter is established for the entire state of New York.

The largest flag in the world floats from the tallest building in the world. The building was raised yesterday in honor of Hon. J. Fulton's great work to humanity to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the first steamboat. The flag, which was raised over the Singer building at Broadway and Liberty street, measures twenty-nine feet by fifty-nine feet and consists of the United States emblem on a ground of white. It is known as the peace flag and was raised under the auspices of the League of Peace. It floats from the thirty-fourth story of the Singer building, which now stands 45 feet from Broadway's pavement.

Training for the Race. Minneapolis Journal. Uncle Joe Cannon's great act of cutting down his cigars from twelve to four a day ought to popularize him with those wives who can't see any sense in their husbands smoking so much.

Benefits of Forced Abstinence. Brooklyn Eagle. A convict, just pardoned, has served twenty-seven years in a state prison. He is 55, in good health and able to earn a living. The district attorney who prosecuted the judge who sentenced him is dead. Forced abstinence from trifles and champagne has its advantages.

The Straw and the Cocktail. Baltimore American. Someone has been mean enough to take a straw vote among the ministers of Indiana to find out just how Mr. Fairbanks stands after his cocktail escapade. There have been times when straws show which way the wind blows, but in this case it shows how the cocktail goes, or does not go, with the church people.

Spread of Public Intelligence. St. Louis Republic. The United States are now manufacturing and using paper at the rate of \$18,000,000 a year, an increase, according to late official estimates, of about 30 per cent since 1880. It is an enormous industry, created chiefly by the increasing demand for newspapers and growing with it, as evidence of the increasing spread of public intelligence.

No Room for Two Flags. Boston Transcript. While the Philippines continue to be an American possession there is no room, even in that vast archipelago, for two flags. The Philippine government has not acted any too strenuously in suppressing the display of the Katipunan flag, which is the emblem of the "Philippine Republic" than of protest against our rule.

Jovial and Refreshing. New York Sun. It is jovial and refreshing to hear Mr. Bryan, the stern exponent of the strictest sect of state's rights men, crying out against centralization. Mr. Bryan has grand centralization plans of his own, but they must not be confounded with those of the opposition shop. In his pathetic resistance to the other grand exponent of the strictest sect of state's rights men, Mr. Bryan reminds one of Mr. Jeremiah Flintwich, a peculiarity of whose temper was that he would not be swallowed alive.

Penalizing Wrongdoers. Philadelphia Press. The president's determination to punish wrongdoing by corporations with the minimum of loss or inconvenience to the shareholders indicates that he would rather in most cases put the president of the corporation in the penitentiary than impose a heavy fine on the corporation, which would come out of the dividends of the stockholders. The Standard Oil company being largely held by the Rockefeller family and its associates in the business, a monumental fine upon the corporation will fall mostly upon the men responsible for the conduct of the monopoly, and while the imprisonment of the "Standard Oil crowd" would be impressive, the latter form comes pretty near to answering the ends of justice.

AWAY WITH WAR TOYS. Banishment of Tin Soldiers as a Peace Offering. New York Sun. Oh, ye hard-hearted toymakers of Nurnberg! Beware, mercenary and stiff-necked generation of vendors of playthings! The wrath of Pittsburg falls upon you and the scorn of Boston's anti-imperialists lies in wait for you. Yet in the latter case there is consolation, for inasmuch as you have refused to give over your pernicious practice of manufacturing tin soldiers for children to play with, you have shown sympathy for that Medford fountain of eternal youth which Boston bedews its Ancestors and Honorables with. The peace-makers have with siren voices called upon you to abandon the making of toys which may cultivate warlike tendencies in boys. You have sternly refused. The Ancestors and Honorables acquiesce in your refusal. You will continue to make and sell peashooters, leather helmets, lead swords and the thrice blessed toy drum, whose snarling beat has through countless ages summoned millions of families to internecine war. You have realized that if you cease to make these toys the present century boy will turn backward the pages of the world's annals till he comes to the prehistoric chapter. Can you not see him, marching slowly, but inevitably to the rear along the path of civilization, abandoning the patent air-gun for the old crossbow and that for the older simple bow and finally arriving at the javelin? Can you not picture him giving up the sword and the buckler of Richard Coeur de Lion for the pila and testudo of Sulpicio Africanus and in but a little time coming to the good old club of prehistoric man? Can you not see him in your mind's eye chasing little sister around the backyard with a broomstick, and proclaiming in falsetto tones his undying conviction that "Carriage (or something else) do make a good toy?" And what next? With piercing shriek and threatening arm the infuriated mother swoops down upon him and snatches from him his primeval weapon. At last he is left dependent on what a certain eminent orator once called those weapons with which God and nature had provided him. The still undaunted spirit of the warrior makes one last dicker in his breast and he swats little sister with his fist so that she falls to the earth, and falling utters a sound, and darkness covers her eyes.

But now the flickering fire burns low, and with one last sputter of mumbled defiance dies out entirely. The boy retreats into a far corner of the garden and, seating himself under the shade of a tall rose bush, proceeds in loudly uttered words to state that "saw without it," "swore. States can be saved without it."

Sir Spencer Pocklington Marjonn-Wilson, bart., objects to the American custom of sending letters to strangers beginning "Dear Sir." He insists upon being addressed as "Sir Barton." That is the only thing Spence, old boy, has done to warrant his being addressed in any terms.

Secretary Taft explains that the Oklahoma constitution is all right except that it is pretty well filled with a mixture of socialism, anarchy and populism and might be rejected if presented to the president as the territory's credentials for statehood.

The deputy state food commissioner gives a good send-off to samples of Omaha ice cream which he has been inspecting and analyzing. That is comforting, although the ice cream season is about half over. Next time he will please make his tests at least

ROUND ABOUT NEW YORK.

There are picnics and picnics, mostly gone in their way, some indifferent and yellow, and each conducive to a voracious appetite. But there is no picnic in other sections of the globe like the political picnic which has become a feature of life in the metropolis. Usually a striking affair, the appetite brought into action rivals the swallowing of a late meal by the hungry denizens of the zoo. One of these picnics was pulled off by the Jefferson Tammany club one day last week. It was a picnic from the opening to the closing of the gates. Great numbers of people were there, but the essentials, food and drink, were delayed two hours beyond the appointed time, producing ominous murmurs of discontent. When the grub came 2,000 hungry mouths made a rush, and then there were some things done. One hungry son-of-a-gun called for a second helping, whereas a waiter tilted his nose. A dainty pitched plate caught the nose on the up course and flattened it. Fifty waiters rallied behind the owner of the squashed nose and scattered crockery in every direction. In a second the air was full of grub, table utensils and hot exclamations. The mob rushed the waiters into the kitchen and out again, demolishing that flimsy structure as though it was paper. A riot called brought 10 policemen to the scene and while they finished exercising their clubs on fourteen picnickers were carried to the hospital, four waiters went the same route and nearly every policeman lost a section of his coat in the shuffle. "The fight," one chronicler sagely observes, "took all the tuck out of the picnic."

Fleischmann's famous "bread line" will soon disappear from Broadway. The bakery which for many years has nightly given a wagonload of bread to suffering and starving pilgrims after the bells of Grace church next door tolled the hour of midnight will be raised in the spring and the bakery will occupy a larger and more modern building uptown near Central park. The "bread line" is beyond a question Greater New York's sweetest charity. Many years ago when Fleischmann, the wealthy baker, died a provision was found in his will that "no man should be turned away who asked for bread at his bake-shop." As a result the "bread line" was established. The bakery is located at Broadway and Eleventh street next to Grace church with the St. Denis hotel opposite, and Wacker's store on the corner. At 5 o'clock every night the bread line begins to form and precisely at midnight a half dozen attaches of the bakery begin to distribute bread and rolls to sometimes as many as 600 men and women. And as the line is formed wanderers shuffle up to the door of the bakery with hat in hand or aprons stretched to receive a half loaf of bread or a few rolls there is no better place in the world to study human nature, for the line is a heterogeneous one—every class and type of humanity is represented. From the professional yegman and tramp to the educated man and woman who through adverse circumstances and drink have been reduced to poverty.

William P. Holmes, a policeman of the West One Hundredth street station, risked his life the other night by walking from the roof of one five-story building to another on a plank eight inches wide to capture a burglar, George Tanner, 19 years old. He was caught attaching a rope to a chimney on top of the five-story apartment house at 82 West Ninetieth street preparatory to lowering himself down the chimney of adjacent buildings he wanted to search. Holmes got a board not more than eight inches wide and perhaps ten feet long. He ascended the stairs of No. 80 and gained the roof. The policeman extended the board across the gap between the houses and found there was a margin of only four inches on board resting on each roof. He was just preparing to walk across on the plank when he was discovered by Tanner. Tanner, like the villain in the melodrama, rushed toward the edge of the roof with the intention of knocking away the board, which would have thrown the policeman to the bottom of the airway, sixty-five feet below. Holmes whipped out his revolver and commanded the young man to stop. The order was reluctantly obeyed by the villain, and the hero walked across the board, landing safely on the adjacent roof. Tanner held in his possession a kit of burglars' tools. He was held in \$3,000 bail for a further hearing.

One of the sights of New York, to be shown to every rural relative whether from Harlem or beyond, is the new building which is beginning to rear its forty-one stories far above the ruck of ordinary skyscrapers' roofs in Broadway. Each day, during the noon hour, the crowds that swarm in Broadway and the nearby cross-roads, standing at a look up under shading hands at the workmen climbing the slender steel beams, high in air, almost block the streets, sometimes requiring the services of several policemen to keep traffic moving at a regular pace. Many and strange are the remarks and comments heard by one who stands at the curb and watches the passing crowd. "Der piggest pulldink in der world," declared the German to his friend, just after, "Ach, eighteen hun'ert feet, just dey puldits it by electricity."

Behind him are a lot from the country, who on the day before have toured the upper part of the city in a "rubber-sneek" automobile and thereby gained sufficient confidence to venture forth unprotected. They stand motionless in the middle of Broadway, besides of the setting throng around them, she leaning on his arm, gazing changing comments regarding the height of the building as compared with the Bunker Hill monument. A rather interesting case has just been settled in New York in a form of order which is to be issued perpetually enjoined the Publishers' association from interfering with the sale of supplies to the book counters of cut-rate stores and from discriminating against their proprietors. The test was brought by Macy & Co. because of the following conditions: If the retail price of a book is \$1.29 and the publisher sells at wholesale for 80 cents, the small or retail dealer can meet the jobber's price and still sell for a profit. But the large stores buy in jobber lots and sell at retail, thus eliminating the middle man and selling at a good profit below the published retail price. The publishers undertook to protect the smaller book dealers by increasing their own selling prices and retreating to such concerns as were not proven responsible for cutting rates. This would have worked except for the New York law against unfair trade competition and trusts and under this law Macy & Co. brought suit and won. The court of appeals has decided in their favor and there is no appeal to federal courts, so the matter is established for the entire state of New York.

The largest flag in the world floats from the tallest building in the world. The building was raised yesterday in honor of Hon. J. Fulton's great work to humanity to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the first steamboat. The flag, which was raised over the Singer building at Broadway and Liberty street, measures twenty-nine feet by fifty-nine feet and consists of the United States emblem on a ground of white. It is known as the peace flag and was raised under the auspices of the League of Peace. It floats from the thirty-fourth story of the Singer building, which now stands 45 feet from Broadway's pavement.

Training for the Race. Minneapolis Journal. Uncle Joe Cannon's great act of cutting down his cigars from twelve to four a day ought to popularize him with those wives who can't see any sense in their husbands smoking so much.

Benefits of Forced Abstinence. Brooklyn Eagle. A convict, just pardoned, has served twenty-seven years in a state prison. He is 55, in good health and able to earn a living. The district attorney who prosecuted the judge who sentenced him is dead. Forced abstinence from trifles and champagne has its advantages.

The Straw and the Cocktail. Baltimore American. Someone has been mean enough to take a straw vote among the ministers of Indiana to find out just how Mr. Fairbanks stands after his cocktail escapade. There have been times when straws show which way the wind blows, but in this case it shows how the cocktail goes, or does not go, with the church people.

Spread of Public Intelligence. St. Louis Republic. The United States are now manufacturing and using paper at the rate of \$18,000,000 a year, an increase, according to late official estimates, of about 30 per cent since 1880. It is an enormous industry, created chiefly by the increasing demand for newspapers and growing with it, as evidence of the increasing spread of public intelligence.

No Room for Two Flags. Boston Transcript. While the Philippines continue to be an American possession there is no room, even in that vast archipelago, for two flags. The Philippine government has not acted any too strenuously in suppressing the display of the Katipunan flag, which is the emblem of the "Philippine Republic" than of protest against our rule.

Jovial and Refreshing. New York Sun. It is jovial and refreshing to hear Mr. Bryan, the stern exponent of the strictest sect of state's rights men, crying out against centralization. Mr. Bryan has grand centralization plans of his own, but they must not be confounded with those of the opposition shop. In his pathetic resistance to the other grand exponent of the strictest sect of state's rights men, Mr. Bryan reminds one of Mr. Jeremiah Flintwich, a peculiarity of whose temper was that he would not be swallowed alive.

Penalizing Wrongdoers. Philadelphia Press. The president's determination to punish wrongdoing by corporations with the minimum of loss or inconvenience to the shareholders indicates that he would rather in most cases put the president of the corporation in the penitentiary than impose a heavy fine on the corporation, which would come out of the dividends of the stockholders. The Standard Oil company being largely held by the Rockefeller family and its associates in the business, a monumental fine upon the corporation will fall mostly upon the men responsible for the conduct of the monopoly, and while the imprisonment of the "Standard Oil crowd" would be impressive, the latter form comes pretty near to answering the ends of justice.

AWAY WITH WAR TOYS. Banishment of Tin Soldiers as a Peace Offering. New York Sun. Oh, ye hard-hearted toymakers of Nurnberg! Beware, mercenary and stiff-necked generation of vendors of playthings! The wrath of Pittsburg falls upon you and the scorn of Boston's anti-imperialists lies in wait for you. Yet in the latter case there is consolation, for inasmuch as you have refused to give over your pernicious practice of manufacturing tin soldiers for children to play with, you have shown sympathy for that Medford fountain of eternal youth which Boston bedews its Ancestors and Honorables with. The peace-makers have with siren voices called upon you to abandon the making of toys which may cultivate warlike tendencies in boys. You have sternly refused. The Ancestors and Honorables acquiesce in your refusal. You will continue to make and sell peashooters, leather helmets, lead swords and the thrice blessed toy drum, whose snarling beat has through countless ages summoned millions of families to internecine war. You have realized that if you cease to make these toys the present century boy will turn backward the pages of the world's annals till he comes to the prehistoric chapter. Can you not see him, marching slowly, but inevitably to the rear along the path of civilization, abandoning the patent air-gun for the old crossbow and that for the older simple bow and finally arriving at the javelin? Can you not picture him giving up the sword and the buckler of Richard Coeur de Lion for the pila and testudo of Sulpicio Africanus and in but a little time coming to the good old club of prehistoric man? Can you not see him in your mind's eye chasing little sister around the backyard with a broomstick, and proclaiming in falsetto tones his undying conviction that "Carriage (or something else) do make a good toy?" And what next? With piercing shriek and threatening arm the infuriated mother swoops down upon him and snatches from him his primeval weapon. At last he is left dependent on what a certain eminent orator once called those weapons with which God and nature had provided him. The still undaunted spirit of the warrior makes one last dicker in his breast and he swats little sister with his fist so that she falls to the earth, and falling utters a sound, and darkness covers her eyes.

But now the flickering fire burns low, and with one last sputter of mumbled defiance dies out entirely. The boy retreats into a far corner of the garden and, seating himself under the shade of a tall rose bush, proceeds in loudly uttered words to state that "saw without it," "swore. States can be saved without it."

Sir Spencer Pocklington Marjonn-Wilson, bart., objects to the American custom of sending letters to strangers beginning "Dear Sir." He insists upon being addressed as "Sir Barton." That is the only thing Spence, old boy, has done to warrant his being addressed in any terms.

Secretary Taft explains that the Oklahoma constitution is all right except that it is pretty well filled with a mixture of socialism, anarchy and populism and might be rejected if presented to the president as the territory's credentials for statehood.

The deputy state food commissioner gives a good send-off to samples of Omaha ice cream which he has been inspecting and analyzing. That is comforting, although the ice cream season is about half over. Next time he will please make his tests at least

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mark M. Fagan, the popular and aggressive little mayor of Jersey City, who is making a stand for 3-cent trolley fares in his municipality, began his active life as a newboy. The only surviving veteran of the Mexican war in Vermont is John Merrill Goodwin, of Ryegate. His four great grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war and his father in the War of 1812. The great-grandson of Robert Burns, the poet, has recently been named as judge of the police court of Louisville. His name is J. Marshall Chatterton, and for many years he has been an attorney in Louisville. The members of the family of the late Thomas E. Stillman of New York, have presented to Lisleux, France, an addition to a local hospital where accident cases, especially automobile cases, are to be treated. The gift is made in the memory of Thomas E. Stillman, who died in the hospital a year ago. The \$12,000 claims presented by H. C. Frick to the Calvary Protestant Episcopal church in Pittsburg have been hung. At their first ringing on Thursday evening last the public were surprised to hear in the program of religious hymns such secular songs as "Waiting at the Church" and "You Splash Me and I'll Splash You." Thomas F. Walsh, the wealthy Coloradoan, and owner of Wolhurst, near Denver, has made the following announcement in his home papers: "We request our sporting friends not to shoot doves or any other birds on Wolhurst estate. They bring their young on the grounds proper. They are almost domestic in their tameness, and are very near and dear friends of ours. So we appeal to every local sportsman to spare them."

Prof. Thomas G. Masaryk of the Czech university of Prague is a visitor in this country, and will remain the guest of his son at Bridgeport for several weeks. He has become known for his efforts in behalf of the "Austrian Dreyfus." Prof. Masaryk is about fifty years old, speaks English fluently and is well posted on conditions in this country, having delivered a course of lectures at the University of Chicago five years ago. John Fritz, ironmaster and inventor, famous for his perfection of armor plate process, celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth at his home in Bethlehem, Pa., on August 21. He began life as a blacksmith in 1838, and in his long career has been identified with almost every important step in the process of making iron and steel, which has resulted in an increase in the American production of 1,000,000 tons in 1882 to upward of 35,000,000 tons in 1908.

CATCHING AT STRAWS. Bryan's Criticism of President Roosevelt's Speech. Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Mr. Bryan might better have left unsaid his reply to President Roosevelt's Provincetown speech. It only serves to portray the havoc which the radicalism of the new republican dispensation is playing with the radical democracy. The opposition leader emphasizes particularly the president's statement: "I believe in a national incorporation law for corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Mr. Bryan construes this to include railroads, and thereupon sounds the tocsin against the dangers of centralization. This is all well in its way, but it cannot but be remembered that Mr. Bryan himself favors a federal license for state corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and this implies about as close a national control of corporations as would a federal incorporation act. As matters stand, however, the democratic content of new year will not be with Mr. Roosevelt, but more likely with Mr. Taft, and he has said in regard to the control of railroads: "I do not think that in order to accomplish a good which the federal government with its greater resources and wider geographical reach can bring about more quickly and efficiently, the constitutional rights upon federal action should be blurred out or an undoubted federal power should be expanded by doubtful construction into a field which really belongs to the state." This is accordingly a consideration of the rights of the states which Mr. Bryan cannot easily quarrel. It is evident that upon the railroad and kindred issues he will have to return to state and national ownership in order to



Dr. Price's Wheat Flake Celery Food. You cannot make good blood out of poor food. If you desire a healthy body you must have pure blood, so it is most important that the food that enters the stomach should make good blood. Dr. Price's Wheat Flake Celery Food is a food wholesome, pure and nourishing, made from nature's product—wheat.

PERSONAL NOTES. Mark M. Fagan, the popular and aggressive little mayor of Jersey City, who is making a stand for 3-cent trolley fares in his municipality, began his active life as a newboy. The only surviving veteran of the Mexican war in Vermont is John Merrill Goodwin, of Ryegate. His four great grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war and his father in the War of 1812.

SMILING REMARKS. "Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "finds it hard to realize that God ought to be any difference between a good friend and an easy mark."—Washington Star.

"I've got the most saving girl I ever had." "Is that so?" "Yes, yesterday she broke our best candlestick and at once suggested that we could use the cut glass products for paper weights."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. White (sympathetically)—So your husband is in trouble again, Maud? Mrs. Black (cheerily)—No, he's out of trouble deess now—do account's in jail. Gaddie—When I saw him last night he was pointing up the town with all his heart and soul. "Wise—Well, when I saw him this morning he was regretting it with all his head."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Mommer—According to this paper, boiled cow's milk is not good for babies. Mr. Mommer—I can see where the paper is right. A raw cow gives better milk than a boiled cow. "You raise my boys."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"A dentist who wishes to change his business ought to succeed as a real estate agent." "Why so?" "Because like a real estate man, he makes his living out of his patrons' aches."—Baltimore American.

"I suppose you ran for office because