

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily (without Sunday) One Year, \$6.00; Daily (with Sunday) One Year, \$7.00; Daily (with Sunday) Six Months, \$4.00; Daily (with Sunday) Three Months, \$2.50; Single Copies, 5c.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER: Daily (with Sunday) per copy, 5c; Daily (without Sunday) per copy, 4c; Sunday per copy, 5c; Advertising rates, on application.

OFFICES: Omaha, The Bee Building, 17th and F; South Omaha, City Hall Building, 27th and F; North Omaha, 15th and F; Lincoln, 15th and F; Chicago, 15th and F; St. Paul, 15th and F; New York, 15th and F; Washington, 15th and F.

CORRESPONDENCE: Communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to Omaha, Bee, Editorial Department.

BUSINESS LETTERS: Business letters and remittances should be addressed to The Bee Publishing Company, Omaha.

REMITTANCES: Remit by check, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION: State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss.: George B. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, deposes that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee, printed and published during the month of September, 1901, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Number of copies and Total. Rows include Daily, Morning, Evening, and Sunday editions for various days of the month.

Net daily average, 30,948. Net total sales, 319,293. Net daily average, 30,948. Subscribed in advance to date before me this 29th day of September, A. D. 1901. M. B. HUNGATE, Notary Public.

Cologosz is to occupy the chair of electricity at the Auburn penitentiary today.

Omaha's building season of 1901 seems to be developing new strength on the home stretch.

We fear that there will be no skating this winter on the reservoir of the proposed new Platte river power canal.

If Sheriff Power does not muzzle his fool friends in the World-Herald office he might as well throw up the sponge now.

Police Judge Gordon has been making such a good thing out of the police court that he wants to hold on to it for another six years.

If Josiah Flynt was trying to find grafters in Omaha, and was on the square, he would not have looked outside of the World-Herald office.

Turkey has made the third payment on the warship ordered from American builders. The Turk can pay promptly enough when he cannot secure the goods on premises.

General Weyler has been talking again and has created a sensation throughout Spain. The people of that country should long ago have learned not to take Weyler seriously.

The withdrawal of the National Bank of Commerce from active business would seem to indicate that national banking is not always as profitable a business as it is cracked up to be.

The various railroad magnates touring the west are headed for their eastern homes. It will probably soon be apparent whether there is anything more out this way which they covet.

Papa Zimmerman is likely to balk on paying the duke of Manchester's debts, all because the baby is a girl. The duke should have been more considerate than to crush the hopes of the family so early.

Smelter trust magnates doubt the reported break in the price of lead, because, as they state, the magnates have an agreement to maintain the price. Perhaps it has become necessary to freeze out some concern not in the combine.

The only way to keep the schools out of politics, we are told, is to vote the straight democratic school board ticket. But how the schools are to be taken out of politics by turning them over as spoils to the democrats is yet to be elucidated.

One way to show appreciation of the prosperity that has followed President McKinley's policies and President Roosevelt's announced determination to adopt them as his own is to keep Nebraska in the republican column by voting for Judge Sedgwick.

An ex-officer in the Russian army who shot and killed a civilian in a duel has been called to account in the courts. Officers are privileged to fight and kill as many people as they please, but the law draws the line on civilians. That is militarism with a vengeance.

The Interstate Commerce commission, which has been investigating charges of rate cutting out of Chicago, could find no evidence that rates had been cut, except on a few small shipments. The big shippers and the railroad magnates are too well posted on the business to get caught.

W. J. Bryan is making speeches in Iowa in spite of the fact that the democratic candidate for governor vigorously objected to his doing so. Mr. Bryan should be more considerate. Mr. Phillips will be buried deep enough on election day without stirring up additional discord in the democratic camp.

TO PROTECT THE PRESIDENT.

The commission for codifying the federal statutes has drafted a bill, which will be presented to congress, intended to secure a larger measure of protection for the president of the United States. This bill makes it a felony to threaten the life or person of the president and a capital crime to assault his person.

Much difficulty was experienced in dealing with the subject of a law to protect the president, owing to the fact that in order to bring the offense within the constitutional pale the crime must be more than a crime against the person, the president, in the eye of the law at present, being no more sacred against assault than the humblest citizen.

The purpose of the proposed law, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, is to define as crimes assaults which are directed against the office of the chief executive, as distinguished from the occupant of the office.

No effort has been made to bring such assault under the head of treason, that crime being well defined by the constitution. Moreover, the death penalty is imposed regardless of whether the president is killed or not.

While there always will be room for reform and improvement, there is no justification or excuse for such indiscriminate onslaughts or reckless charges of corruption and penitentiary on the part of the city authorities.

TWO MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGNS.

Rarely have municipal campaigns commanded such general interest as those in progress in New York City and Philadelphia, the former particularly because of the influence the result may have upon national politics.

We can undoubtedly provide, as Senator Hoar recently said, some additional legal safeguards against the recurrence of such a terrible crime as that at Buffalo, but in doing this we must be careful not to abandon or sacrifice any of the fundamental principles of republican government.

SHOOTING AT THE WRONG TARGET.

Omaha's yellow journal has fired its dynamite gun. It has gone off with a whole page of sensational slush, aimed at the terrible city machine.

"That is what Josiah Flynt Willard says after forty-eight hours of sight-seeing and investigation of the graft in Omaha."

"Flynt meets Dennison, the Omaha policy king."

"Noted student of criminals talks on the level about the graft until lieutenant gives warning."

"Where the tax levied on the underworld goes is as plain to me as is the thoroughfare which leads to the places which the underworld frequents."

"Omaha is as wide open a city of its size as can be found in the United States."

"This is a good advertisement for Josiah Flynt, but it is an infernal outrage to represent Omaha in the most wicked city when, as a matter of fact, it is as law-abiding and orderly as any city in the country of its population."

OMAHA CITY MACHINE IS IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE WORLD-HERALD.

The commission for codifying the federal statutes has drafted a bill, which will be presented to congress, intended to secure a larger measure of protection for the president of the United States.

The fusion organ is greatly exercised over judges making political speeches. The fusion organ probably forgets that the fusion candidate for supreme judge in this state several years ago was among the first to violate the precedent against making political speeches.

Our goody-goody friends who have been complaining of the disappearance of police court fines under the dispensation of his honor, Judge Gordon, are exhibiting no solicitude to protect the school fund by supplanting the police judge who stands in with the vicious classes with a successor who will enforce the penalties upon law-breakers.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—Interest on an average balance of \$125,000 of county money on deposit in favored banks which should have been paid to the credit of Douglas county taxpayers.

If the Buffalo exposition can clear \$50,000 each day during the last nine days it will be able to pay its first mortgage bonds, but contractors will get nothing of the balance due them and second mortgage bondholders and stockholders will hold the sack.

THE READY LETTER WRITER.

Portland Oregonian. Pat Crowe seems to be the only man in the public eye who can write letters and keep out of trouble.

ANARCHY, B'GOSH.

Washington Post. The Illinois supreme court has decided that the Chicago corporations must pay their share of the taxes. Now we must expect to hear something about anarchy on the bench.

KEEP AT IT.

Washington Star. By omitting the handkerchief in New Haven President Roosevelt set a valuable and proper precedent.

KILLING SEASON IN MAINE.

Philadelphia Ledger. Although the hunting season in Maine is not yet fully open, five persons have already been killed and three more dangerously wounded by hunters who saw them imperfectly, through the bushes, and mistook them for deer.

COMPOUNDING FELONY.

New York Tribune. The report from a prosperous manufacturing city in New England that the directors of a bank have promised immunity under every open circumstance for hundreds of thousands of dollars, because the thieves gave up the greater part of their plunder, retaining enough, however, to live on comfortably for years, seems to be almost incredible.

WEST POINT BULLIES TAMED.

Philadelphia Times. A few years ago having was tolerated, and later an army board found little to condemn in the practices in vogue. It took a congressional committee to develop the real facts and to apply the proper language, and even then several offending cadets had to be expelled before the purpose of the authorities was fully appreciated.

NOTABLE ACTIVITY OF WOMAN.

Kansas City Star. If Annie Edson Taylor, the woman who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, is 50 years of age, as the newspapers state, she was old enough to know better. This unparalleled feat just about obliterates the last vestige of demarkation between the realms of masculine and feminine activity.

ASPECT OF THE INDUSTRIAL HORROR.

New York World. Hundreds of vessels are lying idle in our harbors, unable to get cargoes; ocean freight rates are from 40 to 75 per cent lower than they were a year ago; it is almost as cheap to send a cargo of grain from the side of the Atlantic to the other side of the world as it is to send it from one bank of the East river to the other. Such is an outline of the facts of the present depression in our export trade.

THE ADMIRAL'S STORY.

Minneapolis Journal. Admiral Schley has finally confessed that he was there. Chicago Chronicle: In every respect Schley is not only vindicated, but he appears as one of the greatest sea commanders of any age.

Kansas City Journal. There is the ring of truth about his utterances. All talk of his being reckless regarding the fate of the Texas or of his running away appears improbable, in the light of this plain, unvarnished tale of one of the most notable events in the history of the American navy.

Baltimore American: Is it any wonder that Americans admire and honor such a man as Admiral Schley? Here in the face of the most widely persecuted man who has ever been subjected, when his enemies of the naval clique have used all the power and influence at their command to carry out their nefarious designs, instead of answering them in kind he has been open, straightforward, courteous, dignified and manly.

THE ADMIRAL'S STORY.

Chicago Tribune: In closing his description of the battle Admiral Schley said to the court: "It was to me that I was much impressed with the fact that the officers and men who were engaged in that battle fulfilled in the highest and noblest degree the traditions of the American navy."

Boston Globe: General Buller has been relieved of his command and placed on half pay. The general's next step may be in the role of a lecturer in this country.

FERRYMAN OF THE TIGELA.

Detroit Free Press: General Buller's fate will teach the British officer that he need not know anything about warfare if he is clever enough not to blurt out the truth.

Buffalo Express: The appointment of a successor to Sir Redvers Buller virtually concedes his argument that there was no man in England of inferior rank better fitted to command the First Army corps than he.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

The governor directs that notice be given that on Saturday next, September 23, government officers will be in charge of the United States, whose death at the hands of the assassin has plunged the people into the deepest sorrow and has enlisted the sympathy and regret of the entire nation.

PERSONAL NOTES.

The Stokes who killed "Jim" Fisk back in the early '70s is dying of Bright's disease in New York.

The Alaskans are so far behind the times that they have not yet arranged a series of reindeer races for the purpose of "improving the breed."

The man with the white elephant will be able to sympathize with those Chicago burglars who have \$75,000 worth of postage stamps on their hands.

Miss M. Ruth Martin, the "Tennessee Lark," has been given charge of the vocal instruction at the National Cathedral School for Girls, Mount St. Albans, Washington, and consequently among her pupils will be President Roosevelt's youngest daughter.

The young queen of Holland is a total abstainer and ostentatiously refuses on all occasions to take wine. Her most intimate friend, Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, was by her won over to the ranks of the teetotalers.

The total population of the United States in 1900 was within a small fraction of 100,000,000 and the total population of the country, including territories which have no vote on the presidency, was 76,000,000.

Practically, therefore, there was one vote cast for each five and a half inhabitants—the cherished formula of statisticians whose appreciation of humor is small—but more properly there were two voters for each seven inhabitants.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Etchings of Men and Events at the National Capital. President Roosevelt's hospitality is a subject of endless gossip in Washington.

When luncheon time comes the president glances around his office at the White House and says, "Well, they'll try to get some luncheon," and marches in at the head of the company that happens to be with him, whether it is one man or a dozen.

Referring to the recent visit of Booker T. Washington to the White House, a letter to the New York Evening Post says: "Probably there will be commentators on the recent incident who will try to read in it an indictment of Mr. Washington's good faith and good taste."

Baltimore World: Her Mother—John, I think Mary's voice should be cultivated if it don't cost too much. Her Father—It cost too much if it will improve it any.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "I was a little disappointed when I looked through that Yale list of candidates for honors."

Brooklyn Life: Jasper—I understand that he had turned over a new leaf and was even going to love your enemies, but it seems to me that you love no one but yourself.

Philadelphia Press: "I understand," said the globe-trotting villain, "I understand that you and Miss Strong were happily married a short time after my departure. You were happily married a short time."

Puck: She—You know, Clara was ambitious to have a career. Mamma—And matrimony interferes with a career? She—But she made up her mind that she doesn't want any career that matrimony interferes with.

Pittsburgh Chronicle: "That's a new arrival in heaven," remarked the shade of Sherlock Holmes, "but I don't seem accustomed to wearing a soft hat on earth."

Puck: First Fisherman—I think we enjoyed fishing more when we were boys. Second Fisherman—Yes, but in a different way. We didn't get lit any.

Chicago Post: "You wretch! You miscreant! You scoundrel! You villain!" exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

Excuse me; in that in the part or are you acting as stage manager?

AN IRISH TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

Irish Times, September 23. "Farewell to all, God's way is best, 'So having said, he sank to rest, As sinks the western sun."

For even awhar the gathered night That wraps the weeping room exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

"Farewell to all," so we have claim to say "Good-bye" in turn. To bless with your own name. To give with all thy mourn.

"God's way is best," the path is dark For steps of faltering Faith, But thou, O God, be downy spark, Even with thy dying breath.

"God's way is best," That thou shouldst fall Beneath the cliff hand, Thou, honored and beloved of all, Thou, pride of all thy Land!

Smote as the eagle in mid-flight In life's best golden prime, Just as it reached the zenith height And touched the towers sublime.

Smote by the hand whose felon clasp Was ever shone like this, Since the arch traitor arch betrayed His Master with a kiss?

That this was best, Oh hard to think; And yet thy speeding soul, From the Master's tremulous heart to strike Or doubt God's purpose good.

Even now the shame, the wrath that ralls And vibrates round the globe, Might seem to flash all faithful souls In one dark mourning robe.

Ah! might men see in death like thine (Thy power to love, to bear) For all the world a lordly sign, That thou shouldst die thy prayer.

To draw the Peoples each to each, In nearer unity, And as thy final word doth teach, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then raise the thought we all might see That soaring, thou, be downy spark, Then all had learned to own with thee God's way is always best.

So in thy farewell, martyred Chief, We ask our part to bear, And in a kindred People's grief Demand fraternal share.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Etchings of Men and Events at the National Capital. President Roosevelt's hospitality is a subject of endless gossip in Washington.

When luncheon time comes the president glances around his office at the White House and says, "Well, they'll try to get some luncheon," and marches in at the head of the company that happens to be with him, whether it is one man or a dozen.

Referring to the recent visit of Booker T. Washington to the White House, a letter to the New York Evening Post says: "Probably there will be commentators on the recent incident who will try to read in it an indictment of Mr. Washington's good faith and good taste."

Baltimore World: Her Mother—John, I think Mary's voice should be cultivated if it don't cost too much. Her Father—It cost too much if it will improve it any.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "I was a little disappointed when I looked through that Yale list of candidates for honors."

Brooklyn Life: Jasper—I understand that he had turned over a new leaf and was even going to love your enemies, but it seems to me that you love no one but yourself.

Philadelphia Press: "I understand," said the globe-trotting villain, "I understand that you and Miss Strong were happily married a short time after my departure. You were happily married a short time."

Puck: She—You know, Clara was ambitious to have a career. Mamma—And matrimony interferes with a career? She—But she made up her mind that she doesn't want any career that matrimony interferes with.

Pittsburgh Chronicle: "That's a new arrival in heaven," remarked the shade of Sherlock Holmes, "but I don't seem accustomed to wearing a soft hat on earth."

Puck: First Fisherman—I think we enjoyed fishing more when we were boys. Second Fisherman—Yes, but in a different way. We didn't get lit any.

Chicago Post: "You wretch! You miscreant! You scoundrel! You villain!" exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

Excuse me; in that in the part or are you acting as stage manager?

AN IRISH TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

Irish Times, September 23. "Farewell to all, God's way is best, 'So having said, he sank to rest, As sinks the western sun."

For even awhar the gathered night That wraps the weeping room exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

"Farewell to all," so we have claim to say "Good-bye" in turn. To bless with your own name. To give with all thy mourn.

"God's way is best," the path is dark For steps of faltering Faith, But thou, O God, be downy spark, Even with thy dying breath.

"God's way is best," That thou shouldst fall Beneath the cliff hand, Thou, honored and beloved of all, Thou, pride of all thy Land!

Smote as the eagle in mid-flight In life's best golden prime, Just as it reached the zenith height And touched the towers sublime.

Smote by the hand whose felon clasp Was ever shone like this, Since the arch traitor arch betrayed His Master with a kiss?

That this was best, Oh hard to think; And yet thy speeding soul, From the Master's tremulous heart to strike Or doubt God's purpose good.

Even now the shame, the wrath that ralls And vibrates round the globe, Might seem to flash all faithful souls In one dark mourning robe.

Ah! might men see in death like thine (Thy power to love, to bear) For all the world a lordly sign, That thou shouldst die thy prayer.

To draw the Peoples each to each, In nearer unity, And as thy final word doth teach, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then raise the thought we all might see That soaring, thou, be downy spark, Then all had learned to own with thee God's way is always best.

So in thy farewell, martyred Chief, We ask our part to bear, And in a kindred People's grief Demand fraternal share.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Etchings of Men and Events at the National Capital. President Roosevelt's hospitality is a subject of endless gossip in Washington.

When luncheon time comes the president glances around his office at the White House and says, "Well, they'll try to get some luncheon," and marches in at the head of the company that happens to be with him, whether it is one man or a dozen.

Referring to the recent visit of Booker T. Washington to the White House, a letter to the New York Evening Post says: "Probably there will be commentators on the recent incident who will try to read in it an indictment of Mr. Washington's good faith and good taste."

Baltimore World: Her Mother—John, I think Mary's voice should be cultivated if it don't cost too much. Her Father—It cost too much if it will improve it any.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "I was a little disappointed when I looked through that Yale list of candidates for honors."

Brooklyn Life: Jasper—I understand that he had turned over a new leaf and was even going to love your enemies, but it seems to me that you love no one but yourself.

Philadelphia Press: "I understand," said the globe-trotting villain, "I understand that you and Miss Strong were happily married a short time after my departure. You were happily married a short time."

Puck: She—You know, Clara was ambitious to have a career. Mamma—And matrimony interferes with a career? She—But she made up her mind that she doesn't want any career that matrimony interferes with.

Pittsburgh Chronicle: "That's a new arrival in heaven," remarked the shade of Sherlock Holmes, "but I don't seem accustomed to wearing a soft hat on earth."

Puck: First Fisherman—I think we enjoyed fishing more when we were boys. Second Fisherman—Yes, but in a different way. We didn't get lit any.

Chicago Post: "You wretch! You miscreant! You scoundrel! You villain!" exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

Excuse me; in that in the part or are you acting as stage manager?

AN IRISH TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

Irish Times, September 23. "Farewell to all, God's way is best, 'So having said, he sank to rest, As sinks the western sun."

For even awhar the gathered night That wraps the weeping room exclaimed the heroine at rehearsal.

"Farewell to all," so we have claim to say "Good-bye" in turn. To bless with your own name. To give with all thy mourn.

"God's way is best," the path is dark For steps of faltering Faith, But thou, O God, be downy spark, Even with thy dying breath.

"God's way is best," That thou shouldst fall Beneath the cliff hand, Thou, honored and beloved of all, Thou, pride of all thy Land!

Smote as the eagle in mid-flight In life's best golden prime, Just as it reached the zenith height And touched the towers sublime.

Smote by the hand whose felon clasp Was ever shone like this, Since the arch traitor arch betrayed His Master with a kiss?

That this was best, Oh hard to think; And yet thy speeding soul, From the Master's tremulous heart to strike Or doubt God's purpose good.

Even now the shame, the wrath that ralls And vibrates round the globe, Might seem to flash all faithful souls In one dark mourning robe.

Ah! might men see in death like thine (Thy power to love, to bear) For all the world a lordly sign, That thou shouldst die thy prayer.

To draw the Peoples each to each, In nearer unity, And as thy final word doth teach, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then raise the thought we all might see That soaring, thou, be downy spark, Then all had learned to own with thee God's way is always best.

So in thy farewell, martyred Chief, We ask our part to bear, And in a kindred People's grief Demand fraternal share.

"No Clothing Fits Like Ours." As handsome overcoats as can be had and finished precisely like custom-tailored garments are here in all lengths, for all occasions—short, medium and long. The prices range from \$15.00 to \$40.00. Suits for business or dress occasions, from \$10.00 to \$25.00. No sale till you're satisfied. "NO CLOTHING FITS LIKE OURS." Browning-King & Co. Exclusive Clothiers and Furnishers. R. S. Wilcox, Manager.