

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION
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George B. Tschuck, 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 September, 1909, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Number of copies, Total. Rows include various circulation categories like 'Total', 'Returned copies', 'Net total', 'Daily average'.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 20th day of September, 1909. M. P. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

With Tammany declaring for purity of the ballot, the tiger's stripes become a beautiful blush.

The man at the helm, says the president, must play the game. Sometimes it's a waiting game.

Chicago society leaders are establishing an anti-gambling gulf which will suzer no bridge.

By good fortune Miss Pankhurst, the hungry suffragette, will reach America in the height of the pancake season.

Another of Mayor "Jim's" vetoes has been overridden by the council, but no little "think like that" will jar "Jim."

The Congo rubber monopoly, like the famous cassowary, found the truth-telling missionary a little hard to digest.

Of course, the democratic World-Herald will yow for the staunch republicanism of the Lincoln Star. And vice versa.

The regular army is just convinced that it is too hardy a playfellow for the National guard. The militiamen were cognizant of it before.

Thanks to the canning possibilities, America is now feasting Londoners with corn on the cob. Another triumph for Yankee kernels.

Booth Tarkington may fulfill his threat to write no more books, but there are gentlemen of Indiana who give Ade to the falling crop.

This week witnesses the enforcement of the tonnage tax provisions of the new tariff law without any commotion of the shipping interests.

The Grand Trunk railroad, in seeking a tidewater terminal at Providence, is flying in the face of the New Haven's monopoly and proving its faith in Providence.

An Omaha boy has been made president of the senior class of the State university. It is pleasing to know that Omaha is still occasionally recognized as part of Nebraska.

The up-to-date bachelor, with a jewel for a button on his new-fangled dinner coat, is not half so proud as the old-fashioned husband with his jewel of a wife at his side.

As long as the World-Herald got that half of the pie which was reserved for a democratic paper, why should it not justify the freezing out of all the other democratic daffies?

"Beware of strange friends and the drink habit." This sounds like a rule of life in the field of honest endeavor, yet it was uttered by a notorious expert safe bower when caught in the toils.

Austria-Hungary, which rejoiced over the acquisition of 20,000 square miles of territory a year ago, in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, now finds the cost in sober cash to be \$168,000,000. Rather a staggerer of a "morning-after" headache.

It turns out that the disclosure of Rodin's design of his statue of Victor Hugo proved to be an unwell wish for a vengeance. If the Parisians rasped, as reported, the form of the great author must have been exposed more glaringly unclothed than any of the naked facts of which he wrote.

Currency Legislation.

The promise of speedy enactment of a currency bill, to be presented under the advisement of the Monetary commission, at the forthcoming session of congress is not borne out by the advances of financial interests close to the situation.

Plans for currency reform are sure to be the most important subject matter taken up at the coming session, but after the commission shall have made its report the whole question may have to enter upon a campaign of education.

Old-Age Pensions. Pensioning the aged is a modern form of support with which Europeans are experimenting as a means of avoiding in some measure the unpopular alternative of "over the hills to the poorhouse."

Omaha's reputation for hospitality has stood the test time and again, but never does it stand out so strikingly as during the annual Ak-Sar-Ben festivities.

Less encouraging results are reported from France, where the old age system is shown to have cultivated a species of unworthy graft, much of the \$16,000,000 annual expenditure to the 575,000 participants having been found to go to healthy "incubables" or "indigent" persons in comfortable circumstances or whose children could amply afford to support them.

Germany has done, perhaps, better than either England or France in its efforts to safeguard the future of its workmen by a species of insurance that shall stand between the worker and destitution in old age, illness or accident.

Of the two plans for amelioration and relief, a form of industrial insurance seems more worthy of a rugged people than does a pension system which the participants have not aided in upholding; but in a period when the chivalrous sentiment prevails more and more that the strong shall carry the weak, the briefs presented by advocates of old-age pensions become steadily more emphatic and more numerous.

Here are two more extracts from Mr. Hitchcock's World-Herald that seem to indicate some crossed wires in the sanctuary of our amiable democratic contemporary:

"This is a function of the knights of Ak-Sar-Ben," said Secretary Penfold. "Why I have been chased because the World-Herald was given three representatives and the other papers but two. The fact is I was invited to the banquet and Mr. Hitchcock was not invited as a representative of the World-Herald, but on account of the assistance he gave us in Washington. He did everything he could to aid Mr. Pickens and myself when we were trying to get the president to come here."—World-Herald, September 14.

And the dark waves of thy hair My struggling manhood drown. But the poet and the lover and the man have simply tolerated, not adored, the supplementary service of puff and rat. And now that the pulp has had the courage to begin an effective crusade against these adventitious artifices to nature's indigenous gift to woman, there is hope that once more the gentler sex may find in sweet simplicity of hair arrangement sufficient hirsute charm for the sex which fondly treasures among his old-fashioned fancies the picture of his mother with hair simply parted and flowing in natural waves from her pure, clear forehead.

The Hunger for Land.

The average man covets every slightly vacant lot, dreams of living the independent life of a farmer and has a burning desire to join in every land rush when government registration is announced. Land hunger has been an American heritage from the days of early settlement, and the homestead system has fostered it until now that meet the popular demand.

It is in the administration of this desert country that the reclamation service of the government has its opportunity to appease the land hunger. Irrigated desert land will be the cry of the dissatisfied men from the cities. When this supply is exhausted, the government will have to demonstrate more closely the value of intensive farming.

Some of the same democratic organs which read Judge Dean out of the party when he accepted a supreme bench appointment from a republican governor are now insisting that he square himself with his party by recording his vote in favor of the democratic nonpartisan judiciary law.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner insists that plank in the democratic state platform admonishing democrats not to vote for democratic candidates "merely because they are democrats" must be vindicated even if every nonpartisan democrat has to vote the straight democratic ticket to do it.

A lot of good people with mining stock in their pockets have become millionaires overnight, only to wake up the next morning. Of course, we trust that nothing like this will happen to those Omaha folks who are just now walking on gold-lined clouds.

The labor leaders who are trying to delude themselves by reiterating that the street car strike is still on should wake up. The best thing for them to do now is to face the music and call the strike off, so as to have the record show the true situation.

By the marriage of his daughter Mark Twain has acquired a son-in-law burdened with the name Oasip Gabrilowitch. If Mark doesn't have a lot of fun with that name it will be a sure sign that he has reached the age of deterioration.

Those who hold to the new philosophy that "a child is a subdivision of mortal thought" can never have heard a child's sudden burst of confidence put a whole party of adults off the main track.

It is hardly to be expected that the street car strike could be pulled off without some political dead ducks trying to utilize the occasion to resurrect themselves by post mortem pyrotechnics.

There is yet time to disappoint some of our friends in Lincoln by pulling up the attendance at the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival to something like what it would have been without our late strike troubles.

How is Your Igloo? Boston Herald. One of the things that the polar controversy has accomplished is the addition of "igloo" to the popular vocabulary, though not more than half the people you meet can tell just what it means.

Other Calls Coming. New York Tribune. Having promised to ask congress for \$10,000,000 to help the irrigations, the president will find the deep waterways boomers expecting him to task at least twice that sum for them, an expectation they will have ample opportunity to make known to him while he sails down the Mississippi as their guest.

Another Alarmist Breaks Out. Pittsburgh Dispatch. A ministerial astronomer at present located in New Mexico makes the prediction that the earth is in danger of being destroyed by a comet.

Basils of a Real Debate. New York Sun. Mr. Bryan, refusing to discuss the tariff with Joe Bailey on a public platform, says: "A debate might be pleasing to the participants and entertaining to the audience, but I think that the subject which I am endeavoring to present is worthy of calm and serious consideration."

Little Rhody's Unique Eminence. Springfield Republican. No one would say offhand that the state in the union which yields the highest average of corn per acre is Rhode Island, but such is the fact, according to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture.

Counting the Cash

Jaded New York Figures on the Cost and the Returns of the Big Nautilus-Culion Celebration.

New York pulled off a series of great shows on land and water last week. No doubt about that. What Buffalo Bill remarked on seeing St. Peter's, Rome, slight altered, fitly describes the celebration as a whole. "It was a Jim-dandy corker." New York believes it was the best ever, and may be pardoned for feeling a bit chummy. Of course, the reason why the city put up \$2,000,000 for the show was to bestow appropriate honor on the discoverer and the inventor whose good fortune and fame enriched the generations of today and leaves a few openings for the children of tomorrow.

Conservative estimates indicate that there were 1,000,000 persons residing at glitzy points who were in the city all of the week. This is shown by the hotel registers and the increase in boarding-house business. On each individual day of the celebration there were another million persons who came to the city from nearby places. The subway, which was constructed to carry a maximum of 400,000 passengers daily, carried more than 1,000,000. The same figures applied also to the elevated railroad, and at the end of the week the two systems had carried upward of 15,000,000 persons at 5 cents each.

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Bankers in the department store, hotel and restaurant districts expressed surprise over the normal state of their deposits and cash balances during the last week. They argued after the close of business on Saturday that the falling off in many lines of business represented by their deposits, caused largely by decreased activity, just about balanced the extra cash business brought by the celebration.

The large downtown banks report an unusual call for money and little increase in deposits. An officer of the Irving National Exchange bank, which is in the heart of the produce district at West Broadway and Chambers street, said: "During a celebration of the magnitude of the one now in progress here collections all along the line are naturally slow, and so far the business of the bank has shown no material change. Next week may tell a different tale. But just now our customers are using considerable money and the volume of this trade during the last two weeks cannot be judged at present."

Two facts were made very evident by the celebration. First, the horse vehicle is gone from the life of the city, as few were in evidence, either day or night, as compared with the auto-propelled machines. There were miles upon miles of autos in lines upon avenues and streets, and here and there sandwiches in worn a few carriers, and even the finest horses and the most expensive victorias looked antiquated back numbers when brought side by side with the latest styles of luxurious and completely equipped automobiles.

The second fact proved during this celebration is that Fifth avenue has taken away from Broadway the crowds of visitors and the passing throngs of the city. True, Broadway each night was well filled with people—probably held more people than it ever held before—but Fifth avenue, night after night and day after day, has had twice the number of people, riding and walking, as had Broadway.

The moving lifts of the city have been turned into Fifth avenue from Twenty-third street northward, and it is easily to be seen that from Washington Square to Central park, Fifth avenue is to become the leading business street of the city. Broadway will now have to yield to the avenue the pre-eminence as the great street of the city, but will ever retain its position as one of the leading thoroughfares owing to its location upon the island.

Nevertheless, a fat coal pile is the most comforting fixture for an igloo at this season of the year. Charles E. Magoon of Nebraska, former provincial governor of Cuba, reached New York last Saturday, having completed a four months' tour of Europe.

Negro citizens of Hartford are to give Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley a silver loving cup in recognition of and gratitude for his speech in behalf of the negro soldiers involved in the Brownsville affair. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, the defeated democratic candidate for governor of New York in 1908, and for two years lieutenant governor of the state, intends to become a democratic candidate for the general assembly at the election this fall.

Governor Harmon of Ohio, who has been mentioned as a possible presidential candidate on the democratic ticket, has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration at the Democratic Day celebration to be held at the Texas State fair in Dallas this month.

Southern politicians are watching with some nervousness the spread of a farmers' union in Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, with indications of spreading northward. The probability of the union taking a hand in politics disturbs the smoothness of political machines.

A. R. Stafford of Minerva avenue, St. Louis, has issued at his own expense 1,900 true blue buttons, he says, to be worn by men as a pledge to give up their seats to women. A few appreciative women will wear white buttons bearing the words, "Thank you." How about the women who must have two seats? Will they wear two buttons?

DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder. A Specialty for Home Baking. Fifty Years the Standard. Makes finest cake and pastry, light, flaky biscuit, delicious griddle cakes—palatable and wholesome. Ingredients found in the low-priced baking powders are deleterious. The active principle is a mineral acid derived from sulphuric acid, oil of vitriol. NO ALUM. No Lime Phosphates.

LINES TO A LAUGH. "The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be tenant. "I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give reference, as I always pay as I go." "That won't do in this case," rejoined the landlord. "I only trust parties who pay as they come."—Chicago News. "How are you getting along with your good roads movement?" "Well," answered Farmer Cornsossel, "we haven't gone backward. We've still got the right of way and a good deal of the raw material."—Washington Star. "Wagey boasts that he always speaks in rhyme." "That wouldn't be so bad if he were equally particular to mind his speech."—Baltimore American. "Who presented the count to you?" asked the privileged friend. "No one," answered the helress. "I bought him."—Lippincott's. A conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eureka. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell:—"You're a liar. You're a liar." And then from the brakeman at the other end of the car:—"You really are. You really are."—Everybody's. First Newporter—Was it an informal dinner? Second Newporter—Very. The flowers only cost \$2,500.—Puck. "Don't you think the king of Denmark was a little hasty in awarding credit for the discovery of the north pole?" "No. He acted with foresight. Today he is about the only man in the world who can claim to have the whole business off his mind."—Washington Star. Hobbs—How are you getting on in your literary career? Graph (with pomposity)—Splendidly. I am now collaborating with Scribner, the author. Hobbs—Is it possible? What part of that work do you do? Graph (two words the typewriter for Scribner)—I put his ideas into readable form.—Puck. Just after a severe electrical storm, a timid patron of a rural telephone system.

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