

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

ROSEWATER, EDITOR. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION... DAILY BEE (without Sunday), One Year \$4.00... NEWS LETTERS... STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION...

STARTING IRRIGATION WORK.

Already work has been started in compliance with the irrigation law and the promise is that it will be pushed with all possible vigor. According to the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger there has been much speculation as to where the actual work of constructing reservoirs and ditches will be begun. There are but few points where the surveys and specifications have been completed, so that contracts could be let this summer. Arizona claims three such places, but it is unlikely that any work will be done there this season, it being understood that a territory will have to stand back and wait until some state has the first chance. It is said to be possible that several small contracts will be surveyed and let for reservoirs in Nebraska this summer, but it is not expected that anything extensive will be started. Wyoming, however, seems slated for some extensive work under the new irrigation policy and it is thought will have the first impetus of the system. The practical work of building irrigating works is now a matter of administration to be passed upon by the officials of the Interior department and there will doubtless be a good deal of manipulation to secure the first advantages of the law. The new law has no more earnest supporter than the secretary of the Interior and Mr. Hitchcock may be depended upon to push the work provided for with energy.

OTHER LANDS THAN OURS.

While the House of Commons and its governing committee, the British ministry, theoretically possess supreme power throughout the empire and could by legislative act or resolution in council annul the constitution or any law of any colony, the imperialistic schemes of suspending parliamentary government at the Cape, suggested by Lord Milner and favored by Mr. Chamberlain, had to be abandoned in deference to the collective objection of the colonial premier now assembled in London. A measure of this character was denounced as a precedent which would have debased the liberties of every self-governing colony. The abandonment thereof, on the other hand, has established a contrary precedent that will act as a constitutional limit on the powers of the imperial Parliament. Interference with the home government with colonial charters ceased in practice with the achievement of American independence; the principle of noninterference has now become part of the unwritten constitution of Great Britain in obedience to the demand of the colonial premier.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

Indiana republicans will blow off the political lid on September 20 with "a burrah in every county." Even Old Missouri turned up 200 democratic delegates to the state convention who favored dropping free silver. Indiana democrats, who have been handed a few hot hawls by the Commissioner, are responding with words that blister the nearby asphalt. Governor W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts achieved the unusual distinction of having his recommendations enacted into law by three successive legislatures. The recent populist convention in Indiana was more notable on account of the absence of delegates than from their presence. There were only twenty-six persons present. The reform administration of New York City succeeded in reducing the tax rate by four mills. Omaha's cut, city and county, is a shade over six mills. Let the good work go on.

POINTS OF ANCIENT HUMOR.

Congressmen brush the Mold Away and Pass It as Original. Baltimore American. Congress has adjourned and the congressional humorists have gone their several ways. Many times during this past session we have felt as if called upon to speak a few words of criticism concerning the alleged sprightly wit fathered by statesmen, but have kept our peace. We thought it would be interfering with them while they were actually and actively endeavoring to be funny. But now that it is all over, we wish to go on record as sincerely hoping that the next session of congress will produce a better order of humorists and a better degree of humor. The stories that have been published in the public prints and blazoned on the enterprising pages of the Congressional Record as falling like freshly cut jewels from the lips of our statesmen have been cowbevy. The dim waistness of the past has been invaded; the rombs of centuries of jokes have been ruthlessly ransacked, and the pages of humorous history have been torn from their volumes, that some congressman might gladden as a shining light of rare anecdotal gleam. We have noted several stories that were stolen originally by the late Mr. Heccher; others that were preserved from forgetfulness by the late M. Balzac; and still others that once formed the nucleus of the celebrated and venerated "Joe Miller's Joke Book." Within the past week, indeed, other fields were invaded. Here is a sample: There is a man in Representative's Knox's district who wrote a letter addressed to himself as follows: JOHN WILSON. It took some time for the postal clerks to decipher the address, but the letter was finally delivered to JOHN UNDERWOOD, Andover, Mass. There are grayheads and baldheads in this country who remember pondering over them in the collection of puzzles that used to form a part of the brain stimulant in the back pages of their dog-eared mental arithmetics. "John Underwood" of Andover, Mass., was enshrined in the pellucid light of fame years and years ago—before the representative of the district by his unwilling hand and forced him to bend his age-stiffened spine in a rusty bow to an unappreciative public was born. We submit that the resurrection of this man "Underwood" was too ghoulish; it was carrying things too far. The public does not expect jokes of pristine freshness from its statesmen, but it does demand something that is not mildewed. With these few words—which, we hope, will sink deep into the hearts of future congressmen—we leave the subject, again explaining that we only go into the matter for reasons of public welfare and enjoyment.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Puck: "The Hostess—There's one thing that calls for the salt." Talking-head never retails scandal. The Caller—No? The Hostess—No; wholesale exclusively! Detroit Free Press: "Money talks," asseverated Glidewoods. "I am not so good as that," retorted Throckmorton. "It is not on speaking terms with me." Philadelphia Press: "When he found that death was at hand, he resigned." "The cheer and good, he had just bought a \$5 Panama hat, and he realized that he couldn't wear it and a halo at the same time." Washington Star: "How do you think you stand with the voters in your town?" "I never trouble myself about that," answered Stover. "The voters stand all right with the men who control the voters." Chicago Record-Herald: "I see that hash has become a fashionable dish at the White House." "Well, you must remember that the president's good, big real meat. I suppose they have chunks of real meat in it, too, don't they?" Detroit Free Press: "Was it an entertaining affair?" "First a man got up and sang, 'Are There Any More at Home Like You?' and then a lady arose and recited 'We Are Seven.'" Chicago Post: "Poets are born, not made," asserted the poet. "I'm glad to hear you admit that," returned the critic, "and always supposed from your manner that you thought you came into the world in some superior and more original way."

A BASE BALL WAIL.

Portland Oregonian. Now glory to our base ball team, and them that play thereon. And keep the glory whooping up till all the rubber socks rot North. For turn ye East, or turn ye West, and rubb'd socks or North. A team like that that plays for us has never sailed forth. Where's the indignation that the proud distinction claims. That it within but two brief weeks has turned eleven games. Full yellow ball we've seen before, with errors manifold. And games that multiplied a score the blackboard would not hold. We've seen the gallant dry goods clerks combat the butcher boys. We've seen the boys and girls play with enmity and noise. But even the worse of all these teams got no feeling. If only now and then, and none 'er lost eleven straight. Ah! lovely pennant, fluttering before the breeze. What thoughtful fate has made of you the one and only prize? For a few weeks you hang up for those who play the wren. Our doubtful players in the race to claim it would be first. Yet still our team is worth its coin, for in all those who bet against it will have made a competence.

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RELIABLE That's the kind of clothing we sell and it's the reputation our kind bears, and "No Clothing Fits Like Ours." Beautiful summer and outing suits from \$7.50 to \$25.00. Covers a multitude of qualities, and they are the best that can be made for that money.