THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

E. ROSEWATER EDITOR.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss:
C. C. Rosewater, general manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of May, 1906, was as follows:

1	36,270	16	31,540
2	33,820	17	31,530
3	31,570	18	31,890
4	31,930	19	32,270
5	32,320	20	30,950
6	30,050	21	31,920
7	31,690	22	31,990
8	31,590	23	31,930
9	31,550	24	31,800
10	31,500	25	31,850
11	31,650	26	32,490
12	32,250	27	31,850
13	30,960	28	31,970
14	31,700	29	31,740
15	31,520	30	31,520
		31	31,940

Total 989,570
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C. C. ROSEWATER,
General Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of June, 1906.
(Seal) M. B. HUNGATE,
Notary Public.

WHEN OUT OF TOWN.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

It is hardly probable that Pat Crowe will place Philadelphia on his itinerary.

When railroad presidents disagree the public sometimes gets a peek at the inside workings of those sanctified rate makers.

William Nelson Cromwell has evidently taken the sphynx as his exemplar—and his secret is doubtless equally interesting.

It never rains but it pours in Missouri. A water famine comes just as Governor Folk has succeeded in "putting on the lid" in St. Louis county.

While no review by court is provided in the meat inspection law, few federal judges refuse a restraining order when the bill of complaint is filed.

Des Moines hotel keepers are about the only people who look forward with self-assurance to the meeting of the coming state convention of Iowa republicans.

The same brand of democratic harmony seems to pervade the city hall between the council chamber and the mayor's office this week that was there last week.

If congress is to adjourn this month a new record will have to be made in the rapidity of enactment of bills or some members will be kept busy making explanations.

No need of Omaha and Lincoln quarreling over the home-coming reception to Colonel Bryan. There ought to be quite enough Bryan glory to go around for all.

It is quite a concession for a hidebound democratic paper to admit that the republican party was at any stage of its career pure and innocent and imbued with high ideals.

Should the government decide to keep title to all coal lands now owned by it there might be less trouble between miners and operators when new wage scales are to be signed.

The tribute paid by John Sharp Williams to Chairman Wadsworth would never have been pronounced had the democratic leader not wanted a foil for his shot at the White House.

It is now settled definitely that Governor Mickey will locate in Omaha and make his residence here at the expiration of his present term in the executive office. Omaha welcomes all ex-governors.

Those Norwegians of America who have returned to the land of their nativity to see a king crowned will probably come back better satisfied with republican institutions, although King Haakon might do much to making monarchy popular.

In their endorsement of Colonel Bryan as a candidate for president some conservative democrats want it distinctly understood that they are not endorsing all his political ideas while others are thinking so much of the loaves and fishes that they have forgotten his record.

Is it possible that son-in-law's World-Herald has altogether forgotten that oft-repeated question, which it thought such a live issue two months ago—"Are you a republican or are you a Fontanelle?" Has the Fontanelle's endorsement of father-in-law impaired son-in-law's memory?

NECESSITY OF LOCAL INSPECTION.

The very strictness of the proposed national inspection of live stock and meat for interstate and foreign commerce creates the necessity of more adequate protection of public health under state and municipal authority. If the inspection bill becomes a law in the form in which it has passed the house, the meat of animals slaughtered by those who raise them can be lawfully transported by common carrier, even in interstate and foreign commerce, without the inspection certificate required for meat prepared at packing houses.

In any event the inevitable tendency will be not to ship diseased and unfit live stock to markets under drastic national inspection where they would be detected and rejected and, of course, such animals would not be used for the owner's consumption. There is obvious danger that unscrupulous owners either would slaughter and sell them in nearby local markets or dispose of them to unscrupulous buyers, through whom they would reach the same destination.

The only possible way in which this danger can be met is by adequate local inspection laws, and over this the national government confessedly has no jurisdiction, nor do existing state laws in the customary degree of enforcement hitherto in most states afford protection. The packing establishments that honestly obey the national inspection law, as well as the local meat consumer, are entitled to this protection.

SWIFT JUSTICE.

The sword of justice has surely fallen with lightning swiftness on the Philadelphia kidnaper, who within a day of capture was indicted, tried and sentenced to twenty years solitary imprisonment for his heinous crime, and the execution of his sentence actually begun. The legal record is as extraordinary as the offense that is its subject.

Of the fact of guilt, however, and the legal proof, including the miscreant's own confession in open court, there is actually no shadow of doubt, but certainty in this case is no greater than in innumerable other cases where justice is cheated by the law's delay. The difference arises from the profound and universal abhorrence with which this outlaw was regarded, so that, penniless himself, he had no means nor friends to utilize the dilatory resources under the law when the authorities, sharing public sympathy, were stirred to unwonted promptitude. Swift action therefore was not due to the excellence of our criminal procedure, but was secured in spite of the many loopholes and technicalities which might have been taken advantage of to stay indefinitely the stroke of justice.

But the history of this startling crime does signally illustrate the fact, appreciation of which was never more necessary than now, that real responsibility for leaden-footed or impotent justice rests ultimately upon the people themselves. The officers of the law are only human, responding to imperious universal public sentiment as the Philadelphia case notably attests, and the law itself, by which they are bound, is a crystalization of public sentiment.

If there are crimes and classes of offenders that seem to be immune, it is at bottom because the community does not rise up as one man as it did against the inhuman and dastardly crime of Kean to demand and compel a different result.

HEADS I WIN—TAILS YOU LOSE.

Although all the evidence bearing on bad faith was excluded from the recent hearing on the rotation ballot case as not directly involved in the issues, the question of good or bad faith enters into the judgment rendered by the court of public opinion. That the political tricksters whose cry is "Anything to beat Rosewater" invoked the rotation ballot scheme not only with a deliberate design to disfranchise a large body of voters, but also in distinct repudiation of their own position in the last city primary, cannot be truthfully denied.

The affidavit of City Clerk Elbourn as to the official advice given him by the chief attorney for the Fontanelles, acting then as city attorney, and candidate for nomination for that office, exposes the whole hand. This uncontradicted affidavit reads as follows:

Affiant, William H. Elbourn, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. That he was for three years continuously preceding May 21, 1906, the duly elected clerk for the city of Omaha; that in his official capacity as city clerk he prepared the ballot for the primary election for the nomination of candidates for city offices held on April 3, 1906; that in the preparation of said ballot he was officially advised by John P. Breen as city attorney; that under the decision of the supreme court that section of the primary election law relating to the rotation of names upon the official primary ballot was declared null and void and that he should disregard the same, and the official primary ballots for said primary election were printed and voted without rotation of the names thereon.

2. That at said primary election one Charles J. Anderson was one of the candidates for the republican nomination for city councilman from the Eighth ward and said John P. Breen was one of the candidates for the republican nomination for city attorney, their names appearing on the official ballot for these offices, respectively, and that neither of them asked or demanded at any time that the names upon said ballot should be rotated.

And further affiant sayeth not.

In a nutshell, when the Fontanelles thought their candidates would be injured by ballot rotation they nullified the law and then, within a few weeks, when they thought that rotation would help them, or rather injure their opponents, they appealed to the courts to force upon the county clerk what they told the city clerk was not required. Who knows but that had the rotation scheme been followed in the city primaries the Fontanelle ticket might not have been so successful and with nominees more representative of the party, the republicans might have won out on more offices, if not completely, at the city election?

The game of politics, however, as played as the Fontanelles attempt to play it, is a game with loaded dice. It is "heads I win and tails you lose."

CONGRESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

How far the mutual jealousy of the two branches of congress has lately gone is illustrated by the action of the house in substituting an entirely new and different form of immunity measure for the one which passed the senate. Both measures attempt to define in varying degrees of minuteness the purpose of the existing laws with respect to those giving incriminating information or testimony to the government, with a view to avoiding the effect of Judge Humphrey's decision in the packers' prosecutions, but the house bill goes on with an elaborate system of record and definition intended to prescribe rules by which the question of immunity can be certainly determined and known in every instance in which such information or testimony is called for and given.

It does not appear that the ultimate legal effect will be much changed whichever measure is adopted or if by conference a composite measure shall be finally written in the statute book. No act can take away the constitutional rights of the individual as defined by the supreme court, and either of the statutory forms now proposed or any other that is likely to be evolved will simply narrow immunity to that point.

While the right of either house of congress to amend or modify the legislative propositions of the other is unquestioned, their action all through this session has been extreme and has gone so far in wasting time in matters of mere form as to prevent and endanger important results.

It turns out that the official primary ballot, if made up strictly according to the rotation mandamus procured by the Fontanelles, would be eleven feet six inches long. Perhaps this may yet hit the judicial yardstick at a point above the notch where justice ends and injustice begins. Under the circumstances we presume the court will wink at the action of the county clerk in cutting the ballot into two pieces so as to separate the candidates for state delegates from the candidates for congressional delegate, although the strict letter of the law as interpreted by the court would require them both to be on one ballot.

The election of John M. Guild as commissioner of the Omaha Commercial club brings no newcomer to that position, Mr. Guild being quite familiar with local trade conditions as a result of his experience as secretary of the South Omaha Live Stock exchange, where he has proved a most satisfactory officer. There is no good reason why the new commissioner should not make good. He is certainly entitled to every encouragement and assistance in demonstrating that he is the right man in the right place.

Don't let the Fontanelles disfranchise you with or without the help of the courts. The way to resent the rotation ballot outrage is to repudiate the perpetrators by going to the polls and voting for every one of the eighty-three delegates filed in the interest of Edward Rosewater's candidacy for senator. The triumphant election of the Rosewater delegation unimpaired on July 2 will teach the tricksters a salutary lesson.

St. Louis finds it easier to secure federal permission for a free bridge than to find a place to build it since two inoperative companies have prior rights. The cheerful promoter there now sees a chance to coin hot air into cash.

Vermont is a border state and the failure of the republicans there to declare in favor of reciprocity with Canada would indicate that those nearest the scene are not as enthusiastic on the subject as those more remote.

The rain-making powers of the grocers and butchers seem to have been re-enforced. Instead of waiting for their picnic day this year they sent the rain as an advance agent a few days ahead.

Any Port in a Storm.
Baltimore American.

The turning of trust magnates to William Jennings Bryan as a safe and conservative candidate to prevent anarchy in the White House is a sight for gods and men!

Two Nervy People.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coburn of Kansas and Congressman Longworth should exchange felicitations. It takes as much nerve to refuse a senatorship as it does to decline a king's invitation.

Keep Down the Lid.
Pittsburg Dispatch.

Investigations into the English potted chicken and jam factories are also producing some disagreeable sensations. This may turn out to be the Grand International Clean-up.

Tainted Thrift.
Washington Post.

That railroad employe who saved $80,000 in six years on a salary of $30 a week ought to be a shining example to the government clerk, who has a hard time keeping out of the hands of loan sharks.

Consolation for Cleveland.
Washington Post.

As a man who was twice the nominee of his party, Grover Cleveland may naturally hate to see his record equaled, but he can console himself with the reflection that he only fell down one time out of the three.

NEBRASKA SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN

A Bird's-Eye View of It.
Nebraska Politician (rep.).

The senatorial contest goes merrily on and the newspapers of the state are devoting most of the space usually assigned to politics of a general nature to the discussion of the senatorial candidates. The Rosewater boom is growing at such a rate as to seriously alarm the campaign managers of Attorney General Norris Brown. Dismayed at the failure of the country press to continue to accept for publication the material sent out by the local press bureau, Mr. Brown has decided to get busy as an orator, and from now on will devote his time to spellbinding in the smaller towns of the state. The stumping tour is to be inaugurated at York. From then on the attorney general will endeavor to deliver at least four adresses a week until convention time.

The candidacy of ex-Governor Crounse, which at first promised to attract much attention, is not receiving much notice and interest is centered in the contest between Brown and Rosewater. Many who do not like the Omaha man personally nevertheless believe him to be the logical man for senator and have declared their intention of supporting him. The press bureau of the opposing candidate has been devoting much space lately to digging up the past political record of the editor and to publishing names of republican candidates whom he has not supported. This, however, is having but little effect. One of these same candidates whom Rosewater opposed stated in Lincoln this week that he favored the election of Rosewater for senator, although he had not yet forgiven him for his opposition years ago. Among those who were not personally interested in these old battles not much interest is paid to the ancient history, as events since have developed that in many instances Rosewater was justified in the fights he made.

The stumping tour of Mr. Brown is expected by his real friends to overcome much of the opposition that has been created against him by the misguided efforts of his press bureau, and an effort is to be made to have the attorney general order the discontinuation of the thought factory.

Weighted Down with Years.
Holbrook Observer (rep.).

Lorenzo Crounse has announced that he will be a candidate for United States senator. He is a grand old man and his worst handicap in the race will be his age, which is 72 years.

In the Interest of Nebraska.
Tekamah Journal (rep.).

If one were to take an expression of opinion from the various republican newspapers of Nebraska he would think the question of selecting a United States senator to succeed Senator Millard is all but settled and that Edward Rosewater is to be the fortunate individual. The various candidacies for the chief offices at the gift of the republicans of the state may cause a good bit of trading, but we do not believe the delegate who has the true interests of the state at heart will permit himself to be traded off to suit the caprices of politicians. We were talking with a quartet of old warhorse republicans from western Nebraska the other day and they were all for Rosewater. One was a great friend of Norris Brown's and lives in his district, but he says Norris should be content to remain in his present position. It is such straws that show the way the wind is blowing, politically, in Nebraska.

Father-in-Law Not of the People.
Schuyler Free Lance (ind.).

Lorenzo Crounse is not a new one in the political world, and if he becomes a candidate for United States senator his past record will be reviewed. He has always posed as a man who was a little better than the common run of public men, but this editor could never see it that way. His work as governor in appointing the notorious Frank Hilton of Blair as oil inspector and his lack in doing the right thing as to the Bartley matter never looked good to us. We have seen Crounse in public matters and considered him a man of very ordinary ability and a man who pretended to be of the people when he was not. Lorenzo Crounse is a very poor stick of senatorial timber any way you look at him.

The Other Side.
Fremont Herald (dem.)

The Lincoln Journal, in an effort to injure Edward Rosewater in his candidacy for the United States senate, publishes a long list of names of republicans whose election to office has at different times been opposed by The Omaha Bee. The Journal intimates that all these men will be active in opposition to Mr. Rosewater at this time and that in returning favor for favor they will put the knife into the Rosewater boom to the hilt.

But—

There is another list—a long list, containing the names of men who have been lifted into official positions by Edward Rosewater, and this latter list is ten times as long as the other list. By fair reasoning we may conclude that the men whose names are on this latter list will be just as active for Rosewater as the other fellows are against him. And they ought to be active. Without stopping to apologize for any Rosewater sins—and perhaps he has committed some—we suggest that several hundred Nebraska officials and ex-officials owe to Edward Rosewater a debt of gratitude which cannot be better paid than by aiding his senatorial ambition at this time. By reason of his loyalty to his party Edward Rosewater has often carried republican tickets to victory at times when the ticket was loaded down with his personal enemies. The Herald is not throwing any boquets at Rosewater for such services, for, indeed, we believe he has often sinned against humanity and against his state by using his influence in electing to office republican tickets which bore the names of men whom he knew would prove faithless public servants. But, if it is a question of returning favor for favor in politics, Edward Rosewater must receive in this campaign the support of seven out of ten republicans who have ever held state or congressional offices, and for the simple reason that they were elected to those offices by grace of influence of that same Rosewater.

Senatorship for Sale.
San Francisco Chronicle.

A story is printed to the effect that Schwab will contest with Newlands for the senatorship of Nevada. In the language of Mr. Cleveland, it is a condition and not a theory which confronts the Nevadans, and it is rather surprising that they do not recognize the fact and take advantage of it. Instead of selling the senatorship at private sale, why not put it up and let the highest bidder take it and turn the money into the state treasury? That would be a decided improvement on the present plan so far as the taxpayer is concerned.

Uncle Sam's Wealth.
New York World.

The wealth of the United States cannot be estimated from any official source, but at the observed ratio of increase noted in 1900 it cannot well be less than $110,000,000,000, and is probably considerably greater.

Consolation for Blair.
Boston Transcript.

Blair, Neb., has been reposing in comfort and confidence on the Missouri, now finds herself five miles inland by the fickleness of that stream. But it is likely to return again and perhaps strike the center of town.

PHILADELPHIA'S KIDNAPING CASE

Features of the Crime that Shine by Contrast.

Certain features of the Philadelphia kidnaping case are well calculated to excite warm commendation and applause in this vicinity. The determination of the father not to submit to blackmail, the activity of the police, the assistance rendered by the newspapers, the recovery of the boy and the railroading of the kidnaper to the penitentiary for twenty years are successive chapters in the crime expeditiously pressed to a satisfactory conclusion. The finish deserves an extra round of applause, made particularly hearty when contrasted with Omaha's shameful perversion of justice.

The general details of the kidnaping case, the capture, conviction and sentencing of the kidnaper, have been furnished by the dispatches, but a brief summary of the main events are necessary to a proper understanding of the part taken by the boy's father, the police and the newspapers in trapping the kidnaper and restoring the boy to his parents.

Freddie Muth, the 7-year-old son of a wealthy jeweler, was induced to leave school on the afternoon of June 12, by a note delivered by a messenger boy, purporting to be from his mother. Kean, the kidnaper, met the boy near the school, hurried him to the outskirts of the city and hid him in vacant buildings. As soon as the police were informed, a dragnet was spread over the city. Mr. Muth received the customary curt note demanding $1,000 for the return of the boy, with a threat to kill him if the ransom was not promptly paid. The father turned this and succeeding notes over to the police and co-operated with the authorities in every way. Within forty-eight hours the police had definitely established the identity of the kidnaper and his haunts, but were unable to locate him. Through newspaper accounts the kidnaper knew what the police were doing and thus managed to elude them.

Thus matters stood on Friday morning when Superintendent of Police Taylor determined on a bold and unprecedented plan of campaign. The Muth kidnaper had just sent a letter in which he threatened the child with death and himself with suicide if the police closed in on him any closer. He meant it and his letter showed it.

To every night city editor Superintendent Taylor telephoned asking him to come at once to the city hall. When the city editors reached there the police superintendent opened up everything—letters, photographs and evidence. He gave all the names and told all the secrets, and then asked the newspapers to help him out.

That night the newspaper men left for their offices burdened with the biggest news story of the year. Yet each man was not only in honor bound not to write it or talk about it, but he did not dare even to take his office into full confidence. There could be no leak if the boy was to be saved.

The day following the conference the Philadelphia morning newspapers all printed stories on the Muth kidnaping. They are the kind of stories that are known to the profession as "hot air." Most of them contained fanciful yarns about the police searching for an Armenian. Now, it so happened that this was not altogether a deception on the readers. There really was an Armenian who was wanted by the Philadelphia police, and they were hunting for him in New York. But he was not wanted in connection with the kidnaping. And so the stories went on until Sunday night.

Sunday night the most desperate card of the campaign was played. Through his neighbor, Druggist Gans, was placed in Mr. Muth's hands a letter that nearly drove him frantic. It was the last message from the kidnaper. Its language indicated that the boy was as good as dead unless the police were called off at once. The kidnaper directed Mr. Muth just how he was to call the police off. He told Muth to tell the police he had been fooling them and that the boy was with relatives either at New Brunswick or Brooklyn.

"Mr. Muth," said the captain of detectives, "I have a plan for meeting this emergency, but you must consent to being put in an unfavorable light. You must allow yourself to be held up in the papers as a fraud and a fakir who has deceived the police for some ulterior motive."

Muth was a hero to the core. He never flinched.

"You can say anything you please about me if you only find my boy," replied Muth. "You may blacken my character, mix me up with women, make me any kind of a criminal you like. I give you carte blanche to use my character. I will leave it all to you, but for God's sake find my boy—my poor boy!

"Understand, the papers can say anything they please—but find my boy!"

Another hurry call went out to the night city editors. There was another conference and this time Donaghy presided.

Monday morning the Philadelphia papers published this story with variations:

"Captain of Detectives Donaghy admitted last night that he had come to the conclusion that little Freddie Muth had not been kidnaped, but on the contrary was in the keeping of some relatives who are not on friendly terms with the boy's parents. Charles Muth, the father of the boy, entertains this view more strongly than Captain Donaghy.

"Mr. Muth sent for Captain Donaghy last night and told him that he felt sure his son had not been kidnaped. He intimated that there was some family trouble mixed up in the affair, but despite the questioning of the chief of detectives would not tell the whole story.

"'I was convinced from what Muth told me,' said Captain Donaghy last night, 'that I have had my men on a wild goose chase. I have called in all the men I could reach and in the morning I will take the rest off the case.'

"When Captain Donaghy reported the result of his interview with Muth last night, the superintendent sent out orders to all the station houses to abandon the search for the missing boy and his supposed kidnapers. He also notified other cities to give up the search, sending a short telegram explaining that the father knew where his son was. The superintendent, too, was angry over the turn affairs had taken. He also authorized the statement that Mr. Muth had told Captain Donaghy that he did not intend to prosecute any of the persons concerned with the disappearance of his son."

This was not a story calculated to make Muth popular among his neighbors. Men read it at the breakfast table or on the cars and frankly avowed that the father ought to be horsewhipped. Some wives, however, shrewdly told their husband that they always suspected something was in the wind; but the newspapers were so unanimous in picturing Muth as a double dealing scoundrel that there was nothing tangible for suspicion to cling to.

Muth woke up in the morning to find himself an object of scorn and ridicule. His neighbors refused to speak to him. Others openly threatened him. In general he was given to understand that he had outlived his usefulness in the neighborhood. But Muth stood it like a stoic.

The "fake" served its purpose. The kidnaper, getting a morning paper, was thrown off his guard. He peeped from his hole. The trap was closed and the mystery was a mystery no longer.

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy; and stops falling hair.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Manufacturers of
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA—For the blood. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation.
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—For coughs. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Secretary Root will sail July 4 for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he is to attend the third Pan-American conference.

A clue to the reason why the Kickapoo Indians took the name comes semi-officially from Mexico. They are ruled by squaws. Who wouldn't kickapoo Indian?

Joseph H. Choate's health is in such a condition that his physician has ordered him to his summer home in the Berkshires with instructions to take a complete rest.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic league, who has been holding meetings in this country, has started for Ireland, carrying with him $50,000 as a result of his efforts.

Fortunately the prospects for a bumper crop of broom corn are bright enough to banish the threatened danger of a broom famine occasioned by Chicago's strenuous housecleaning.

The reason Mr. Beveridge took a fee from the New York Life Insurance company seems to have been that, before he was senator, he had rendered legal services that the company considered worth the money.

Four thousand different varieties of potatoes have been planted on the farm of Luther Burbank, the Santa Rosa, Cal., horticulturist, constituting part of 12,000 species of the tuber family with which Burbank will experiment this year in his plans to give the world another new potato.

A monument to the memory of Simon Kenton, pioneer Indian fighter, was unveiled at Old Town, twelve miles west of Springfield, O., the other afternoon in the presence of a large crowd. The monument is built of huge bowlders suitably engraved and marks the spot where Kenton ran the famous Indian gauntlet.

A certain member of the Yale faculty is famous for his power of condensing his many strong antipathies into trenchant epigrams. His pet abhorrence is logic, a fact which was unknown to the student, who recently approached him with the question: "Professor, I am thinking of taking logic next year. What do you think of the course?" "Horse sense made asinine," responded the professor tersely.

At the Miami university commencement at Hamilton, O., Senator Dolliver of Iowa appeared as the principal speaker in the academic gown of doctor of laws. The senator remarked that he felt as if he were in a bathing suit and a peekaboo bonnet. When the audience laughed Senator Dolliver turned to President Benson and said: "I have said nothing funny. I believe the people are laughing at my clothes." He then took off the gown and dropped it upon the floor, where it remained until he had finished.

BREAK IN INSURANCE TRUST.

Combine of Underwriters Split by San Francisco Losses.
Philadelphia Press.

It will not be any disadvantage to the public at large if the disagreement that has arisen among the fire insurance companies over the payment of San Francisco losses should result in a complete smash-up of the combine. There has been nothing much tighter than the Underwriters' trust.

When a number of companies—as many as sixty-one, according to the reports—undertake a flat repudiation of 25 per cent of their obligations it must be expected there would be trouble. As understood, this scaling down of one-quarter is purely arbitrary and without any reference to facts or conditions that may be ascertained by adjusters; that the companies are to pay but 75 per cent of their obligations, whatever they may be. What rule of business morals can be brought in justification of that? Of course, the companies have lost heavily, but they are making the people stand the losses by increasing the rates.

But there are some thirty companies, big foreign corporations and New York and Connecticut concerns mostly, that do not agree to the scaling down. They declare their purpose to pay their obligations in full, and because they have taken that honorable course there has been a disruption of the underwriters' bureau. The pay-in-full companies have organized by themselves, and for the time, at least, have no relations with the other companies. The wider that breach gets the better it will be.

Nothing is more certain than that any company which seeks to shirk any just obligation will be brought into disrepute. The threat of the California insurance commissioner to drive such companies from the state is not the most they will have to fear. The loss of public confidence will be general.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Stella—He told me I looked sweet enough to eat.

Bella—He doubtless meant you were well preserved.—New York Sun.

"Hello, old man! Where are you keeping yourself these days?"

"I'm running a model farm."

"What kind is that?"

"It's the kind you can run by riding over it in your automobile and hiring experts to do the work."—Chicago Tribune.

"Say, doctor, what do you think about this proposition to kill the incurables?"

"Well, it would depend a good deal upon the condition of their pocketbooks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The man who wins my admiration," said the serious girl, "must be one who can stand firm in his convictions in the face of ridicule, opposition and personal danger."

"I see," said Miss Cayenne. "Your ideal is a base ball umpire."—Washington Star.

"What a touchy fellow Bilkins is."

"Well, why shouldn't he be? Isn't he a chronic borrower?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"How do you manage to keep your summer boarders so contented?"

"I go after the mail myself," said Farmer Corntossel, "and I always forget to bring home any papers from town except those that have humidity an' sunstroke news in 'em."—Washington Star.

"Is it really true that Mr. Roxley's dead?" asked the young doctor's wife.

"Yes," he said.

"O, isn't it awful?"

"It is so. I thought he'd be good for at least a dozen more visits."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

"Ah, yes," said Senator Smugg, as he interlaced his claws in a self-satisfied way in front of his corporosity. "I got my start in life by clerking in a humble grocery store at a salary of $3 a week, and managed to save money on that."

"But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course, was before cash registers were invented."

MAN'S GREATEST NEED.

S. E. Kiser in the Record-Herald.

It matters not how well you plan
Or how you school yourself to say
That if you try to smile you can,
When woe arrives joy flits away.
'Tis easy when the skies are fair
And all your ventures bring you gains
To fling a merry jest at care
And scorn life's little aches and pains.
But when your troubles multiply
And you are filled with futile spite,
The merits of a smile seem few
And what you need is something you
May kick freely with all your might.

To him who sings a cheerful song
I own that I am deep in debt;
I scorn, when little things go wrong,
To sit in idleness and fret;
I prize that sweet philosophy
Which teaches me to turn from care
When all the ways in front of me
Stretch onward smooth and wide and fair;
But when my ventures come to naught
And disappointment makes me sick,
Ah, how it serves to clear my mind
And ease my woe if I can find
Some hateful thing to madly kick.

Let him sing on who gladly sings,
The world still needs him and his song,
But oh for some good, ready thing
To fiercely kick when things go wrong.
A fair and noble monument,
The grateful world will gladly raise
To honor him who shall invent
For use on gloomy, hopeless days
A thing inanimate and limp
Which always may be ready when
We feel the need of letting loose
And may not freely put to use
The persons of our fellow men.

Browning, King & Co

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