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
Daily Bee and Sunday, one year..... 6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER:

Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week..15c
Daily Bee (without Sunday), per week...12c
Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week 6c
Evening Bee (with Sunday), per week...10c
Sunday Bee, one year..... 2.50
Saturday Bee, one year..... 1.50

Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Department.

OFFICES:

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N.
Council Bluffs—15 Scott Street.
Chicago—1048 Marquette Building.
New York—Rooms 1101-1102, No. 31 West Thirty-third Street.
Washington—725 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of mail accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha or eastern exchanges, not accepted.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss.:
George B. Tzschuck, treasurer 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 August, 1908, was as follows:

1	36,130	17	36,460
2	35,930	18	36,110
3	35,860	19	36,070
4	35,940	20	35,990
5	35,790	21	35,850
6	35,790	22	36,070
7	35,900	23	35,400
8	36,470	24	36,250
9	35,790	25	35,940
10	36,630	26	36,140
11	36,410	27	36,010
12	36,010	28	36,620
13	35,920	29	36,450
14	36,070	30	35,500
15	35,970	31	36,120
16	35,800		

Totals 1,117,000
Less unsold and returned copies.. 11,546

Net total 1,105,454
Daily average 35,659

GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of September, 1908.
(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER,
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.

Carnivaled yet?

The setting hen also wears a sheath skirt.

Old General Apathy may as well surrender.

Governor Haskell's explanatory has slipped a cog.

Mr. Bryan has got accustomed to losing legacy suits.

Indiana has a man who always walks backwards. Yes, he's a democrat.

The next congress will have to appoint a waterways and means committee.

Mr. Bryan is a great student, but he has always had a poor rating in the electoral college.

The theory of aerial navigation has been solved. The practice of it is another proposition.

Mr. Hearst calls Mr. Bryan "a trimmer." Mr. Hearst is mistaken. Mr. Bryan is the "trimmed."

Mr. Bryan may not be posted on aviation, but he has paid a great deal of attention to heirships.

The suspicion is growing that Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan do not think much of each other as statesmen.

There is too much animal in us all," says a preacher. On the contrary, some of us are vegetarians.

Mr. Bryan may have observed that the American people are not in favor of voting to set the clock back.

Tom Tibbles must see another $5,000 fee in sight. He has no newspaper to sell this time, however.

Why not guaranty the investments of a person who buys stocks or bonds, or shares in any legitimate business?

The Electric trust has been shocked by the news that the president has ordered an investigation of its methods.

"Maryland is in the balance," says Colonel Bryan. Yes, on the same side of the scale with nearly all of the northern states.

Judge Parker says he will never again be a candidate for office. He is a wise politician who knows when he has had enough.

Brother-in-Law Tom experienced no difficulty in succeeding himself. "Tom" has a way with him that Nebraska democrats cannot resist.

John D. Archbold has been credited with being "the brains of the Standard Oil company," and still he doesn't know enough to burn letters.

Colonel Watterson says that Mr. Bryan, if elected, could do no harm. The voters will decide to elect a man who does not want to do any harm.

If the breweries and distilleries are only permitted to run unmolested until twelve months after Chafin is elected president their owners will probably make no complaint.

Councilman Alma Jackson has another reform measure on the skids. If ever democratic incompetency for government needed demonstration the record of the present city council furnishes ample proof.

STRADDLE FOR SHALLENBERGER.

Ashton C. Shallenberger of Alma, Neb., is now before the public in a double dual role. He is running for governor as a democrat in democratic districts and as a populist wherever there may be found a populist voter. This dual role would seem to be enough to occupy the attention of an ordinarily ambitious politician, but it does not satisfy the versatile Shallenberger. He is not content with playing the roles of Marks the lawyer and Phineas the Quaker, but he is also bent on being Simon Legree and Little Eva, as well. In Douglas county he will be a rampant advocate of "personal liberty" and a foe to prohibition. Outside of Douglas county he will take his stand firmly on the populist platform, which declares unequivocally for county option as a step toward statewide prohibition.

This double duplex attitude of Br'er Shallenberger ought to commend him highly to the voters of Douglas county. The "personal liberty" men will find much pleasure in supporting him as a friend of the liquor interests, while the prohibitionists will take equal comfort in voting for him as a champion of their cause. Mr. Shallenberger's platforms have the old darkey's coon trap outdone in every regard.

COLONEL STEWART'S MARTYRDOM.

Democratic newspapers and spellbinders who are trying to make an "American Dreyfus" out of Colonel W. F. Stewart, now on detached duty at Fort Grant, Ariz., will end by making themselves ridiculous if their persistent misrepresentations compel the War department to tell the facts in the case and why its course in the Stewart case has been deemed necessary.

Colonel Stewart entered the army as a second lieutenant of artillery in 1866. He is now 59 years of age and will not reach the retiring age of 64 until 1913. Some months ago an attempt was made to induce him to retire, but he refused unless he was retired with the rank of brigadier general. As it would have been a serious injustice to place him in command of any regiment, he was ordered to Fort Grant, Ariz., where he is without command, troops or attendants. The complaint of the War department is that Colonel Stewart is utterly unfit to command men. Wherever and whenever he has been in command he has exercised his power in the meanest, most offensive and unbearable manner, until he is thoroughly despised by officers and men. He served for a time in the south, and the Nashville American, a newspaper that is democratic to the core, says this of him:

> His petty tyrannies at Fort Barancas alone were innumerable and showed him wholly unfit for command. In the opinion of army officers and men who have had the misfortune to serve under him, he is the meanest man in the army. He created trouble, friction and disturbance wherever he went, and seemed to delight in conduct calculated to offend, insult and humiliate those under him. Yet he never violated any law or regulation, and no man in the service is more familiar with the regulations. He reduced to a science offensive conduct within the regulations, hence he never laid himself subject to court-martial. He is despised from the humblest private in the ranks to the controlling authorities in the War department. There would be no maudlin talk of him if all knew the manner of man he is. His cussedness seems to be congenital. It is said the surgeons have discovered that there is something the matter with his heart. If so a retiring board will fix him. He ought to have to serve in a rattlesnake den the rest of his days.

THE CONSERVATIVE BRYAN.

It is extremely difficult to understand how men of the stamp of Richard Olney, Edward F. Shepard, Alton B. Parker, Colonel Henry Watterson and others who have stood for the principles of the older democracy can be sincere in their pretensions that the William J. Bryan of 1908 is not the same William J. Bryan that they joined in cheerfully and enthusiastically defeating for the presidency in 1896 and again in 1900. These men surely do not accept Mr. Bryan's assurance that he has turned conservative, particularly when he follows that assertion up with another insisting that he has not changed in any manner.

Fairness to Mr. Bryan compels the statement that he has given no real cause for this change of feeling toward him. He has given no reason for anyone to believe that he has changed ground on any of his old follies. Less than six months ago, in a speech at Danville, Ill., he said:

> There is not a plank laid down in the platform at Chicago in 1896 that is not stronger now, and there is not a plank in the republican platform of that year that is not weaker.

It is true that Mr. Bryan is not now making speeches in favor of a 50-cent dollar, but he has never recanted anything he said in their favor in 1896 and in 1900. "If protection has slain its thousands," said Mr. Bryan in his speech at the Chicago convention in 1896, "the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands." While Mr. Bryan's friends claim he has turned conservative, he has given no hint that he is ready to let that awful slaughter go unavenged.

From the day of his return from Europe in 1906 until a few days before the Denver convention, Mr. Bryan favored and urged the government ownership of railroads. Within the year he has written for publication letters in which he declared his belief that railroad regulation must fail and "relief from extortionate railroad rates will not come until the railroads are the property of the government and operated by the government in the interests of the people." He has never repudiated that folly. He squirms when questioned on the subject and replies that he will not discuss it, because it is not mentioned in the Denver platform. Certainly Mr. Bryan has not grown conservative on the question of railroads and their relation to the government.

Mr. Bryan has retracted nothing of his assault upon the supreme court of the United States in 1896 when he threatened, if elected, to pack that body in the interests of some of his fads. Mr. Bryan has given no assurance that, if elected, he would not bring up every blessed one of the vagaries he urged in 1896 and in 1900 and attempt to have them enacted into legislation. Those who are supporting Mr. Bryan on the theory that he has grown conservative are deluding themselves. He is the same Bryan, with the same wavering temperament and the same unstable methods of thought and reasoning on the great issues of the day that have characterized his entire public career.

THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

All Americans can endorse enthusiastically the platform being framed by the tuberculosis congress, now in session at Washington, providing for a nation-wide campaign against the white plague. The world's most eminent physicians are participating in the congress and offering the assurance that medical science will triumph over the white plague, just as it has triumphed over the red plague and the black plague, as soon as the people are educated to the point of lending their co-operation by the observance of common sanitary laws and the adoption of ordinary precautions against the spread of the disease, which causes the death of 100,000 Americans every year and marks another 100,000 for years of illness and incapacity.

Physicians are generally agreed that the great need is for education of the people. It is proposed to have all human organizations—fraternal organizations, charitable organizations, legislative bodies, commercial clubs, ministerial organizations, women's clubs and the public schools unite in spreading the information designed to prevent consumption by removing its causes. It is now generally admitted that tuberculosis is not a mysterious and necessarily fatal hereditary disease, but is an infectious germ disease that can be best prevented or cured by open air, cleanliness and proper feeding. This paves the way for vigorous work against the plague, a work which should command the services of all intelligent persons.

IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

The republicans throughout Nebraska may rest assured that Douglas county is not going to break away from the party lineup. The wild assertions made by the democrats as to the number of thousands of majorities to be given Bryan and Shallenberger in Omaha are absurd on their face. The mere fact that Omaha happens to be temporarily in the hands of the democrats must not be taken as an indication of the purpose of the voters at the coming election. The last fall election is a much better evidence of the temper of the people, and at that election the democrats were annihilated, republican majorities on county officers ranging from 1,500 to 3,500.

Omaha is normally republican and Douglas county is normally republican. In the present election republicans have only democrats to fight. No factional division exists in the party, the rank and file are united behind the ticket. A fighting organization has been effected and it is the purpose of the republicans at the coming election to roll up a majority for their party ticket so decisive as to forever lay at rest any hopes democratic candidates of any stripe of belief may have of securing an endorsement in the metropolitan district.

The platform adopted by the republicans at Lincoln is in line with the policy of the party. It is square-toed on every important proposition. It advocates no fallacious notions and it dodges no issue. It is a frank, open declaration of a party that realizes what responsibility of government means, that has redeemed its promises in the past and expects to make good in the future. It certainly ought to appeal strongly to the voters who think.

The colored people of Omaha have just celebrated the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation and this celebration should remind them that it was a republican president who signed that proclamation, and that it has been under republican administrations that all laws to secure them the rights of citizenship have been enacted. When they remember this they will not be deluded by democratic bait.

Governor Haskell of Oklahoma says he is not that Haskell charged by Mr. Hearst with being a Standard Oil tool. The other Haskell says he is not that Haskell, but that that Haskell is some other Haskell, and Governor Haskell gets red in the face declaring that he is not that other Haskell. This explanation removes any doubt the people held about the identity of Mr. Haskell.

"What a man wants to believe is very easy to believe," says Mr. Bryan, who has admitted that he wants to believe in the government ownership of railways, the free coinage of silver, the wrecking of the Philippines and a few wild notions of that type.

Mr. Bryan has criticised Mr. Taft's connection with the Benguet railroad in the Philippines. The matter might be significant if it were not for the fact that there is no Benguet railroad.

The Omaha double-ender is getting very little comfort out of the present conditions in Douglas county. The harmony of purpose that now exists among the local republicans has for one of its objects the retirement of the congressman editor from public life, for which reason he is unusually energetic in his efforts to stir up factional strife, but he will fail this time.

Minneapolis has a milk shortage and is getting 1,000 gallons of it a day from Milwaukee. The country may be surprised to learn that Milwaukee is famous for its milk.

We Can't Lose 'Em.
St. Louis Times.

Of course, we're saving coal—but there's the iceman still hanging 'round the back door.

An Exception Noted.
Chicago Record-Herald.

Harriman says a better feeling exists toward the railroads. It is evident that he has not been consulting the people who used to ride on passes.

Sifting Wheat from Chaff.
Washington Post.

Fortunately the American workingman has been sufficiently educated to know how much faith to pin to the stuff seven political parties are handing him this year.

Exploded Smartness.
Kansas City Times.

One would naturally suppose that a man of John D. Archbold's experience in affairs would know better than to write such letters. The notion about the Standard Oil crowd being so smart is all exploded, anyway.

Trifling with Iowa's Jim.
Minneapolis Journal.

One of the mean jokes of the campaign was the attempt to jimmy old man Wilson out of the cabinet to stand between the Cummins and anti-Cummins folks in "Iowy."

"Teddy" on the Spot.
Kansas City Star.

It appears needless to say that the president is a linquist. Is there anything that the president is not? When the leader of the Saengerbund that sang at the president's neighborhood picnic this week apologized because he made a speech in German and proposed to have it translated for the president, what did "Teddy" do but get up and tell the people himself what the speech in German was all about? No interpreter for the president, if you please—not even when he goes to Africa to kill big game and mingle with its savage tribes.

A Suggestion and a Warning.
New York Financial World.

As the agitation for a separation of the railroads from their collieries will only grow, why should the railroads not take the matter into their own hands and separate themselves from their coal mines through the same methods the Great Northern railroad divorced itself from its extensive iron ore properties? Public opinion considers the ownership of coal mines by railroads, as far as these mines are not needed for the production of coal for their own use, as contrary to its welfare, and it will keep on demanding legislation until it succeeds in getting it by one way or another.

The Scandal of Billboards.
Chicago Record-Herald.

The example of Europe would compel us to insist on a change for very shame, even if we had no other motive. But, aside from that, the condition is resented by thousands of citizens who are striving zealously for municipal improvements. They feel that it is out of keeping with the objects that they have in view. Furthermore, the sense of injury and the desire for restrictions are steadily increasing. It is a very common thing now to hear indignant protests against the billboards from people who have had no part in organized movements for their suppression or regulation. The active reformers have the best possible encouragement in an approving public sentiment.

THREE OLD FOGIES.

Remarks of the Ancients on Modern Democratic Platforms.
New York Times.

Mr. Jefferson sat under a chestnut tree in the Elysian fields. He was reading the New York democratic platform, sent from Rochester by the Telepathic Unlimited: "We believe that the people are best governed who are least governed." "Well, Mr. Madison, you must admit they remember us yet and adhere to sound principles."

"With submission, Mr. Jefferson, even a New York democratic platform is best read from the beginning. Perhaps you omitted to notice the remarks of our New York friends about Mr. Bryan."

"Oh, yes, the Nebraska Jefferson, heh, heh."

"'Mr. Bryan's election will restore the administration of federal government to the ideas of the fathers'——"

"To the ideas of their grandmothers!" cried Mr. Jefferson indignantly. "This is the man who wants the federal government to be a dry nurse of bank deposits, to be the overseer of businesses of a certain amount, 'fixed arbitrarily at 25 per cent,' to coddle workmen by means of a cabinet officer minding their business and to make this same meddling overgrown government own those steam wagons that go so much faster and make so much more trouble than the good old coaches of our days. The people are best governed who are most governed, that seems to be Mr. Bryan's axiom. Ideas of the fathers! What is that damned little federalist grinning at?"

Mr. Adams, his ample cheeks puffed out, was contemplating his stockings benevolently and vainly trying to hide his glee. "How are the ideas of the fathers this morning, gentlemen? Come, come, try this rappee and be happy."

"And when I take snuff, Mr. Adams, is there a mortal democrat who will sneeze?"

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

ON PRESIDENTIAL FIRING LINE.

Democratic Fog Horns Sounding All Sorts of Discords.

Washington Post (ind.).

There was one argument made to Abraham Lincoln in the famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas just fifty years ago, that attracted universal attention at the time, and did much to make its author president of the United States. It was from the text, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and it was a powerful plea—the only one of that Titanic debate that is now recalled by the ordinarily informed man.

Is the democratic house in accord this year? Here is the New York World demanding that Mr. Bryan assail President Roosevelt, but Mr. Bryan has given cordial indorsement to Mr. Roosevelt's policies. Then comes the intrepid Colonel Henry Watterson, head of the Bryan press bureau, who sails into Roosevelt, smiting hip and thigh, and declaring that he had made an absolutism at Washington.

But Mr. Bryan says that Rooseveltism has come to him by descent, and that Mr. Taft shall not have the core—for that matter, there is to be no core—and that it is his intention to amplify, to augment, to magnify Rooseveltism. Indeed, Mr. Bryan offers this as the paramount, "I am a better Roosevelt man than Taft."

Some of the democratic orators, notably the Hon. Ollie James, assail the rule of the republican party in terms the most savage, denouncing it for all sorts of sins of commission and all sorts of sins of omission; but then the average democratic orator is hunting up the grand jury to indict the g. o. p. for petit larceny, in that it stole its policies from Mr. Bryan.

Some of our good democratic brethren criticise Mr. Bryan for not dwelling more on the panic of last year and laying it on Roosevelt, but everybody recalls that when the panic came Mr. Bryan laid it on Wall street, and unqualifiedly exonerated the Roosevelt administration from all blame. There was no election possible to Mr. Bryan. He has commended Roosevelt's policies in copious and fervid periods, and it was not possible for him so brazenly to stultify himself in that behalf.

But we insist that Mr. Bryan should call a conventicle of his leading supporters to devise a line of coherent and consistent argument for the remainder of the campaign.

The Hearst Campaign.
Cincinnati Times-Starr (rep.).

Mr. Hearst last week lifted the campaign of his independent party from its low level of flatness and mediocrity. The methods used were typical. Letters and affidavits, some of them of a decidedly surprising character, were trotted out in great profusion. On the republican side Senator Foraker was the object of attack. Among the democrats Mr. Bryan, Governor Haskell, the treasurer of Bryan's campaign, and, incidentally, Senator Bailey were dealt with. It was a heculean effort, and as a result of it the independence party will not die of anaemia or ennui for a little while yet, at least.

Without any desire in the world to treat a really serious subject with undue levity, we cannot refrain from quoting a Kipling poem in which the character and exploits of one "Fuzzy Wuzzy" are dwelt upon at some length. It makes us think a little of Willie Hearst in the present juncture of his remarkable and not altogether edifying career:

An' before we know 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
On' before we know 'e's ackin' at our 'eads;
'E's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, e's a ducky, e's a lamb,
'E's an Injia rubber idiot on the spree;
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a d—n
For a regiment of British infantree.

Mr. Hearst, so far as we know, has never broken a British square; the words "daisy," "ducky" and "lamb" do not describe him as accurately as some others we might mention. But the rest of the stanza is more or less to the point. Willie is not altogether a nice character. In fact, we have made serious objection to his ideals—if he has any—and his methods more than once in the past, and we are not thinking of apologizing for it.

Undoubtedly the independence party, seemingly half dead a couple of weeks ago, is stronger than it was under the stimulus of the tremendous amount of advertisement that the events of the last few days have given.

A Political Sensation.
Cincinnati Enquirer (ind.).

The political world is in a ferment. The leader and originator of the Independence league is also the promulgator of a sensation that is likely to have important effect upon the result of the pending presidential canvass of the electorate. Whatever Mr. Hearst's speeches made by him at Columbus and St. Louis, it is apparent now that he has probably created an issue between the two great parties.

While the efforts of Mr. Bryan to draw the republican candidate and his managers into a definition of the issue or issues were just beginning to draw the fire of the enemy, it seems now that the utterances of the New York editor may shift the entire plan of attack and defense to a new position. While the tariff, guaranty of bank deposits, republican extravagance and other issues appeared to be sufficient upon which to wage combat, it looks now as if there might be a quick shift.

A demand for probity, strict integrity and attention to the business of the people upon the part of public servants might serve as an admirable platform for either or both parties. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Roosevelt, with his quick perception of opportunity, may embrace the idea, while, on the other hand, Mr. Bryan will undoubtedly make the most of the material thus thrown into his hands. The campaign to date has been remarkable for apathy and inactivity. It may now burst from the chrysalis of inertia into unwonted excitement and activity.

Another Shift.
Wall Street Journal (ind.).

Only a few months ago, speaking in Carnegie hall before the Forum, William J. Bryan denounced the Stock exchange as a "Fagan's den of thieves" and described Wall street as "a gambling hell" in comparison with which Monte Carlo was insignificant.

Yet Friday night, in the same hall, in a political campaign in which he is anxious to get the votes of the conservative business element of the east, just as in his speeches in the west he appeals to the radicalism of that section, Mr. Bryan said:

"We are not even opposed to the exchange or the stock market."

When does Mr. Bryan speak his true mind?

Sons to Business.
New York Sun (rep.).

In the east Mr. Bryan has to be emollient and lenitive, conservative. It is hard work for him and he doesn't make a very good job of it. Take, for example, his elaborate effort to stop the nervousness of business and show that the democratic party, which is and has been for twelve years himself, is no disturber of business:

> There is nothing in the democratic platform that need alarm any legitimate business. The democratic platform differs from the republican platform in that our party distinctly declares what it favors. When you read the democratic platform you know exactly what to expect, for the candidates are pledged to that platform. You not only know what the platform includes, but you know that it excludes everything else.

Any "legitimate" business may pluck up spirit. Mr. Bryan won't hurt it. What is a "legitimate" business? Apparently one that doesn't control more than 25 per cent of production in its line. To great businesses and to small ones if their prosperity happens to depend upon the duty on an article which is the subject of a trust, Mr. Bryan threatens disaster. The small can be injured by means of the free list; the large by federal botherations. So much for industrial corporations. What hope of better wages and better dividends comes to the railroad business from Mr. Bryan?

PERSONAL NOTES.

Ethel McAllister, aged 8 years, traveled safely alone from Melbourne, Australia, to New York, a distance of 7,500 miles.

If September keeps it up to the finish it will end its career, like Alexander, sighing for the lack of opportunity to better its own unparalleled record.

A Connecticut woman has put up a $1,200 monument to her dog, although doubtless the neighbors thought that in life a brickbat was what the creature needed.

A club of first voters for Taft, just started in Cincinnati, already has 738 members. These young men propose to begin their business careers under favorable auspices and not a frost.

E. H. Harriman has accepted an invitation to address the nineteenth annual session of the Transmississippi Commercial congress, which meets in San Francisco on October 6 to 10. Invitations have also been extended to each member of the Interstate Commerce commission to attend the gathering.

To the many honors already accorded Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, neurologist, poet, essayist and novelist, has just been added that of a foreign fellowship in the Royal Society of England. The election is one of the choicest distinctions to which a scientist can aspire, and it has fallen to the lot of only three other Americans now living—Alexander Agassiz, naturalist and George W. Hill and Simon Newcomb, astronomers.

Willard D. Straight, consul general of the United States at Mukden, returned to New York on the steamer Philadelphia from Southampton. He comes from his post in Manchuria under instructions from the State department to report on developments in his territory during the last year. He has traveled in the Japanese and Russian sections of Manchuria and along the Amur river, investigating Russian and Japanese progress and business and political conditions.

Two months ago Mr. Herman Ridder was so convinced that Mr. Bryan could not be elected that he went to Lincoln to urge the Nebraskan leader to put aside ambition and let Governor Johnson or Judge Gray be nominated. The sorrowful pleader of July is the radiant prophet of September. He has already carried the west for Bryan and thinks of throwing in New York, New Jersey and New England for good measure. Fortunately for his fame as a political prophet, James K. Jones passed away before the Ridder eclipse.

Perhaps You Have Only

just begun to consider the question of owning a home. Nearly every true American feels that, sooner or later, he should own the place where he lives. It is not always possible to make the beginning as soon as you wish, but you cannot begin too soon to lay aside the necessary money with which to buy the lot. After you have

Bought the Lot

the building of the house will be an easy matter.

When you have accumulated $50, it would be well to take one of the **3 per cent Certificates of Deposit** of the **First National Bank of Omaha**, and thus make a wise beginning in the desired direction. These Certificates are **absolutely safe** as an investment and your money is earning you something while you are accumulating the necessary total.

If you desire further information about these Certificates, we will be glad to have you call.

First National Bank of Omaha

13th and Farnam Sts.

SUNNY GEMS.

Nan—I saw poor dear Lil Garlinghorn's young man the other day. He looks as if she had picked him up at a bargain counter.

Fan—Yes, and she got only a remnant, at that.—Chicago Tribune.

"Father, I want some money."

"You're always wanting money. What for?"

"I need a couple of new bows for my violin."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!"—Baltimore American.

Stella—The word is that hips must go.

Bella—Dear me, I've already parted from my appendix and given my hand away.—New York Sun.

The Sauce Pan—I wonder what makes the kettle so happy? It hasn't stopped singing all day.

The Coffee Pot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.

"Do you expect to make people believe all you say in your speeches?"

"Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum. "An auditor never wants to be enlightened by any new facts. What he wants to hear is something he already believed, so that he can say 'Them's my sentiments!'"—Washington Star.

After a sojourn of two or three days in the country the professor had returned home and was cleaning up his badly littered lawn.

"Leaves of absence!" he commented rakishly.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BASE BALL REPORTER.

Edward B. Lyman in New York Sun.

I know they say Bill Shakespeare was a bird
At handing out the language rich and fine
And spieling off the stuff in plays and things
That set you up like drinking tony wine;
But when it comes to really truly zip
That thrills your solar plexus till you're lame,
Why, Billiam isn't in it for the fraction of a minute
With the man who dopes the story of the game.

C. Dickens, too, could sling the English some;
His moving picture scenes of life are great,
And when it comes to pulling laugh or tear
He put it always right across the plate;
But when you talk of stuff that's got the zip
And thrills your solar plexus 'till you're lame,
Why, Dickens isn't in it for the fraction of a minute
With the man who dopes the story of the game.

Our Emerson was something with the quill;
Substating on the brainy Boston beans
His thinkery produced some mighty thought—
Though few can tell exactly what it means;
But when you brag of stuff that's got the zip
And thrills your solar plexus 'till your lame,
Ralph Waldo isn't in it for the fraction of a minute
With the man who dopes the story of the game.

Old Chaucer, Milton, Pope and Molliere,
Old Sophocles and Edgar Allan Poe
Could score a run 'most any time they tried—
Though they would surely starve along Park row;
But when it comes to really truly zip
That thrills your solar plexus 'till you're lame,
These spielers are not in it for the fraction of a minute
With the man who dopes the story of the game.

AK-SAR-BEN PIANO

.·. SALE .·.

A. HOSPE CO., Omaha

1513 Douglas Street