

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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An epidemic of grip at the Iowa state house is attributed to the open draft. Draft, not graft.

In the face of the high price of milk, the visible duty of the American babe is to stick close to nature.

It seems that that agitation about the icy old pole has shaken down an October snowfall as far south as Texas.

Children are a natural resource that should be conserved in the public schools. Let the grown-ups do the work.

Ak-Sar-Ben XV has passed into history and has contributed by no means the least glorious page in the record of the dynasty.

Did the poet who sings of the "host of recollections in the old haymow" ever try to feed a forkful of them to a hungry cow?

Budapest's scheme of a "telephone newspaper" is to be tried in America. But who wants to be waked up with a cry of "Extra" at his bedside.

Dr. Cook came west with a bad cold. After acclimating himself to the Arctic he could not withstand the rigors of one day's changes in Pittsburg.

It goes without saying that Nebraska's delegates to the Dry Farming congress, which is to meet at Billings next week, should be chosen from dry towns.

If the "wets" continue to carry Connecticut towns as they did at this week's license elections the state may lose its reputation as the land of steady habits.

Mr. Taft confesses to homesickness for the Philippines, so they are furnishing a room at the White House in Filipino style, presumably on the principle that like cures like.

The Oleander is the steamboat chosen to convey the president down the Mississippi. Oleander being of the laurels, it is a mighty appropriate place for a president to rest.

I know that we cannot have a democratic senate in the next congress.—Mr. Bryan at El Paso.

Then why try to fool people into the notion that even an overwhelming majority in the next house would give the country a democratic tariff?

When a woman gets so progressive that she will not use her husband's name, as is the case of members of the New York legislative league, it is pretty nearly incumbent upon her also to refuse to use any of the old man's money.

The forming of an international corporation to manufacture and export the Wright airships in all countries where Wright patents have been secured, marks the practical recognition by capital of what a short time ago was deemed the height of folly. Money will fly wherever it thinks it sees profits.

The space in Mr. Bryan's Commoner that used to be devoted to a back-fire on the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota is now being used to cut the ground from under Senator Bailey of Texas. It will not do for anyone to loom too big in the democratic firmament and expect to hold his standing in the columns of the Commoner.

Paganry and Pageants.

While Omaha is still in the atmosphere of Ak-Sar-Ben pageants a few sidelights on the pageantry features of the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York City will not be uninteresting. For the most independent observations and criticisms of that great centennial commemoration we have to look to the New York Independent, which, in this case, is true to its name.

The historical parade designed "to give an impetus to historical research and to present historic scenes so they will impress themselves more clearly on the minds of the spectators than could be done by books and pictures," and on which the city spent \$250,000 and employed 300 men for months in preparation of the floats, it pronounced "a fake." It was about as instructive and consistent as a comic opera, nearly as funny, but not half so pretty, and "instead of some fairly correct representations of historic scenes these were for the most part grotesque pyramids of papier mache, coarsely painted and adorned with ill-disguised men and women, chaffing, flirting and chewing gum." Pointing out the defects in detail, we are informed, "no attention was paid to chronological order, but titles without floats, floats without titles and floats with the wrong titles were all jumbled up together," and this chaotic condition was not remedied when the parade was twice repeated, on Staten Island and in Brooklyn.

The carnival parade in the evening was less objectionable," we are assured, "partly because nobody expects accuracy or consistency in myth and legend, partly because the failure of the plans for lighting the floats in part concealed their absurdities." The chief lesson of the week's festivities, according to the Independent, is the demonstration of the superiority of water pageantry over land and of military over civilian. It has only praise for the naval parade as "far the best managed, prompt, imposing and extensive."

The novelty which scored best in New York was found to be the fireless fireworks "produced by turning a large battery of strong searchlights on a row of pillars of steam and on the clouds made by smoke bombs bursting in air." The vast possibilities of this new spectacular art are said to be undeterminable. We venture the opinion that the shortcomings of the Hudson-Fulton pageant were due chiefly to the fact that New York is not accustomed to an annual street show and lacks the experience in this connection which cities like Omaha, New Orleans, St. Louis and Kansas City have acquired. And still, New York's efforts may afford us some hints for improvement in our own future pageants.

Safeguarding Public Health.

It is gratifying to know that a quiet but powerful undercurrent of activity is being maintained by the Committee of One Hundred on National Health. This movement has no stauncher adherent than President Taft, with whose assent the following brief but pointed health plank was adopted as a part of the platform at the last republican national convention:

We commend the efforts destined to secure greater efficiency in national public health agencies, and favor such legislation as will effect this purpose. This plank was the subject of detailed discussion by the president and those advising efficient national health bureaus at a conference just before he started on his western trip and the president assured his visitors that he was so much in earnest in the matter that he intended to incorporate his views on the subject in a special message to congress at the next session, when efforts will be made to enact into law some measure to give unity and efficiency to the various parts of our governmental machinery already in contact at some point with public health matters.

Health is a matter of such public concern that there can be no political division on any well directed effort to improve the conditions of living or to control disease and safeguard the community, commonwealth or nation. So many new problems confront the medical world today that it will welcome any extension of national aid in preventing or combatting the ills that flesh inherits.

The Hazard of the Play.

Patients who are advised by physicians that the theater is a better tonic than medicine for tired nerves and jaded frame, are prone to retort that the price of good seats makes the playhouse an expensive luxury. This is a careless reply, given without considering the cost of modern amusement enterprises or the hazards attending them. The rewards seem high, to an outsider, for success in the theatrical world, but the manager is never free from the realization that it is largely a gamble, and the disasters of the profession are as forbidding as the prizes are alluring.

New York, that spendthrift center of pleasures, has just permitted a highly praiseworthy Italian opera company to go to the wall, after a valiant struggle to give the best of music capably and at a moderate price. Sothern and Marjorie, conscientious players and competent managers, have been ordered by the court to pay heavy damages to an author whose play they had abandoned because it would not draw. The theatrical world has to do with a fickle public. In the matter of preparation each play represents a tremendous outlay before the first production which may stamp it a failure, and even then the manager is not free from the pay-

ment of the author's royalties, as the court has just decided.

Altogether too often the play is a hazard, and he who sits in a comfortable seat enjoying a good drama or opera little realizes that while he is being helped to forget the cares of life manifold perplexities and worries and expenses are accumulating on the shoulders of the man who makes the play possible, on the other side of the curtain.

The Teakettle and the Wife.

Ever since man became civilized enough to demand hot water for a shave and woman became addicted to the confidences of cozy tea, the kettle with a swan-neck spout has played the role of leading lady in the melodrama of domestic bliss. Dickens opened up one of his most popular stories with a dissertation on how the teakettle began it. It was the teakettle that gave the inspiration for the steam engine. All these years man has been considering the teakettle as a sort of idealized songbird of household comfort, whose activity was concurrent with the purr of happiness in the breast of every faithful wife.

It transpires, however, that all is not happiness that sings. Lulled by the tacit housewifery behind whose smile he sought not the shadow, man has been suffering his daughters to go in for athletics and higher mathematics and other physical and mental callisthenics remote from acquaintance with kitchen range and sink. The women have been too busy with their drudgery to interfere, or it may be that they have deliberately let the girls alone in their pursuits in the hope that the new crops of husbands would finally get what was coming to them.

At any rate, more than in the old-fashioned days of "stints" that taught the girls how to cook and wash and mend, the modern miss has approached her future state with a dream, as one wise wife of experience put it, of a dainty kitchen walled in blue and white tiles, with neat scrim curtains and red geraniums in the windows, and canaries singing in golden cages. To one such dreamer this good housewife said: "Wait till you discover the pathos of the teakettle, the sadness of the flat-iron and the tragedy of the mop."

It can readily be seen, when one stops to consider, how the constant filling and refilling of the teakettle would tend to inspire yearnings for a change of duties upon even the most enthusiastic devotee to her husband's creature comforts. Reduction of the liftings and reliftings of that kettle to foot-pounds as an estimate of the prodigious volume of that single item of work, would rout a man, yet the woman must keep on singing her roundelay in union with her kettle. And the kettle is only one of the distracting diversions in the merry play of keeping house.

Fortunately, there is hope. Dawn is at hand. The high schools of the country are to start the kettle on its inspiring way to a higher education which the universities are to finish. Even so great an institution as Columbia is leading in the crusade for the abolition of domestic drudgery, and by its school of household arts is to demonstrate to the world the ease with which a man on a small salary may have a home of contentment without making a slave of his wife. The holder of the degree of mistress of household arts is to flaunt her diploma in the face of the grocer who reports that "eggs is gone up," the sheepskin is to serve as a solace against the discovery that the sugar has run out, and under its magic use as a wand the broom and the mop and the coal scuttle will have vanished and the wall of the teakettle no more will be heard in the land.

Tragedy of Happy Marriage.

Utterance has at last been given to philosophy in explanation of that embarrassing manifestation which has put a damper on bridal parties from time immemorial, the sudden outburst of some member of the family into bitter weeping. The philosophy comes in all seriousness from Mark Twain, whose views one always suspects as coating a tidbit of fun, but in this case Mark is as sentimentally solemn as he was when he made his pathetic little comment on reaching the age of three score and ten.

In his private capacity as Mr. Clemens, Mark Twain had just given the hand of his daughter in marriage, when he was asked point blank by an intimate friend, "The marriage truly pleases you?" "Yes," was his answer, "fully as much as any marriage could please me, or perhaps any other father. There are two or three tragically solemn things in this life, and a happy marriage is one of them, for the terrors of life are all to come. A funeral is a solemn office, but I go to one with a spiritual uplift, thankful that the dead friend has been set free. That which follows is to me tragic and awful, the burial. But marriage—I am glad of this marriage, and Mrs. Clemens would be glad. Yet all the same it is a tragedy, since it is a happy marriage, with its future before it, loaded to the brim with uncertainties."

No fun-making in this. The veteran humorist had his own happy marriage in mind, his own dead wife, with whom Mr. Clemens was associated in the gentlest and tenderest and most devoted intimacy through long periods of vicissitudes, buffetings, discouragements. Together they faced the future, their vision blinded by the golden rays of the joyous present; they had yet to penetrate the gulfs of fortunes weathered and lost, the deeps where favorite children withered and perished. "You hear that boy laughing, you

think he's all fun," but behind the perennial boyhood of the Mark Twain spirit is one of the most rugged experiences, grim with personal tragedies such as try the soul, and it was forth from the memories of that experience that Mr. Clemens evolved the philosophy that nothing in human life is more tragic than a happy marriage. The tying of the nuptial knot is an incident of the day; within that knot are bound two lives, interests individual, with all their issue, and to the wedded pair the curtain is but just arisen on a drama which only those can appreciate who have lived through its various stages as has Mr. Clemens, now living the epilogue of life's fitful play.

The Future of Alaska.

Representatives of Alaskan interests who had been dreaming of early statehood for their productive, and no longer inaccessible country, must have been disappointed by President Taft's plain announcement to the assembled enthusiasts at Seattle that he is opposed for the present to taking the first step towards statehood by the granting of an autonomous form of territorial government. Mr. Taft gives reasons which will be fairly convincing to those who have no personal or direct concern, and promises, moreover, to visit Alaska at the next opportunity and study its possibilities at close range. Until then, however, he is satisfied that the country, because of its sparse and widely scattered population cut off from communication and intercourse with one another, is not ready for a greater degree of self-government than it now possesses. He would first have the United States foster the building of railroads throughout the Alaska land and the development of its natural resources through the agency of a presidential commission co-operating with the governor and other existing officials.

The future of Alaska must be worked out to conform with the needs of a population dependent on its peculiar geographical and climatic conditions. After New Mexico and Arizona shall have been admitted to statehood Alaska will be the only possession that can count on eventual transmission into that self-governing territory and then ultimately co-equal statehood. Alaska will be settled up and peopled by emigrants from our own states and its native population will constitute no serious barrier. In these respects it is strikingly different from our other possessions, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, where the natives make up the bulk of the inhabitants and the Americans are regarded as newcomers, if not as intruders. It is safe to say, however, that while Alaska may look to ultimate statehood it cannot expect to achieve the goal for years, and possibly decades, to come.

Threat of a Holy War.

Thus far the operations of the Spanish forces against the Riffs in Morocco have been in the nature of a punitive expedition, but so stubborn has been the resistance that Alfonso has been compelled to send reinforcements, until now General Marina, in charge of the campaign, has at least 50,000 men already in the field, with 15,000 more on the way. Madrid celebrated too soon a victory which it interpreted as the end of the strife, for the indications, so far as the censored dispatches are permitted to show, point to the speedy possibilities of a "holy war," with all the Moors united "in the name of the prophet" against the Spaniards.

Such a "holy war" would be likely to involve at once other nations of Europe, whose acute rivalries cannot but be inflamed by encroachment upon their jealously guarded interests in the zone of such a war's activities. France, under the Algerias agreement, has been keeping peace in Algeria by a show of force with 75,000 men, all of whom would be summoned to action if the threat of a "holy war" were fulfilled, inasmuch as such a war would instantly inflame the Algerians with its fervor. Germany is suspicious that Great Britain may have authorized its North African satellite, Spain, to carry the punitive campaign beyond its original borders until it shall constitute an invasion from which Great Britain may obtain an enlarged sphere of influence, and Germany would welcome the opportunity to prove its suspicion.

In the meantime, the Spanish operations against the Moors continue unpopular in Spain, where all the elements of unrest are so active that Alfonso is in a state of perplexity how to control the local situation when his home garrisons are being drained for North Africa. Altogether the affairs of nations are so thoroughly involved in the Moroccan situation that European embroilment cannot but follow the execution of the threat of a "holy war."

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

Chicago Inter Ocean: That Kansas preacher who resigned to become a street car conductor so that he could earn an honest living and not be criticized by anybody may be all right on the first proposition, but he has erred gravely on the second.

Washington Herald: A New Jersey minister declined a call at \$800 per year, but agreed to accept it if the salary were fixed at \$300. This will suggest to many of his brethren the truth of the injunction that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"—some of us, at least.

St. Louis Republic: The Iowa church which has taken a contract to make signal flags for a railroad may seem to be going a little far into temporal affairs, but it will at least get money enough to pay the preacher's salary, and without this the spiritual needs of the congregation could not be supplied.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

There is no frost on the pumpkin, no flies on pumpkin pie.

Bought for a song" is a careless old saying that loses its sappiness when one considers the case of the poet who, lacking other means, bartered a poem for a grave. Assurance of one's burial place is among the tragic worries of life; there are even co-operative arrangements in these modern days to guarantee that, no matter what else one may lack, he is sure of his final mound of earth. Even the most careless of men have a sentimental concern for the disposition of that body which they have pampered when they had the means, and the poet's trading his song for a grave is typical of mankind's disposition to be thrifty for this one need, if for naught else in life.

The advantage of rising from the ranks is exemplified in the case of the head of a leather company absorbed by the trust. Being told to quit his \$8,000 job, he produced a contract, whereupon the trust ordered him to go to work as a laborer in the shops. Whereupon he promptly proved himself competent to resume at the foot of the ladder where he began, and is still drawing his \$8,000. All of which goes to show that it sometimes pays to be able to be useful as well as ornamental.

Short Call at Long Range.

Mars is now only about 30,000,000 miles away. If it only kept coming we could talk to 'em soon without a megaphone.

Where Food Finds Lead.

What a fierce time the common people do have in this world, anyway. If they eat white flour, they will get appendicitis; if they eat corn bread, they will get pellagra; if they eat beefsteak, they will get in the poorthouse.

A Long-Felt Want.

A Frenchman has invented a system of making glass so tough that a piece one-tenth of an inch in thickness will withstand heavy blows from a metal hammer. This will enable people who live in glass houses to throw stones without thinking seriously of the probable consequences.

Keeping Up the Pace.

President Taft announces that he hopes to go to Panama during the Christmas holidays and to Alaska next summer. He seems to be trying to prove the correctness of his recent statement that he is "only a transient occupant of the White House."

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

Only a dead faith can be separated from living morals.

People who give sunshine never have to beg sympathy.

Life would leave us all fools but for the lessons of affliction.

Pessimism is usually another name for habitual introspection.

No man is fit for another world who is not efficient in this one.

A man never improves his character by posing for a reputation.

There is a world of difference between self-reverence and self-adoration.

The stink of a sorrow lasts as long as we refuse to be sweetened by it.

He who says he is ready to die for truth often means he is ready to kill.

Many think that religion is a matter of notions or emotions instead of motives and motions.

You cannot carry the cup of comfort to another without being blessed by its fragrance yourself.

Simply to be just, considerate and helpful is better than to master all the metaphysics of this and all other worlds.—Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Inter Ocean: That Kansas preacher who resigned to become a street car conductor so that he could earn an honest living and not be criticized by anybody may be all right on the first proposition, but he has erred gravely on the second.

Washington Herald: A New Jersey minister declined a call at \$800 per year, but agreed to accept it if the salary were fixed at \$300. This will suggest to many of his brethren the truth of the injunction that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"—some of us, at least.

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Charleston News and Courier: Thomas Starr King said a very good thing about the Universalists and the Unitarians, which appears to be worth while repeating just now, in view of Mr. Taft's recent hobnobbing with all sorts of religious people. Mr. King said that the difference between the Universalists and Unitarians appeared to be that the Universalists think God is too good to damn them, and the Unitarians think that they are too good to be damned by God.

There is no frost on the pumpkin, no flies on pumpkin pie.

Halley's comet is skipping along at the rate of 4,000,000 miles a day—which is going some.

Calgary, the Manitoban town which rivals Medicine Hat as a weather-maker, boasts a population of 30,000, most of them hot and lively people.

Jaded New Yorkers are up against a harder task than downing Tammany. They propose to regulate the pitch and tone of the music of auto horns.

The winking pictorial maid with arching brow and bearing the sign "Shut the Door," is about to begin a six months' engagement at the old stand.

The fund for a monument to the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota now amounts to \$5,000. Contributions are limited to \$1 and the total to \$25,000.

Mark Twain's daughter has annexed the man and the name Osty Gabriowitch. If Huckleberry Finn can be reconciled to the name others haven't a murmur coming.

A statue typifying Purity is to be set up on a building in the Tenderloin district of New York City. It will be eighty feet above ground and beyond the average reach.



ENGAGED?

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DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

She (after a long silence—Did I hear anything fall? He (timidly)—Why, no. She (with a yawn)—Oh, excuse me, I thought you dropped a remark.—Baltimore American.

"Women have gained fame despite the men!" shouted the sharp-featured suffragette. "Yes, for untold ages," replied the mere meek man.—Judge.

Her—Yes, he used to take me to the theater and send me flowers and candy. Him—What did you do to him to make him quit it? Her—Oh, I went and married him!—Cleveland Leader.

"John," she said, "don't you think this talk about trial marriages is just horrid?" "Oh, I dunno," he replied. "Why, you don't believe in them yourself, do you?" "Have to, if there's any marriage that ain't a trial, you just show me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tramp—Say, mister, I haven't had a bite all day. Delected angler—Same here. Where did you fish?—Boston Transcript.

"No, I don't know him. Who is he?" "He's a leadin' member of our bar association." "Bar association? Legal—or convivial?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Brother Goodole," asked the Rev. K. Mowatt Laighty, "did you announce last Sunday that I would occupy your pulpit this morning?" "Indeed, I did, Brother Laighty." "Yet look at the smallness of the congregation. I can't account for it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Did she refuse him?" "Practically, she said she would not marry him till he arrived at years of discretion."—Life.

The honeymoon had begun to bump the usual bumps. "George, dear," queried the bride of six months, "are you glad you're married?" "Sure thing," replied George. "Why are you glad?" she asked. "Because," he explained, "it will prevent me from making any more mistakes of that kind for the present."—Chicago News.

A CHALLENGE.

John Kendrick Bangs in Alnetee's. Come, Worry, let us walk abroad today! Let's take a little run along the way; I know a sunny patch that leads from Fear

Up to the lovely fields of Wholesome Cheer. I'll race you there—I'm feeling fit and strong. So, Worry, come along!

We started on our way, I and my Care; I set the pace on through the springtime air. But ere we'd gone a mile poor Worry stopped. Tried hard to catch his breath, and then he dropped.

"Whist! I went on— An easy winner that Marathon. And since that day, when vexed by any fear, When Worry's come again with visage drear, I've challenged him to join me in that race. And found each time he could not stand the pace.

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