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THE OMAHA EVENING BEE

A clean and reliable paper for the home is barred from no self-respecting household

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RAINMAKER DORMAN ON JOB

New Wonder Arises to Control the Floodgates of Heaven.

HIS WARNING TO KANSAS CITY

Flood in Kaw Impends Which He Will Avert for the Insignificant Sum of \$5,000 in Cash.

Rainmaker Wright's mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders, and the stowpiche that famous deflector of natural laws used to point heavenward in defiance of drought is now being manipulated by Allan Dorman of Kansas City, Mo. In these days of deluges, when the earth is nightly and daily soused by the most copious floods, J. P. Fluvius ever loomed, it would seem that the rainmaker had better join up with the dodo, but not so. Rainmaker Dorman pitches his music to a warning note, and thus addresses himself to the editor of The Bee:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 18.—Honorable Editor of The Bee, Omaha, Neb.: My Dear Sir—The conditions here now are favorable for a Kaw flood.

At once I will accept \$5,000, and there will be no serious flood. Please help start the move at once. Your friend, ALLEN DORMAN.

While Mr. Dorman is at present a stranger to the editor of The Bee, and, so far as can be ascertained by hasty inquiry, to the entire staff of the paper, his letter breathes a spirit so engaging and charmingly frank that his confidence is accepted. It would not be in accord with the humanitarian principles of The Bee were it to permit this opportunity to prevent disaster to Omaha's warm friend and ardent rival in the commercial world, Kansas City, to pass unnoticed. Mr. Dorman has named a remarkably low figure for preventing the flood that at present, according to his avowal, hangs impending over the bottom lands adjacent to the Kaw.

Kansas City's Opportunity.

He is equipped, if one may believe his circulars, to produce rains, and probably floods, although he explicitly declines to accept any responsibility in event of the latter resulting from his experimentation. This being true, why is it not as easy for him to prevent a flood? All he has to do is to reverse his machine and run it backward for a few turns, and the fountains of the deep will be dried up and the floodgates of the heavens will be closed. It would therefore, seem prudent that Kansas City should heed his warning. In absence of other and more immediate means of success, it is moved that the sum of \$5,000 be appropriated from the unexpended balance, if any, of the sum raised for the purpose of defraying the cost of removal of the Union Pacific headquarters from Omaha to Kansas City, and that the same be used to defray the expenses of Rainmaker and Flood Preventer Dorman in his effort to avert the disaster that threatens to overwhelm the region at or near the mouth of the Kaw.

This is about as far as The Bee can go at present. It hesitates through delicacy to press upon the people of Kansas City anything in the way of monetary assistance, knowing them to be proud-spirited and somewhat touchy on the point. If it should be apparent that they are unable to secure the needed funds to compensate Prof. Dorman for his efforts in their be-

half something further may be done up this way.

His Confession of Ability.

That Prof. Dorman is not a fake, but a genuine and undoubted rainmaker, is easily established. Indeed, no proof is needed, for he admits as cheerfully as Harry Orchard admits himself to be the champion dynamiter of all times. Accompanying the note quoted, in which Prof. Dorman sounds his warning, is a circular letter, in which he sets himself forth as follows:

KANSAS CITY, June 18, 1907.—Honorable Editor of The Bee: Please review my herewith enclosed circular, and send me a sample copy of your paper containing said notice, marked. I am preparing a pamphlet of press comments and will publish 50,000 copies, with press notices, for distribution next summer.

I am building up a useful scientific cause. I need your help. Had I lived in the dark ages I would have been burned at the stake for doing good. I discovered the merits of nature's electric circle above the ground current in its relation with the electric sun, which passes south in the fall, sending birds to southern climes. When the earth changes its position at equinoxes the electric force returns north in the spring, bringing life and rain. Without this we would have perfect equinoxes. Man used to shoot many gun shots at nature on July 4. Nature met them with systems, producing rain on July 4. The other shots, out of system, were wasted.

I can conquer next summer's drought. Speak your scientific views ably and I will give you \$5,000. Agents with contract 10 per cent. Your friend, ALLEN DORMAN.

General delivery, Kansas City, Mo. Fifty dollars binds trade for ten days, or till rain falls.

Rain Editor Out of Reach.

It is with exceeding regret and some sense of remorse that The Bee admits that its rainmaking expert is just at this critical juncture enjoying a protracted vacation, and his return is so uncertain it would be unfair to Prof. Dorman to defer until that time comment on his plan of action. Many of the older readers will recall with some satisfaction the triangular controversy between the rainmaking expert of The Bee at one corner, and Rainmaker Wright and the Kansas genius who proposed to irrigate the atmosphere instead of the earth, at the other two, and the glory that gathered round the head of this paper's expert as the result of that famous debate. These recollections will only increase the regret that he is not now on the job to deal with the problems offered by Prof. Dorman. The circular of the latter is:

The rainmaking season of 1907 is now here. That my last year's scientific work helped the middle west over a billion dollars in benefit is conceded by many intelligent people. The railroad trains, heavy laden with fat hogs and cattle, the new buildings in many prosperous cities, the flush of money over the country, the verdant fields and pastures, beautiful crops and fine flowers, are responsible for any storm, flood, or any excess of nature whatever. Reliable agents wanted to take up subscriptions to the drought begins; better for you, easier for me.

When I am employed, business men expect to make preparations, select locations and furnish cannon in drought and offer other assistance when needed. I will gladly furnish my scientific work, but I will be responsible for any storm, flood, or any excess of nature whatever. Reliable agents wanted to take up subscriptions to the drought begins; better for you, easier for me. My address is Allen Dorman, Clinton, Missouri.

His Queries Answered. Following the circular the professor propounds a number of questions connected with the "science" of which he is undoubtedly the foremost exponent. These should be considered categorically, but, owing to the unfortunate absence of the rainmaking editor, the horse editor will have to answer such as he feels competent to deal with

and let the others go. "Does lightning sometimes pass from the ground to the clouds?" asks the professor. The horse editor admits that it does.

"What would happen to a Chinaman if oxygen was a good conductor?" This is a trifle cryptic, but if the Chinaman had presented an expired transfer to one of the Omaha trolley conductors the answer would be easy; St. Joseph's hospital or the morgue.

"What would happen to my two books and 126 inventions if nitrogen and hydrogen chemically combined?" This is also easy, but the horse editor, being a gentleman at other times, declines to use such language.

"Can science do more than help nature, when the cloud is distant?" Science can do no less, and would forfeit its claims to recognition were it so far lost to all sense of courteous obligations as to refuse to assist under such conditions.

General satisfaction was expressed yesterday among the commission men over the honors conferred on T. B. McPherson and the South Omaha market by the National exchange. "We went to Kansas City with the intention of trying for some of the national offices and to bring the next session of the exchange to South Omaha. We have accomplished our purpose and naturally feel pretty good about it," was the general tenor of the comments of a dozen different men.

W. B. Cheek said: "T. B. McPherson is a man who deserves the honor. He is an all-around business man and one very largely interested in the stock business. What we want still more is to see him made the president of the Union Stock Yards company of South Omaha, a position made vacant by the death of W. A. Paxton, sr."

A. J. Caughy said: "Mr. McPherson is a big, broad-minded business man, who has the entire confidence of the exchange. He is a stockman, a banker, a commission man, and a natural diplomat. He will bring honor to the office which has been conferred upon him. He has had a very broad experience in the business world. I concur in the belief that he should be president of the Union Stock Yards company."

Tagg Bros. said: "We are glad to hear of the success of T. B. McPherson, for it means a higher rank for South Omaha among the markets of the country. We expected that the fight would be made, but hardly dared hope that it would be so successful."

OFFICER HITS THE WRONG MAN

Takes Shot at Fleeing Prisoner and Bullet Perforates Leg of Bystander.

Officer Shepherd took two shots at a fleeing prisoner who had broken away from him in the alley south of Ostoff's hall on North Sixteenth street at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night. Neither of the shots hit the man they were intended for, but one of them passed through the calf of Robert Burns' leg.

As Officer Shepherd was passing the saloon under the hall a man ran out and he stopped him and took him back to find out the cause of his haste. He found the man had hit the bartender with a brick. While the bartender was telling Officer Shepherd about it the prisoner slugged the officer and darted out the side door, with the officer in hot pursuit. His two shots failed to stop the fellow's flight, as at last accounts he was still running. Burns, the innocent bystander, was taken to the police station, where Dr. Arnot dressed his wound. The bullet passed through the fleshy portion of his leg and no bones were broken.

AFFAIRS AT SOUTH OMAHA

McPherson's Election Pleases Men at the Stock Yards.

HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED

Friends Are Also Puffing Him Forward for President of the South Omaha Stock Yards Company.

Several pleasant club parties were given during the last week at the pavilion of the South Omaha Country club. One was tendered by T. J. O'Neil, and another by Dr. C. M. Schindler and wife. Mrs. Wilber Sears entertained yesterday afternoon. There were twenty-five guests in the party. Bruce McCulloch entertained five of his friends early in the week. The regular weekly dance was well attended, though the weather was pretty warm for enjoyment. Yesterday, aside from the usual golf contests of the afternoon, the South Omaha Country club team defeated the Nonpareils of Omaha in a fast game of base ball. The score was 7 to 3. The pitching of Eugene Rose of the South Omaha team was a neat exhibition. A large crowd was out to see the game. These games have been drawing larger and larger crowds and reflect great credit on the manager, Otto Radzawell.

Two lots, corner 24th and U, \$900. Miss Dora Melcher of Atlantic, Ia., is the guest of her brother, C. A. Melcher, Four lots on Q, near Thirty-ninth, \$200 each.

The little son of Ed. Trapp is still seriously ill. Three seven-room cottages on Q, near 26th, \$2,000 each.

R. W. Read has gone to St. Joseph, Mo., to spend Sunday. Miss A. C. Tagg and family have gone for a visit of a few days at Waco and York, where they have relatives.

Three-story brick flat in South Omaha, \$5,000. This investment pays 7 per cent net. P. C. Caldwell, South Omaha.

W. L. Parsley, Twentieth and Missouri avenues, is ill with appendicitis and it is feared an operation will be necessary.

Mrs. J. B. Watkins gave a party in honor of her little daughter, Louise, yesterday afternoon. About twenty-five guests were present.

Mrs. August Ohlendorf, aged 72, died Friday afternoon. The funeral will take place from the residence, 506 N. Monday at 2 p. m.

Wanted—25 girls to make overalls and jackets. Steady employment at good pay. Apply to Byrne & Hammer D. G. Co., factory, 417 North 25th St., South Omaha.

Charles Kariguit has resigned his position with the Omaha Packing company and bought a half interest in the shoe store of P. A. Johnson on Twenty-fourth street.

Mrs. R. P. Larkin and family of Sioux City are visiting her mother, Mrs. D. Rafferty. Mrs. Edwin Smith and son, she being a sister of Mrs. Rafferty, from Chicago, are also here.

W. L. Bryant, who has been several times arrested on suspicion of connection with burglaries, was sentenced to thirty days, but was given the alternative of getting out of town. He went

ants, among them being W. J. Copenhaver, J. D. Ringer and James Austin.

Trouble at All Nations.

Another rough and tumble fight occurred at the House of All Nations last night. As a result a man by the name of Webb is seriously injured and his assailant, John Eagan, is in jail. There were no features other than those common to the melee in that quarter. It is said that Webb was about to administer a beating to Eagan, when the latter got in a stiff punch with a pair of brass knuckles which laid Webb out. It was at first thought he was dead, but he is still on this side of the Styx.

Country Club Delays.

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LETTER CARRIERS HAVE FUN

All Turn Out for the Annual Picnic at Krug Park.

EVENTS START LATE IN THE DAY

Interesting Program of Sports Serves to Liven Things Up—Sandy Morrison Waives Weight in the Fat Man's Race.

The festivities of the Omaha letter carriers in their annual picnic held yesterday at Krug park began late, but the postmen made up for this by crowding a great deal of fun and excitement into the late hours of the afternoon and evening. Nobody in the city missed even so much as a circular from his mail because the carriers were having their picnic. All mail deliveries were made and then pleasure was indulged in after duty had been done.

Practically all the 407 carriers and the fifteen substitutes of the postoffice force in Omaha were there with their wives and children and friends, and they made the pretty park ring with laughter and stirred up things generally.

The only hitch that even threatened to occur was when call was made for entries to the fat man's race. It seemed for a time that Sandy Morrison was the only man on the force who could lay claim to "250 pounds or over." After some effort two others were admitted to the running. They weren't near up to Sandy's weight. They were but sorry fat men compared with him. Everybody seemed delighted when Sandy won almost in a walk.

Result of the Races. The results of the races, with prizes, were as follows:

Fifty-yard women's race, open to all: First prize, box cigars, 10c; second prize, handsome picture, Evelyn Lewis.

Forty-yard race, carriers' wives only: First prize, silver jewel case, Mrs. Morrison; second prize, pair silk gloves, Mrs. Johnson.

Forty-yard race, girls under 16 years: First prize, bottle cologne, Ruth Newton; second prize, two souvenir plates, Evelyn Dolan.

One hundred-yard race, open to all: First prize, safety razor, Buddy Miller; second prize, box cigars, 10c; third prize, fishing tackle, George Powers.

Forty-yard race, \$1.50 hat, Sandy Morrison; second prize, pair silk suspenders, donated by Berg clothing company, Willie Cline.

Potato race: First prize, coffee pot, Mrs. Camp; second prize, box handkerchiefs, Mrs. Newton.

Pat men's race, 100 yards, weight over 200 pounds: First prize, hat, Sandy Morrison; second prize, box cigars, J. B. Dugdale.

Potato race: First, suitable prize, Ruth Newton; second prize, pair cuff buttons, Anna Maher.

Old men's race, fifty yards, over 50 years: First prize, bottle green river, D. W. Thilston.

Sack race, open to all: First prize, pair slippers, Miller and Gamble; second prize, quart wine.

Diabrow Ready for Winter. John W. Diabrow was the distinction of being the most popular letter carrier, though he had a close contest with D. W. Thilston and Timothy Kelly. Votes in this contest tallied and wholesaled at 1 cent each. Mr. Diabrow had nearly 900 votes. He will get one ton of coal. "This is a picnic with a purpose," said D. W. Thilston of the committee. "Our object is to raise money to boost for the

great convention of the National Association of Letter Carriers in 1908. It takes money to get this plum, but it is a big thing and we have the assurance of the co-operation of the business men in our effort.

"The convention has more than 1,000 delegates. New York City alone sends forty delegates and its famous brass band of seventy-five pieces. Boston sends, in addition to thirty delegates, a band of sixty pieces; St. Louis a band of forty-five pieces, and San Francisco a band of forty pieces. All these musicians are letter carriers and are working in the service. They would make Omaha ring as it never has before. It would mean a gala week for Omaha if we landed the convention.

"We are going to make a great effort to get this convention. St. Paul is going to make a strong effort to get the big meeting in 1908, but we feel that we are entitled to it, and with a little foresight and push we will get it here. It means about 3,000 visitors in the city for a week or more, which alone is a big source of profit and advertising."

LOSES ALL FAITH IN SIGNS

Claude Irish Has an Experience with a Second-Hand Man.

Does Claude Irish of Sixteenth and Chicago, believe in signs? There was a time when he did, but it is past now. When walking by a second-hand store on Sixteenth, near Davenport, Saturday afternoon, he noticed a trunk out on the sidewalk, and as he needed such an article he went in to bargain with the store that the lock could not be opened. Since keeper. He asked for a key and was told he would have to buy a new lock the dealer let him have the trunk for \$1. Irish paid an expressman 50 cents to carry the purchase to his home. When he began to examine it he found that his trunk was a sign, a painted box which the second-hand man had placed on his sidewalk for an advertisement and which was completely useless.

There is no other temperance beverage that is so healthful, wholesome, nourishing and satisfying—so strengthening, invigorating and vitalizing—as

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

The 3 1/2% of alcohol in the beer is simply a mild stimulant that helps the stomach do its work without producing any harmful effect.

Pabst Brewing Co., 1207 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Phone Douglas 79.