

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

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Table with 3 columns: Number, Daily, Sunday. Rows 1-18 showing circulation figures.

Democrat and Consistency. Senator Bailey of Texas has made another effort to tell what the position of the democratic party is on the tariff question and in doing so has succeeded in demonstrating that the party holds no known position, but is scattered along all the way from the high protection camp to the free trade harbor.

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

The Omaha rainmakers are running true to form. Charly never begins at home for a losing ball team.

It looks as if we were about to build the Platte river canal again. Carrie Nation says jugs are not harmful when empty. Of course not, the harm is done in the process of emptying.

The Mecklenburg declaration of independence lost out simply because it didn't have a first-class up-to-date advertising agent.

By far the greater part of Iowa is nearer to Omaha than it is to Chicago. That's what makes it trade territory for us to cultivate.

The first place to put the brakes on reckless auto scorching is on that new automobile police patrol, which seems to think it is immune.

While touring Iowa our Omaha trade boosters should make it a point to capture that one thousandth member for the Commercial club.

If those hydrant rental judgments bear 7 per cent, the accumulating interest charge exceeds \$2,500 a month. What is the Water board going to do about it?

Hetty Green advises women to mind their own business. The advice is all right for both sexes, but the trouble comes in deciding the precise limits of your own business.

The Chicago naval militia is to have a real gunboat on which to train. The sailor on the unsalted seas is such good material that Uncle Sam proposes to give him a chance.

An eastern young woman invited six of her former suitors to her wedding. The society reporter failed to record whether they congratulated the groom or one another.

Our amiable democratic contemporary, the World-Herald, hesitates to tell which of these six democratic re-elected councilmen the franchise corporations are afraid of.

Taft to North and South.

The speech of President Taft at the dedication of the monument to Pennsylvania soldiers who fell at Petersburg departs from the platitudes common on such occasions and says things directly to the point. With praises for the valor of the men who composed the armies which met on the battlefield and commendation for the era of good feeling and mutual respect which had succeeded the bitterness of that struggle of the Titans he indulges remarks which can be taken in no other way than a direct reference to a recent incident.

It has been one of the most conspicuous policies of Mr. Taft to bring about as a climax to the sentimental reunion of the sections a community of political thought and industrial interdependence. His remarks about foils unquestionably refer to the interchanges resulting from the presentation of a silver service to the battleship Mississippi, which took on much of the character of the acrimonious debates common up to the early eighties.

It is interesting to note that the north and by their assent the southerners present indicated that as did speak for the entire country.

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The king of Portugal has decorated the dowager queen for heroism displayed when the late king was assassinated. He might have economized a little by procuring for her a Carnegie medal.

defendant to a new trial, which after a long lapse of time may result differently, after a jury in what was presumably a fair hearing had pronounced him guilty.

Such hairsplitting justice does more to bring the courts into disrepute than can well be estimated. The solution of the difficulty is not so simple, however, as the average layman might imagine.

He Has Too Soon. If General Winfield Scott Hancock were alive today he would be the democratic party's only logical candidate for the presidency.

One Field Open to Inventors. Wireless electricity is now used for lighting in Omaha. Wireless politics is about the only discovery of this kind remaining for the inventive genius of the future.

Immigration's Mighty Sweep. Imaginative persons predict that airships not only will revolutionize war, but will obliterate boundary lines and frontiers and abolish custom houses.

A Little Sugar Sweetens Things. While favoring, on principle, a tariff for revenue only and holding that the poor man's table should not be taxed, the Hon. B. P. Tuttleman is disposed to think there ought to be a little protection for the tea raisers of South Carolina.

Fit Place for Statue. The statue of Matthew Stanley Quay having been made under an appropriation by the legislature, of course some place had to be found for it, and a niche in the capitol rotunda has been selected.

Banking Heavily on the Future. Senator Depeu also falls into argument that the republican party never promised a downward revision of the tariff.

Where There is Real Craft. Six millions of graft in the filtration contracts; the gas steel voted, and the failure of the crime only to the timidity of the corporation, which was scared of taking what its wicked partners were willing to steal for it.

Gives His Party Away. Mr. Bryan's observation that the republicans had a campaign fund of \$1,500,000, as compared with a democratic fund of \$500,000 last year, scarcely strengthens his contention as to the power and popularity of the democratic party.

THE NEW BUDGET. Making National Expenditures Conform to National Revenue. Secretary MacVeagh's remark that the United States would soon have a budget system in force such as exists in most European countries is working out plans for making national expenditures conform more strictly to national revenue.

The New Hampshire order reducing express rates is in point for Nebraska only in that it tends to sustain the law enacted in this state for lower rates for express company shipments.

Hairsplitting Justice. The Missouri supreme court has just rendered a decision which is a conspicuous example of hairsplitting justice. A former St. Louis city official, convicted and serving time, has been granted a new trial on the ground that the article "the" was omitted from before the word "state" in the sentence in the indictment.

Just at present when there is a widespread criticism of reversals by higher courts on purely technical grounds this decision is bound to arouse unfavorable criticism. The criminal jurisprudence of this country is built up around the principle that a man accused of crime must have an absolutely fair trial and all his rights and immunities preserved to him.

Before talking about giving the Park Board \$500,000 or \$1,000,000 to spend on Omaha parks and boulevards next year it would be a good plan to read the city charter. The only way for the Park board to get that much money is for some public-spirited millionaire to make the city a present.

After all these years of Mr. Bryan's preaching against monopoly his home town of Lincoln proposes to create an absolute monopoly for the sale of liquor "for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes." And a private monopoly at that.

There is a balance of \$44,000 in the treasury of the World's fair held in Chicago, and the surviving directors are going to hold a meeting to decide what to do with it.

The government's automobile has been banished from the army posts and the mule has returned to his own. Aside from the question of sentiment, the mule is a necessity to overcome the ennuil of camp and garrison life.

The Atlantic Garden, one of the few remaining buildings binding the Bowery of today to the old Bowery—the Bowery which saw the wealth and fashion of the town go nightly to the Thalia theater and slip into the gutter next door for a bite and a sip between the acts—celebrated its fifty-first birthday last Friday evening under a shadow.

Around New York

As a political play, in which William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt are hurled upon each other with a local color, is doing moderate business in a New York theater.

"What was that, Charles J.?" says Bryan. "A loon, William J.," says Murphy. "Borry I didn't have my eyes open, Charley."

"Wait pop-eyed till the next one comes along, Willie." The second one is no such lady as the first. She has the breeze of the Bowery rather than the air of Broadway.

John West, the actor assigned to an imitation of Bryan, requires scant coaching to make a lifelike resemblance without caricature; the manner of the celebrated candidate is not exaggerated for travesty, and so we have a rather sober and sedate Bryan figuring in the foibles of a new extravaganza.

Theodore Roosevelt is dealt with as considerably. Near to the end of the evening, when one of his jif-steppings, rifle-juggling, wall-mounting, troops-or-troupes-of-symnats in the guise of sauvages give an exhibition drill, Roosevelt is at the center of a tableau disclosed by a rising curtain.

Coney Island, where Sunday frivolity exceeds the combined frivolity of the other six days, was hit last Sunday by a black cloud of the blue laws when Mayor McClellan ordered that hereafter there shall be no shows in operation at the resort only on six days in the week.

Even if Mr. Bryan would probably admit that it is very difficult to determine from the attitude of the democrats now in congress just what their "tariff reform policy" is.

The three beaten candidate for president has no confidence that congress will turn out a finished tariff act that will satisfy the public.

Even if Mr. Bryan is dissatisfied with the exhibition the members of his party are now making in congress, why does he not assert some of the prerogatives of his assumed leadership and try to guide them to see the question right?

It is to be hoped that Colonel Roosevelt will save his reputation by officially appointing to the Ansania club some of those wild African correspondents who are sending out stories about him that fairly ooze gore and place the colonel's humanity upon the same plane as that of the grinning Hottentot.

A great deal of sugar has come into the United States through the port of San Francisco, and some of it has been from foreign countries.

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Kills Germs

Nothing in medicine is known which accomplishes such vast good in so short a time with weak, broken-down, worn-out, diseased stomachs and sluggish, torpid, lazy livers, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Every day's delay means getting further away from health. Don't blunder. Use the intensely effective, non-alcoholic, non-secret—Golden Medical Discovery—the standard stomach, liver and blood medicine for more than 40 years.

Gravest diseases spring from bowel neglect. When the bowels quit working, the liver, sympathetically, goes on strike; the stomach gets out of order and the blood impure.

PERSONAL NOTES. Levi P. Morton, former vice president, who reached his 83rd birthday Sunday, did not enter politics until he was 34 years of age.

View of the sentence received by Captain Haidt Brothers T. Jenkins ought to be more grateful than ever for what didn't happen to him.

A Philadelphia man bet he could drink two quarts of whisky within two hours. He did; but he is dead. A Chicago girl bet she could wait one hour without stopping. She did; but she is dead.

Now that a Baltimore man has erected a monument to Adam in the form of a statue it may be hoped that some grateful descendant of the original pair will pay equal honor to Mother Eve, who was fully as good as Adam, if not a little better.

Prof. Julius Hey, instructor of some of the most noted German singers who have ever come to this country, died Sunday in Munich. He was 78 years old and had been for many years of his life an intimate friend of Richard Wagner.

"I'm glad to hear that your boy is getting on, answered the rich American who lives abroad, and what renders it still dearer is the fact that it's the place where the dividends are collected."—Chicago Post.

WHAT THEN? J. Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post. Oh, Eyes-o'-Blue, when you are old. Oh, Trouthead, when you are grown. What will the sun and the glad delight. And what the warm night's amber tone. Hold in their varied hints for me? What will the morn'g bring to the door? I wonder will my days then be. Short days and glad, or sad days and long.

When all my days are short, the dawn seems scarce to fade before the night comes to announce that day is gone. And under in the losing deck. Of scabbles with you on the floor. Of nick-a-pack along the halls. Of straggling down behind the door. And jumping out with startling calls. Of playing horse on hands and knees. With baby clinging to my ears. Of slying with a snort and wheeze. Of blinking to the sun and stars. When one ear gets a sudden twist. Of falls and bumps and frightened cries. Of bruises held up to be kissed. Of tearing to wipe from baby's eyes.

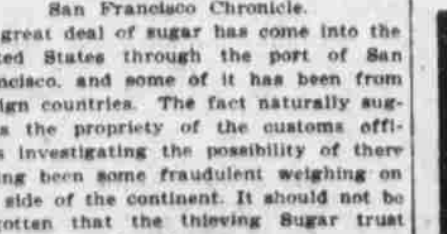
What will it mean when all of this. The hide-and-seek and rowdy-dow. The jump and grab and sudden hiss. That make the days seem so short now. Are some and guide me past all grief. And I am older than you are? How will I view the sunset's gold. How view the brilliant evening star?

When dimpled arms are round my neck. And baby lips are pressed to mine. Drive me and guide me past all grief. Of some proud ship that cleaves the brine. And I can feel the captain's knees. Drive me and guide me past all grief. Past rocking chairs, through stormy seas. And past each danger and each fear.

Oh, well, I'll just be lonesome then. I'll sit in my arm chair and smoke. Or with your mother live again. These days, and try to laugh and joke. Are in our voices; but perhaps I can somewhere way down the years. Play granddaddy to some little chaps.

Stomach Trouble.

Your tongue is coated. Your breath is foul. Headaches come and go. These symptoms show that your stomach is the trouble. To remove the cause is the first thing, and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will do that. Easy to take and most effective.



Our product and reputation are the best advertisement we can offer. A. I. Root, Inc., 1210-1212 Howard St., Omaha.