THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss.:
George B. Tzschuck, 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 December, 1909, was as follows:

1	41,580	17	42,530
2	41,790	18	42,930
3	41,580	19	41,630
4	41,790	20	42,770
5	42,340	21	42,480
6	42,930	22	42,650
7	41,670	23	42,450
8	42,560	24	42,520
9	42,820	25	42,600
10	42,560	26	44,680
11	42,060	27	42,610
12	41,850	28	42,930
13	44,950	29	42,370
14	42,470	30	42,410
15	42,500	31	42,490
16	42,420		
Total			1,322,510
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Net Total			1,312,380
Daily Average			42,334

GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK, Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st 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.

Mr. Halley's comet will have much to answer for.

Emperor William has just passed his 51st birthday anniversary. Hoch der kaiser.

For some reason or other the pay-as-you-enter church has not yet made a bid for popularity.

Incidentally, the Jeffries-Johnson fight, if it ever comes off, will be advertised thoroughly.

Ex-Senator Hopkins of Illinois says he has quit politics. Still it is a question which quit the other first.

At any rate, Governor Shallenberger will not take the initiative on the initiative and referendum.

No one likes dirty streets, but when a big city is growing into a bigger one, some dust is bound to be jarred loose.

Some of our watch factories are cutting their time. The time pieces turned out, however, do about as well as usual.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Watch the schools of domestic science blossom and flourish in all kinds of soil.

Seining in the Seine must be dangerous in these high water days at Paris. One man is said to have already gone in-seine.

Well, if the farmer is getting more than his share, he deserves it because he had to wait a long time to get even what was coming to him.

If Napoleon had only known that his tomb might be endangered by an overflow of the Seine, he would never have consented to be buried there.

Governor Stubbs of Kansas says that Speaker Cannon is "pulverized and paralyzed" by the insurgents. If so, why then keep up the racket?

So Ireland is to have home rule again. Let the rest of the Emerald Isle people come to this country, where most of them not only have home rule, but a home to rule as well.

Some theorists have advanced the idea that the small number of farmers is the cause of the high prices and the high cost of living. "Back to the farm," he cries. All right, old top. You go first.

The innocent bystander is catching it again. Boycott the packer and the butcher—and the prices of live stock, butter and eggs go down. The producer is the loser, while the packer and the butcher get their profits just the same.

Just picture the possibility of the British liberals finding a few insurgents in their midst when they came to organize Parliament as a working force. The uncomfortable tenancy of "Uncle Joe" would be a bed of roses beside the dizzy whirl the liberal prime minister would get were such the case.

And now rumor has it that Senator Culberson of Texas may resign his seat in the upper branch of congress because of ill health. Had Mr. Bryan only known that he might have established a residence at his winter quarters in the Lone Star state instead of chasing after South American dollars on the lecture circuit.

Postal Savings.

The bill to establish postal savings banks, which will be urged upon congress as an administrative measure, has been practically formulated, subject, of course, to possible modification to cure possible defects that may be disclosed. But its main features as outlined seem to cover the requirements.

The bill makes every postoffice which issues money orders a postal savings depository, and leaves it to the postal authorities to increase the number of such offices as future demands may warrant. Anyone may deposit money to a postal savings account not to exceed $100 in any one month nor to exceed in the aggregate $500, the balance to draw interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum credited once a year. Deposits must be in multiples of $1, but to facilitate the saving of smaller amounts a stamp device is provided for by which the stamped card may be converted into a deposit with each accumulated dollar. The money is to be redeposited in United States depositories at not less than 2½ per cent, and safeguarded by special securities or bonds, as now required for government deposits. The redeposit is to be made in the nearest United States depository bank, which should effectually answer the objection that this system will tend to transfer the savings of the whole country to Wall street.

The measure as thus outlined seems to be free from confusing complications and to possess the necessary safeguards to appeal to the support of all who favor the postal savings bank system, even though this particular bill may deviate here and there from what might be thought the ideal system. It must not be imagined, however, that the bill is to have smooth sailing just because it has the backing of the president and his administration, and as the opposition is sure to be solidly phalanxed, it behooves the friends of postal savings to agree among themselves and to stand together as a unit.

One Year's Building Record.

Figures are finally at hand to show that 1909 was remarkable as a year of building activity. In fifty-nine of the principal cities of the country permits were taken out for the construction of 190,664 buildings, to cost $716,458,442, during that year, as against 166,151 buildings, to cost $508,454,406, for the year 1908. This shows an increase of 41 per cent for the year in cost and an increase of 24,513 buildings. The average cost of buildings for 1909, according to these figures, was $3,758, and for 1908 it was $3,060. Omaha's share in this increase is very gratifying, the city's total showing an increase of 29 per cent for the year in value of buildings erected.

In the class of buildings erected Omaha shows up especially well. The average cost of buildings for this city, according to the report, was $4,486, almost $1,000 above the average for the country. Compared with cities of its class Omaha shows up even better in Indianapolis the average value of buildings erected was $1,710; in Seattle it was $1,280; in Kansas City, $3,186; in Denver, $3,582; in St. Paul, $2,894; in Minneapolis, $2,161; in Atlanta, $1,238. These comparisons might be continued, but this is enough to show that Omaha is building better than many of its rivals. The average cost of buildings erected has been high in Omaha for years, indicating the excellent quality of the city's permanent growth.

Heroism at Paris.

The expense of cable tolls is responsible for many things, one being that so far we have been spared harrowing accounts of the suffering due to the floods that have wrought such havoc in Paris. The "sob squad" would revel in this opportunity, and the word-painters of the Paris press are undoubtedly yearning for the opportunity to throw their descriptive machinery into the highest gear and deluge the world with vivid portrayals of the scenes that are now challenging the apprehensive wonder of the French. But the cost of sending this sort of information abroad is prohibitive, so we of the west are compelled to satisfy ourselves for the present with skeletonized reports, touching only the high spots, while we await the coming of the illustrated papers which will show us the wall of water proceeding through the Place de Vendome, or how the Louvre was threatened by the uproarious Seine, or some other equally important feature of the disaster.

But we have not been entirely deprived of the "human interest" phase of the flood. One Associated Press correspondent, more daring than his fellows, and mindful of the yearning of his American countrymen, has furnished us with an example of the heroism that must be daily and hourly exhibited among the people of the French capital. He tells us that despite the dreadful darkness and disorder that have fallen over the gay city Madame Pinchon, wife of the minister for foreign affairs, held her regular reception. Kerosene lamps and grate fires took the place of electric lights and steam heat, and the palace of the minister was the center of festivity.

This dauntless courage that rises superior to such obstacles as a flooded city is but traditional with the French woman. Joan of Arc, clad in white armor and leading the assault against the entrenched English at Orleans; Mademoiselle of Orleans, some centuries later, charging through the king's leaguer and entering the city by a postern that she might save it for her father, and many other heroines whose names glow in warm, rich colors on the pages of French history and adorn countless romances with a glory that will never be dimmed, did not live in vain. Their examples have inspired the intrepid woman of the twentieth century, and while she may not ride to rescue beleaguered cities, or, armed cap-a-pie, mount a ramping steed at the head of a mighty force of gallant knights and well-tried soldiers, she can defy the fears that drive less competent souls to trembling seclusion. Her reception to the diplomats and others of her circle marks Madame Pinchon as the woman of the moment. And, while she is not to be deprived of any of the glory that is hers, is not the Standard Oil entitled to some little recognition? Notice that kerosene lamps replaced electric lights. Were it not for the oil of the Standard, wherewith would these lamps have been lighted?

Why Distort History?

In a series of interesting articles setting forth some personal recollections of his public life, ex-Senator Manderson exploits his part in securing the initial appropriation for the new federal building at Omaha, for which all will concede him a great share of credit. But incidentally commenting on the struggle for the selection of a place for its erection, he declares:

> There were many schemes of property owners who thought to place the building where it would advance their business interests, but fortunately these were all defeated by the action of a competent governmental official, who was appointed by the secretary of the treasury to visit Omaha and select the site.

Why seek to distort history? It is a matter of common notoriety that the selection of the postoffice site marked not the defeat, but the success of the schemes of one group of property owners to advance their own business interests. It is a matter of common notoriety also that the agent sent here by the Treasury department was either prejudiced in advance in behalf of these particular business interests or was flagrantly imposed on by them after he got here. It is a further conclusion, to which few disinterested people familiar with the facts will dissent, that it would have been far better for the city, as well as for the government, had the postoffice building been located on the crest of the hill, where it could have been seen and where it would have had the advantage of solid ground for sub-structure, rather than hidden at the bottom of a hill on spongy soil, imposing great additional expense to get a foundation and keep out the water seepage.

The old Omaha postoffice fight is dead history and the personal animosities that arose out of it have long since been buried, but that does not make black white nor change indisputable facts.

The Need for Sane Thinking.

The average American of today realizes that he is living in an age of unrest, that the fusion of a vast and diverse population necessarily produces much confusion. Vast and mighty problems are continually emerging from subterranean human conditions, whose proper solution carries with it the future progress of the country.

Demagogues and agitators would have us believe that all these problems may be easily solved by a simple formula. Many "get-well-quick" panaceas are widely advertised, and the unthinking are caught by the glitter. But social disease as that of the individual is long in brewing and takes time for curing. Nowhere is patience productive of better results than when it produces sanity of action in a time of social turmoil. When a house is burning the fireman does not necessarily destroy the building. However quickly he works he still takes time first to locate the fire.

In the present time a cool headed citizenship is needed if we are to cope successfully with our many urgent problems. Too many are prone to too much discussion and too little thinking. Patent medicine reformers set up their rostrum on the nearest street corner, and a new political issue at once arises warranted to cure every social ill known and unknown by a liberal application of the universal trouble-solver. There are many people among us who freely express more positive opinions on national subjects than does the most experienced man in public life. That the opinion is ready made for them, does not matter since they had not time to think it out for themselves. The time will come, however, when independent thinking will be less rare and no one will be expected to come to a conclusion on a mooted question, until he has viewed both sides of it and has at least given to it some sane and consecutive thought.

There have been other periods in the world's history when epochs have been differentiated, but never have the signs of change been so visible. It may be due to the fact that we are a more intelligent people than our forebears and consequently have powers of observation more highly trained. Be this as it may a citizenship is stronger as it develops farsighted faculties. The real statesman reads current events in the light of past history that he may build more secure foundations for future policies.

When the present youth of our land are citizens our current events will be their past history and stirring history it will be. And great will be its influence on their age. Let every one, especially those of the rising generation, therefore, familiarize themselves with what is going on, not only in our own country, but in the world. The "Auf klarung" is not confined to the United States—the whole world is in the process of reforming a new and higher civilization.

Pensions for Library Workers.

The completion by one of the workers in the Omaha Public library of twenty-five years of continuous service emphasizes the suggestion, which we understand has already been made through other sources, that Mr. Carnegie would be doing the handsome thing if he were to endow a foundation for retirement pensions for library workers similar to that which he has established for the benefit of retired university professors.

It is well known that Mr. Carnegie's magnificent gifts of library buildings to hundreds or progressive cities and towns has given new life to the public library as an educational center in these various communities, and that this growth and expansion has made library work almost a profession. All over the country are to be found thousands of bright men and women who are devoting their lives to the handling of books in these treasure houses, and making their contents accessible to those who would use them. This work now calls for an exacting education and a reasonably high order of ability short only in degree, if at all, of what is required for instruction in the general run of colleges and universities.

As the patron saint of the library, Mr. Carnegie ought to be as much interested in the welfare of the library workers and in assuring them against want when their days of usefulness have ended as he is in the welfare of the college professors. A foundation for retirement pensions for library workers should be one of the early moves on Mr. Carnegie's chessboard of philanthrophy.

Belated Charity.

The publicity given two mere girls in Kansas City's juvenile court has aroused a good deal of wholesale sentiment among the better class of people of that place. One is a pretty girl, but neglected. The other a scrub girl, also neglected. The pretty one has attracted much attention, especially from wealthy women, but the other sat back in the corner unnoticed. Many wanted to take charge of the former and she is now adopted. The other no one seemed to want. But a Chicago banker—name not given—who happened to be at the juvenile court, was touched by the story of the little scrub girl and on leaving provided the necessary funds to give her a convent education

The big-heartedness of many people is well illustrated by these two cases. The fact is there are more big-hearted people in the world than one is apt to think when he bumps into them in business deals. And the best part of it all is that it is big-heartedness of the right sort, spite of the concentrated foolishness occasionally cropping out in some of the cities of our country, prompting the erection of an expensive home for wandering and decrepit cats.

But why wait until boys and girls get into trouble and into the juvenile court? To benefit society permanently the cause must be rooted out. Instead of waiting until the juvenile court has brought the delinquent to light before acting do a little looking around on the quiet and devote some of the superfluous charity money and sympathy to the proper instruction of ignorant or irresponsible parents and in ferreting out and rectifying other delinquency-producing conditions. If an ounce of prevention is really worth a pound of cure, it will apply in cases of this kind as well as it does in the contagious ward in a hospital.

Here is a prediction from an old-timer who seldom misses the bull's-eye: More money will be made by shrewd investors in Omaha real estate in the next two years than in any similar previous period of the city's history. Paste that in your hat and see if it does not come true.

Commander Peary is astonished at the development made in the phonograph while he was in the far north. There are really some benefits in spending a long time among the icebergs of the Arctic. Just think of the phonographic "caterwauling" that Peary has escaped.

Again is a proverb vindicated. The democrats of Nebraska are proving themselves much fonder of Mr. Bryan when absent. If only he does not spoil all their schemes when he returns and refrain in the interval from running for president of some South American country.

Immediately after Congressman Ames voted for the first time with the insurgents his name was projected as a competitor of Senator Lodge to represent Massachusetts at the other end of the capital. Another coincidence, of course.

It is said that even his wife does not know where Dr. Cook is. That's nothing. In these days of piping prosperity when help is hard to get many a wife doesn't know where to find her cook.

General Weyler is suffering injuries sustained through a fall from his horse. General Weyler fell further than that when he went back to Spain after his fiasco in Cuba.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

The best cure for worry is to find some one who needs your help.

We can usually trust our friends to discover Providence in our troubles.

Too many mistake their own pathology of humanity for a system of divinity.

No man believes in any real heaven who does not sweat to make it real here.

The better men see the faults of others the more blind they are to their needs.

One true man in a false faith is better than a score of false men in any true faith.

Some men measure their truthfulness by their dexterity in juggling with the truth.

Some people who think they are grounded on the faith are only stranded on its shoals.

There's a much ignored difference between beating our drums and beating the devil.

No man ever paid too little for a selfish indulgence or too much for the joy of sacrifice.

Some men will not be content with their polish until they have ground all principle away.

Some are so anxious about their endings they never get around to making a beginning.

It's a common delusion that we are overcoming our own sins by advertising those of others.

If a man is anxious to learn by his follies the Almighty is not going to deprive him of the pleasure.—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Hetty Green has joined the meat strikers. He or she who hesitates now is lost.

Postage stamps are one of the few necessaries of life that fail to respond to the uplift.

Three-cent fares are a go in Cleveland and Tom Johnson is no longer mayor. The good that men do lives after they quit office.

A Chicago millionaire admits he gets genuine fun out of his habit of giving away money. His competitors for the fun are tied at the post.

If you must exercise your hammer on some necessary of life, spare, oh spare, the timid, shrinking loaf of bread.—Hit something bigger than your fist.

A preacher in Hoboken, N. J., declares that any clergyman holding down a pulpit in that town deserves paradise. Hoboken rivals Harlem as a jumping off place. Only a river between.

Uncommon joy pervades a family at Kimont, Long Island. A kindly disposed stork banished a threatened hoodoo by bringing twins, swelling the roster of children from twelve to fourteen.

Government Chemist Wiley pipes the anti-meat movement as it appears to those who bask on the sunny side of the butcher. "I do not propose," he says, "to cut off my nutritive nose to spite my financial face." Snake doc!

One of the trustees of the Syracuse university, who arrived late at a meeting, gave the institution $20,000 as suitable excuse for his tardiness. Trustees afflicted with the halting gait are welcome to make good in the same way.

The trimming of a New Yorker for $28,000 by two Chicago women is not to be classed as a great achievement because the trimmed is bald-headed. In Chicago ethics doing a bald-headed man is on a level with taking candy from a baby.

The combined wisdom of forty-seven lawyers has enabled 146 heirs to divide the $3,000,000 estate of Daniel C. Kingsland of New York. The exact division is not known, but it is certain the lawyers will pull a few automobiles out of the divvy.

Interstate Commerce Court.

Springfield Republican.

When President Taft submitted his plan of further railroad regulation, it was reported that the railroad managers objected particularly to the scheme of an interstate commerce court which would handle the judicial business accruing from the action of the government commission. They preferred to appeal to the present lower federal courts, where litigations could be more easily made of endless prolongation. Representative Stevens of the house interstate commerce committee at Washington has been gathering the views of railroad managers on this point, and finds them generally friendly to this feature of the Taft plan. Their attitude so far has been misrepresented.

A Job Worth While.

Baltimore Sun.

If Mr. Taft can induce the senate to buckle down to steady work before the session is half over, he will have accomplished something of which even as great a master as Mr. Roosevelt might be proud. The senate prides itself on the weight it carries, but it never did hold the record for speed.

Thrift a Nation's Handmaid.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Austria has just floated a new loan of $9,000,000 through the postal savings banks, when the bankers proposed a heavy commission. Through postal savings banks every dollar needed for the Panama canal could be raised direct from the people by investing the deposits in these bonds.

Having a Good Time.

Philadelphia Press.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons says he finds it not only more blessed to give than to receive, but it is a great deal more fun. His own experience is commended to the attention of multi-millionaires who do not seem to be having a good time.

A Justifiable Kick.

Chicago News.

Moreover, the consumer objects to paying for wooden butter dishes at the rate of 40 cents a pound, since they are not very good to eat.

Our Birthday Book

January 30, 1910.

The Right Rev. Arthur L. Williams, Episcopal bishop of Nebraska, was born January 30, 1856, at Owen Sound, Canada. Bishop Williams was educated at East Greenwich, R. I., and later at Western Theological seminary, Chicago. He has been at the head of the Episcopal church in Nebraska since 1899.

J. Warren Keifer, member of congress from Ohio and once speaker, is 74. General Keifer made a military record at the head of an Ohio regiment in the war. His son, J. Warren Keifer, jr., lives in Nebraska and has served in the Nebraska legislature and also as chairman of the republican state committee.

Henry C. Hansbrough, senator from North Dakota, was born January 30, 1848. He is a native of Illinois.

James A. Edgerton, who once shone as a leader of the populist party in Nebraska and more lately as a writer of prose and poetry, is 41 years old today.

Walter Damrosch, composer, musician and musical director, was born January 30, 1862, at Breslau, Germany. Mr. Damrosch has been in Omaha more than once with his orchestra and with operatic companies.

James R. Dewar, for a long time with the Union Pacific railroad and now in the coal business with C. B. Havens & Co., is 43. "Jimmie" Dewar is a Canadian by birth and a big one among the Elks, with whom he travels as past exalted ruler.

CHEERY PIPE DREAMS.

S. E. Kiser in Record-Herald.

If I possessed a million dollars
I'd have a cheerful air;
I'd give up wearing saw-edged collars,
And turn my back to care;
I'd try my best to spread good cheer,
And when the days were gloomy
I'd keep some fair one sitting near
To whisper sweet things to me.

If I possessed a well-filled coffer
And all my debts were paid,
I'd cease to be a dismal scoffer
By foolish passions swayed;
I'd cultivate a sunny smile
And give up all resentment;
To those who think that man is vile
I'd try to teach contentment.

If I were blessed with boundless riches
I'd gravely preach to those
Who labor in the reeking ditches
And toil with rakes and hoes—
I'd tell them that my lot was hard,
My lordly wealth distressing,
And try to teach them to to regard
Plain living as a blessing.

I'd do my best if I were wealthy
To make the poor believe
That being poor and, therefore, healthy
They had no right to grieve;
I'd spread the gospel of good cheer,
My visage should be sunny—
Unless I had the constant fear
That I might lose my money.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Youth—Own up! You don't hate me, do you?

Beauty—To tell the truth, I hate you like sin!

Youth—Oh, my darling! How happy you make me!—Smart Set.

"Smithers is the victim of a blighted romance."

"Poor man."

"That's what I say. The fellow his wife was to have married threw her down and Smithers got her."—Cleveland Leader.

Newlywed—What, $30 for a hat! Why, it's simply ridiculous, my dear!

Mrs. Newlywed—That's what I thought, Harold; but you said it was all we could afford.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Modern Mother (to her daughter)—Look here, my dear, I am going to give a bridge party this afternoon and I want you to stay and fill in.

Daughter (wearily)—Oh, mother, I—

The Modern Mother—That's it. You are all alike. Never ready to help me in my household duties.—Life.

"Young man, I'm sure I heard you kiss my daughter."

"Did you, sir? Next time I'll tip over a chair or shuffle my feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Let us confess our love," murmured the heroine, "and live for love hereafter."

"Suits me," responded the hero. "I'm about out of epigrams."

"Speakin' of the water wagon," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "everybody seems to be climbin' on the vegetable wagon just now—an' I reckon they'll stay on just about the same length of time."—Chicago Tribune.

"Pretty shrewd, I call him."

"What now?"

"Gave out that he had a lot of idle money, and as soon as a dozen colleges had conferred degrees upon him he built a glue factory."—Kansas City Journal.

He—When I called you up on the telephone last evening you seemed very cold in your answers.

She—Oh, no, really! It must have been the ice on the wires.—Boston Transcript.

"How did it happen?"

"He was just going to say 'good old-fashioned winter,' but I hit him on the 'old-fashioned.'"

"Discharged."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Pulsatilla, has anybody made you believe that I am engaged to another girl?"

"Yes."

"It isn't true, Pulsatilla! Tell me how I can convince you it isn't!"

"Well, George, you'll have to go and get a refutation."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Gramercy—What is your opinion about the right of women to vote?

Mrs. Park—It's enough for me to know, my dear, that it is fashionable.—Judge.