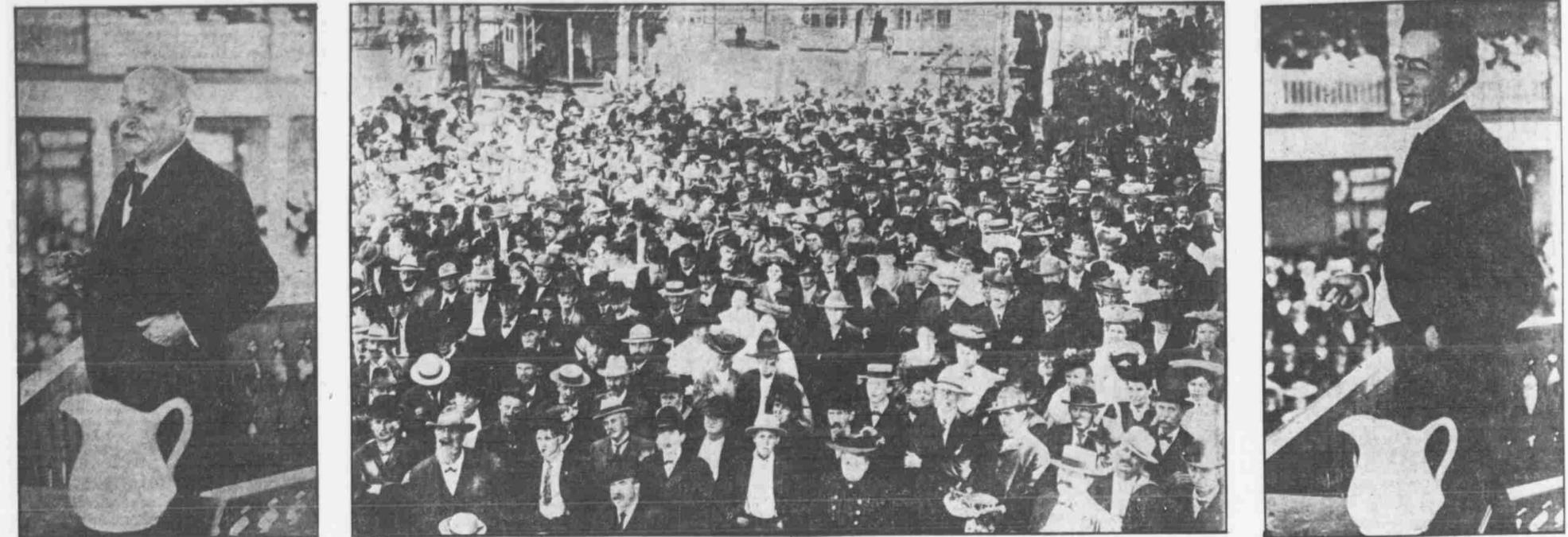


Labor Day in Omaha---Its Local Celebration and Its Significance



EDWARD ROOSEWATER IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

PART OF THE CROWD LISTENING TO THE ORATORS AT COURTLAND BEACH ON LABOR DAY.

G. M. HITCHCOCK TELLING A HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

UNTH the very earliest republics God's groves were the meeting places of the people's parliaments. In his newest and strongest republic of the world many some lines as the Greeks followed. When political campaigns are on, in good weather outdoor picnics with political discussions are popular features; and it is coming to be the style to hold all Labor day celebrations in the open parks, especially if there is to be speaking.

Omaha's Labor day celebration of 1906 was notable for the cutting out of the long-established parade feature, but more so because it had as its chief orator the twice chosen standard bearer of a great political party, followed by the editors of the principal papers and the business manager of the other. It is not so many years ago that to presume to offer such an invitation to a presidential candidate would have been considered at least impertinent. And in the nearer years that middle-aged men can remember very well the editors of great papers more often than bore a distant attitude toward labor unions, if they were not in many instances unfriendly.

But the day of toleration and happy

understanding of mutual relations is here, if not in all the fullness of its promise, quite enough in evidence to give substantial hint of a glorious realization later on. Men of the character and position of those who addressed the great gathering of people from all walks of life last Monday afternoon cannot afford to, and do not, speak with idle tongue to tickle waiting ears.

And the men of the unions, and those not yet affiliated with them, who lined up in such a presence—veritably the critical enough to weigh with care all the utterances of the speakers and to give the weight it deserved to every enunciation of opinion, whether favorable or otherwise. As listeners they might stand for a "jolt" in humorous vein. As citizens and heads of families, or prospectively so, they most distinctly would take away their own impressions and draw their own conclusions.

Probably no better spot could have been chosen for such a meeting, with easy accessibility, well the editors of great papers more often than bore a distant attitude toward labor unions, if they were not in many instances unfriendly.

But the day of toleration and happy

was packed with people from the start to the close of the talking.

Back of the speakers' stand, but facing the audience, lay a beautiful sun-kissed sheet of water, and beyond this again a line of hills, over which the summer haze hovered with a shimmer that half concealed the rough corners, yet gave added beauty to the verdure-covered spots.

Mr. Bryan was at his best, as to voice, presence and manner. The three newspaper men, unused to public speaking in the open air, were at something of a disadvantage. But the men and the women and the children who were listening in the balcony and on the ground were plumed with pride for labor's legal and own special holiday. Glad and radiant faces were the resplendent and responsive sounding boards for the voices of the orators. And if eyes did not "speak love to eyes that spoke again," to paraphrase the poetical thought, they certainly spoke encouragement and good will. Orator might well be expected to soar in such a presence—veritably the representation of the seas of the mighty in a free republic—and publicist to offer of his best. This was done, surely, as the columns of The Bee bore ample evidence on that afternoon and the following morning.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN IN AN IMPRESSIVE MOOD.

Recent Progress Made in the Field of Electricity

Competition in Telephony.

THERE is a strong probability of telephone competition in New York before many months. Competition depends on the grant of a franchise to a rival company. That the situation is viewed with much alarm by the existing monopoly is evidenced by a reduction of rates—a sop to appease public clamor for reasonable tolls. Efforts have been made in every legislature for years back to force a reduction of tolls in the metropolis, but every effort failed. The ill will engendered by these contents leaves telephone customers decidedly sore, and if their influence could be brought to bear directly on the powers that be, there would be little delay in giving the necessary authority to a rival company.

The new concern is known as the Atlantic Telephone Company. Colonel J. D. Powers of Louisville, Ky., president of the Independent Telephone Association, is president of the new company, which is capitalized at \$15,000,000. The company offers to pay the city for its franchises per cent of its gross earnings for the first year, 1 per cent of gross the second year and 4 per cent of gross for the next twenty-two years thereafter, and also give the city, for its different departments, 500 telephones free of charge. It is estimated by the company's officials that the city will receive under the company's offer not less than \$5,000,000. Rates for interborough connection will be 6 cents a call and the company will install phones without any guarantee from the subscriber. It also offers to furnish unlimited service in residences for \$6 a year and unlimited business service at \$108 per year. It is said the company has already made contracts for 75,000 telephones in Greater New York.

Its record for years. The value of this, its compactness and ready adaptability certainly marks the possibility of a new epoch in telephone development.

It is essentially a telephone instrument, not as some believe merely a photograph of peculiar construction. It seems to possess all the qualifications that indicate practicability, and for this reason its usefulness in the broad fields of commercial life and journalism will not be affected by the need of continued repair and adjustment and annoying adjustments. To the very busy classes of financial men, the knowledge that the telephone will hold all information, until their time permits them to review it, will mean not only an enormous extension of business possibilities, but a relief from the actual physical strain of immediate response. In legal transactions such a device will assume the dignity of a document. It will rapidly put a stop to incoherence and indeliberateness over the "phone."

Destroying Insects by Electricity.

The Electrical Magazine, according to German papers, describes a series of experiments for destroying insects injurious to the products of the soil, which experiments are said to have been successful. An engineer at Monaco was the first one to have his attention called to it while he worked with an electric machine in the open air. He discovered that metal rods, which were put in the ground and were then connected with a dynamo of 110 volts, made insects in the vicinity leave their hiding places in the ground. He argued that electricity might therefore be used on a large scale in the rear of the car so as to be a few inches above the ground. The result is said to be that all insects in the vicinity of the copper brushes are killed as if by lightning.

Jealous Refrigerator.

The largest soda fountain in Philadelphia, relate the Scientific American, has been in operation for several months, and the materials drawn therefrom have been uniformly several degrees colder than could be secured with the use of shaved ice, and yet no ice has been used in it. A motor of one-half-horse power in the cellar operates a refrigerating plant, which not only keeps the fountain at a frigid temperature, but also does some additional work of a similar character in the cellar.

The jealous refrigerator is much the same in appearance as any large refrigerator. In a compartment at one end a motor and all the necessary compressors and other paraphernalia are contained. The place usually occupied by the ice is given over to a tank containing brine, which is the means of cooling the interior of the refrigerator. The principle is identical with that of the large refrigerating establishments, but this is the first time that the system has been reduced to an automatic basis. No expert knowledge of either electricity or refrigeration is required in order to operate one of these outfits. The types now being manufactured are of the size which are likely to be required by storekeepers who would ordinarily make use of at least 300 pounds of ice daily. The next step will be the manufacture of one which will be available for the larger household, and will be operated by a motor of one-eighth-horse power.

Women Who Can Drill in Splendid Form

New Telephone Device.

The new telephone, or rather, the new telephone device, is about to make inroads upon the old. The fact that its introduction has been rather slow does not militate against it, reports Electricity. Its merit is obvious and for this reason a few of its most imminent applications are worthy of review. To be able to speak into a telephone and know that the message is received and recorded will inevitably lead to a species of satisfaction that will remove much of the annoyance felt, due to the absence of those with whom communication is desired. Their physical presence, in many instances, is not so great an advantage before or during the receipt of a message as after it has been received. A contemplation of some of the messages received, away from the influence of those sending them, may have the effect of altering opinions and decisions most markedly. In business life, where dispatch is believed to be imperative, errors are made more frequently if statistics count for anything, than anywhere else. The attachment of a device by means of which the record of all speech received is preserved, will undoubtedly throw a peculiar light upon the conversations of men, more with respect to their indefiniteness than their exactness.

The art of speaking into a machine in which there is no response calls for more than an ordinary effort on the part of the speaker. The Poulsen invention cannot, therefore, meet with instantaneous success, but in certain respects a telephonic recorder would outline the newspaper, if by its use, the news of the day could be made to reach the feeble and the blind.

In Huda Penth a telephone newspaper has been in use for several years with considerable success. It consists only of a receiver, not a transmitter. At certain stated intervals during the day messages are received all over town by subscribers, and the local, national and international news disseminated widely and effectively. By means of the Poulsen attachment, a long ribbon of steel tape may preserve

the company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It was a legitimate undertaking, backed by reputable men, but Mr. Cleveland somewhat reluctantly declined on the ground that he was unacquainted with the details of the business and that the condition of his health would not permit of the severe application requisite to effective service. Again he was urged to accept, with the assurance that his duties would be nominal, his mere official connection with the company being considered sufficient recompense for his remuneration. Mr. Cleveland replied simply that that would seem to him too much like selling the use of his name, which, of course, he could not do. That closed the incident.

King Oscar Among His People.

It is a common sight in Stockholm to see King Oscar walking about the streets alone and unguarded, like the humblest of his subjects. Invariably he wears an old stick hat which has become as familiar to the populace as himself. This hat and his cloak he insists on hanging near the door that leads from his breakfast room to the castle grounds so that he can stroll out informally whenever he wishes. King Oscar is extremely simple in his habits and simplicity predominates everywhere in the royal castle and other residences. At Erolingholm, the summer palace, no wall, not even the vestige of a railing, guards the royal park or gardens; every one is free to come and go there whether or not the royal family is in the residence. Everywhere in Sweden the royal family seems to be regarded with what is best described as a feeling of warm friendliness.

Jimmy Hyde's Stables.

James H. Hyde, storm center of the Equitable fight in New York, is said to have the finest stables in America. The stables are ruled over by Francis Gerillot, a Parisian, who was with William K. Vanderbilt for years. Mr. Hyde has an office in the stable, a room full of telephones and electric bells, furnished with fine carpets, old mahogany furniture, sporting photographs and prints, coaching trophies and hunting horns. Next to his office is the kitchen, which permits him and his guests to come when the whim seizes them and have supper in the stables more freely and gaily than in the chateau.

Thirty-Seven Babies.

H. Pauline Grace and Paul and Pauline were hidden to bring two young lady in the doorway. But the joy quickly turned to sorrow, for Aunt Grace was dressed for the street.

"I thought you'd tell us a story!" whined Paul.

"We don't know what to do!" sighed Pauline.

"Dear me!" said the lady, "to think of twins not knowing what to do, when they have each other to play with!"

"Let me see," and the pretty young aunt rested her chin upon a thumb and forefinger.

The twins looked expectant, for something nice was always at hand when Aunt Grace said, "Let me see."

Pauline was hidden to bring two sheets of paper, two books to rest them on and two pencils. Then the children were seated at the broad, front window.

"My brother and I," said Aunt Grace, "used to play what we called 'Counting People' and we had great fun at it. Paul, you take the woman and the little girls, and Pauline can have the men and boys, and see which will have the most by the time I get back."

Their aunt waved them a smiling good-bye from the sidewalk, and Paul put a straight mark on his paper for her. Next came two men for Pauline, then a little girl for Paul, and the fun was really begun.

"See that man with two babies!" cried Pauline; "that makes three for me!"

"They are not boy babies!" retorted Paul; "they're girls, and they are mine!"

"It isn't fair," argued his sister; "they are boys—they look just like them!"

"Boys!" cried Paul, "with maulin caps!"

"Boys wear 'em, too!"

"Don't care, they're girls!"

"Oh, dear! we're losing lots of folks!" and Pauline was ready to cry.

"Your fault!" sputtered Paul.

"Don't let's quarrel!" pleaded his sister.

"Elope we both take all the babies, and leave it to Aunt Grace which shall have them."

"Well," assented Paul, "but I'm going to have those two, for they're mine!"

His sister said nothing. She was too busy, and after a moment's pause, during which Paul lost several people, he shyly made two little marks in the space allotted to the babies.

"The babies!" laughed Aunt Grace. "I forgot about them. We generally use both to keep account of those."

"Just what we've done!" interrupted Paul.

"And then," she went on, "we sometimes gave them to the one that had the smallest number, occasionally to whichever didn't lose temper through the game."

The twins looked down at their papers for a minute. Then Pauline spoke:

"I guess we both got kind of mad over the babies," she said, "so we couldn't do that last way, could we, Paul?"

"No," said Paul, honestly, "we could not."

"How many babies have you?" asked Aunt Grace, running her eye over the marks. "Thirty-seven! a good many for one game. And which of you has the most?"

"Two hundred and fourteen," finally announced Pauline.

"One hundred and seventy-seven," acknowledged Paul, sorrowfully.

"Paul had better take the babies," said his sister generously.

Aunt Grace had been doing a little figuring in her head. "Well," she said, her brown eyes twinkling, "let Paul add the thirty-seven babies to his number."

"Why—eh?" he exclaimed, his face brightening. "Isn't that funny? It makes just the same as yours, Pauline!"

use with the Demosthenes of the occasion because of economic belief, and modestly but with calm conviction setting up his belief. And back of him still the representative of the newer school of journalism, or, more correctly of business management opposed to editorial personality.

What greater contrast possible, even in this day of modern mixing and wonderful whiteness of untrammelled opinion? What greater treat for thoughtful analysis? None, verily, to the last analysis.

What the Occasion Signifies.

And, then, what does it all mean? Just this, in simple truth: That they who are not idlers and drink not of the wine of riotousness have won that place which the Savior of Mankind bespoke in his own way—"O' laborer possessing the earth and the fulness and the dignity thereof. Perhaps it may be said without any hint of invidious comparison that Mr. Roosevelt struck the underlying meaning of the whole affair when he seriously pointed out to the listening thousands that even Mr. Bryan had not on that day one word of criticism or of question for the prosperity of the great American nation of which labor typifies not only the strong right arm, but also the power, the strength of purpose and achievement which is "More terrible than an army

with banners," but yet is more gentle in its strength than dead Caesar and forgotten tyrant ever dreamed to be possible.

And Rev. Dr. Burdick—a preacher hardly more eloquent than witty, an sympathizer as religious—presided over it all!

Let us love one another!

Pointed Paragraphs.

One touch of the bunco man doth the farmer skin.

Injustice often pats men on the back while justice kicks them.

Women want their rights, also their left-arms at the glove counter.

No, Cordelia, a woman's tongue isn't necessarily a concealed weapon.

Our schoolmarm says that the art of lovmaking is usually taught at night schools.

All the world asks of a man is for him to do his best. If that doesn't suit him he can get out.

Love is a sweet dream, but the first time a young man sees his best girl with her front hair in curl papers he is apt to wake up.

The woman who spends three or four hours a day curling her hair is sure to kick if her husband comes home with his mustache curled.—Chicago News.

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

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DEGREE OF HONOR DRILL TEAM OF EVANS LODGE, NO. 111, A. O. U. W. EMERSON, NEE—CHAMPION TEAM OF NORTHWESTERN NEBRASKA.