

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1909.

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Tendencies in City Government.

An article contributed to a recent number of the Outlook and being circulated by the National Municipal League on the "Short Ballot" is eliciting quite widespread discussion in the newspapers, which generally indicates approval of the author's contention for a short ballot in municipal elections to fill the fewest possible number of offices.

What is desired is a simple organization of municipal government, with only such officers elective as should be really directly answerable to the people on matters of government policy, while the officers whose duties are clerical or professional should be appointed and held to account to those who are elective.

Unfortunately, here in Omaha this movement, which was manifested in the consolidation of certain city and county offices, including those of treasurer, tax commissioner and comptroller, received a check in the late democratic legislature which took a backward step by repealing the act consolidating the two comptroller offices, and instead of shortening the ballot by reducing the number of elective offices lengthened it by making several city offices elective that had previously been appointive.

King Corn is on third with nobody out. Now for the final tug of war on the tariff bill.

Omaha real estate values continue to manifest a decidedly bullish disposition. The corn crop of Nebraska now assured is the real deposit guaranty device.

The call down which President Taft gave the tariff bill appears to have had its effect. The Indiana banker who skipped out with all the funds appears to have held in one.

Indiana officers are hunting for a man with \$85,000, which does not alarm us as we can prove an alibi. The Chautauquans should cheer up—they may have a chance to hear some of that senatorial oratory yet.

At \$1 a word former President Roosevelt should drop the simplified spelling and at least give full measure. The governor of Georgia has named fifty colonels on his staff. At that rate the raw material will soon be exhausted.

Anxious inquirer—No, it's the editor of the World-Herald, and not the editor of The Bee, who is running for office. A contract for thirty locomotives to be delivered in ninety days is going some, but a firm of American builders has agreed to do it.

It has been explained why the proposed war in South America petered out. The war correspondents were away on their summer vacation. A Boston man shot his wife thinking she was a robber. Exercising the right to search her husband's pockets entails some dangers upon the wife.

While all stocks are advancing in price, the western railroads are the leaders. Investors can see the long string of grain laden cars coming up. Reports are frequent of automobiles turning turtle. If the drivers would only pattern more after the turtle's speed the accidents would be fewer.

A little more of the energy expended by the Spaniards in fighting among themselves directed toward the Moors might accomplish better results. Lincoln newspapers have more mind readers on their reportorial staffs, who imagine things that are not so, than the newspapers of any other city in the country.

The salmon fishermen insist that the catch this year has been small. Will those salmon fishermen never learn to be real sports and tell a good story once in a while?

A new Russian turban, which is said to be larger and uglier than the peach-basket hat, is reported to be on the way. Perhaps, but most of us will have to be shown.

Only 150,000 people are after the 6,400 claims to be allotted in the Idaho land drawing. But at that it is a better chance than the investor gets in most get-rich-quick lotteries.

Presiding the Publicity Bureau.

Any further advice that Colonel Bryan may feel it his duty to give President Taft will not doubt be accepted and acted upon with the same eager promptness as his suggestion regarding the election of senators.

Something for Nothing. The army of people who seek to get something for nothing or at a fraction of its value is the largest in the world and never lacks for recruits.

Two automobile tourists having been held up and robbed by girl bandits near Denver it is only proper to call attention to the fact that women have the ballot in Colorado. Whether women road agents produce woman suffrage or woman suffrage makes woman road agents we shall not attempt to say.

Virginia's Tender. The country may not know that the state of Virginia for some time past has been waiting to hear protests from any quarter against the acceptance of a status quo by the Virginia legislature.

Benefit of Railroad Regulation. Despite the drastic anti-trust, anti-railway and anti-corporation laws popularly attributed to Texas, the railroads of the Lone Star state seem to have done surprisingly well in the last fiscal year.

Amending the Commodity Clause. When the United States supreme court upheld the right of the government to forbid common carriers from dealing in or transporting coal or other commodities produced by them, it declared that the act as worded did not prohibit them doing the same thing indirectly by owning stock in the producing company.

Mr. Bryan's "Get There First" Boast for Income Tax. An amusing but thoroughly characteristic example of Mr. William J. Bryan's superficial habit of mind is his latest advice to the democratic party regarding the income tax amendment.

HAIR-TRIGGER ACTIVITY. The honest brakeman in New York who turned in \$20,000 in diamonds received a vacation, 100 suits of clothes and a life pension.

PERSONAL NOTES. The only American department store in London rose to the occasion in true Yankee style in promptly securing the Heriot monoplane as a department store exhibit.

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Around New York

Misses on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

Fate plays some queer pranks with some of the world's heroes. When the excursion steamer General Slocum with its load of women and children burned to the water's edge and sank near Hell Gate six years ago, Lawrence Halloran, a dockman, rescued sixteen women and children.

At a point in Brooklyn, eight miles from Long Acre square, Manhattan, by the usual route, Oscar Hammerstein is to build a new opera house costing \$1,000,000. Brooklyn already has one opera house more beautiful than the Metropolitan.

An opera house "on the Surrey side" of the Thames in London or the Quarter Latin side of the Seine in Paris would be more unthinkable than almost anything else—except two opera houses. But in all the world there is not other suburb like Brooklyn, says the New York World.

There is no other nearly so large. As a city Brooklyn was the rival not of Boston and Baltimore, but of Chicago and Philadelphia. The vote that joined it to New York was enthusiastic in the larger city, in the smaller one close and hesitant.

Lower taxation was the bait. Manhattan now pays nearly half the tax money spent in Brooklyn, yet local "autonomy" is a cry so popular that it keeps in power a boss unrepresentative of the community; some Brooklyn people even have the temerity to advocate municipal divorce.

Brooklyn has an art museum which snags up a collection of Sargent's Metropolitan would have liked. It proposes a Brooklyn university to be formed like the vast University of London, by grouping present institutions, and adding to them. It plans for a confident future.

No longer famed for great lawyers or great clergymen, it is a borough of quiet homes. The road from the tenderloin to Coney Island passes through and leaves it unchanged. It has a society of its own, constantly drained to Manhattan and as constantly renewed.

Sex discrimination in the privileges of getting off at a railroad station might seem to be carrying courtesy too far, but that is the custom on one place not twenty-five miles from New York. At both ends of the shed platform are large signs, in the approved yellow and green railroad style, which bear in large letters the words: "LADIES NOT ALLOWED TO GET OFF AT THIS STATION."

From the looks of the country round about, this limitation is no deprivation, however. A mine, quarry, and sawmill are the only things to be seen. These are all worked by Italians, who live in the shacks just above. It is supposedly fear of molestation by the workmen that leads to the forbidding signs.

Any shirt-waist girl knows how easy it is to lose the safety pin fidget that hooks up the rear terminals of waist and skirt. It is apt to come unfastened and fall out, producing a solution of continuity that has to be nursed very carefully until home and mother are reached. Well, that's a feminine sorrow that the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad company and President William G. McAdoo are doing their best to ease.

The New Jersey girls found that out very quickly, and there was a grand rush for the Hudson terminal. All you had to do, if you were a flustered young woman hustling from Manhattan to Jersey City by way of the new tubes, and your waist had fetched loose in the back, was to apply to the McAdoo company for a free safety pin.

President McAdoo, inspecting the concourse several weeks ago while the painters and decorators were at work, looked in the women's restroom. "What have we got for the women?" asked Mr. McAdoo.

"Oh, the usual things," said the superintendent. "I guess we had better do a little more than that," said Mr. McAdoo. "Give 'em face powder and hairpins and safety pins, and things like that."

Mr. McAdoo ordered. The hairpins are not the flimsy things, of course, but plain, substantial pins that will keep a puff or a rat or a "phony" curl natted down.

For a nickel a girl can get an individual cake of soap and a towel. The company doesn't furnish manicurists and masseuses free, because they are classed as luxuries, while shirt-waist pins and hair anchors and face powder belong to the necessities of life, as everybody knows.

A well-dressed man hurried into one of the prominent restaurants on Times square the night ago and seated himself at one of the tables waited on by Dave, otherwise known by reason of his dignified features and portly bearing as "The Senator."

"I'm in a great hurry," said the stranger. "How long will it take to get me a broiled lobster?" "About fifteen minutes, sir," replied Dave.

"Well, all right; but hurry it up," Dave started for the kitchen to give the order, but had not gone twenty steps when the stranger summoned him back to the table.

"Get me a telegraph blank, and ring for a messenger boy." When Dave returned with the blank the stranger was feeling in his change pocket. "I haven't any change," he started to reach into his vest pocket. "Get this bill changed—no, let me have a quarter. That will save time."

"Now, hurry with that broiled lobster," commanded the stranger, beginning to write his telegram. When Dave returned with the lobster, nicely broiled, the stranger was gone—also Dave's quarter.

Judicial Outrages. Baltimore American. "The reversing of a judgment by an appellate court on the ground of a mere technicality when substantial justice has been administered is an outrage," says Justice Brewer of the supreme court of the United States, the highest legal authority in the world.

This is a confirmation of the public ideal of law as the conservator and defender of justice and of technicality as the form by which is preserved the spirit.

CONGRESSMAN'S DREAM.

Baltimore American. The consumer came down like mad wolves on the fold. And their red gleaming eyes were just fierce to behold. They came in a pack that told thousands by ten. And when they kept coming, and came yet again. Their white sharp teeth shining like just whittled knives. All ready to tear out our hearts and our lives. And we shudder to see that mad look in their eyes. As they barked out, "Where is it—that downward revise?"

They reached us, unrecking of friend or foe. If Bailey or Aldrich or 'em Uncle Joe. All ready to bite the first one that they caught. And desperation our only safety. But still to escape them, and faster we ran. But still they gained on us, till sudden with presence of mind, yelled, "Divert the whole pack! Through Aldrich—or stay! Pitch the tariff bill back!"

We tossed out the bill, with one yelp of wild rage. They all fell upon it, their wrath to appease. They tore up the schedules, framed up with such skill. As though the could never have murdered our bill. They bit our bill, wool, iron, with one unmerciful crunch. And then started in to make rags of the bunch. As our springing's bones cracked, what a sight it did seem! Oh, spare me again such a horrible dream!

20,000 GERM PROOF DRINKING CUPS FREE. Superintendent Davidson's Hygienic Idea is to be "Second'd by the A. Hospe Co., Tomorrow.

Eminent medical lights have said: "The easiest way to transfer disease is through the public drinking cups."

The A. Hospe Co., to further a sanitary idea will tomorrow morning give away absolutely free, 20,000 collapsible drinking cups which may be carried in one's pocket for individual use and for individual use only.

The cups in question are an imported production—made in Germany—and are constructed of a water and germ proof fibre.

The idea of possessing cups that "never touch another's lips," has gained strong ground in Germany, and Superintendent Davidson's proposed crusade against the public cup in Omaha schools is one that should be taken up favorably at once.

The cups are to be given away commencing tomorrow (Friday) morning at 9 o'clock, and will be given to adults only, excepting in cases where parents have written signed orders for children.

Don't expose yourself to countless diseases through the first drinking cup you encounter—carry your own and let no one else use it—use it for yourself only as you would your toothbrush, and guard against a possible contamination from the lips of others.

These sanitary cups are decidedly worth carrying—they fold easily into one's pocket—and you are welcome to one at the store of the

A. HOSPE CO. 1513 Douglas St.



A Meal For Six People Fifteen Cents

Ladies, can you beat that for economy? And it will be, as well, the best you ever tasted—the whole family will vote you the best caterer they ever knew.



Cold, a Delightful Luncheon. Hot, a Satisfying Dinner. Lakeside Pork and Peas is not only the best dish—the most delicious, toothsome, meatiest, wholesome dish you ever tasted, but can be a great big can—a generous can.

Lakeside Pork and Peas is the successor to Pork and Beans. It's not an imitation, however, its flavor is distinct—better and more delicious than anything you ever dreamed of. If you like pork and beans, you will like pork and peas better. Even if you do not care for beans you will be delighted with this better dish, and it will agree with you because the skins are tender and delicate and easily digested.

Buy a can of your grocer today and prove it. All Ready to Serve. Enough for a Family of Six. Remember. Fifteen Cents Everywhere. Packed only by The Wisconsin Pea Cannery Co., Chicago. On Demonstration at The Bennett Co.

POOR LO KNOWS BEANS. Wants the Succulent Mescal Variety the Great Father Outlived. Congressman J. P. Latta of Nebraska demands that the Winnebago Indians of his state be given back the privilege of chewing mescal beans which the government ruthlessly deprived them of some years ago.

The mescal bean grows down on the Mexican border, and the Indian experts say that its narcotic quality makes it as dangerous to the noble red men as whiskey, chloral, morphine or any other drug.

The noble red men, however, indignantly deny the allegation, and declare that it is a part of the Winnebago religion to chew those beans and thus hold direct communication with the Great Spirit.

Congressman Latta, occupying a middle ground upon the question, agrees that they are not so bad and that the Winnebago Indians were just as well-behaved when they had the habit as they are now, when a paternal government forbids it.

It is a difficult situation. When one thinks of the barren spiritual state in which the Winnebagos claim to be on account of the lack of beans, it seems a shame to enforce the prohibition. No doubt many have fallen into evil ways when a few beans might have saved them to become consistent drawers of rattans and a pride to the tribe.

It is a pleasant thing to think of the agony of a Winnebago parent forced to see his son go to work or descend to something else equally criminal according to the Indian code for the lack of the restraining moral influence of a bean or two.

However, when one reflects that the continued cut of beans might possibly engender almost Boston provincialism among these noble Indians, hesitation becomes a duty. This danger is, of course, remote. But the mere idea that such a disaster could possibly befall any of our carefully preserved aborigines is enough to stir all the humanity that is in us.

We would advise Congressman Latta to make it perfectly clear to the authorities that there is an essential distinction between the effects of these two kinds of beans. He will thus clear away probably the chief objection, leaving the charge that the mescal beans are baneful narcotics as the only obstacle to be overcome.

If he could show that Winnebago parents have also slumped fearfully on account of this withdrawal of religious incentive, he would make his case still stronger.

SMILING LINES. Bank President to "Rastus, employed about the house—Why don't you put your money in our bank, 'Rastus, where it will draw interest?" "Rastus—Not much, sah! Dat bank's only workin' six hours a day an' only five days an' a half at dat. When Ah puts my money any place I'll be somewhere dat it'll be workin' all de time, sah—Judge."

The imported dancer had been arrested for impropriety of reinment. "Well, I guess I'm a star all right," she said, gleefully. "Show me another sinuous and wriggly specialist with a shag pony at almost Boston provincialism. Of course nobody could—Philadelphia Ledger."

Friend—Why do you encourage these women's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them? Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

His Wife—I ordered a bathing suit yesterday and it has just arrived. Do you want to see it? Her Husband—No, I guess not. If it is anything like the one you had last season, there isn't much to see.—Chicago News.

"You expressed yourself with great feeling in your recent speech," said the admiring constituent. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, coolly. "You see I didn't have time to compile any definite information on the subject we were discussing, so I was simply obliged to get emotional."—Washington Star.

"I think the statement of the press agent of those performing aviators would bear a little more detail as to why their last ascent was unsuccessful." "Why so?" "When I asked about the failure he merely said the aeronauts had a falling out."—Baltimore American.

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