

THE DAILY BEE.
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily Morning Edition including Sunday.
For Six Months \$3.00
For Three Months \$1.50
For One Month .75
The Omaha Sunday Bee, mailed to any address, one year, \$2.00.
DAILY OFFICE, 1014 N. 10TH ST., CORNER OF 10TH AND F STREET.
NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOMS 11 AND 12, 15 NASSAU ST.
BUREAU, WASHINGTON OFFICE, NO. 614 FOURTEENTH STREET.
CORRESPONDENCE.
All communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor of the Bee.
BUSINESS LETTERS.
All business letters and remittances should be addressed to THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OMAHA. Drafts, checks and postoffice orders to be made payable to the order of the company.
The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietors
E. ROSEWATER, Editor.

THE DAILY BEE.
Sworn Statement of Circulation.
State of Nebraska, ss.
County of Douglas, ss.
Geo. H. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending June 1, 1888, was as follows:
Saturday, May 29, 18,902
Sunday, May 30, 18,940
Monday, May 31, 18,906
Tuesday, June 1, 18,906
Wednesday, June 2, 18,906
Thursday, June 3, 18,906
Friday, June 4, 18,906
Average, 18,906
Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this 2d day of June, A. D. 1888.
N. P. FRIE, Notary Public.
State of Nebraska, ss.
County of Douglas, ss.
George H. Tschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of June, 1887, was 18,947 copies; for July, 1887, 18,906 copies; for August, 1887, 18,906 copies; for September, 1887, 18,906 copies; for October, 1887, 18,906 copies; for November, 1887, 18,906 copies; for December, 1887, 18,906 copies; for January, 1888, 18,906 copies; for February, 1888, 18,906 copies; for March, 1888, 18,906 copies; for April, 1888, 18,906 copies; for May, 1888, 18,906 copies.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 2d day of June, A. D. 1888.
N. P. FRIE, Notary Public.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION 18,152
The commencement season has begun—that is, the commencement of the picnic season.

The presidency of the United States will not be affected by the political creed of the members of the Omaha school board.

MAYOR FRANCIS OF St. Louis will be the most unpopular man in that city today unless he rescinds the order closing the saloons on Sunday.

MR. CONOVER is not running this time, and there is no occasion for frightening the 200 schoolma'ams of Omaha into peddling partisan tickets made up by hoodlums and ward huns.

COMPARE the school board tickets, man for man, and you will have no difficulty in deciding which ticket represents the interests of the taxpayer and welfare of the school children.

THE sultan of Turkey has refused to permit certain Armenians to emigrate to America. Thank you, sir; America has a shipload or two of beggars who can be sent to Turkey on proper application.

FOR once Mr. Coburn has made a mistake. He should have sought his vindication in another way than asking even his friends to vote him into the board of education for a second term while he is holding the office of sheriff.

WHEN a man is laying political pipes for months and hanging around the street corners for weeks to get a nomination on the school board, on which he has to serve without pay, you can bet your bottom dollar he expects to make his expenses out of the office in an illegitimate way. There are several just such men on the ticket nominated by the ward huns yesterday.

THE organ of the political hacks who insist upon thrusting politics into the school board tries to represent the effort to raise the schools above the plane of the pot-house and trading-post for janitors as a burlesque. When the patrons of the public schools and the taxpayers are heard from the performance of the professional politician will be treated as something worse than a farce.

It is evident that a burglar's "trust" has been formed. Omaha is not alone the victim of this new extortion. The cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Stillwater, Sioux City and others are being discriminated as well by the light-fingered gentry. If the police of these cities would form a "pool" to down this "combine," the burglar monopolists might be given an opportunity to wear the stripes for awhile.

THE Hon. David H. Wells, who has devoted most of his life to statistics on our social economy, comes to a conclusion that the material progress made by mankind during the last fifty years has been upward and not downward, better and not worse. While it cannot be denied that in point of material wealth Europe and America have made an unparalleled advancement, it is a question whether the moral welfare of the race has kept equal pace.

EDWIN BOOTH has again shown his munificence by a princely gift of a building at Gramercy park, New York City, to "The Players' Club." The object of this association of actors and their friends is the formation and preservation of the finest picture gallery and library relating to the theatrical profession in the world. It is by deeds of this kind that the actors' profession is elevated, and all the men and women, who are "merely players," raised to a nobler appreciation of the art.

NEBRASKA has the distinction of furnishing the subject of "The First Home-land," a beautiful oil-painting from the brush of Mrs. W. C. Strohm. The picture was sent to Mrs. John A. Logan who will place it in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The original of the painting is the farm of Mr. Daniel Freeman of Beatrice, which was pre-empted January 1, 1863. It is certainly a compliment to our state, that a picture of the first homestead in the United States has been hung in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

A Change for the Better.
It goes without saying that every citizen who has the welfare of Omaha at heart is deeply interested in the management of our public schools. The election to-morrow involves the question whether the schools, with their enormous patronage, are to be given up to political spoils-hunters and hucksters, supply contractors and real estate speculators. It is a notorious fact that the board of education within the past two years has handled nearly one million dollars. The revenue of the board, independent of the bonds voted with which to build school houses, is fully three hundred thousand dollars a year. With this princely revenue, the board has been unable to make both ends meet. Without laying the blame for reckless mismanagement and plotting, scheming and speculating upon any particular member of the board, every intelligent observer must be convinced that a change of management and policy is demanded in the interest of good government. This does not imply a reduction of teachers' salaries, but businesslike methods applied to the sale and purchase of school property and supplies which involve a great outlay. In other words, reform is necessary in the management of our public schools. Can this reform be brought about without a change of the membership in the school board? We do not believe it can, and nobody need expect such reforms so long as the members of the board are obligated, for their selection, to the political machine, with its packed ward caucuses and rotten spoils system.

The board to be elected to-morrow will control our school system for the next three years. Can any citizen and taxpayer who desires good school government remain indifferent and shirk his duty to large, his family and the community at large?

American Players Abroad.
Last year Mr. Augustin Daly, the New York manager, took his company to Europe for a summer season and won a notable success. In England his audiences were the largest and finest of the season, and he was hardly less favored on the continent. The excellence of the American company seemed to be something of a revelation to both the critics and the play-goers of Europe. They had not been wont to credit us with such development in this department of art. A few fine actors they knew we had. Edwin Forrest the critics at least had heard of, and possibly also of E. L. Davenport and James E. Murdoch and Charlotte Cushman. Booth had been among them and they had measured his greatness, giving him a place among the foremost of their own lands. Mary Anderson had won a secure place in the English heart. Joseph Jefferson they were acquainted with. These had taught them that America was not without great artists, whom it knew how to appreciate. But still the company of Mr. Daly, unsurpassed if equaled in all Europe, showed us a long step in advance of where the critics and playgoers of Europe supposed we were, and therefore it achieved great popularity and great success.

The enterprising manager is again in London, renewing his last year's triumph, our cable dispatches have noted the cordial welcome of his reception. The audiences that nightly greet his company are larger and finer than before, if possible, and this notwithstanding the fact that he offers the well-worn comedy, to London at least, of "The Taming of the Shrew." It is not easy for an English audience to warmly commend the production of any Shakespearean play by foreign actors, even though such actors be American, yet the praise given Mr. Daly's company has been hearty and unreserved. Individually and collectively they have been praised, and those most admirable artists, Ada Rehan, James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, are being lionized to their heart's content.

It is an experience that ought to gratify Americans, and particularly those who have contended that our stage, albeit not favored by state subsidies or the special patronage of a titled aristocracy, is as capable of the highest standard of attainment as any in the world, and that in fact our best native talent is nowhere surpassed. We venture to say that no other country could bring together such a galaxy of great exponents of the drama as were associated in the production of "Hamlet" two weeks ago, on the occasion of the testimonial to Lester Wallack, and though several of them are not Americans by birth, all perfected their art on the American stage. What has been done in advancing the standard of dramatic art in this country is assurance of still further progress. We shall more fully demonstrate that a free stage, subject to no other censorship than that of an enlightened public, and dependent upon no other support than that of the people, can attain the highest results and the largest measure of usefulness, and set an example worthy of the world's imitation.

The Reason Why.
The women who desire representation on the board of education only have themselves to blame for failing to receive recognition on either of the respective tickets. They agreed to disagree at the outset, and pursued a course that compelled their friends to ignore their demands. One set of woman suffragists publicly declared, and had it so advertised, that they belonged to the partisans with a republican brand, and would not accept a nomination from anybody except the straight republican convention, made up for the most part of "boughten" patriots, who traffic in votes and live on politics, and slake their thirst at the expense of candidates. The other set presented their claims at the non-partisan meeting. The disposition of the non-partisan committee, was to give them recognition, but they were confronted with the question whether such action would not defeat a part if not their whole ticket, in case the republican convention should nominate the two partisan female candidates. It was manifest that the woman

suffragist intended to pool all their efforts for the women on both tickets in a concerted effort to elect them all. That would have compelled them to scratch two of the male candidates in the non-partisan ticket, and if this scratching match was not strictly confined to two particular candidates, it would have resulted in the defeat of the whole non-partisan ticket. This would have been suicidal. Had the woman suffragists centered their choice upon two women known to be fitted for the school board, and presented their names as the unanimous choice of the female voters, there is very little doubt that they would have been successful.

Shakespeare or Bacon.
What is the Donnelly Cryptogram? This is a question as often asked by people who have seen the book as by people who have not. Mr. Donnelly himself tells us that a more brain-racking problem was never submitted to the intellect of man, and in this statement he will be enthusiastically upheld by most of the people who have attempted to find their way out of the tortuous labyrinth into which he has led them. His book is divided into two parts, an argument and a demonstration. Part I contains the old familiar arguments and evidences brought forward to prove that Bacon was the real author of the Shakespeare plays. Mr. Donnelly says: "While the cipher will be able to stand alone, these facts will throw many valuable side lights upon the story told in the cipher narrative. When we say of Part I. that it presents a very strong case in favor of Mr. Donnelly's client we will leave it and turn our attention to the really new part of the work, the cipher."

This decipherer claims is "a long, continuous narrative, running through many pages, detailing historical events in a perfectly symmetrical, rhetorical and grammatical manner, and always growing out of the same numbers employed in the same way and counting from the same or similar starting points." This he asserts, "cannot be otherwise than a prearranged arithmetical cipher." He quotes many passages from the acknowledged works of Bacon relative to ciphers and their construction and utility, proving beyond question that Bacon not only used ciphers but made them. He claims that the Shakespeare plays are at once the finest dramatic poetry ever written, and that they contain besides an unfolded history of the troublous times of Elizabeth. This cipher is not one of letters but of words. It is a story in a story.

For instance, he claims that the story of Mary Queen of Scots and that of the Spanish Armada are hidden in Love's Labor Lost, and that the external story of the downfall of Wolsey in Henry VIII hides the internal story of Bacon's own disaster and disgrace. According to his theory the plays are arranged in pairs, and to successfully work out the cipher story both plays must be used at the same time. The cipher narrative given in illustration is evolved from the first and second parts of Henry IV. The second part of this play was not published for two years after the first part, the author wisely allowing that much time to pass between the publication of paired plays, to see if any suspicion was excited by certain peculiarities of construction or significant phrases employed. In case there had been, the second part would be suppressed and no one could then work out the cipher, having only half the necessary words. It can only be evolved by using the folio of 1623, the first complete edition of the plays, published seven years after the death of Shakespeare and three years before the death of Bacon. In this same year was published Bacon's De Augmentis, which contained the chapter on ciphers and a description of what Bacon calls the best of all ciphers, "where one writing is enfolded in another." It will be seen from this that the narratives and their key were both published in the same year. Mr. Donnelly calls attention to the paging of this edition, which is peculiar. He uses the number of the page, the number of words in each column, and the number of words in each subdivision of each column. From these numbers he produces an arithmetical formula, moving sometimes from the bottom and sometimes from the top of the column, but always in strict accordance with his formula. By the help of the facsimile pages from the 1623 folio published in this volume we are able to follow the formation of such sentences as this: "Many rumors are on the tongues of men that my cousin hath prepared not only the contentions between York and Lancaster and King John, and this play, but other plays which are put forth first under the name of Monclon, and now go abroad as prepared by Shakespeare. He is the son of a poor peasant, who yet followed the trade of glove making in the hole where he was born and bred, and there are even rumors that both Will and his brothers did themselves follow that trade for some time before they came here."

From pages 74 to 79 inclusive, in the second part of Henry IV., he evolves arithmetically such a continuous narrative as "I ventured to tell him my suspicion that Master Shakespeare is not himself capable enough and hath not knowledge enough to have written the much-admired plays that we all rate so high, and which are supposed to be his, and which, ever since the death of Marlowe, have been put forth in his name, and that it is rumored that every one of them was prepared under his name by some gentleman. His lordship advised that the best thing we could do is to make him a prisoner, and as soon as he is apprehended bind him with iron and bring him before the council and it is more than likely the knave would speak the truth and tell who writ it. But in the event that he lied about the matter, your grace should have him limbs put to the question and force him to confess the truth." Page after page of such material is produced in evidence by Mr. Donnelly and he declares that the world will either have to admit that there is a

cipher in the plays, or give him credit for being a man of as boundless ingenuity as he has attributed to Bacon. He admits that there are still one or two phrases of the cipher that he has not fully worked out, but he hopes to elaborate and verify it, abundantly and reduce his workmanship to mathematical exactness, and give to the world this tale in a tale, a triumph of the human intellect, besides which the illiad will be but a rude song and Paradise Lost a simple and unstudied lay. He has certainly piled proof upon proof that the dramas can be skillful manipulation be made to produce some startling and remarkable results, and that the hidden narrative may have been alluded to where the author of these dramas forewore his art and said, "And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book." Mr. Donnelly declares that he has invented hundreds of ciphers trying to solve this, and certainly the page from Henry IV., produced with all the evidences of the time and labor spent upon it, would justify the man who read the tale in supposing that he had hidden it "deeper than did ever plummet sound." If Mr. Donnelly invented this cipher he is a greater prodigy than either Bacon or Shakespeare. If he discovered it he deserves the gratitude of men for all time."

Elsewhere The Bee presents the results of a very careful investigation regarding the character of the milk supplied to consumers in Omaha. In every city of the country there is an almost constant output against impure and adulterated milk. It is a quite universal conviction that integrity is a virtue unknown to the milkman, but until within a recent time not much complaint has been heard from the consumers of milk in Omaha. We are becoming metropolitan, however, in this as in other respects, and with the growth of demand and competition the milkmen of this city are demonstrating that they are not behind their brethren elsewhere in practicing the tricks of the trade. The evidence is that while there is good milk sold in Omaha, a great deal of it is poor, and some wholly unfit for use, though of the latter the amount is doubtless very small. Another fact established is that the inspection of milk is practically worthless, for the reason that the inspectors are incompetent. They are without the scientific knowledge necessary to their duties. In order to effect a permanent remedy there must be reform in the inspection. It is perhaps sufficient for the present to invite attention to the facts presented and suggest that remedial steps must be taken, without discussing at length what these should be. The subject will be worth recurring to, and this we shall find occasion to do. Omaha can have pure milk, and if the authorities do their duty will have it. Meanwhile our readers are advised to peruse the facts elicited by our investigation.

VOICE OF THE STATE PRESS.
The Blue Springs Motor burrahs for Alger of Michigan, while the Tecumseh Republican wants Ben Harrison or death. Something encourages the Lincoln News to believe that "Oil room politics is about over in Nebraska." The action of the recent republican convention certainly did not justify any such conclusion, as the men selected by said convention, were Chiefs of the oil room inspectors, including the grand high chief of oil rooms, Thurston says the Grand Island Independent. "When the farmers and laborers of the state of Nebraska are hooted and jeered, as was the case in the late republican convention, when Van Wyck, who has always fearlessly espoused their cause, was so unmercifully squelched by Thurston, Greene, Bates and their followers, it is high time for them to resent the insult," indignantly exclaims the Knox County Capital. The Greeley Leader says: "Governor Thayer's record beyond question designates him as the standard bearer of the republican party for this great commonwealth, and this fall. He has been fearless, wise and honorable as an executive and can roll up a greater republican majority than was ever before known in the history of the state. The Centropolis World enters this objection: "Speaking of the attempt of the Union Pacific railway to keep local travel off its overland flyers, so that those trains will be lighter in order to make time, the opinion is expressed that the interest law forbids any such discrimination. The law says we can ride for three cents a mile, and the company must provide accommodation on all regular passenger trains at that price. The effort of the Union Pacific to run fast trains should certainly be appreciated, but they'll have to carry the folks along." "It is evident from the work done," says the Schuyler Quill, "by Attorney General Leese against the railroad companies in the railroad commission acts of this state, that the company will not yield to defeat him for renomination the fall in the republican state convention. Already it has been intimated that the railroad tools are laying for him, and unless the people come to his assistance he will suffer defeat. What must be done is to instruct Colfax county's delegation for him. Farmers, who must help their friends, and Leese is one of them."

Speaking of the \$5,000 appropriation rushed through the legislature for the support of Bob Furnas, the Omaha Granger says: "The inquiry made by Mr. Wright in the Granger of the 11th dist. what had become of the \$5,000 that was paid to ex-Governor Furnas out of the state treasury in February, 1887, has provoked considerable comment, and we learn that one of our honorables has taken the trouble to enlighten one of the voters, and that the said enlightener told Mr. Furnas that he got out of Lincoln with but a small portion of the amount appropriated, 'cause why?' He was compelled to divide with the members who secured the passage of the bill, and when all had received their rewards there was but little left. What a delightful comment upon our law-enacting delegates, and what a travesty is the handle attached to their names. Does the Nebraska county honorable proceed promptly to expose this rascality? Does he raise his voice in denunciation of an act so unjust and illegal? If so it is not audible. The North Bend Plain this reads the riot act to the machine politicians and political wire pullers of Dodge county: "Seriously, now it is becoming time that the voters of Dodge county began to act as men; even as reasonable beings, rather than automata and machines. The self-assumed dictatorship of Dodge county's politics, practiced for the past few years in the interest of one man or more, is disgraceful, or humiliating to say the least. The Plain will be plain. We mean that since Mr. Dorsey commenced his congressional career the whole political machinery of the county has been thrust into his hands for his manipulation at pleasure. He creates delegates at will and then trades and barter and dispenses with the sang froid of a cattle king or a pork packer. He not only controls the delegates attending his district convention but trades the influence of the delegate delegation with no more compunction than if he were buying 'short' on the milk market. It must cease; it will cease. He claims that this is the last; that this nomination is all that he asks from his county. But he claimed the same thing before."

Went Into Politics.
First Citizen: "I hear Blumengren has gone into politics. Is it so?" Second Ditto: "Yes, he's opened a saloon on the corner."

An Aged Chestnut.
Political Truism.
Illinois democratic papers claim that the democracy will be able to carry the state this year. It will be observed that the whippers on this ancient chestnut are a little grayer than they were four years ago.

As Bad as Politicians.
London Athenaeum.
Experience of the sparrow, both in England and America, has convinced us that, taking the year round, it distinctly does more harm than good as regards its own food; while it undoubtedly drives away many purely insectivorous birds, and thereby occasions incalculable damage, seldom taken into consideration by short-sighted theorists.

Two Sides.
Philadelphia Ledger.
To every question worthy consideration or discussion there are two sides. Your thinking it is the function of a newspaper to present both of them to the public with equal fullness and fairness; it is the privilege of the public upon their presentation to consider that which is said upon either side, and to decide which of them is right and which wrong.

Where is St. Louis?
Chicago Herald.
The national democratic convention begins Tuesday next at St. Louis. "Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World" says: "St. Louis, a city, the county seat of St. Louis county, Mo., is situated on the w. bank of the Mississippi river, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri, nearly 180 miles above that of the Ohio and 1,175 miles above New Orleans."

"Many Voters."
Chicago Tribune.
"Dan," observed the president, uneasily, "I don't like the way some of those fellows out west are beginning to talk about Thurman. He's too old a man, anyhow. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a lot of handbills that effect printed and circulated all over St. Louis next Tuesday morning, signed 'Many Voters'?"

June.
The American Magazine.
O what a magic touch is thine, fair June, that dost set Nature in such perfect tune: Match earth's sick lay in wedlock so complete, Tame Ocean's savage roar to rhythm sweet; Till murmuring winds and waves make lulling symphony, And even discord's self melts into harmony! In those mysterious caverns where are wrought The tender germs of Nature's inmost thought, Thou dost but breathe—vital powers are blest In sweet accord, like voice to instrument; Floating upward, till that celestial siren hears Who measures her glad song to music of the spheres. The year wears thee as brightest, proudest gem, That crownest our earth's royal diadem; Flashing thine emerald light and opal hue Through roseate amethyst and turquoise blue; For Spring and Summer both endow thee With their best, And what is fair in them, in thee seems loveliest.

ressional career the whole political machinery of the county has been thrust into his hands for his manipulation at pleasure. He creates delegates at will and then trades and barter and dispenses with the sang froid of a cattle king or a pork packer. He not only controls the delegates attending his district convention but trades the influence of the delegate delegation with no more compunction than if he were buying 'short' on the milk market. It must cease; it will cease. He claims that this is the last; that this nomination is all that he asks from his county. But he claimed the same thing before."

Went Into Politics.
First Citizen: "I hear Blumengren has gone into politics. Is it so?" Second Ditto: "Yes, he's opened a saloon on the corner."

An Aged Chestnut.
Political Truism.
Illinois democratic papers claim that the democracy will be able to carry the state this year. It will be observed that the whippers on this ancient chestnut are a little grayer than they were four years ago.

As Bad as Politicians.
London Athenaeum.
Experience of the sparrow, both in England and America, has convinced us that, taking the year round, it distinctly does more harm than good as regards its own food; while it undoubtedly drives away many purely insectivorous birds, and thereby occasions incalculable damage, seldom taken into consideration by short-sighted theorists.

Two Sides.
Philadelphia Ledger.
To every question worthy consideration or discussion there are two sides. Your thinking it is the function of a newspaper to present both of them to the public with equal fullness and fairness; it is the privilege of the public upon their presentation to consider that which is said upon either side, and to decide which of them is right and which wrong.

Where is St. Louis?
Chicago Herald.
The national democratic convention begins Tuesday next at St. Louis. "Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World" says: "St. Louis, a city, the county seat of St. Louis county, Mo., is situated on the w. bank of the Mississippi river, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri, nearly 180 miles above that of the Ohio and 1,175 miles above New Orleans."

"Many Voters."
Chicago Tribune.
"Dan," observed the president, uneasily, "I don't like the way some of those fellows out west are beginning to talk about Thurman. He's too old a man, anyhow. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a lot of handbills that effect printed and circulated all over St. Louis next Tuesday morning, signed 'Many Voters'?"

June.
The American Magazine.
O what a magic touch is thine, fair June, that dost set Nature in such perfect tune: Match earth's sick lay in wedlock so complete, Tame Ocean's savage roar to rhythm sweet; Till murmuring winds and waves make lulling symphony, And even discord's self melts into harmony! In those mysterious caverns where are wrought The tender germs of Nature's inmost thought, Thou dost but breathe—vital powers are blest In sweet accord, like voice to instrument; Floating upward, till that celestial siren hears Who measures her glad song to music of the spheres. The year wears thee as brightest, proudest gem, That crownest our earth's royal diadem; Flashing thine emerald light and opal hue Through roseate amethyst and turquoise blue; For Spring and Summer both endow thee With their best, And what is fair in them, in thee seems loveliest.

CHAFF.
There has been considerable discussion already this spring, bearing upon the subject of whether it is proper to drink ice water. The reason of this discussion is solely on the ground of health. Some scientist from Colorado recently remarked in a paper read before a lynching party, that health is life. Without entering into a discussion concerning the truth or falsity of the Colorado man's proposition, in response to a loud clamor from inebriates who drink water on the side, we have compiled a scientific, chemical, blacksmith, carpenter, naturalist and a jack-of-all-trades, to analyze the ice coming from the Missouri river, and drank in liquid form by those addicted to the use of water. While in detail and in many particulars, as is always the case among learned men, the conclusion in the abstract caused no more friction than is noticed in the running gears of the universe. The analysis will forever set to rest a problem that has perplexed and annoyed many of the most influential citizens. It is as follows:

State of Illinois, Cook county, ss.: This is to certify that in drilling, excavating, melting, pulverizing and crushing a cake of ice taken and removed from the lower part of the Missouri river, a stream of alleged water flowing in a southerly direction, by the authority of an act of congress, we found contained and comprising said cake of ice, taken from the river aforesaid, the following materials, each of which are now on exhibition in our laboratory in large bottles, filled with eleven-year-old whiskey, which by the way, is a smooth article. J. A. BOREM, R. M. DULLER.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 30th day of May, 1888. JUDITH JONES, J. P.

ANALYSIS.
CHICAGO, Ill., May 30, 1888.—[General Laboratory.]
Brie-a-brac (everything like hash)..... 42.65
Rafts and cord wood (several species)..... 9.02
Floater (six nationalities)..... 17.01
Foul, and more scientific than a dog's paw..... 1.00
Fish (seven varieties)..... 7.02
Iron (bolts and nails)..... .02
Leather (boots and shoes)..... 2.77
Insoluble residue..... 5.84
Total..... 86.99

There may be a trace of pure water which could not be detected in the amount of ice handled.

JOHN JONES, Professor of Chemistry.
Mr. Jones recommends a way in which the possibility of any disease may be obviated. He says the multiplicity of the animalcule containing enormous quantities of frigidulaceous, possibly not detected, which would inevitably produce gastrodynia followed by an unwarranted and cowardly attack of fever, and possibly death could be obviated, dodged and avoided by filtering the ice water. The process he recommends is to allow it to run through a sieve or cullender before using.

The fruit vendors in Omaha, those who sell from stands and carts, do not have such a serious struggle for existence as would be supposed. There are some fifteen fruit stands in Omaha. There are about twenty-five "cartmen," representing all nationalities, going through the streets yelling in a doze that they have bananas for sale—10 cents a dozen. The fruit stand on the corner of Farnam and Tenth was the first one in Omaha. The box was placed there about five years ago. The owner of a large commission house a Omaha received his first experience there as a commission merchant. For almost eight years he conducted it, selling fruits in their season.

His brother is now running the fruit stand. The sale of from \$3 to \$8 per day is considered a paying business. The proprietors of the "boxes" make a profit of 50 per cent, live cheaply, are economical and soon branch out on a larger scale. They pay from \$10 to \$30 a month rent for the privilege of setting their box against some popular corner. The city charges \$30 a year to both the cartman and stationary vendor. They are waiting for customers as late as midnight and can be found on deck at 3 a. m. In an interview with a dozen or more of the merchants it was learned that they make at least \$1 a day more in selling goods than they could make as common laborers.

Twenty years ago the cigarette smoker in the United States was a rarity. He was forced to do his own rolling with Kiekenick tobacco and rice paper, or else buy the high-priced imported brands. The prevalence of the habit to-day may be best estimated from the fact that one of the large cigarette manufacturing arms swears to a daily sale of 2,000,000 cigarettes. Over twenty thousand are consumed in Omaha. The competition between the large factories is something wonderful, to contemplate. The fortunes sufficient to make half the poor of Omaha rich are expended by them every year in rivalry, in photographs of half-draped actresses, base ball tossers, coats of arms and flags of all nations, to be distributed gratuitously as inducements to consumers to use particular brands. The latest fad in advertising adorns the shop fronts of the town in the shape of highly colored chromos in a gilt frame. The inscription upon them explaining their uses and purposes is somewhat mixed in English, but it is intended to give them to the twenty-five people in the city who present the greatest number of the empty wrappers of a particular brand of cigarettes before a given day. Allowing twenty-five of these pictures to every hundred thousand people as a basis of calculation and with a pencil and paper rather the fortune spent on cigarettes. Then add to the result five times a like number of figures, representing the other great factories in the country, and you have an idea of cigarette smoking in the United States.

It may not be generally known but it is a fact nevertheless, that shingles and lath are a scarcity in the Omaha lumber market to-day. The supply falls far short of the demand and as a consequence these useful adjuncts to house-building have gone up in price, like rockets in the air. The late disappearance of the mountain snows and the continuous rainfalls in the Mississippi valley shutting down the mills, have operated as causes for the dearth of the rooflet's shingle and the lack of the ceiling's lath. Many persons who never contemplated building a house, accept the situation as if in sorrow and promise to visit the architect when the shingles come again.

A steamboat, the "Belle Andrews", plowed up the Missouri the other day, en route to Fort Benton. A talk with the pilot had but little to do towards strengthening the opinion that the old Missouri is navigable. There was sorry humor in the pilot's story to the effect that the channel changed so often that many times he found himself several miles from water and would talk across the country rather than follow the river, when he was rushed for time. The boat's cargo consisted of supplies for the upper Missouri country.

"All you said about quack doctors being so numerous in Omaha was true," said an up-town citizen. "I hope The Bee will be assisted by persons having facts in their possession, and by concert of action force the quackery out of the city. I looked up the state law, but find that by purchasing a side diploma, most anyone can claim to practice medicine. Wholesome legislation upon such questions must not be overlooked by the next legislature."

"That," remarked a prominent and traveled citizen, as he pointed to a green plat of grass, dotted with a few scrubby, scraggy and gnarled trees, "what," he again said, "is Jefferson Square. You may talk about parks, but I tell you that Jefferson Square is my ideal. I have loitered for hours in Madison square and Central park; I have walked away hours at the Golden Gate park near San Francisco, and killed time in both Hyde and Regent parks, London. All these have I seen, together with the Garden of the Tuilleries, the Bois de Boulogne, the Garden of the Luxembourg and the Place de la Concorde—the finest and largest square in the French capital—but these all pale into insignificance compared with this lovely spot. It should be the pride of every man in Omaha to attempt to beautify the place."

BY THE WAY.
The Bee keeps at the head of the procession. There is nothing so rare as a day in June, unless 'tis a presidential boom. It would appear that Spy Russell, of Colfax received a very timely and energetic roasting at Nebraska City.

The state convention this year will be called upon to bury more political upstarts than ever before in the history of Nebraska. The time is at hand for a general canvass of the field to fully investigate the propriety of properly celebrating the greatest day on earth—July 4. Some thirty only intervene.

"After Blaine, who?" asks the New York World. Since his last mailer letter has been read and digested, it appears that no one is after him. Before that there was a horde of politicians. There are yet those who doubt Blaine's sincerity. They argue from the standpoint that his last letter, to have appeared final and conclusive, should have been accompanied by an affidavit.

Decorations day is over. The Fourth of July comes rushing this way, and those who failed to receive an invitation to deliver the memorial address can get their work in on the great American eagle.

Had the opera "Mr. Sampson" of Omaha, been a failure it is understood that a party of people headed by Frank Haines was prepared to assassinate the author of the lines, with the jaw bone of an ass.

Omaha's base ball team in some mysterious and unaccountable manner won two games last week. An explanation has been demanded, but up to this hour all is silent and as sacred as the grave.

Children's day, although in a nebulous condition, dates its origin in Europe back a century or more," says some sore-eyed scientist who has gone through the dusty records of the past. From the time of execution Children's day has existed. It will always exist. From the cradle to the time when it takes up the burden of life to battle with the cruelties and realities of the world, the child has its day—"happy, despite its little woes, were it but conscious of its joy." There is no want for Children's day as long as human nature is doing business at the old stand.

Into a ward of the whitewashed jail, where the drunk and disorderly lay, cowering, groaning, writhing for relief, somebody's dog was borne one day. "Somebody's darling young and so brave," wailing yet on his run-stained face, soon to be hid in the inebriate's cave, the lingering fact of his last breath, "Motto and damp are the curls of

gold," kissing the brow of his swollen head, pale are the lips of delicate mould—somebody's darling painted it red. Back from his smeared blue-veined brow, brush all the dirt and dust and gore, cross his hands on his bosom now, somebody's darling's countenance to snore.

THE STATE'S STATISTICAL.
A Lincoln paper referred to him as "John Thurston." And such is fame. The story that Van Wyck wants to be governor has been officially denied. "Russell, the spy, and Russell, the traitor. The titles are synonymous," says the Nebraska City Times.

George R. Fouke, of Liberty, has already announced himself a candidate for the legislature from Gage, and is shaking hands with old people and kissing the babies.

The Lincoln Democrat says this: "It is positively painful to learn that the Lancaster manipulators have about concluded to nominate C. H. Gere for the senate instead of O. P. Mason.

R. E. Moore, of Lancaster, is trimming sails and preparing for another seat in the Nebraska senate. While it is early to prepare legislative slates, the story of the early bird and misfortune of the worm stimulates statesmen to a point of activity.

Morris Cliggett, a democrat from away back, is awaiting the action of the republican convention in Dodge and Hitchcock counties. He swears by the light of the sun that if Bill Brown is nominated for state senator, he (Cliggett) will everlastingly mop the earth's surface with the Laird striker.

Charley Carter, Tom Benton, Captain Hill, and the deputy secretary of state—all of them brought into prominence because of their positions as deputies—are out for important state offices. Some of them might pass muster, but older citizens are not pleased with such demands.

The Gage county papers announce that Captain Hill, private secretary of Governor Thayer, is a full-fledged candidate for state treasurer. Inasmuch as there are only a few dozen candidates for the office, Captain Hill stands a chance only of being struck by the lightning that makes men great.

It is generally understood that C. L. Lamb, of Stanton, will be a candidate for state treasurer. He came within a few votes of bagging the office four years ago. The hope is not cheerful. However, Wayne county proposes to be heard from, and if Lamb cannot make it, A. R. Graham, of Wisner, will receive it "Hoooonce."

ORIGIN OF POPULAR PHRASES.
Aw! Come Off!—A