

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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GEORGE B. TESCHUCK, Treasurer

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 21st day of December, 1909.

W. P. WALKER, Notary Public

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

Making dates is no easy matter, these days. Can you yet write it 1910?

The brave revolutionist has set no 8 o'clock limit on the travels of the water wagon.

Talk of reviving the dead, here's Kansas striving to make a live issue out of the cemetery trust.

The question of what is whisky seems to have been settled, but the debate as to why it is still on.

If the stock market reformers succeed in their plans, future gambling will become a thing of the past.

Wheat took a tumble as the markets closed for the year, but unlike Humpty Dumpty it is able to get up again.

Those strange lights in the night sky of Worcester, Mass., are now reported as visible at Rye, N. Y. Note the name.

In the pathway toward a year of happiness, it is well to remember that being a good fellow is not necessarily being good.

New Yorkers are launching a new party to fight Tammany. Why? The late returns were that Tammany was knocked out.

The voice of peace in the switchmen's strike must either have an impediment of speech or else have fallen upon deaf ears.

Pomologists may look to the Manhattan orchards for a record plum crop as soon as Mr. Gaynor gets ready to shake the branches.

Dr. Elliot having vindicated his legal title to the five-foot bookshelf, he can afford to thank his discomfited rivals for their advertising.

A Massachusetts mayor named White refuses to write the usual messages. He evidently draws the color line against black and white.

New York is to have a theater which will be roofless in summer time. That will let the high jinks of Manhattan effervesce without raising the rafters.

Mr. Wu, the original He-wanted-to-know, promises to return to America in fifty years. By that time he will have discovered some more questions to ask.

While the last year was a banner one in the sale of diamonds to Americans, the new year will determine whether the diamonds or the hearts they won are trumps.

Mascagni, rendering Tennyson's "Godiva" into opera, changes the lady's name to "Ysobel," which seems a note as false as the hair she will wear, and is taking more unwarranted liberties than were attempted by Peeping Tom.

Will the woman whose husband has no will shovelf kindly favor him with a thoughtful gift when she runs out to the bargain sales this week? The unclean sidewalk is not provocative of perpetuation of the pledge against profanity.

The anonymous wall from American cities would lead one to believe that the satisfactory street car system is as hard to discover as the honest man for whom Diogenes sought. When an American city is satisfied with its street car service, it will be when it has ceased to grow.

A Lesson in Economics.

President Lowell of Harvard gave utterance to some thoughts concerning economics, during the week, which afford a lesson to the voter at large, in every walk of life. Many a careless citizen shies at the word economics, but if such an one will but give heed to Prof. Lowell's clear-cut definition of it as the one study in the natural sciences which is simple in its purposes, which no nomenclature beyond the intelligence of the ordinary man to comprehend, and constricted solely to the topic of the government of man and the things man uses for his comfort, he will find that nothing else so closely concerns him.

President Lowell discloses a faith that politics is not so hopelessly evil as the reformer would claim. Indeed, the reformer comes in for some caustic comment on the part of the Harvard president, who compares him to a woodpecker striving loudly for a whole day to drill a hole in a copper gutter pipe. He concludes that all reform movements need advice from people who are thoroughly familiar with the actual workings of political institutions. Reformers, he adds, are too prone to believe that they have a panacea that will change humanity, whereas man is likely to remain as he was before he tried their scheme, some good, some bad, and the mass indifferent to matters which do not touch their personal interests.

President Lowell well says that the library is not the laboratory of political science. In the outside world the phenomena of politics must be sought, and the student of politics derives incalculable benefit from a personal familiarity with public life. Good people who stand aghast at the methods employed in public life which they themselves commonly employ in more private affairs, are berated by Dr. Lowell, who admits that things are inevitable and legitimate in party organization which the rabid reformer fails so to distinguish from things which are reprehensible. And those who rail at a political machine of any kind do not hesitate to conduct with great complacency a little machine of their own in some society. Frequently politics is not so heated in a state central committee as it is in a sewing circle. These and similar things Dr. Lowell is free to admit, and his practical view of the necessities and virtues of established politics as contrasted with some of the impracticabilities, injustices and actual wrongs committed in the name of reform, afford interesting reflections for the thoughtful, as well as for the casual voter.

Revival of Waterways.

We seem not to be the only nation that is turning seriously to the ancient rivers for solution of the vexed problem of transportation. While we are projecting deeper waterways that shall restore the commerce of the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Ohio, France is in the thick of a campaign to make the Loire navigable from source to mouth. This is the longest river in that country, and penetrates the very heart of France, putting a wide region of vineyards, collieries, quarries, forests and factories in direct communication with the Atlantic by means of a series of canals which accommodates only shallow craft and which has long since become inadequate to convey the commerce or to develop the industries of the inland country to the proportions deemed possible.

Having determined that the Loire must be made over as a deep and permanent channel for modern vessels, the French have gone into the project with their characteristic spontaneous enthusiasm, and are planning for the removal of a series of islands from the river, excavation of sandbars by wholesale, the wadding of the banks to guard against the washings of the floods, and the dredging out and walling in of some 600 miles of bed, at an expense running into vast millions.

When the experience of the French with the Panama canal is recalled, there may be a tendency on the part of Americans to be skeptical about this undertaking, but it must be remembered that the failure of the De Lesseps scheme was due to graft and incompetency, and that the Panama enterprise was far removed from the popular eye, while the Loire improvements are going on at home under the direct and practical charge of governmental engineers. The special interest of the United States in the making of the Loire navigable lies in the fact that this river is the direct and natural route between America and central Europe. Nantes, at the mouth of the Loire, is 124 miles nearer New York than is Havre, and the improved Loire and its canals will open up to American trade a vast inland field now accessible only by roundabout and expensive railroad transportation, and will give New York an all-water route for freight clear into Switzerland.

Befogging the Issue.

The lawyers who are taking part in the discussion of court reforms are giving the public a very illuminating example of the style of procedure that has caused the clamor against "the law's delay." Instead of driving directly to the point at issue, they are proceeding after the circumlocutory manner that has won for the lawyer a place in literature to which no other profession aspires. They have been befogging the issue by dragging in collateral or hypothetical points that do not bear, except remotely, on the main question.

One side is attempting to lay the blame on the favorable leaning of the courts to wealthy men, another side

brings up the allegation that the corporation attorneys are responsible for the failure of reforms, another charges the public, itself, with failing to accept the lawyer's advice and so it goes. Courts were established for the purpose of adjusting matters of dispute between individuals and to enforce the authority of organized society over its separate members. The court does not, or should not, at least, know, rich or poor, corporation, firm or individual. The law applies with equal force to all, and one should not have any advantage over another in any case. The only possible natural advantage a rich man can have over the poor man is that he can better afford to abide the slow-moving process of the court. The corporation has a similar advantage, because its attorneys are paid whether they work or not, while the individual must hire his lawyer by the job.

The argument does not turn on these points. Eminent jurists and barristers unite in statements that our court procedure is cumbersome, that many of our methods are archaic, and that the expedition of justice requires that certain reforms be adopted. These reforms have been suggested again and again, but the bar associations in their local meetings are slow and chary to take steps to make them effective. Instead of clearing away to the achievement desired they have raised up clouds of technicalities that advantage neither them or the public. Some day the reforms will be forced. It is much better that they should come from within.

Official Judgment Lacking.

Without in any way desiring to revive the lamentable and tiresome Peary-Cook controversy, one may well be pardoned for inquiring whether there is not to be an attempt made to clinch the judgment in favor of Peary by official verdict. As the case stands, the University of Copenhagen reported Cook's claim not proven, and a committee from the National Geographic society rendered judgment in favor of Peary. But the National Geographic society is not a national body, nor has it any connection with the government. It is purely a private organization consisting of some 50,000 members scattered through the country whose membership consists of subscribing to a magazine issued by the society. It has no international recognition, and already its standing in this country is being cynically referred to by fellows of the Royal Geographical society in London, fellowship in which means recognized scientific standing. The criticism is made that the so-called national society at Washington is not a serious-minded body of scholars representative of the nation, but that its membership is thrown in like a trading stamp as a premium for the magazine subscription referred to.

It can readily be estimated where this criticism will lead among skeptics abroad. The idea is bound to grow in Europe that Peary has been proclaimed discoverer of the pole solely by a private body which was known to be in sympathy with him in advance, and which actually aided in financing his expedition. As Americans, we are interested in clinching our claim to the pole. But has official judgment confirmed the claim so that in case of subsequent polar explorations it will not be disputed among other nations? Peary was a representative of the United States navy while on his voyage. Yet our Naval observatory, the most extravagantly equipped in the world, has failed to pass upon his case. He was on the government's official roll, yet no department of the federal administration has examined his proofs. Thus far the American claim to the discovery of the North pole rests alone upon the decision of a private committee of a civilian society, sustained by a membership akin to the Chautauqua system. It begins to look as though there was sound sense in Rear Admiral Schley's proposal that Peary get a verdict from across the water. It may be found useful later.

The Red Man's Future.

Nineteen years ago Big Foot's devoted band of Sioux braves made the last stand of the Indian in armed resistance to the white man's government in the United States. In the bloody carnage of that New Year's day at Wounded Knee was written the last word in the chapter that had run from the time white men first set foot upon the continent almost four centuries before. With the bringing in of the prisoners taken to the camp at Pine Ridge began the new story of life for the Indian.

All over the west it has been the same. It is one of steady advance for the red man in the better ways of his white brother. The Indian has been taught to be self-sustaining in a country where much effort is required to achieve support. The young man who was trained as a warrior before the day on which Big Foot fell is now an energetic man of affairs busy with his farm or other occupation, while his son, born since that day, bears no more signs of the trail or recitations of glories to be won in battle, or deeds of daring achieved through personal prowess, and the reward that comes alone to him who can command it as a follower of the trail, whether it be the war path or the hunt. He is now schooled in the learning of the white man and versed in the crafts of civilization, and set upon his feet and to stand alone in ways of peace that were not the ways of his father.

The work has gone beyond the experimental stage and its results have so far been most satisfactory. Only a little while before the fight at Wounded Knee one perhaps better ac-

quainted with the Sioux than any other white man living or dead, said: "You may tame the Sioux Indian, but you can no more domesticate him than you can domesticate the American eagle or the grizzly bear." Yet within a generation the Sioux Indian has not only been tamed, but he has been domesticated to such a degree that the author of the remark quoted has expressed his surprise and confessed his error.

What is true of the Sioux Indian is true in a greater or less degree of all other Indians. They are being domesticated. Whether they will be assimilated or will remain a distinct race time only can tell. But the future of the red man seems to be certain; he will become a useful citizen.

Terrors of the Rail.

One of the penalties society pays for civilization as life's complexity develops is that it brings new terrors as well as new blessings. New diseases spring up and blast us in our hour of might and new fads lie in wait to encompass our downfall should we unwarily come within their reach. And ever and anon human nature takes on some new form, startling as a curiosity and terrifying in its potentiality. Man, being an imitative animal, is led into adopting new ways, but he is adapted to few, and out of this frequently grows confusion, and occasionally disaster.

For example, one of the highly useful directors of a great railway system died on Christmas day with the chief owner of the railroad in question. As the dinner was served at the country home of the railroad magnate the menu is withheld from public inspection, but the inference is easy that it was a feast commensurate with the joys of the occasion which it commemorated. At any rate, two days later the highly useful director, feeling moved to give his friends a touch of real life, started something in Wall street. The price of the stock jumped more than thirty points in less than thirty minutes and then fopped as quickly back. This sort of exercise doesn't sit well with Wall street men, especially in the "bold grey dawn of the morning after," and inquiry as to the cause of the strange conduct of the stock brought out the fact that its sudden upward swoop was merely the result of a desire on the part of the man who had been dining well to continue the fun a little while longer.

About the same time the vice president of another railroad astonished and delighted the employees of the department under his control by notifying them of a considerable increase in pay, the new salary rate to take effect at once. After the fortunate man had gone home and told their wives, and while they were still receiving the congratulations of their friends, came the disappointing word that the vice president whose liberality they were celebrating had been adjudged insane and taken to a hospital for treatment. Of course, his order for a general increase in salary was declared null and void. The mere fact that he ordered higher pay for the men under him was, perhaps, not taken as prima facie evidence of his insanity.

These cases are set out as illustrations of the new terrors of the rail from which poor humanity has no retreat.

A Census of Agriculture.

On the heels of Secretary Wilson's report of the farmer's banner year it is edifying to review the progress in agriculture made during the past decade. This will not be possible from official sources until the government's census of 1910 shall have been compiled and analyzed, and that result is not likely to be ready for the public for two or three years; but from the statistics painstakingly gathered by the staff of the Orange Judd Farmer it is possible to glean a forecast which seems a reasonably accurate presentation of the conditions on January 1, 1910, as compared with 1900.

The increase in the number of farms during the decade is approximately 1,000,000, and the rise in value more than \$9,000,000,000, while the gain in the annual value of farm products has been nearly \$5,000,000,000. The tendency has been to cut up the large tracts in every section into sizeable farms which can be worked along more intensive lines, which is a step toward the progress urged by Secretary Wilson. James J. Hill and other agricultural economists. In the central western states, including Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas, the gain in the number of farms has been 15 per cent, the rise in permanent values 43 per cent, and the value of the annual products has nearly doubled. A similar showing is made by the south. In the far western and Pacific states the number and value of the farms has doubled, while the worth of the products has trebled. While the gain in number in the Atlantic states has necessarily been small, the increase of farm values there has ranged from 13 to 34 per cent, and the annual product has gained in value from 67 to 71 per cent. Stupendous totals are shown by the north central states, including Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas, besides Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Mississippi and Kansas. These states represent fully one-half of the total increase of value of the country in agricultural values, and their aggregate assessment exceeds the total of all the rest of the United States. The country's entire agricultural rating now is estimated at thirty billions of dollars, which is a gain of 44 per cent in value since 1900.

It is apparent from the figures at

hand that not only has the west made prodigious strides, but also that the tendency of the whole country has been to turn more and more to the development of the fullest possibilities for production of the fruits of the soil. This is as it should be, for as the population has been overtaking the crops of the country it has become necessary for us to enlarge our productivity, and it is manifest that the latter-day cry of "Back to the farm" is bearing abundant results and that we are cultivating our acres with vastly more intelligence and application, and with correspondingly golden harvests.

Champ Clark, who comes from what once was the biggest mule-producing region in the world, laments the scarcity of the animal. He tried to blame the tariff, but did not succeed, and is at a loss to know what has become of the ancient Missouri steed. Can it be that the creature has been rendered extinct through the Lincoln habit of using it as a race horse?

Prof. Wrong of Toronto says Canada could slip away from England without striking a blow. Maybe Prof. Wrong is right, but how lonely the old lady would be with no Dominion threatened with United States annexation to worry about.

Cheer up, the year will not be devoid of gaiety. Zeppelin and the Prince of Monaco are going to fly to the pole. If they start from Monte Carlo, they may succeed by mounting the wings of the riches there released into flight.

The commander of the French submarine that dived under a sinking ship and held it above the waves until all on board were rescued, deserves to be presented with a copy of Jules Verne's complete works.

This is the week when, with all sails set, the good ship, Bargain Hunter, comes into port for the January sales. And those who watch it close will see that it does it early and often.

Minnesota having successfully taken to raising lemons grafted to grapefruit, it is apt to lay claim to the title of the banner state for graft.

An Overworked Nation.

Having worked us for \$50.00 for "the cause," T. P. O'Connor speaks truth when he says we are "a nation of overworked men and women."

Greatest is the Soil.

Farms in the United States are estimated to be worth \$20,000,000,000. These are figures that might make even a copper trust envious.

Handy Tool in Emergencies.

Uncle Sam is experimenting on the Maryland coast with a 14-inch gun, the largest in the world. With such a derring-do the American marksman feels that he has the drop and can hold on to it.

No Shade on His Lights.

The Omaha Bee thinks John W. Gates may ultimately come to be known as "Pearly Gates." No, indeed; the dim, faint luster of pearls could never satisfy John W.'s liking for luminosity. John W. either blazes or glimmerseth not at all.

Now Will You Be Good?

We knew it would come; somebody was sure to discover the fact and hammer our heads with it. Prof. Milton Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils, declares that the increased cost of living is due, simply, to the fact that Americans are eating far more than they did fifty years ago. His reasoning is, we gather, that through our production of food is very great, yet our national appetite has grown faster still; because it tastes good in the back of our mouths, we sit at table and eat and eat, and gorge and gorge and gorge.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

A man is worth only as much as makes him useful to his day. The only ideas that cannot be revised are those that are dead. It takes more than blindness to time to give the vision of eternity.

It is always easy to be good if you can be absolutely lonesome.

The piety that slopes over in meeting seldom flows over into duties.

No man is fit for good society who does not help society to goodness.

To refuse the friendship of conscience is to double the power of all your foes.

To make men good by force is to force out of them the dynamic of real goodness.

That is far from being a home where you cannot see the family for the furniture.

The streets of our cities are the only practice grounds for walking the golden streets.

Half the battle against real sin would be won if we would ignore the imaginary ones.

Many a preacher would revise his sermons on the next life if he knew more about this one.

No amount of anxiety to save the folk can make up for unwillingness to save and serve folk.

The tendency to correct all creation is often mistaken for the creation of correct character.—Chicago Tribune.

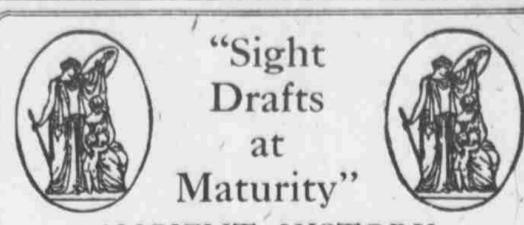
Our Birthday Book

Terence V. Powderly, once head of the "Knights of Labor," is fit today. He was born in Pennsylvania and came up through the coal mines. In later years he has been in the government service as commissioner of immigration.

Frederick B. Opper, who became famous as a cartoonist on Judge, was born January 2, 1857, at Madison, O. Mr. Opper is still drawing cartoons and funny pictures for New York papers.

Francis E. Leupp, who just retired last year from the position of commissioner of Indian affairs, is celebrating his 61st birthday. Mr. Leupp is a native of New York City. He used to be a newspaper man and made a hit with a biography of Theodore Roosevelt.

Edward S. Martin, who contributes essays and stories to literary magazines, is 44 years old and already has a long list of books behind him.



"Sight Drafts at Maturity"

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Some people might conclude we had suddenly assumed a virtue. To show our consistent record we will publish a few letters from old friends. Here is one:

THE OMAHA BEE

The Bee Publishing Co., Prop.

DAILY, Morning and Evening. SUNDAY WEEKLY

E. ROSEWATER, Editor

Omaha, September 17, 1906.

Mr. H. D. Neely Manager.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S. Omaha Neb.

My Dear Sir:—

I am glad to acknowledge receipt of your Society's check paying the claim presented to your office in Omaha, September 12, 1906, on policies on the life of my father, the late Hon. Edward Rosewater.

My father's life was insured for \$291,449.00 in fourteen different companies, the largest amount in any one company being held in the Equitable, and you have made good your assertion that the Equitable would be the first to pay any money to the estate.

Thanking you in behalf of all the family and executors for the prompt manner in which you have made the settlement, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Victor Rosewater

Executor

Another prominent business man of Omaha telephoned us and bought a policy for \$25,000, carrying a premium in excess of \$1,000.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.

PAUL MORTON, President

"Strongest in the World"

H. D. NEELY, Manager.

Merchants National Bank Building, Omaha

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Chicago Record-Herald: An Ohio preacher wants a divorce because his wife calls his sermons rot. She would probably think better of them if his salary were higher than it is.

Philadelphia Ledger: Ministers have been giving much advice lately as to the selection of wives. Common observation, however, promotes the belief that the minister who picks a good one for himself not only has been lucky, but in the matter of selection performed his whole duty.

San Francisco Chronicle: The late King Leopold's deathbed was so edifying from a church point of view as to indicate that his majesty was in the mood of the colored brother, who with his last breath thanked God that, though he had broken all the commandments, he had his "ligion left."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

A New York Judge decides that poker is a game of skill, not of chance. Experience is a great help to judicial wisdom.

St. Paul's union station is ugly enough to stop a runaway train. That puts Kansas City's "prize beauty" out of the running.

In the opinion of Louisville, Peoria and Omaha, the president's exposition of "What is whisky" exudes the right spirit.

In Chicago there is deep seated fear in mighty interested circles that the grand jury will hand some troublesome price packages to the city hall crowd.

Mark Twain's Christmas greeting was followed by his Christmas mistaking very impressive reminders of the short space between the smile and the tear in human life.

In the opinion of the supreme court of Illinois a person injured on the thrillers of public amusement parks is justified in raising the box office for all the coin a jury awards.

A school superintendent in New Jersey observes in his report "We use a rattan, putting it where nature intended it should go." For further particulars