

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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GEORGE H. TSCHICK, Treasurer. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1908.

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

Irrigation projects in Nebraska are to be classed this year with watered stock.

The anti-injunction plank at Denver is being made of some very knotty material.

Mrs. I. Begin of Tacoma has been granted her fifth divorce and is ready to begin again.

It will be noticed that Mr. Bryan is not worrying so much just now about the republican platform.

With the Fourth in the past, it is in order to begin planning to do your Christmas shopping early.

Joel Chandler Harris is dead, but "Uncle Remus" will live as long as children love good stories.

It does not matter much whether Betsy Ross or someone else made the flag. It is a root one and still waves.

The czar and the Duma have agreed to spend \$64,000,000 for the improvement of the Russian army. It needs it.

Prominent democrats will have only another day or two to decline something that has not been offered to them.

Champ Clark is in favor of the immediate annexation of Canada. Champ ought to hurry to Denver and launch his new issue.

Japan has shown its kindness again by deciding to allow the Chinese to build a railroad with Chinese money on Chinese soil.

Commander Peary says he is "just as confident as ever" of his ability to reach the north pole, but does not say how confident that is.

July 28 has been fixed as the date for breaking to Mr. Taft the news that he was nominated for president in Chicago last month.

There is one redeeming feature about these sermons and speeches that are being circulated by the phonograph route. You can shut off a phonograph.

Sir Thomas Lipton announces that he is going to make another effort to capture the America cup. Sir Thomas is the regular W. J. Bryan of yacht racers.

James J. Hill has given up his Paris house, because his family does not care to live in Europe. It is suspected that Mr. Hill's money is also homesick.

A Cleveland man offered to sell one of his fingers for \$300. Too much, when three fingers can be bought for 75 cents, except on Sunday and after midnight.

Proceedings have been commenced against an alleged laundry trust in St. Louis. The case should be heard by the judge who has the divorce docket, as he is familiar with the methods of airing dirty linen in court.

According to Bradstreet's, most of the cities of the country are getting back to the "increase" column in the report of weekly bank clearings. Omaha is the one city in the country that has been in that column right along.

OUR NEW PLEDGED STATESMAN.

If making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is to be regarded as a human benefaction, what is to be said of making two statesmen stand where but one stood before?

The democracy of Nebraska used to recognize but one overtowering leader, but, lo and behold, a second new-fledged statesman has suddenly blossomed forth to divide the effulgent glory.

While Bryan may be the astral center of the democratic constellation at Lincoln, at Denver the sun, moon and stars are rising and setting and pursuing their orbits at the beck and call of Mayor Jim.

Would anyone know who should preside over the deliberations of the coming convention as temporary chairman or permanent chairman, it is Mayor Jim who carries the message to Garcia.

Does anyone inquire what kind of an anti-injunction plank the platform will contain, it is to Mayor Jim that he is referred as the fountain head of information and inspiration.

If Judge Parker wants to introduce his proposed resolution of tribute to Grover Cleveland he will first have to secure Mayor Jim's permission.

No one, as yet, knows who is to have second place as running mate with Mr. Bryan, but the edict will be issued in due time, as soon as Mayor Jim is ready to take the convention delegates into his confidence.

Our own Mayor Jim is on the ground as the specially appointed confidential commissioner of Mr. Bryan. For the coming democratic candidate he will organize the convention, promulgate the platform, ratify the nominations, record the adjournment and stand ready to receive all the \$15,000 contributions to the campaign jackpot which the Wall street gang may be willing to chip in.

Great is Bryan, and Mayor Jim is his prophet. Let all good Nebraska democrats fall down on their knees and salaam.

THE OLYMPIAN GAME. All nations which cultivate physical courage, endurance, brawn and skill in athletics are particularly interested just now in the Olympic games soon to be held in London.

American athletes have carried off most of the honors in each of the Olympians thus far held, and the team we are sending to England this year is expected again to bring back the championship of the world, although several of the American representatives have been ill and the team is not up to the desired standard on that account.

The old world experienced something of a shock when the Americans captured the honors at the first Olympian games. The British sportsmen, and athletes particularly, held the opinion that their contestants were certain to make a clean sweep. They figured that British blood would tell and that the long years of training in the British universities had developed invincibles in the athletic fields.

They did not believe it possible that a money-chasing people like the Americans had ever found time to foster the love of physical beauty, strength, courage and athletic skill that distinguished the old Greeks and made the Olympian games in ancient times the classic athletic contests of the world.

The groundlessness of this mistaken assumption was discovered when the contests were held and American athletes took nearly every prize in sight.

Since then the American athlete has had high standing in the respect of the lovers of outdoor sports throughout the world. If the Americans can not capture the honors this year, the winners will know that they have beaten world beaters.

COPPER AND CARTOONIST. The police chiefs of the country, through a resolution adopted at the recent annual convention of their national association, have made a meritorious, if futile, protest against the liberties taken by actors and cartoonists with the humble policeman.

The resolution denounces the caricaturing of policemen on the stage or in the public prints as calculated to work injury in the public mind and to interfere with the proper discharge of police duties.

While thinking people will cordially join in a demand for more tender treatment of the policeman, it is doubtful if the fulfilment of the chiefs will have the desired result. The custom of poking fun at the copper is of long standing. Some of the alleged funny papers would be dull and stale if they failed to picture the policeman flirting with the cook or getting a fine meal passed to him at the kitchen window while the burglars are carrying the silver out the front door.

The sure sign of the heated season is the picture of the fly copper taking a glass of foaming lager at the side entrance while the sergeant's back is turned. Then there is the sketch of the 200-pound officer in blue making glorious capture of the small urchin who has pinched an apple from the fruit stand.

The companion piece to this is the policeman sleeping soundly in a shaded corner of the park while highwaymen are holding up pedestrians and relieving them of their valuables.

All this, of course, is pictorial libel because in real life the average police officer has a keen appreciation of his obligations as the preserver of the peace and as the foe of crooks and criminals. To an exceptional degree policemen are honest, hardworking and efficient. It may be, as charged by the chiefs, that the caricaturing of the copper by vaudeville actors and cartoonists tends to injure the policeman's standing and his work, but it

will probably go on. The policeman is the natural enemy of the small boy—in the boy's mind—and larger boys enjoy his discomfiture and revel in his undoing. This does not imply disrespect for the law nor personal objection to its agents, but simply manifests one form of American humor.

The hit at the copper may be as stale as the stage Irishman with the pink whiskers, the German monologist with double bay windows, the mother-in-law joke and a score of others of the old familiar brand over which our grandfathers laughed, but it still hangs on and it will take more than a resolution by the police chiefs to produce a new line of jokes.

SINGLE-HEADED CITY GOVERNMENT. Just as new experiments with the commission form of municipal government are attracting attention a movement is on foot in Washington, where the commission plan has been in effect for many years, to get back to a single-headed city administration.

The suggestion of a one-man executive for the nation's capital city has the endorsement of President Roosevelt and seems, likewise, to be growing in favor with the people of Washington who will be most directly affected.

The Washington Post has been gathering opinions from mayors of different American cities, many of whom have responded and none of whom, it says, undertakes to defend the division of responsibility system.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo, elected as an independent on a republican platform, declares:

Certainly, I think it would be better for the District of Columbia to be governed by one executive head rather than by a three-headed commission. Under the board plan, or under any adaptation of it, such as the commission plan, responsibility is distributed and hence the people do not know whom to blame for what goes wrong.

Under the federal plan, if there is a boss he is the people's boss, and they can remove him when they get tired of him.

Former Mayor Cutler of Rochester takes this position:

My experience leads me to believe that for any executive function a single head is much better than a board or a commission.

Mayor Speer of Denver expresses himself tersely:

I believe in one executive head for city government. Divided responsibility has not proved satisfactory to our people.

Mayor Malone of Memphis has a similar response:

My experience as mayor leads me to believe that a city government is no exception to the rule that every large institution should have one responsible head.

These expressions, which are in the nature of expert testimony, are at least worth considering in connection with the arguments advanced by the advocates of commission government for cities.

THE CONVENTION SHOW. One hundred thousand people traveled varying distances from all parts of the United States to be present as spectators at the Chicago convention.

Nearly as many will make the journey to Denver to look in on the democratic national convention at work building its ticket and platform. Personal interest in the aspiring candidates, or private concern in the questions at issue, or mere love of the political game played on a large scale will explain part of the drawing power of a great nominating convention, but not all of it.

Another factor must be reckoned with, and not as the least, and that is the perfection of the convention as a spectacular show.

The making of a presidential ticket brings together the leaders of the party—the men people read about—who command the public eye. On no other occasion do they get together where they are exposed to open view in such numbers and with such contrasts. So far as actual proceedings are concerned, a national convention is simply a gigantic enlargement of the state conventions, and district conventions, and county conventions, with which most people are fairly familiar, but by this very enlargement a spectacularism is added nowhere else to be found.

Twelve to fifteen thousand people in one huge hall, changing from inert listlessness to excited frenzy amidst unquellable uproar constitute a spectacle peculiar to American politics. At every big convention there is talk of clearing the galleries and making the meeting a tamely deliberative session, restricted to the delegates and necessary attendants, yet the fact is that the participation of the spectators is an integral part of the convention institution and without the onlookers it would be hardly recognizable as a convention.

The big national conventions of the powerful political parties may undergo further changes and may even give way to an entirely different piece of machinery, but in the present form the show feature is all conspicuous and its importance is not to be underestimated.

THE PHYSICIAN IN POLITICS. At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association one of the leading physicians of the country made an appeal to his fellow practitioners to "get into politics" for the special purpose of securing better laws governing the practice of medicine and for various reforms in sanitation and disease prevention. He urged that these reforms would be slow of accomplishment if left to laymen, as most of the legislation desired deals with technical subjects and that the lay minds are not easily convinced of their importance nor the public prepared for legislation which physicians may consider

absolutely essential to the public welfare.

The physician should be welcomed into active participation in politics, although not for the specific reasons thus urged. That argument, carried to its logical conclusion, would demand the presence of school teachers, plumbers, architects, railroad men, merchants and special representatives of every calling in our legislatures in order to procure proposed reforms on which they claim to have expert knowledge.

The need in politics and official life is not so much for experts in special lines as for men who possess good intelligence, firm integrity and sound judgment and have a keen appreciation of public needs. Of the professional men, the physician should be well equipped for a study of the actual, living needs of the people. He is the daily visitor to the homes of all classes of citizens. He is often their confidant and has many opportunities to learn public sentiment.

The physician may exert a great and wholesome influence in politics and public life if he uses the knowledge gained in his practice, not merely in behalf of medical and sanitary reforms, but in useful advocacy of reforms of all kinds.

What has become of all those state forestry commissions which the governors attending the Natural Resources Conference at Washington promised to appoint as soon as they got home? Can it be that after they returned they discovered that they would first have to get legislative authority to redeem their promise?

Judge Prentiss of Illinois has just declared at a banquet at Lincoln that Roger Sullivan and his delegates from Illinois had been elected by fraud and corruption. That is what Mr. Bryan said about Roger Sullivan and his delegates at St. Louis in 1904.

Some of the democratic papers in the east are promising to bolt the ticket to be named at Denver, but it is believed the Commoner will give the candidates its cordial support.

A western judge has decided that Adam and Eve were married by a common law ceremony. Perhaps, anyway, there is an absence of witnesses to prove the contrary.

Mr. Hearst may as well understand now that if his candidate for the presidency of the United States is defeated in November he need not expect to get a recount of the ballots.

Senator Stone of Missouri has declined to meet Governor Folk in a joint debate. Senator Stone has a reputation for being light-footed, but he is not light-headed.

Oklahoma's blind statesman, Senator Gore, will have no opposition in his own party to his re-election. He can read his title clear to another six years in Washington.

"Mr. Cleveland had no military record," says the Detroit Free Press, which apparently forgets the long war Mr. Cleveland conducted against his own congress.

The National Educational association proposes to encourage spelling contests between different cities. They will do more good than spellbinding contests.

Caleb Powers is apparently not as anxious for his liberty as he was before Governor Wilson pardoned him. He is going to be married.

Perish the Thought. Cleveland Plain Dealer. It is strongly rumored that Mr. Bryan's nomination will be followed by an editorial indorsement in the Commoner.

Holiday Slaughter. St. Louis Times. More Americans have been killed and injured up to date in celebrating Independence day than were killed and injured in the actual task of achieving independence.

Marvels of Surgery. Chicago Post. Another incognito heart has had two stitches taken in it by the surgeon. These scientific marvels are going to have an effect on susceptible juries at future breach of promise trials.

Lessons of Experience. St. Louis Republic. If there isn't another car shortage this year, after the big crops are ripe, it will be because the traffic managers have learned from last year's experience some new tricks for keeping the loaded cars moving.

Western Cheer for Eastern Peasants. Boston Transcript. The senior vice president of the New York Central, who has been on a tour of observation through the vacation season, among those who favor the use of the phonograph is Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' church, who is ready to furnish "records" of his sermons to any church of any denomination which wants them. He says: "A pastor who is made for all men. It is not for a part of the community—a minority, in fact—to enforce upon the whole community its strictest, narrowest conception of how far the conduct of a church should be taken on the other seven days. There is much need of legislative intent to make this point perfectly plain in law."

WHY HIRE A PREACHER? Canned Sermons Follow Canned Music in Churches. Springfield (Miss.) Republican. Canned sermons are the fashion in churches this summer during the vacation season. Among those who favor the use of the phonograph is Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' church, who is ready to furnish "records" of his sermons to any church of any denomination which wants them.

Gratefulness of Republics. St. Louis Times. The country will never object to the pensioning of its presidential widows. The man who is elected to the chief magistracy of the land should never feel it necessary to give thought to the possibilities of more wealth in contemplating his own future or that of his dependent close kinsmen.

A Novel Experience. Boston Transcript. The four hundredth anniversary of any event on the soil of the United States will be a novel experience for this country, but that is what the Porto Ricans purpose to give us on the twelfth of August in commemoration of the launching of that island into the world's history by Ponce de Leon.

Secular Shots at the Pulpit. Washington Post: Prophet Elijah Dowle's estate, when settled up, was found to consist of only \$1,300. That will hardly last till the expiration of the 1,000 years to elapse before he returns.

Chicago News: When the minister on going away for the summer leaves a supply of sermons on phonograph records the members of the congregation may send tin funnels to listen to them.

Cleveland Leader: That Boston clergyman who says that the old-fashioned, spooning courtship has gone out of style ought to come out and ride some evening on one of our dimly lighted suburban cars before he says that again.

Philadelphia Ledger: A Trenton minister who considered disgraceful the spectacle of two girls in bloomers taking exercise under the direction of their father has been tanned out of town by indignant misses.

New York Tribune: The Massachusetts bishop who has ordered collections in a Worcester church to be taken by the cash register system evidently is not afraid that this businesslike innovation will lead to other such trading stamps, bargain days and "satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE. Good morning! Have you swabbed that bush?

Johnny got his gun all right. Did the gun get Johnny?

The Chicago woman who fasted for forty days must have saved enough on her meal bill alone to pay the undertaker.

Affairs will presently Lake Wright on the Rio Grande. The new secretary of war has ordered troops to that section.

The sixty-two-story building which is projected in New York will probably serve as a hitching post for aerial navigators.

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The proposed autobiography of John D. Rockefeller will not contain an introductory note from the pen of Miss Ida Tarbell.

Although Caleb Powers has been out of a Kentucky prison only a few weeks, he is reported to be on marriage bent. Oh, Liberty, how fleckle thy charms!

marriage to a young woman with a record of five divorces. What becomes of the constitutional provision guaranteeing "the pursuit of happiness," with variations?

Anticipating a rush of campaign patriots for a climatic councilman wants the city to establish a home where respectable visitors might sleep off "that tired feeling" without publicity.

Carping critics turned their barbs on the Omaha judge who enjoined a woman from talking over the back fence. How insignificant his dictum appears in contrast with that of a Minnesota judge who forbids re-entry to the mouth of the convicted Cashier Montgomery of the collapsed political bank of Allentown, Pa., the assistant looter of the institution and skurrying for about \$2,000,000 with which to pay the depositors. The price of silence comes high, but the Pennsylvania grafter must have it.

Dr. James F. Rymor, an English surgeon, who has practiced his profession in England, the United States and Canada, has laid down for Edmondson, for Fort Good Hope, 1,500 miles to the north, with the idea of permanently practicing his profession among Eskimos and Indians. He does not intend to return to civilization for at least three years, and then only for a brief visit.

Editor Lummis of Out West heads a crusade for reform in the pronunciation of Los Angeles. "Every self-respecting person," he says, "with the fear of God and love of California before his eyes," should pronounce it Loce Ang-e-l-es, as this local jingle explains:

The lady would remind you, please, Her name is not Lost Ang Lee, Nor Ang anything whatever. She and her friends will be so clever To share her fit historic pride The "g" shall not be jellified, "Or" nor "g" hard, and rhyme with "yes," And all about Loce Ang-e-l-es.

WHAT IS A SANE SUNDAY? Judicial Interpretation of Sabbath. New York World. Justice Gaynor's decision in a Sunday observance case brought up from special sessions was important, not because it may set a moving picture manager free, but because of its sane declarations on the issue of "the still Sabbath."

The justice, writing the majority opinion of the appellate division in Brooklyn, considered the idea of a legislative intent so to stop "what is called desecration of the religious Sabbath" as to prevent the courts from setting aside the statute. Said he:

When it is considered that nowhere outside of the British Isles has the Old Testament notion of a still Sabbath ever existed in the Christian world it is impossible to attribute to the aggregate Christian mind, as a matter of fact, any such religious attitude, with such a varied national lineage in its membership, any such purpose.

It is not the church or sect ever entertained the Old Testament notion of a still Sabbath, but favored and practiced innocent and healthy exercises and amusements after church on Sunday. John Knox visited John Calvin on a Sunday afternoon at Geneva and found him out back at a game of bowls on the green.

The principle approved by the court is that a Sunday which is all other days is made for all men. It is not for a part of the community—a minority, in fact—to enforce upon the whole community its strictest, narrowest conception of how far the conduct of a church should be taken on the other seven days. There is much need of legislative intent to make this point perfectly plain in law.

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FREAK LETTERS IN TAFT MAIL.

Girls Ask for His Thin Look, Babies Named After Him. Philadelphia North American. Secretary Taft's mail has always been a heavy one, and his assistants are probably the busiest men in Washington at all times, but for the last month his correspondence has multiplied enormously and the typewriters in his private office in the War Department rattle like an automatic gun in action.

Women inquire if he drinks or smokes, and many suggest weight reduction. He is constantly petitioned for autographs, and writes them till he is in danger of pen paralysis. Some letters are solicitous as to his health, others ask appointments, but all show that he is recognized as a big and sympathetic man.

Even the baby naming has begun. His first name, William, coupled with the Howard, has already been used to distinguish half a dozen children from their less fortunate relatives. Several have been named William Taft, and there promises to be an unprecedented crop of "Bills" in the rising generation.

Many a few years after the army of "Theodore" has grown up.

One mother, however, who has a soft spot in her heart for the secretary, hesitated to name her boy after him, because she fears the Taft part would be vernalized into "Taffy," and she hates nicknames. In her uncertainty she wrote the following letter:

"My baby is just 2 weeks old, and we want to name him after you, William Taft, but we are just a little bit afraid to do it. If we do so, the boys might get to calling him 'Taffy,' which is a good nickname as nicknames go; but we detect them all. When you were a boy were you called 'Taffy'? If not, we will have him christened immediately. We will call him William Howard—if they called you 'Taffy.'"

The secretary's reply is not recorded but it is safe to say that the little Maryland boy will be called William Taft, for instead of being called "Taffy," the secretary was always called plain "Bill."

The prize proposition thus far, however, comes from a young woman's semi-nary up in New York state, where a girls' club induces the following request, properly signed by the president and countersigned by the secretary:

"Won't you do something for us? We girls have formed a Taft club, and we are going to work awfully hard for you. We are not going to ask you for your autograph or your picture, but just a little look of your hair for us to treasure and keep in our clubroom as a memento."

If the hair went back by return mail the secretary is more generous than are most men of his age, and, although he still finds it unnecessary to attempt the Fairbanks wave, he, nevertheless, realizes that every lock counts.

He hears frequently from Yale men of all descriptions, each pleading undying loyalty to the market, sell for \$100.

"I am of the class of '06, and am a Bryan democrat, as are my father and my four brothers, but we are all going to vote for you in November, and six votes in Kentucky count."

NEBRASKA AS AN OBJECT LESSON. Things the Peerless One Flouted Have Come to Pass. Cleveland Leader.

One of the most remarkable advances in the general level of land values which has been recorded in recent years has taken place in central Nebraska, which is Bryan's country. The average rise in the market price in the last seven or eight years is stated at about 100 per cent. In many instances it has been 200 per cent or more. Farms not well located, and hence the bottom of the market, sell for \$10 to \$20 an acre, instead of \$4 to \$6 an acre ten years ago. The best farm land has brought \$100 an acre, in exceptional instances.

The noteworthy feature of this situation is the utter defiance of economic laws, as laid down by Bryan. The things which have happened are precisely those which he said could never take place without "the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation," etc. Mr. Bryan has been mocked by events and flouted by the development of his own state. Everything has gone wrong with him, as a prophet. He has been stranded on the shore of a Dead Sea of withered predictions and blighted theories.

Such conditions are enough to put any campaign in mourning at the outset. They make the Bryan fight a dismal affair before it begins.

Knocking on the Weather. Pittsburg Gazette. The citizen who comes around mopping his face with his handkerchief and between puffs that are painful tells you how unmercifully hot it is, ought to go to jail. The chances are that the man to whom he mentions the weather was fairly comfortable a minute before the hot man transmitted the suggestion of excessive heat, but at once he is like a wetted cabbage leaf. Why don't people keep their hot weather thoughts to themselves? Possibly because misery loves company. It is fine to ask and answer your own questions—one can't quarrel with himself, you know.

Best Brand of Liberty. St. Louis Republic. Governor Magoon says there isn't a single case of yellow fever in the island of Cuba. That is the kind of liberty that the natives need the most.

THE MORNING AFTER. W. D. Nesbit. 'Tis the last red firecracker Let fly alone. All its former companions Are burst and gone. Not one of them is left to handle and set off. Nor loved one is left To observe its last sputter