

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$4.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER: Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week, 10c

OFFICES: Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—City Hall Building

COMMUNICATIONS: Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed: Omaha Bee, Editorial Department

REMITTANCES: Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION: State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss.: George B. Tschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the following is a true and correct copy of the Daily Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of July, 1908, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Circulation categories (e.g., 1. Daily Bee, 2. Sunday Bee) and corresponding values.

Net total, 1,109,418

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

When out of town, subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them.

So far as Mr. Bryan is concerned, the Baltimore Sun is in eclipse.

If Police Commissioner Kennedy exclaimed, "Oh! Rats," he doubtless meant it.

The campaign candor has made its appearance and the shibboleth must be almost in sight.

"Mr. Bryan has as much chance of being elected as I have," says Tom Watson. Exactly.

"Shall the people rule?" asks Mr. Bryan. In both north and south, or just in the north?

A Georgia woman claims to be the original merry widow. Gee, but she must be advanced in years.

The Atlanta base ball team has signed a pitcher named Henn. No more goose eggs for Atlanta.

When Edgar Howard collects that \$2,000—but why speculate about anything so highly improbable.

The redoubtable Charley Wooster refuses to be suppressed as long as there is a railroad to fight.

Just to keep the record straight, it should be noted that the campaign gump presented to Mr. Bryan was empty.

In addition to having a real scandal over the convict labor system, Georgia is to have an extra session of the legislature.

Be it said to Harry Thaw's credit, he spent his money on lawyers instead of blowing it in for airships and steam yachts.

That waterless restaurant to be established in New York will not do. The patrons must have somebody to swear at.

"What is Mr. Bryan's favorite song?" is asked. Don't know, unless it's "If You Ain't Got No Money You Needn't Come Around."

"What kind of a cigar is it that has been named after Mr. Taft?" asks a correspondent. Don't know, but it can't be a panatella.

The unfortunate feature of the situation is that any state which is considered "debatable" will be compelled to listen to the debaters.

Candidate Kern has yet to be rescued by formal notification from dense ignorance that he is scheduled for another defeat in November.

Mr. Bryan says he approves of the democratic platform from start to finish. Most men are disposed to be overproud of their own handiwork.

W. Cary Ely is proposed as the democratic candidate for governor of New York, but it is doubtful if any Ely who parts his name in the middle will be able to get there.

"Shall the people rule?" asks Mr. Bryan. Well, the people must decide and they have been answering the question in the affirmative, to Mr. Bryan's discomfiture.

In arranging for reforms on the farm, the president might instruct the weather bureau to be a little more careful about turning on the rain when it is needed and shutting it off when the farmers are praying for sunshine.

MR. SHERMAN'S ACCEPTANCE

James Schoolcraft Sherman, the republican nominee for vice president, in his speech of acceptance at Utica, cruelly and ruthlessly cuts every prop from under the democratic charge that the Chicago ticket was in the nature of a compromise by which the supporters of the Roosevelt policies made liberal concessions to the so-called reactionaries.

My acceptance could not be made with honor unless I were in full accord with the declaration of principles adopted by the convention. Not only am I in full and complete accord with my party's platform, but I endorse every word of the statement made by Mr. Taft in his address for president.

The Chicago platform contains an emphatic and specific endorsement of the Roosevelt policies. Mr. Sherman accepts that platform and goes further by declaring himself in full and hearty accord with every statement made by Mr. Taft in his acceptance speech.

By a law passed at the last session of congress, some 75,000 federal employees come within the provisions of a measure which entitles them to compensation for injuries sustained while in the government service.

Up to this time the Water board has proceeded on the theory that the Water company has no rights which the city is bound to respect and has turned a deaf ear, not only to all communications from the Water company, but also to all outside suggestions that it would be better for the taxpayers' standpoint, to try to accomplish some tangible results than to pile up one lawsuit on top of another for the benefit of the high-priced lawyers.

It is too much to expect the proposed conference to unravel the tangled skein of water works litigation into which the city and the Water company have been wound. There is, however, a possibility of encouragement from the fact that the Water board has at last descended to talk to representatives of the Water company outside of the court room and no longer resents the intimation that getting together may be a better plan than pulling apart.

It goes without saying that Governor Sheldon would be glad to be relieved of the necessity of being embroiled in local squabbles either by municipal home rule or by some other workable scheme.

It is now in order for the democratic organs throughout Nebraska to read the riot act to Edgar Howard for getting the open letter habit. Judge Howard's open letters threaten also to prove embarrassing to "Brother-in-law Tom" Allen, famous for his \$15,000 shake down of Ryan and the Parker gang.

A woman writer says there are only eleven jokes in the world. Let's see, there are Bryan, Hagen, Debs, Watson, Chafin, Abdul Hamid, Castro, Mayor "Jim," Tom Lawson, John Temple Graves and that fellow running on the socialist-labor ticket.

The puritanical Sunday junta seem to be doing their very best to help along Mayor "Jim's" gubernatorial candidacy. Out of appreciation, the Dahliman Democracy ought to make the four ministers who constitute the junta honorary members.

The explanation is offered that the no-name contributions to the Bryan campaign fund do not necessarily indicate taint, but may reflect either mod-

esty or shame at being in such company.

Prof. Bailey of Cornell reports that he is too busy to serve on the commission appointed by the president to study conditions on the American farms. Prof. Bailey must be as busy as an American farmer.

Captain Garlick of Bell county, Texas, and State Senator Olin of El Paso have both offered their services to the democratic national committee. These be salad days for the democratic party.

The democratic city councilmen must feel better now that they have succeeded in preventing The Bee from getting the contract for city advertising, which rightfully belonged to it.

"Why Hughes Will Win" is the title of an editorial in the Springfield (Mass.) Union. The principal reason is because he will stand for re-election on the republican ticket.

Grief over the reported shortage of the sauer kraut crop is mitigated only by the thought that the same cause will produce a shortage in the crop of home made havanas.

City Clerk Butler has discovered that our new Nebraska primary law is "complicated." The only singular thing about this discovery is that it is a year late.

The difference in the speeches of acceptance is that Mr. Taft talked straight talk, while Mr. Bryan proposes to give his views in a series of postscripts.

The New York Herald negotiates a treaty of alliance between China and the United States as easily as Richmond Pearson Hobson declares war with Japan.

A Grand Opening. Washington Post. A correspondent asks The Omaha Bee what is the surest way of committing suicide.

Any Old Way to Win. St. Louis Globe Democrat. Mr. Bryan pledges himself to keep inside the democratic platform.

Some Notifications Longed For. Chicago Inter Ocean. By the time all the notifications are completed the candidates for the presidency and vice presidency will be prepared to be notified as to those who are sending in campaign contributions.

Cancer Has Not Been Cured. St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Dr. Cleveland H. Shutt, acting superintendent of the city hospital, denies a published statement that cancer has been cured at the institution.

Out for the Dough. Kansas City Star. The most ingenious Moses C. Wetmore announces: "We are going to get the money to run this campaign; make no mistake about that."

Modest Suggestion for Pedestrians from an Auto Hora. Washington Herald. From a well known automobile publication we call this scintillating gem:

GET OFF THE ROAD. Just before the adjournment of congress Senator Foraker, in passing through the marble room adjoining the senate chamber, heard a man say to the man in charge of the weather map which hangs on the wall:

VALUE OF DIRECT PRIMARIES. Satisfactory Results of First Trial in Illinois. Chicago News. One of the great advantages of the direct primary law is that its operation causes voters long in advance of an election to obtain a fair amount of knowledge of the party candidates.

When Properly Tagged. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The answer to Bryan's question: "Shall the people rule?" seems to be that they may as well let the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

An Expensive Luxury. Baltimore American. Taking the Thaw case as an illustration, the unwritten law is a highly expensive luxury to indulge in if those who take it in their hands are not willing to abide by the consequences.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

Soft Sleeping Spouters. Baltimore American. Admiral Sperry soaped a big greaser in New Zealand to make it odd magnificently. It is an odd coincidence that many of the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

MINOR SCENES AND INCIDENTS SKETCHED ON THE SPOT

An insurance company in which he held a policy a few days ago, notified Brigadier General Daniel H. Rucker in Washington that he was "dead." The general walked into the local office of the company to convince the agent that "the report of his death was greatly exaggerated."

General Rucker has seen long service in the United States army. He first entered the service as a lieutenant of dragoons in 1877. During the civil war he rose rapidly, and when he retired in 1882 he held the rank of brigadier general, with the brevet of major general.

Writers of railroad fiction have delighted in conceiving stories of the thrilling fate of million-dollar freight or express trains carrying hundreds of thousands of gold coins, but none has been so daring as to write about a train that carried the vast sum of \$2,000,000.00.

But Uncle Sam has, in his quiet way, been accumulating the cargo of such a surpassingly valuable train—for it really carried the \$2,000,000.00—for several years, and last week, without any ostentation whatsoever, it was started on its journey of 1,000 miles or more without a ripple on the surface of governmental tradition, reports the Washington Star.

There were according to the official count—just 250,000,000 of these cancelled orders shipped on this treasure train, and while they varied in amount, of course, the average value is about \$8 per order, so that the whole was worth just about \$2,000,000.00.

These orders, sent from all parts of the United States to the Postoffice department in this city, are stored away year by year, and are not destroyed until the law permits. As in all matters that affect government money or might affect it, there is much caution exercised. When the government destroys its paper money, as is well known, it requires a most careful inspection of the lot of destruction. The same principle holds good in regard to the cancelled money orders, but there is not the same degree of supervision, because the cancelled orders are, naturally, not so inviting to thieves as is good money with the government seal on it.

It is for this reason that the treasure train—that would have made Mr. Croesus, or Mr. Rockefeller cry with envy—was practically unguarded on its way from Washington to Kalamazoo, Mich. When the train reaches Kalamazoo the government will again assume charge and will turn the cargo over to the contractor, who will in the presence of inspectors perform the last rites—macerate the orders—and the \$2,000,000.00 train will be a thing of the past, only to live again in the years to come.

That palatial establishment for the comfort of senators, the new senate office building, it is now announced, will be ready for occupancy by the time congress meets next December. It is now about 80 per cent completed and the purpose is to rush it to completion in the next few months.

When finished the new senate office building will have cost the public \$4,500,000, inclusive of the site. This seems a large sum to pay out to provide office rooms for ninety-two members of the senate and their attaches. It is rather more than the cost of the house office building, which was occupied after the last session of congress.

When the senate office building is completed it will be connected with the capitol by a subway, as is the house office building, and in the subway will be a side-walk, a remarkable electric car line. One will be able to descend an elevator in the capitol, get into an electric car and get out at the foot of an elevator in the office building. The subway itself is already finished.

Each senator will be entitled to a suite consisting of two handsome rooms and a bath. The building will have ninety-nine such office suites in the three principal stories above the basement, ten single offices and six committee rooms, beside a conference room and a dining room. The larger room of each office suite is intended for the use of the senator himself and will be sixteen by twenty-five feet. The smaller room, twelve by twenty-five feet, is for the senator's secretary.

One of the convenient features of the building will be the conference room, back of the main stairs, on the second floor. It will be fifty-two by seventy-four feet, will hold 100 people easily and is intended for public hearings.

Just before the adjournment of congress Senator Foraker, in passing through the marble room adjoining the senate chamber, heard a man say to the man in charge of the weather map which hangs on the wall:

"What is the temperature at Fargo, N. D.?"

"The senior Ohio senator stopped, glanced at the speaker sharply, and then walked up to him and held out his hand. "I know you," he said. "Your name is Edwards."

"You are right," replied the stranger, with a surprised look, "but you have the advantage of me, sir."

"I do not wonder at that," said Senator Foraker with a laugh. "For we have not seen each other for forty-four years. Don't you remember," he continued, "down in Marietta, Ga., in 1864, arguing with a young soldier on the proper conduct of the war? By George, we both of us felt completed to take command of the army. You belonged to the Army of the Tennessee. I was with the Army of the Cumberland."

"Joe Foraker, by thunder!" exclaimed the man, tightening his grip on the senator's hand. "But," he added with the frankness of the west, "say, haven't you grown gray, and ain't you bald?"

"Well," said Senator Foraker, laughing, "I suppose I have changed some in forty-four years."

Then the Ohio senator escorted his old comrade down to the senate restaurant, where they lunched together and talked again "the conduct of the war."

An Expensive Luxury. Baltimore American. Taking the Thaw case as an illustration, the unwritten law is a highly expensive luxury to indulge in if those who take it in their hands are not willing to abide by the consequences. It is even more of a strain on a big fortune than a spendthrift count or a paper baron.

When Properly Tagged. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The answer to Bryan's question: "Shall the people rule?" seems to be that they may as well let the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

An Expensive Luxury. Baltimore American. Taking the Thaw case as an illustration, the unwritten law is a highly expensive luxury to indulge in if those who take it in their hands are not willing to abide by the consequences. It is even more of a strain on a big fortune than a spendthrift count or a paper baron.

When Properly Tagged. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The answer to Bryan's question: "Shall the people rule?" seems to be that they may as well let the delegates unfavourable to Bryan, then their representatives are steam-rolled out of the convention.

An Expensive Luxury. Baltimore American. Taking the Thaw case as an illustration, the unwritten law is a highly expensive luxury to indulge in if those who take it in their hands are not willing to abide by the consequences. It is even more of a strain on a big fortune than a spendthrift count or a paper baron.

NEBRASKA PRESS COMMENT

Stanton Pickett, Dahliman, Berge and Shallenberger are making the fur fly, but their tongues are not causing Governor Sheldon any worry.

Culbertson Bannor, with George L. Sheldon at the head of the state ticket in Nebraska this year the Republican party will win out by a large majority. All classes, except railroads, are satisfied with his administration.

York Times: The primary so far this year does not seem to have a shining success. The fault found with the caucus and convention system is that but 150 out of 1,200 voters were consulted as to candidates. Under the present law, perhaps a dozen or twenty people name candidates, and this is done without much opportunity for consultation or discussion.

Columbia Tribune: Victor Rosewater has put Bryan in a hole by referring to his questionable methods of securing popular votes in Nebraska as "treason." Bryan refuses to answer on the grounds that it would be giving Mr. Rosewater superfluous advertisement. It is a good thing for Mr. Bryan that he can find some plausible excuse for averting the argument for he could not meet it with facts.

Long Valley Queen: Once more we wish to call the attention of the voters to the representative candidates to the fact that the primary law is a fizzle so far as the western part of Nebraska is concerned. It is an expensive affair, which has to be borne by the taxpayers, and leaves the politics of the state in the hands of a ring of men who are not to be trusted.

Weekend Water Republican: Some of the democrats are criticizing Victor Rosewater because he has raised objections to some of the presidential electors appearing on the primary ticket under the head of fusion. The combining of the democrat and populist parties as fusion candidates, Mr. Rosewater claims in an open letter to W. J. Bryan that he is attempting to steal the ballot vote to help elect himself.

That nephew of yours is a little wild, Uncle Jerry, I'll admit," said his neighbor, trying to comfort him, "but his reform is the best I have seen in a long time and nature."

"Time and nature?" asserted Uncle Jerry. "Time and nature? That makes lumber cheese what it is," Chicago Tribune.

"Don't you think it is hard for a man who starts from the bottom to raise himself?" "Well, not if they have a good elevator about the place."—Baltimore American.

Eye was thinking of the snake episode. "Admirable," said last, with an air of conviction, "I am beginning to believe that snake worked off a lemon on us. This is about the best I have seen in the first lesson in pomology.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"If our candidate is elected," said the spellbinder, "our land will be flowing with milk and honey."

"Milk?" queried Mr. Sirius Barker, in accents of gloom. "Haven't the pure food inspectors work enough now?"—Washington Post.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a dead game sport?"

"A dead game sport, my son, is usually a man who has been in a long time and trying to borrow \$10 the next."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Floorwalker—What makes the new girl in your department so noisy?"

"She has been in a long time and trying to borrow \$10 the next."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A LONG DISTANCE CATCH. J. W. Foley in New York Times. Each summer, when the days are hot, when leaves hang listless on the tree, when green grass stifles in its plot, the fisherman gets up a fishing rod. Dies on my ear the frolly's clang. The rush of fortune-chasing fools, and in the end a long distance catch. Of woods and banks and cloistered pool.

A swish of waters at my feet. The leaves above in lullaby. No crush, no rush, no dust, no heat—No hush, no hush, no hush, no heat. The swish and ransing of the line; A dashing of fin-cloves' spray; Pay out, pay out, pay out, pay out. Who says I have not lived today?

I sit, the folder in my hand, And wonder the things I see: Dreams of the sea and flimsy land—Or water-whispering to me. The eddy, where the swift trout hides. The sun upon a dashing spray. Where the bass shows his silver side—Ah, me—I cannot work today!

The basket with its leaves and grass. So moist, so fresh, so cool, so sweet, Laid with its rows on rows of brass. No apries, no flags, no rails, no street, No pots, no corks, no bulls, no bears. No hush, no hush, no hush, no heat. No stocks, no margins, and no shares—Just woods and banks and cloistered pool.

So when the debts and frets and ills Grow heavy there are mountain streams Done in the woods and woods and hills—Let's close our desks half down and play. The fisherman gets up a fishing rod. That has a whiff? Well, that's the way The fishing fever gets on me.

We Are Not Through With You. When you buy glass from us, they must satisfy you. We guarantee our work absolute.

Our vast experience of 20 years as exclusive Eye Sight Specialists is at your service.

HUTESON OPTICAL CO. 213 N. 16th St. Omaha, Neb. PREMIERES. Opp. Peoples Block, Factory on Premises.

SHAPING UP THE CAMPAIGN

Transfer of Mr. Hayward from New York to Chicago. Baltimore American. Never before in the history of presidential campaign politics have the working forces of any political party been so extensively and completely organized as will be the campaign forces of the republican party when the plans of Chairman Hitchcock have been completed.

Approximately, his plans are now completed; sufficiently so, at least, to justify the declaration which has just been made concerning them. The campaign is being directed in the west from Chicago, and in the east from New York City; but Mr. Hitchcock, as commander-in-chief of the campaign, will move from point to point, and thus carry the real headquarters of the republican campaign committee around in his hat.

This is an entirely new method of directing a presidential campaign, but it is one which, there is reason to believe, will instill vigor into the political activities. The work at the real headquarters, both in the west and the east, is under able management. William Hayward, the young Nebraska City lawyer, who has been appointed to take charge of the western headquarters whenever Mr. Hitchcock is absent at one or another of the important points, is regarded as the counterpart of Hiram C. Howe, an organizing genius, Hiram C. Howe of Ohio, who has made a famous record as secretary of the national committee, has been appointed as secretary of the special advisory committee that will be located in New York City. Thus Mr. Hitchcock will be able to move from point to point, and the exigencies of the campaign may demand.

Japan need not worry about the theft of her war secrets. Hobson would be able to make her a certified copy of all of them. Curuso will have to do something more worthy than turning his wife out of doors if he expects to draw the memory of the monkey house incident.

Mrs. Emily Haines Harrison, 87 years old, died at the Hickorykne home, in Ellsworth, she was a nurse early in the civil war, and later became a spy for the union forces.

Misfortunes never come singly. Last week Mr. Eugene Chafin was injured in the Springfield, Ill. riots, and this week he was notified that the prohibitionists had nominated him for president.

Mr. Schwab says he firmly believes that a period of prosperity is on the way that will surpass anything that we have yet experienced. Charlie Schwab is now the advance agent of prosperity.

Worthington Whitledge recently celebrated his 8th birthday. The New York Herald calls him the Nestor among American painters. He still works, and his health is excellent. His studio is at Summit, N. J.

Edward Robinson of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is in Berlin arranging for a special exhibition of German art to be opened in New York in December. His mission has been most satisfactory and a thoroughly representative selection of contemporary art will be sent to the United States.

SUNNY GEMS. Mrs. Knicker—How do you know your husband was working down in the office? "Well, he has been in and out of the office, and I have seen him."—New York Sun.

"That nephew of yours is a little wild, Uncle Jerry, I'll admit," said his neighbor, trying to comfort him, "but his reform is the best I have seen in a long time and nature."

"Time and nature?" asserted Uncle Jerry. "Time and nature? That makes lumber cheese what it is," Chicago Tribune.

"Don't you think it is hard for a man who starts from the bottom to raise himself?" "Well, not if they have a good elevator about the place."—Baltimore American.

Eye was thinking of the snake episode. "Admirable," said last, with an air of conviction, "I am beginning to believe that snake worked off a lemon on us. This is about the best I have seen in the first lesson in pomology.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"If our candidate is elected," said the spellbinder, "our land will be flowing with milk and honey."

"Milk?" queried Mr. Sirius Barker, in accents of gloom. "Haven't the pure food inspectors work enough now?"—Washington Post.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a dead game sport?"

"A dead game sport, my son, is usually a man who has been in a long time and trying to borrow \$10 the next."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Floorwalker—What makes the new girl in your department so noisy?"

"She has been in a long time and trying to borrow \$10 the next."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A LONG DISTANCE CATCH. J. W. Foley in New York Times. Each summer, when the days are hot, when leaves hang listless on the tree, when green grass stifles in its plot, the fisherman gets up a fishing rod. Dies on my ear the frolly's clang. The rush of