

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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WHEN OUT OF TOWN. Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as required.

The secret of Bourke Cockran's "conversion" to optimism at Manila is now explained.

When William Jennings comes marching home the Tammany brass band will play "Hail to the Chief."

Chicago newspapers are discussing tomfoolery in the public schools in all seriousness. It might be done in other places.

Bids for armor for warships show that even the strongest "trusts" are not absolutely independent of the natural laws of trade.

The New York clearing house statement shows that while much water is being squeezed out of stocks a little cash floats into the strong boxes.

Commissioner Garfield is said to have riveted the bull's eye upon the coal industry, but in these dog days it would seem more rational if his bull's eye were skewed on the ice industry.

In postponing the visit of the British channel fleet to its shores Russia shows that it has not lost all hope of resuming its place as a world naval power.

The anniversary of the fall of the Bastille was a fitting day on which to rehabilitate Dreyfus, since it marks the downfall of lettres de cachet in the domain.

Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw may be brought to believe that her husband is insane when she gets full information regarding damage suits by other chorus girls.

With sugar from Hilo paying duty to the amount of \$145,000 at San Francisco, our Filipino wards seem to be getting ready to divide "the white man's burden" with us.

When the device for making paper out of cotton stalks is perfected cotton may not only challenge its right to be considered king of American trade, but also claim to be its herald.

The Santa Fe Railroad company will not appeal from the fine of \$30,000 assessed against it in New Mexico for violating the Elkins law in its relations with a coal company. What next?

It having been judiciously decided that the state treasurer of Kansas has the right to keep interest on state warrants, the next legislature of the Sunflower state has some work already outlined.

The Nebraska National Guard will soon make a \$12,000 march to Fort Riley for the annual maneuver—which reminds us that once upon a time the king of France with twice ten thousand men marched up the hill and then marched down again.

New Mexico is on the eve of a most exciting campaign. Already a wave of hot air has passed over the territory and a hot water spout has burst forth from the ground in the neighborhood of Socorro, presumably to prepare the people for the scorching political strocco.

The Santa Fe railroad and the Colorado Fuel and Iron company have been sentenced by the federal court to pay a fine of \$30,000 for violating the anti-trust and interstate commerce laws. But who will pay the fine in the long run? Will not Jones finally pay the freight, as usual?

DEALING WITH POLITICAL PIRATES.

It is said that everything is fair in war, in love and in politics but, after all, the rules of modern warfare forbid the use of copper bullets and poisoned missiles, and the unwritten law of politics interdicts false accusations and downright libels.

A few days ago the following declaration was made by Edward Rosewater over his own signature in a letter to republicans of York county: "It is absolutely untrue that I have either before my departure for Europe or since my return held any communication directly or indirectly with any railroad officials or with anybody pretending to speak for them concerning my candidacy for United States senator."

My attitude toward the railways and all other public carriers is well known and has undergone no change. In the face of this declaration, the journalistic outlaws of Lincoln and Omaha persist in fabricating fakes that have not the remotest shadow of foundation. The latest and most flagrant of these brazen falsehoods is the contemptible insinuation that a political alliance has been formed between the Union Pacific and Edward Rosewater through the interposition of Jacob H. Schiff of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, a firm heretofore largely interested in Union Pacific stocks. All this is pure invention.

Mr. Rosewater has had no communication with Mr. Schiff since last September when Mr. Schiff at his solicitation contributed \$500 toward the Wise Memorial hospital of Omaha. At that time the senatorship was not even dreamed of. To distort an effort on behalf of a benevolent institution into a political deal transcends all professional propriety.

The trouble with these political pirates is that they reverse themselves on the slightest provocation. For example, this same World-Herald only a few months ago quoted approvingly the statement by Edgar Howard to the effect that Edward Rosewater is "a true anti-monopolist," who would be the choice for senator "if the choice were left to the people." Judge Howard concluded: "He is the preferred candidate of the rank and file. But the bosses want somebody else, and since the choice is to be left to the state convention or the legislature instead of to the people somebody else will be chosen."

To this the World-Herald added for itself, "We believe this an approximately correct statement of the case. Because the people themselves are not to be permitted to speak, their will is not to prevail. Convention and legislative manipulation and jugglery will foist upon the party a candidate the rank and file do not want." Now that there is a fair prospect of the people getting the candidate they want in spite of corporate opposition, the World-Herald and its republican allies at Lincoln show their true colors by despicable assaults and stories coined out of whole cloth.

The Lincoln Journal and its evening appendage were just as complimentary in their comments before Mr. Rosewater captured the Douglas delegation, but since he has some prospect of getting support from Lancaster and other counties within its immediate territory, it is in convulsions over its pretended discovery that Mr. Rosewater is the sworn and subservient ally of the Burlington and has mortgaged himself body and soul to that corporation—a fake with no better foundation than the invention about the Union Pacific alliance.

What fake these twin exponents of mendacity will spring next is not to be forecasted, but there will be no limits on the inventive genius displayed.

IS MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP SOCIALISM?

It is significant that municipal ownership should be the chief topic discussed in the meeting of the Illinois State Bar association and that the brunt of denunciation should fall on the principle underlying it. The tenor of the lawyers' speeches was expressed by one of the leading members, who declared that "the adoption of the principle of municipal ownership and operation would be a long stride toward socialism and communism."

The abuses and corruptions under privately owned public service corporations were notably absent from the discussions. Yet the lawyers could have done a better service to the public by exposing their full inside knowledge of that phase of the subject than by vehement and indiscriminate denunciation of the chief remedial method towards which public judgment is steadily and cautiously advancing. The lawyers' expressions by their heat and partisan spirit are distinctly obstructionist rather than deliberative. It is notorious that attorneys are frequently the essential instrumentality by which public utilities are perverted to corporate ends at the expense of the municipality to which they of right belong, and in whose interest they should be equitably administered. The devices by which such prostitution is consummated, involving a maze of legal fictions and technicalities and manipulation of state and city legislatures, are the particular business of too many lawyers conspicuous in the profession for ability, and for reward they receive large fees or salaries from those corporations. It is not unnatural, therefore, that lawyers should as a class dislike a proposed reform in which their occupation would be lost or their profits greatly diminished, or that it should manifest itself in bar association meetings.

"Socialism" is unquestionably an unpopular term and it is lawyer strategy to seek to attach it to the effort to reform abuse in public service corporations. The plain fact, however, is that hard headed, practical men, who are not socialists, but anti-social-

ists, favor municipal ownership of public utilities.

In this country there has been notable success in such ownership in many fields. The proof of the pudding is in the eating and in the contrast with the abuses in the private corporation system that are so generally affecting public opinion. The seriousness of the movement arises from the very fact that sober business men, and not mere socialistic theorists, are convinced of its advantages.

There is obviously no more socialism in municipal ownership of service of water, light, heat, transit, etc., if the public finds its interest protected thereby, than there is in public ownership of the postal service or of many other services which no one would denounce as socialism. Resort to municipal ownership as a remedy for defalcate evils by no means implies the abrogation of the principle of private property.

The significant fact remains that as experience accumulates public sentiment is settling upon the wisdom and necessity of withdrawing from the possession and the reach of corporation monopoly many of the public services which have customarily been subtle to them. Nothing can stop this tendency but reform of the abuses by the corporations themselves, to which they often have shown themselves to be as much opposed as to municipal ownership, and for the same reason.

THE NEW YORK BANK SITUATION.

The monetary situation is about to recur which the eastern financial doctors have in mind when they urge a more "elastic currency." It is a moral certainty that the New York banks will be called upon within a few weeks to send at least from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 of currency to the west. This fact, however, is not more certainly known now than it has been all the time, for the demand on the New York banks is one that comes every year for western harvest use, although relatively to the total amount required in moving the crops the demand is of course decreasing. But the last weekly statement shows that the New York banks have a surplus of less than \$6,000,000 available to meet the crop demand.

Ordinarily there are two ways, in such a case, to provide the currency—either to call in loans or to induce the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit surplus treasury funds. As the commercial customers require protection, the banks must call on the promoters and stock speculators, and it is the latter from whom the periodical clamor for treasury relief mainly comes and is to be expected shortly. But the government the last few years has shown a disposition not to regard its surplus as a relief fund for the particular benefit of New York stock jobbers and speculators, and to distribute it more equitably in the banks of different sections of the country. Precisely here is the explanation for the recent increased pressure in the east for an expansive asset bank note currency, although of course the purpose is that it may be available for other emergencies to which eastern bankers are peculiarly liable.

But the rest of the country cannot see why the New York banks, foreknowing approximately the amount and time of western call for currency, should not in the first instance adjust speculators' loans to that fact, or why, if they do not, the consequences should concern the country, at least so far as public policy is concerned.

William Jennings Bryan has broadened out by his travels around the world, but in some respects he is still like the Platte river, only a few inches deep. He declares from beyond the sea that his quantitative theory of money and the soundness of the principle of free silver has been demonstrated by the prosperity of the last ten years, which is due to the superabundance of gold. We have doubled the circulation of our money in the last ten years and that, according to Bryan, proves that American prosperity is due to the increased gold output and not to the surplus of corn, wheat and cotton. Suppose there had been droughts in the wheat and corn belts, and the weevil had gotten in his work in the cotton belt, and as a sequence the construction of steam railroads, trolley lines and skyscrapers that have created an extraordinary demand for pig iron and steel products had been curtailed, what effect would the increased output of the gold mines have had on the farmers, cotton planters and mine and mill workers?

Two years ago H. Clay Evans was elected governor of Tennessee by more than 3,000 majority. He was a republican, and that was naturally an innovation in the state of Tennessee. So Evans was counted out by the democratic returning boards and a democrat who had not been elected was installed in the executive chair. Now H. Clay Evans has been again nominated by the republicans of Tennessee and the people of Tennessee will have an opportunity to emulate the republic of France that has just rehabilitated Dreyfus and restored him to his proper rank in the French army.

During his lifetime and up to his death John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance company, was rated as a multi-millionaire. And now when his estate has been settled it transpires that McCall's estate has panned out \$40,835.23, which only goes to show that a man with an income of \$100,000 a year does not accumulate much surplus if he tries to keep step with the New York four hundred.

In asking the railroads for information on the relations between them and the grain elevators the Interstate Commerce commission is showing faith scarcely justified by recent experiences. But perhaps it wants to avoid the immunity bath which might follow the process server.

President Roosevelt may long for the rest of last year, when he had nothing worse than the Russo-Japanese peace conference on his hands. If he undertakes to bring about settlement

between foreign insurance companies and San Francisco policy holders during his present vacation.

In offering good offices to allay trouble in Central America the United States wants it understood that it takes no sides in the controversy, but the nation which feels aggrieved at the outcome may be expected to charge undue interference on the part of Uncle Sam.

Arkansas miners who have referred their dispute with the operators to the supreme court of the state and have resumed work pending decision may be pioneers in the effort at sane arbitration in the United States.

The San Francisco relief committee has formed a corporation for the purpose of building houses for the homeless. Now listen for charges of "graft" when some contractors fail to get a share of the business.

If the American mining congress succeeds in driving promoters of worthless mining concerns out of business the investing public should erect the mining temple at Denver as a testimonial memorial.

Reasons for the Shortage. There is a shortage of small bills in the United States treasury. Perhaps this will help to explain to a great many people why they are short on small bills—also on those of higher denominations.

Possibilities of Mosquito Bills. Baltimore, Md. The summer girl who wears peacock waists is much more apt to be converted to a different sort of apparel through the attentions of mosquitoes than she is through anything that the preachers may have to say.

Some Glass Broken. Kansas City, Mo. There is no real satisfaction in learning that British food factories are as unsanitary and as unclean as some of the American plants exposed to view recently, but it is pertinent to note that some glass was broken when England indulged in stone throwing.

Great Task Well Done. Springfield, Ill. The successful ending of the long voyage of the drydock Dewey reflects credit upon the officers in charge. It has been a wholly novel and no light undertaking to drag so huge and helpless a bulk across two stormy oceans.

Removing a Hindrance. Philadelphia, Pa. Governor H. C. Johnson is a republican, but he is trying to relieve the next democratic candidate for president of the serious disadvantage of having his campaign conducted by the manager of a gambling resort.

Life's Possibilities Wasted. Portland, Oregon. George C. Watts, a wealthy Chicago bachelor, lately died at San Diego. The extreme poverty of the man's life, notwithstanding the fact that he had possessed a large fortune, was disclosed when, upon opening his will, it was found that the income on \$20,000 was devoted for the care of his dog "Bill" and his riding horse "King." These were faithful servants of the selfish man, no doubt, and well worthy of the shelter of kennel and stable, but the man who so lives that only a dog will mourn and a horse miss him and need the continuance of his care can hardly be said to have got out of life the pleasure and profit that it holds for every intelligent man who has the ordering of his own destiny.

Ambassador Reed's Social Splendor. Boston, Transcript. No one, it is said, in the diplomatic circles at the Court of St. James is ever lived in greater splendor or entertained more sumptuously than does Ambassador Reed. A daily grat of news from London is complete without a story of an entertainment given at Dorchester House, and an outsider, who has been averaging estimates for the ambassador, says it down that through the four years of his residence there it will cost him a round million to keep the eagle screaming as loudly as it has done this season. But Mr. Reed has a long purse, as everyone knows, and Americans are satisfied that he should put its contents to this purpose. Every one of them like to feel that the "social end" as well as the official part of the ambassador's mission is well looked after.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE. This is the accepted season for members of the Water Wagon club to hike for the timber and privacy. Ice is retailing for 40 cents a hundred and is abundant. A New York court has decided that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not immoral on the stage. Off the stage it is away off. Any old chorus girl, or a young one, can break into print in New York just now with an interview and follow it up with a contradiction. Texas reports "an entire family carried by the wind." In a state so firmly democratic as Texas midsummer campaigning seems an unnecessary affliction. Washington's ice combiners have been indicted and will be tried in October. Meanwhile the trust gets the money and the prosecution has a chance to cool off. A novel addition to the lay membership of a church in Maryland consists of a flock of hens, which are expected to make daily contributions to the missionary egg-checker. The St. Louis Republic prints elaborate designs and descriptions explaining "how to make the city beautiful." A plan to banish the smoke cloud is not included. All others are visionary. Ice manufactured for \$1.9 a ton looked so good to the owner in Kansas City that he would rather see it melt away rather than sell it for less than \$10 a ton, delivered in slices. Cheap ice congeals his soul. The human ostrich, who chawed glass and swallowed nails, needles, hairpins and other edibles, is dead. The unfortunate freak is expected to head the pure food administration. "Examine the labels before taking." A shrewd manager of a railroad running between Chicago, Omaha and the mountains makes a great hit as a humorist by proclaiming Chicago as "the great metropolitan summer resort." The news tickler the sweltering home guard immediately. Seven suburn-haired maidens of Fort Wayne, Ind., struck out on a brilliant stage career, sang and danced and threw goo-goo eyes at the front row, and finally landed stranded in the vaudeville art center of Hammond, Ind. Their manager vamoosed with the money and rush telegrams to their papers brought the coin to carry them home. There is quite a fall from the ideal and the real on the stage as elsewhere.

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SERMONS BOILED DOWN. Whiners are not winners. Need makes the neighbor. Difficulties are but doors of delight. The lowly heart finds the higher life. The lazy man always is proud of his patience. No great work ever was done before a mirror. Only a mercerized religion needs to wear a label. Long public prayers point to short private practice. If your religion is not in everything, it is in nothing. It is better to right wrongs than to revenge them. It takes a wide awake devil to make a sleepy church. Too many men measure their horse power by their exhaust. You cannot get at a man's heart by getting under his skin. The sins we wink at today are the ones we work for tomorrow. There is a world of difference between the rule of gold and the golden rule. There is a lot of difference between working for folks and working them. Things do not work together for good to the man who will not work at all. Many a man thinks he is humble because he walks with his nose in the gutter. It's easy to think you are standing for public liberty when private license is in your eye.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES. "The man I marry," declared Miss Elder, "must be capable of great self-sacrifice." "Yes," murmured Miss Younger, "he'll have to be."—Chicago Tribune. Jack-I apologize sincerely for kissing you. Will you forgive me? Jill—Never. Jack—Was the act so unpardonable? Jill—The kiss wasn't, but the apology is.—Cleveland Leader. "Huh!" said Adam, "you're nothing, after all, but a spare rib." "I won't waddy words with you," retorted Eve, loftily, "for everybody knows you came from the sod."—Baltimore American. "Just one," said Mr. Nervous, and leaning forward, he kissed her. "That's so. That one was for you," he said, and leaning forward again he kissed another. "One more for me."—Philadelphia Press. Hubley—I've had a couple of drinks; you see, Mrs. Hubley—The ideal! Why do you yell me that? Mr. Hubley—Why, it's the truth. Mrs. Hubley—I know, that's why I can't understand your telling me—Philadelphia Ledger. Papa's Voice from Above—Why are you sitting up so late, Maud? Maud—Mother, I was showing me some parlor magic, papa. "And where is Thompson?" "He made a mistake and disappeared, papa."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. First Teacher—What do you suppose will be the new fad we'll slip on the next educational craze? Old Time—I don't know, I'm sure, but I wish it would be a sparker boom.—Baltimore American. "It's sometimes kind of hard," said Uncle Eben, "to tell the difference between a man that's honest because he wants to be an old man's honest cause he ain't had a chance to be nuffin else."—Washington Star. "For heaven's sake, man, why do you drink so much whisky and I feel so wretched. I have stock in the distillery, and I'm trying to increase my dividends."—Baltimore American. "Oh, my," sighed the society girl, "this is my receiving day and I feel so wretched. I do hope no one will call, for I'll be in misery all the time." "Well," remarked her heartless brother, "I always understood that 'misery loves company.'"—Philadelphia Press.

MEMORIES. To St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Old friends, old hopes, old loves. Old times, and the long ago in the fray. All faintly sweet with sorrow, and the grief. That clinging treasures to the fond heart bring. They move to sighs and tears. Dear beyond telling, they are still but ghosts. Pale, insipid, unreal, that come to haunt The note-too-merry heart, and backward bear The busy thoughts to scenes of other years. Wrapped in the ceremonies of a vanished time, With funeral pace, and words of woe, They mock the glowing present hour and cast. A pall of sorrow over this day's joy. Why should I, in this surging, breathless time Receive these specters of the fruitless past? And, of the strength the present claims When, today's duty owns my every thought. Back to your graves, dead memories! Come to bind my vision with a mist of tears, And make my hand to falter in the fray. Give the heart that must be strong or perish. Get you away! Unto those sepulchers There in the secret places of the mind, Evasive! Call the future, and the strange And I must onward, or forever fall. Give me the new! New friends, new hopes, New lives that beckon from strange lands My questing feet have never trod, and hold Fair promises, that old time could not give. And some time, in the evening of my days, When weary, worn with toil, and triumphs come, Then I will summon from the misty past, The dear, sweet memories of a thoughtless youth. And hold high revel; bidding welcome all, And with their watch the paling of life's star.

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