

THE 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, \$5.00.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER: Daily Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c; Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c.

OFFICES: Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N.

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, says that the actual number of copies of the Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of March, 1909, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Number of copies and Total. Rows include Daily Bee, Evening Bee, and various other categories.

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

Constantinople, April 22. "C. D. Abdul Hamid.

It's the late frost which catches the early tomato plant.

House hunting should prove good training for Marathon runners.

A Parisian fashion note says hats and shoes must match. In size?

People who are wedded to art are often entitled to a divorce on the ground of non-support.

The Washington base ball park is the place for President Taft. There is nothing there to provoke a smile.

A St. Louis paper offers a prize for the most beautiful hand. A royal flush looks pretty good to most of us.

It is given out that the cement merger is going to pieces. Possibly it lacked the proper proportion of sand to cement.

An Ohio man recently coughed up three carpet tacks and it is a safe guess his wife was able to tell him just where to put them.

A Philadelphia judge delivered himself of the opinion that ducking was the proper punishment for scolds and then proceeded to read the prisoner a lecture.

A French astronomer is making a map of the heavens which he says will contain 40,000,000 stars and the beauty of it is not a one of them will need an angel to put her on the road.

Richard Croker declined to attend a Tammany harmony dinner intended to bring Murphy and McCarren together. Possibly he feared there would not be enough harmony to make a square meal.

A Cleveland paper says the stage is just in its infancy. It is apparent that in a number of instances the parent had not made adequate provision in the way of clothes for the new arrival.

Some man with a genius for figures has discovered it costs \$7,500,000 to feed the pet canaries in the United States. What if it does? Men spend more than that having a bird of a time?

Governor Shallenberger is having some trouble arranging the various cogs in his new political machine so they will mesh properly. Such a complicated mechanism needs a capable mechanic.

A Washington announcement is to the effect the machinery for taking the next census is in process of preparation. It is to be hoped the machinery will have good eyesight, but will not see double.

Nebraska is probably less interested in the Turkish outbreaks than any other state in the union. Nebraska has a law on the statute books forbidding the sale of Turkish cigarettes, whether made in Constantinople or in Jersey City.

The Water board could have submitted that \$5,000,000 bond issue at the election last fall, but discretion warned against it. If the bonds had been submitted that soon after their fierce denunciation of the appropriation, the members of the Water board could not have back-tracked so easily.

All Eyes on Turkey.

The great upheaval now going on in Turkey cannot fail to rivet attention wherever there are thinking people. Directly, the United States has little concern, but in the ultimate possibilities we, as well as all nations, are in a large measure interested.

The problem is complicated with the jealousies and selfish interests of other nations which heretofore have prevented its settlement by outside forces. At last the aged of individual liberty and the desire to keep step with the modern world has taken such deep root among the Turkish people themselves that it cannot be smothered though it may be checked.

While there is no prospect of this country being seriously involved, the indirect result of a general European conflict for the rearrangement of the political geography of the Turkish domain would be felt by us and we would be constrained to see that our interests were thoroughly safeguarded.

Encouragement to Forestry.

Minnesota, which at one time possessed as fine forest areas as any state in the union, has reached the point where those magnificent reaches of timber have disappeared and the problem of the future is staring it in the face.

Aside from what the state itself is doing to restore the timber a law has been passed exempting from taxation both the land and the growing timber where the landowners will clear off the underbrush and down timber on which the forest fires feed and intelligently go about the task of propagating a new growth of timber on the land.

There is a growing sentiment among men of wealth in this country to devote a larger portion of their means to the betterment of posterity. The gratification of present desires in time, palls upon a thinking man and simple accumulation of wealth fails to satisfy.

The water bond boosters are now riding a horse of a different color. A few weeks ago they were greatly disturbed for fear the legislature might pass an act vesting them with authority to negotiate with the water company for a compromise that would give the city an option either to complete the purchase or make a new contract on more favorable terms.

Horse of a Different Color.

The water bond boosters now, however, are urging as one reason for voting the \$5,500,000 that if they had the money they might get the water company to negotiate with them for a compromise on the purchase price and throw off something from the \$6,263,295.49, which the appraisers have awarded. They are not afraid to assume this great responsibility. Oh, no! not at all. There may be a chance there to slice off another big, fat fee for the lawyers, who, of course, never divide with anybody.

But just why the water company should be disposed to throw off more from the sale price after bonds are voted than before is not disclosed. When we had an opportunity to negotiate with the water company for a purchase at an agreed price the Water board declined to consider any proposition whatever, pretending that the plant could be had by the appraisal route for not to exceed \$3,500,000. Everybody knows now that that was mere pretense, but evidently there was as much reason to expect a \$3,500,000 award from the appraisers as there is now that the water company will be more generously disposed after bonds are voted than before.

The owners of the water company have at all times insisted that they would be glad to sell for \$6,263,295.49

Administering Pure Food Law.

Beyond enacting the pure food law the Roosevelt administration, with its many vexing problems, found little time to evolve a practical plan for its administration. The Agricultural department, the Department of Commerce and Labor and the Department of Justice each by itself set out to do something in the way of enforcement, but without concerted and concentrated action and of necessity only a start was made of a practical nature.

The administration of Mr. Taft is approaching the problem in another way. The heads of the various departments have been instructed to get together, co-operate and divide the work so that each shall perform only that part for which it is best fitted and all under a common direction and with a common purpose. Results cannot be expected in a day or a month, but such a method is bound to accomplish something practical. Fads and academic discussions may not be so prominent in the public eye as when each official was permitted to pursue his personal bent, but the public will receive benefit and at the same time unreasonable restrictions are not so likely to be placed upon the legitimate business of the country.

The Oklahoma Lynching.

The recent lynching of three cattlemen in Oklahoma is an event in many respects out of the ordinary. The victims were all wealthy, identified with large interests and each with a powerful following. The charge against them was the murder of a United States marshal, whom it was alleged they had killed on account of his efforts to bring them to justice for cattle stealing and other crimes.

Lynching is not to be excused or condoned in a community where the machinery of the law is supposed to govern, but this particular case throws a strong light on the causes which lead people at times to take the administration of the law into their own hands. One of the victims is credited with many killings, estimated all the way from ten to thirty. In addition it was charged against him and his companions that they had surrounded themselves with desperate men and freely and with impunity appropriated the property of others. It is not strange, therefore, that ultimately the sufferers and their friends should have taken justice into their own hands.

While condemning lynching it is well for those who have the duty of administering the law to take cognizance of the cause and remove it. Delays and miscarriages of justice which permit one man to pursue his course until the number of violent deaths charged against him numbered up into two figures are poor records to draw against those who resort to mob violence.

The Two Engineers.

In the coming election the choice of the voter for the most responsible office to be filled, namely, the city engineer, will narrow down between George W. Craig as the republican candidate and William A. Ayerly as the democratic candidate. The city engineer has control and supervision of all the costly public works, which constitute the permanent plant of the city, including the surface of the streets and alleys and all the pipes, conduits and sewers beneath the surface. It is of the utmost importance that this work shall be devolved upon the very best qualified man who is available.

Assuming that the personality of the democratic candidate is not objectionable and that his professional standing in his own special field is good, it should not be forgotten that practically his entire experience as an engineer has had reference to railroad construction and bridge building, and that he is entirely unfamiliar with paving, sewerage, street grading and municipal engineering in general, to say nothing of a lack of information about the particular public works that have been constructed in Omaha and which will be required to meet our future needs.

On the other side, George W. Craig is not only an engineer of acknowledged professional attainments, but his specialty has been municipal engineering, and in consequence of his long service as assistant to the late city engineer he is thoroughly posted on Omaha's public works and can take up the work just where his chief left it and carry it forward along the same lines. If you had to have your eyes treated you would go to an oculist and not to a dentist, and so a city which wants an expert to take charge of its streets and public works should give preference to a municipal engineer over a bridge engineer.

The democratic city platform contains a pledge of an occupation tax on the franchised corporations and this pledge is supposed to be binding on all the candidates on the democratic ticket. Inasmuch as ten of the twelve democratic candidates for the council are at present in the council, there is nothing to stop them from redeeming that pledge right away. Will they do it? Watch and see.

Our amiable democratic contemporary does not take kindly to The Bee's suggestion that the defense of the new Nebraska deposit guaranty law be devolved over to Mr. Bryan. It wants special counsel hired for money and names as eligible for the job C. J. Smyth, John J. Sullivan, Wil-

Red Rule of Abdul

Characteristics and Career of the Central Figure in the Present Turkish Disturbances.

The central figure in the present disturbances in Turkey is Sultan Abdul Hamid, padishah of the Ottoman empire for thirty-three years. Diapantea make fairly clear the distinguished character of the sultan, i. e., playing both sides and leaning to the one that promises his continuance on the throne. Whether the young Turks will tolerate him much longer will not materially brighten the record of Abdul's rule. The post who characterized him as "Abdul the Damned" pumped more truth than poetry into the expression. Charles Johnston, writing of the "Red Rule of Sultan Abdul" in Harper's Weekly, sketches his career. In part, as follows:

To say that the story of Abdul Hamid reads like a romance is to do it injustice. No romance ever dared to depict such a Gehenna of darkness and hate as the history of this more than Oriental despot. From his infancy he inspired fear and repulsion; and we are told that his father even gave orders that the child should never be brought to him in the morning, lest he might catch ill luck over the whole day. He was, it is said, the son of an Armenian slave girl, who renounced Christianity for Islam and danced her way into the favor of Abdul Mejid. That wild and liberal ruler was succeeded by the wild and tempestuous Abdul Aziz, whose maniacal frenzies forced his ministers to depose him. He ended his life a few days later by opening his veins with a pair of scissors. This was the immediate environment of Abdul Hamid's young days.

Murad V. was raised to the throne made vacant by the deposition of Abdul Aziz, at the end of May, 1876. Three months later, he himself was removed from the throne, and a pall of mystery descended upon him which has never been raised. Hounded rumors declare that he still lives in the lawful sovereign of Turkey, commander of the faithful, Kaliph of Islam, in the marble dungeon of the Cheragan palace. And to this day no Mohammedan botman will willingly approach the forbidden ground on which the Cheragan stands, on a clear day, the Emperor, Khater Murad V. lives in certainly known only to Abdul Hamid, the younger brother, who holds his throne. But this much is certain: Murad, soon after the suicide of his maniac uncle, was stricken with mental depression, perhaps brain-fever, and a commission of doctors, with Abdul Hamid's physician at his head, declared that he was hopelessly insane. The Sheikh ul Islam, the religious head of the Moslem world, thereupon declared a regency, and it is as regent for his brother Murad that Abdul Hamid still holds the throne. Thereafter the pall of darkness began to descend upon Murad. Gradually he was cut from his friends and former ministers, and at last even from his wife and mother, and rumor has it that he still lives in the Cheragan dungeon, his life only spared because the seers had told Abdul Hamid that he would not long survive his brother's death.

The incarceration of the elder brother took place at the end of August, 1876. At that very time a frightful struggle was going on among the Balkan mountains between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks. De Laveleye tells a horrible story of tortures and impalement, and records that the Austrian consul, at one point, asked the Constantinople government not to impale Christian Servians at a certain place, because they were visible from the windows of the consulate. The Porte apologized, and thereafter impaled them on the farther side of the town. Fire and sword raged through Bulgaria, and finally, as in the worst days of Genghis Khan and the Tartar raids, the unconquered warriors of Montenegro joined hands with their Serbian brothers. The Christians of Bulgaria were up in arms. And the world rang with the tale of the "Bulgarian atrocity" which filled all northern Turkey with a carnival of cruelty and destruction. Meanwhile whippers were rife through Constantinople that Murad V. had completely recovered both health and mind, and that his brother Abdul Hamid was guilty of the high crime of usurpation, made possible by the cruel imprisonment of his hated elder brother.

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The Turks are a race of warriors, among the bravest and best soldiers in the world. But whether it be his mixed blood, or his innate superstition, or that conscience which makes cowards, Abdul Hamid wholly lacks that physical courage which is ingrained in the Turkish nature. He is as timid as he is suspicious, always haunted by the dread of assassination, and wearing a coat of mail by night and day. The bravery of Turkish sultans in the past has been magnificent. Abdul Hamid, in 1877, boasted that the mantle of courage had descended on him, and that he would lead his western warriors against infidel Russia. He boasted, and then stayed behind, hiding in his fortress on the Yildiz hill. And when the Russian armies drew near Constantinople, instead of putting himself at the head of his troops to defend his capital, he made all preparations for ignominious flight, and kept a gunboat under full steam ready to carry him through the Bosphorus and off to some safe retreat in Tripoli or Arabia.

A physical coward, and mortally afraid of death, yet, by a strange contradiction, a man of tremendous and despotic will-power, of fierce, relentless, tireless force of mind and determination, he is, in his cowardice and his craft, his weakness and his immense determination, like Philip II of Spain, the Philip of the Netherlands massacred and of the Inquisition. Though devoid of all the better parts of intellect, he has the boundless astuteness of some cunning animal, and with his craft and his force, he has held his own against Christendom for more than thirty years.

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Kaysers—the Gloves You Want

All women want the Kayser silk gloves—the standard for 25 years. Without the Kayser patent tip—the Kayser fit and finish—what would a silk glove be? None knowingly take anything else. But some women get inferior gloves, in the belief they are Kaysers, because they don't look in the hem.



The poorest silk gloves on the market cost just as much as the Kayser. That is the pity of it. Gloves that don't fit and don't wear—that lack our finish and fabric—cost the Kayser price. Get the gloves you have always worn—the gloves that we make from the raw silk up—the gloves that go through fifty operations. Watch for "Kayser" in the hem. Short Silk Gloves, - 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25. Long Silk Gloves, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

JULIUS KAYSER & CO., Makers, New York

SMILING REMARKS.

Visitor—I understand that you are the responsible person in this office. Bridge-No, I ain't. I'm just the one who is always to blame for everything—Cleveland Leader. Teacher—Give me an example of what is meant by "mastery inactivity"? Boy (with the pronounced face)—A base ball pitcher delays a game so it'll have to be called on account o' darkness.—Chicago Tribune. Johnny—Pa, what is an inflated currency? Father—The money you blow in.—Bohemian. "What," said the judicious friend, looking around the forlorn little farm, "ever prompted a city man like you to try farming?" "Because," answered the city man, dolefully, "I wanted to get next to nature's fully." "You have," commented the judicious friend, "heard that do unto others as he would have others do unto him.—Philadelphia Record. "What do your constituents do with all the garden seeds you send them?" "I don't know," answered the member of congress. "I have a suspicion that they put milk and sugar on them and use them for breakfast food.—Washington Star. "It's all well enough to keep plugging along, but just watch out an' don't let yourself turn into a plug.—Boston Herald. "Doctor, on which side do you expect to testify in that case?" "Don't care which. I'm an expert witness.—Judge. Raggy—You don't never see me standin' in a bread line. Murgey—That 'cause yer wife runs a clothesline.—Chicago Tribune. Teacher—And what do you suppose all the animals did during those forty days in the ark? "I don't know," Williams—They just loafed around and scratched themselves. "Sandy" Toole (disdainfully)—Chuck it, Smarty! What'd they scratch for, when there was only two feet?—Judge.

PERSONAL NOTE.

Sam Small, the Atlanta reporter who turned revivalist on the Sam Jones pattern, is now editing a magazine—the Golden West—at Waterloo. Owen Reeves, aged 77, of Kansas, known as "Speedy," has been married fourteen times, had fourteen separations, and is now in the field for the fifteenth Mrs. Reeves. In the early days in Kansas, John J. Ingalls was trying a lawsuit, and in his argument turned to the other party in the suit and dramatically exclaimed: "Your soul would float more coolly in a mustard can than a building enjoys in Lake Superior." It is not stated however, that Mr. Ingalls won the case. "After the siege of the Peking legations a dozen Russian soldiers bent on loot and outrage railed the house in which one of my hand boys lived with his mother and sister," Sir Robert Hart said at a dinner at the London Authors' club. "The boy snatched his violin and played the Russian national anthem, and the looters stood attention. Then they left the house without molesting anyone." Dr. Ben Hedin says that some of the lamas of Tibet have a custom of allowing themselves to be inclosed in grottoes, so that they would live in darkness for the rest of their lives. He heard of a man who was inclosed at the age of 15 or 17 years and lived there sixty-nine years without any communication with the outside world whatever, his food and water being passed underground by a long pipe. The annual report of the Carnegie hero fund commission, just issued in pamphlet form, shows that 36 medals have been awarded since the institution of the fund—twelve gold, 13 silver and 11 bronze medals. Applications to the number of 2,666 have been refused and 214 applications are pending. The pecuniary awards to heroes and their dependents amounted to \$164,941.64 and \$134,463.06 was contributed to the relief of sufferers by disaster. Annual pensions amount to \$36,320.

Tariff Commission Snap.

Several bills are now before congress providing for the creation of an expert tariff commission. The Beveridge bill specifies seven commissioners to be paid \$7,500 each per year. The Gov. Guild of sensible voters any such bill and presumably would be satisfied with the Beveridge measure and its \$7,500 salaries. Several other retired statesmen are similarly minded. A tariff commission would provide a number of easy places for them at handsome salaries, and that would be the chief attraction to the country. Congress would pay even less attention to his recommendations than to those of its own house ways and means and senate finance committees.

TO PATTEN OF CHICAGO.

W. J. Lampton in New York Herald. Say, Patten. You who fatten While the poor grow lean, What do you mean? Why grow fat On provisions like that? Does it seem to you The nobler thing to do? Is the game? Do you suffer? Are you hungry? Does your stomach cry for food? Is there nothing in your pantry For the mother and her brood? Does the gray, gaunt wolf come prowling Around your office door? Demanding that you feed it The life-blood of the poor? Ten million bushels of wheat to make Your cake? While a child stands With empty hands And begs for a crust? Do you feel that you must Take it all And heed no call Except that one fierce cry, "Buy! Buy!" What? Simply got To win? That what you want in To do and that's what you will do, No matter who suffers, So long as its not you? Is that so? Oh, Very well, go ahead, Let the poor Pile up at your door! But say, Patten, by aced! There's a bread On that wheat, and—well, some day You'll have the bill to pay. It will come to you straight! Wait! Only wait!



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