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"Uncle Joe" says he can sing, but let us hope he will not. Khartum, waited a long time, but got on the map at last.

Supposedly the drop in the price of butter indicates that it is not so strong as usual. What the matter with calling the new styles of millinery this spring the "Dreadnaught hats"?

Speaking of prices, one shudders to think of Mr. Patten's wrath as he returns from Manchester. One of the first prerequisites to paving the way for a city beautiful in Omaha is to enlarge the fire limits.

Another Boston tea party. Four tons of ancient eggs have been ordered thrown overboard in that classical city. There seems to be a difference in the "open door" policy as construed by the older and younger members of the Knox family.

If mediation can avert the threatened strike of locomotive firemen, arbitration can settle the strike of Philadelphia street car men. Democratic interest in "the future of insurgency" turns entirely on the possibility of using the insurgents to boost democracy into office.

City Comptroller Lobbeck proceeds on the theory that the early bird catches the political worm. Sometimes it does, and sometimes it doesn't. Paul Morton will be vice president of D. E. Thompson's Pan-American railroad, which will make it look even more like a Nebraska enterprise.

An eastern school teacher has lost his job because he told the pupils there is no such thing as "hell." And he had been teaching for years, too. If the firemen had a particle of that "brotherly love" in their hearts they would not try to crowd those Philadelphia street carmen out of the limelight.

The suggestion of another republic in South America should be frowned down at once. There are revolutions and rebellions enough down there already. The Wright brothers have "signed up" to show Newport something about high flying. They will have to go some, for Newport knows a little about that line itself.

The hat pin ordinance has duly made its appearance in the Omaha city council. If we must have freak legislation, why can't we start something original? It transpires that the only man who escaped with his life in the Alaskan mine explosion wore the number 13. A "thirteen" club ought to prove popular in those parts.

If Edgar Howard doesn't want to show his whole hand at once, he might name first the "prominent Omaha democratic lawyer" who has hired out as a corporation "fixer." St. Louis police force is undergoing a shake-up over the misappropriation of the police relief funds. Not that there is any cause for suspicion, but still it would not be a bad idea to have our own police and fire relief funds checked up once in a while.

Magnanimous Mack and Murphy. Chairman Mack and Boss Murphy have cracked the best political joke of the season in their assurance to the public that they will not try to freeze Bryan out of the democratic party. Nothing but the spirit of altruism could prompt such magnanimous action. Anyone can picture Mr. Bryan as he finally receives this bit of belated news that means so much to his future as the quadrennial candidate of his party for the presidency; see him relapse from a state of tense expectancy into one of calm and peaceful repose and consolation.

Before turning from the humor of this situation, it should be observed that with all their charitable impulse, Norman E. Mack and Charles F. Murphy decided not to freeze Mr. Bryan out of the party only after they had become satisfied that he would not attempt the leadership of the party again, nor essay to run for president in 1912. If Mack and Murphy believe this, then, of course, it would be foolish for them to antagonize Mr. Bryan any further by pretending to read him out of the party. They would simply be wasting ammunition that they will need for other purposes and disrupting their ranks even more than they are disrupted already.

Divested of his relentless ambition and shorn of his power, Mr. Bryan would be no more objectionable to them in the democratic party than any other private individual. Subdued and surrendered, he might make a very agreeable member of their organization. And it is only after viewing the matter from this standpoint that one can appreciate the magnificent concession Brothers Mack and Murphy have made.

But more seriously, those who know Mr. Bryan best will be slow to believe that he has forsworn his political ambition or decided to relinquish the leadership of his party. Every move he has made since his last defeat indicates that he is only resigning his forces for a new attack and strengthening his ranks for the next battle.

Canada and the Tariff. Negotiations between the United States and Canada over tariff concessions continue with Canada apparently in an obstinate mood. Canada refuses to concede to us even privileges it accords to France and Germany and maintains this course without the least signs of yielding. Canada has had the big end of the tariff relations ever since the year 1890. The discrimination enjoyed by England has made but little difference and American exports to Canadian markets have continued to exceed them all.

Canada has been known even to take more than she is entitled to under our trade agreements. Her sealers have killed our seals, her railroads have crossed and recrossed our boundary line, paying but slight attention to the orders from the Interstate Commerce commission and her shippers have had the use of our ports and free shipment of goods across our frontier. Some of these privileges Canadian shippers can not well get along without and she before losing them would make real concessions.

By the end of this month the maximum rate of our new tariff on Canadian goods, shipped into the United States, will go into effect unless lifted by presidential proclamation. The added tariff duties will be calculated to put pressure on our northern neighbor if left to take their course, but while this is going on a bitter feeling would be aroused between the two countries, which neither can afford to foment. It behooves us to use all possible diplomacy to avoid friction and maintain friendly intercourse. Canada has no right to ask of us more than she asks of European nations, but, on the other hand, we cannot afford to be unreasonable nor at the same time to permit Canada to force a one-sided exchange.

Military and Public Highways. The recent debate in congress on the use of convict labor to construct the proposed military road between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley, in Kansas, has resolved itself into a discussion of the value of rockbed highways for public traffic. The advisability and desirability of good roads seems to have taken precedence in this particular measure. Good roads have proved to be an economic value to the country and it only remains to get them. All the congressmen, apparently, favor rockbed highways and when they have been persuaded that convict labor for road making is also advisable they will become the most ardent supporters of a nation-wide good roads movement.

Figures are quoted to demonstrate that it costs just half as much to market produce over macadam roads as it does over clay roads, such as are quite common throughout this country. European countries have long recognized this; in fact, long before even Roman times the rock road was common and convicts and prisoners were employed in their construction. With the advance of civilization and its accompanying progress in the development of transportation facilities the overland route had fallen into disuse to a very great extent. The automobile, however, has emphasized again the value of the road both as a means of travel and as a means of transportation and there is a very strong likelihood of this emphasis extending to the military road as well as to the public highway.

An economic factor in our country's affairs good solid roadbeds are more important than most people realize. Tremendous quantities of agricultural products are to be moved annually and travel is constantly increasing. It now costs over \$1,000,000,000 a year to move our farm products to the points of shipment over our ordinary dirt roads. With paved roadways it is estimated that \$500,000,000 could be saved annually on this hauling. That amount saved every year would soon pay for the construction of a rock bed for every main traveled road in the country.

John C. Calhoun. The latest American to be honored within our national hall of fame is the South Carolina statesman, John C. Calhoun. Born during the closing days of the revolutionary war, of the rugged stock of Scotch Highlanders, an American in heart and a giant in ability, he was of the fiber that made our independence possible. Living in the south, amidst customs, traditions and activities fostering extreme ideas of states' rights, his motives and opinions were naturally biased. But, though a champion of the states' rights doctrine, he stands among our nation's great men in ability and sincerity of endeavor.

Two great figures in American history tower above even the presidents of our nation during their time, Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun. Champions in the conflict of those earlier years, they fought the cause of the north and the south with efforts so gigantic as to dwarf contemporaneous events. They embodied the spirit of those years and, although Calhoun lost, it was from the weakness of the cause and not from inferiority of ability. Realizing his defeat his heart throbbled with fear for the people of the south and as he closed his eyes in the stupor preceding death he was heard to murmur "The South! The poor South! God knows what will become of her."

In these days of peace and quiet when sectional animosities are dying out we can see with a clearer vision that Calhoun, the southern statesman, was patriotic even when mistaken. We can acknowledge his ability, his courage and his conscientious devotion to his principles. He was of a type of American manhood deserving to rank with the others given representation in the national capitol, where the greatest efforts of his life were made. A fitting tribute to him as a man and a statesman was delivered by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, of the "Webster succession," in the senate when the statue was received. Thus with a touch of sentiment, deeply impressive, the successor to his giant New England antagonist pronounced the eulogy to the genius and statesmanship of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina.

Citizenship Once More. The Lincoln Journal persists in the contention that we have "noncitizen" voters and that The Bee is indulging in verbal quibbles when it says that the right to vote in Nebraska on so-called "first papers" is not conferred on "noncitizens."

The best authority on citizenship is the United States supreme court and nowhere has that court gone into that subject more in detail than in the famous Boyd-Thayer case which went up from Nebraska. In the opinion rendered the court held that Governor Boyd was entitled to his seat because, as a citizen of Nebraska at the time of its admission into the union, he thereby became a citizen of the United States, irrespective of the final steps of his father's naturalization. In that case the court, among other things, quotes Chief Justice Taney as saying: "We must not confound the rights of citizenship which a state may confer within its own limits and the rights of citizenship as a member of the union. It does not by means follow, because he has all the rights and privileges of a citizen of a state, that he must be a citizen of the United States. He may have all the rights and privileges of the citizen of a state, and yet not be entitled to the rights and privileges of a citizen in any other state."

The court also there quotes with approval the opinion in the Slaughterhouse cases, which held that the first clause in the fourteenth amendment "recognized the distinction between citizenship of a state and citizenship of the United States."

No one will take issue with the Journal in its assertion that the right to vote is not a necessary part of the right of citizenship. But in Nebraska, as in most states, the right to vote is confined to citizens, and we have no "noncitizen" voters.

A terrible screech comes from the local democratic organ over the proposed use of the paper ballot instead of the voting machine in the impending South Omaha municipal election. The paper ballot was used in the last South Omaha municipal election, in which the democrats pulled out half of their ticket, while in the last county election the democrats lost everything. On this basis the democrats have no "holier" coming.

Kansas is trying to make a sensation out of the fact that Walker Weston was "all in" after stepping off seventy-two miles on his seventy-second birthday in the Sunflower state. How many miles is a man supposed to walk on his seventy-second birthday in Kansas?

Those San Franciscans are great for celebrating. Some patriotic thief on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the theft of Toby Rosenthal's famous "Elnino," gets away with a \$10,000 painting that hung in the Golden Gate Memorial museum.

The Commercial club is to be asked to prevent the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association from sending out

literature opposing county prohibition. How the Commercial club is going to control an entire separate and distinct organization is not disclosed. The Commercial club has enough to be responsible for in the literature sent out by its own authority.

Even after so long a suspense, it is gratifying to learn from the special correspondents that those natives did not, in truth, call Colonel Roosevelt Bwana Tumbo, but Bwana Makuba, which, of course, makes all the difference in the world. Bwana Tumbo! The idea!

A Chicago man wants a divorce because his wife killed and cooked the family horse and made him eat that as well as the family goat. Evidently his domestic felicity lacked the necessary spice to act as a good sauce.

It must have hit the "street" pretty hard when a New York judge recently called the Stock exchange a "Gamblers' club." The name the brokers would apply to the judge might lead to contempt proceedings.

Trenton, to enforce its demand for an old-fashioned Fourth of July, provides for three hundred automobiles and passes an ordinance prohibiting the firecracker. Must be a joker in that deck.

A London savant investigating the skull of a woman declares she lived 600,000 years ago. What a blow it would be to science if he should later discover that she lived only 600,000 years ago.

One man who pretends to know declares that the "mikes" were mulcted to the tune of \$5,000,000 in the course of ten years. Didn't know there was that much easy money lying around loose.

Can't Keep It Dark. Indianapolis News. If the railroads are still contemplating an increase in freight rates it would seem more judicious for them not to make such glowing reports of the increase in their net earnings.

Wall Street Journal. With a beef trust and a coal trust and numerous other combinations controlling necessities the report that there will be no automobile trust will be cheering news to the wage earner.

Who Are the Others? New York Sun. The admirer who rejected the treatment James A. Patten received on the Manchester exchange and cabled to Liverpool that "Patten is one of America's finest men," should relieve the public suspense by naming the others.

Charished Hope. Philadelphia Record. The government spit against the Beef trust has now reached the grand jury stage. Let us, while cheering our dear steaks, fondly hope that the grand jury has not been itself reached by the culpable against whom years have been spent in the collection of incriminating testimony.

Another Roosevelt Now. Cleveland Leader. The most famous hunter that ever shot big game at the head waters of the Nile is quoted as saying that he is ready to lay down his rifle for good and all. He declares that he has hunted enough. Now he is ready to quit.

Men often speak that way about a favorite sport which they have indulged in long and without stint, only to change their minds after awhile. Roosevelt may do the same thing. His resolutions have weight, and he is the master of his own ways, but he is very human.

However this may be, there is another Roosevelt for the world to watch and to cheer. He is out of the jungles. This return to civilization will bring to the front the Roosevelt who is a student of men and events, a voracious reader of history, an ardent grappler with hard problems of national and civic life, a man of wide outlook upon the world and its interests in all that pertains to the larger affairs of humanity.

Americans are going to be very proud of their former president when they read of the honors Europe will shower upon him and the speeches he will make and the inclusive comments he will volunteer, now and then, upon matters of wide importance and local interest. They are going to realize, more than ever before, the many-sided bigness of the man.

It is better than hunting, better than the studies of a "faunal naturalist." It will place Theodore Roosevelt before the world at his best, which is a best hard to better.

Our Birthday Book. March 17, 1910. Patrick Cudahy, one of the Cudahy brothers, who have become famous as meat packers, began life on St. Patrick's day in the morning in the year 1848. He was born, as were most of his brothers, at Callan, Ireland, and is now located in Milwaukee.

Shamrocks. St. Patrick's Day. The drum's loud roll, the clarion's blast, The heralds' lines with colors fair, Their Gaelic music in the air— 'Tis Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

The shamrock on each coat is seen In all its soft, perennial green, The year can't dim its verdant sheen— 'Tis Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Their thoughts today are wandering free Through dear old Erin o'er the sea, Who bravely waits, lone and silently, The sun on Freedom's mornin'.

The gallant men who fought and bled To place the green above the red, Oh, not in vain their blood was shed— 'Tis Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Soft strains of music fill the air, We hear the strains of "The Fair," The "Shan Van Vocht" and "Sweet Adair"— 'Tis Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

The boys from Cork to Donegal, Some, as the gallowglasses, tall— March past, and sing cheers for all On Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Good fellowship shines forth today As sparkling as the shamrock spray! We pledge our lives and hearts for all On Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Here's to old Erin's verdant lea, God guard her from the traitor's slea, May Freedom o'er her valleys glea— On Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Through Erin's vale, To love's avails, As love and Valor wander, 'Tis Patrick's Day in the mornin'.

Whose quiver bright, A thousand arrows quavered; Where'er they pass, A triple grass, Shoots up, with dew drops streaming, As softly green.

As emerald seen Through purest crystal gleaming, O! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See, They spring for me, The pretty girls of mornin'!" Says Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My heart's their glory-mornin'." But wit prevails, The triple leaves, "Oh! another's best sever A type that blends Three godlike friends, Love's, Valor's and Freedom's, O! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

Spring in Ireland. Sweet spring, you are an Irish lass, And wearing of the green, Your jeweled feet run o'er the grass And gems by all are seen; Red diamonds and emeralds, You leave behind, my queen; The Seventeenth of March will come With wearing of the green.

Thrice welcome, darling of the year, Sweet colleen of the green, The hearts of Irishmen you'll cheer On Patrick's Day in the mornin'. Each son of Erin loves you, They hail you as their queen, And all their words are filled With wearing of the green.

For the winter days are over And we tread the breathing sod, Irish soldier, Irish lover, Of his country and his God. To a martial air these verses As the colors bright are seen, The colors of old Ireland, That's the wearing of the green. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Rising of the Moon. (A. D., 1788). "Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, Tell me why you're in the '88?" "Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen!" And his cheeks were all aglow; "His orders were to be slain— Get you ready quick and soon; For the pikers must be together At the risin' of the moon!"

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, Where the 'red' is to be?" "In the old spot by the river, Right well known to you and me. Ours were the nation's and that as well, Whistle up the marchin' tune, With your pike upon your shoulder, By the risin' of the moon!"

Out from many a mud-wall cabin Eyes were watching thro' that night; Many a manly heart was throbbing For the blessed warning light. Murrins passed along the valleys Like the banshee's lonely cry, And a thousand blades were flashing At the risin' of the moon.

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PERSONAL NOTES. Colonel Roosevelt has cut the word "bully" out of his vocabulary. During his visit to Cork, however, admirals may be pardoned for reviving "a corking good time."

BREEZY TRIFLES. "I understand it was a gasoline car which struck Joneby." "Yes, and I think that is why he seems bent on 'smelling out a suit.'"—Baltimore American.

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