

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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King Meselik of Abyssinia is dead. Long live the king—whichever he may be.

Depend on March to make an impression before it disappears from the calendar.

Omaha's automobile scorchers are apparently more reckless than ever. Slow down.

The House of Lords wants to retain its veto power. Why not have a new rules committee appointed.

Perhaps the eruption of Mt. Etna is merely the first gun of the European salute to Colonel Roosevelt.

It is up to some enterprising promoter to start a company to insure the reputations of the New York law-makers.

We move that a pick-up attachment be fastened to the street commissioner's auto that it may be useful as well as ornamental.

A Danish prince is soon to become a farmer. This is evidently a step upward, for here in the west most of our farmers are kings.

Which reminds you, what about those Omaha folks who got rich a few months ago by putting money into a fabulous gold mine?

By a diplomatic method Princeton has secured the \$1,000,000 for endowment without the "joker." The joke is on the other fellow.

Omaha's dog pound is to have a telephone for the accommodation of owners of lost canines. Going to identify them by their bark.

A lot of people can actually sympathize deeply with those Colorado mountain sheep which died of starvation. Living was evidently high for them, too.

And yet it is not to be inferred that J. Pierpont Morgan and the other New York millionaires now in Europe are there especially to meet Colonel Roosevelt.

Having developed its bump of good-fellowship, the Commercial club should not let it subside. Good-fellowship should be perennial in a club of boosters.

What part of the grading or cleaning fund has swelled so that the council can afford to lop off \$500 to buy the street commissioner a "runabout" automobile?

Raising chickens with wool instead of feathers is very probably unconstititutional, but will be tolerated provided it reduces the cost of the feathered variety.

It is noticed that the Chinese question mark, Wu Ting Fang, is now ambassador to France. China has evidently found out all it wanted to know about the United States.

The unusual demand for Paris residences among the American millionaires suggests that, after all, the spirit of the millionaire aristocrat must be more European than American.

An Indiana judge pronounced the final edict that the bank cashier whom he sentenced had sunk to the lowest depth of depravity when he tried to put it all on his brother. Score one for the court.

Tariff Peace with Canada.

The announcement comes from Washington to a well-pleased public that tariff troubles with Canada are not to be. Both the Dominion government and our own have preferred to avoid a clash of this kind, for the maximum rate of the Payne tariff would work hardship for Canada and retaliation on the part of Canada would work a hardship for the people of the United States.

Neither people and neither government wanted the maximum tariff and the difficulty seemed only a matter of understanding the situation properly. Yet the commission sent to Ottawa did not make much progress and returned to Washington with unsatisfactory results. Canada was apparently obdurate and refused to come to any agreement, and it was not until President Taft took up the negotiations that conditions began to look brighter.

This adjustment of the tariff differences is another triumph for President Taft. His farseeing judgment smoothed out difficulties when other individuals failed, and, further, when it appeared that a breach was inevitable. Canada and the United States are separated only by an imaginary line, recognized on maps and by the officials of the two governments.

Canada is growing with wonderful rapidity. Great reaches of territory to the north and west are being opened up to agriculture by immigrants schooled on American farms. With a growing country, increasing rapidly in wealth, and peopled with our own relatives to deal with, the United States could well afford to use all the diplomacy at command to maintain mutually satisfactory commercial and industrial intercourse.

Sir Ernest H. Shackleton.

The impression given the banqueters in New York City recently by the appearance, side by side, of two renowned polar explorers whose research and expeditions have taken them to the opposite ends of the earth will not soon be forgotten. Commander Robert E. Peary, whose untiring efforts landed him at the most northerly point on the globe, an American, introduced to the banqueters Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, an Englishman, who has penetrated into the Antarctic zone to within ninety-seven miles of the most southerly point.

Sir Ernest on his return from his southern expedition immediately laid his records, data and diary before English scientists, and after a satisfactory inspection had been made he immediately became the undisputed hero of the nation. He plans to continue his exploration in the south and hopes this time to be able to reach the goal of his ambition. He is not discouraged by the incompleteness of his former attempt and expects to profit by previous mistakes and miscalculations.

This next expedition will be postponed for several months. Captain Scott is to sail for the south on a similar expedition in the near future and Sir Ernest does not wish to rival his efforts. But when sufficient funds are available for the purpose he will coast along the South Indian ocean for the further scientific exploration of "Antarctica," in order to ascertain some of the possibilities of that huge continent. Later he will turn southward directly toward the pole.

By his behavior Sir Ernest Shackleton has commanded universal admiration and his attitude toward his competitors for south polar honors is chivalrous and generous. He is an Anglo-Saxon type and has the dogged determination needed to attain success in this gigantic undertaking. It is no easy task to penetrate into a frozen zone for even a short distance, and Sir Ernest not only deserves honor for what he has done, but deserves to have his next polar expedition crowned with success.

Liberia Again.

The little African republic of Liberia, in which the United States has taken a peculiar interest for many years, is again in trouble. The difficulty is not only in finances, but in boundaries, in policing its frontier and in protecting the adjoining states against the interior savages who rendezvous in Liberia preparatory to raids on neighboring communities. This is not the first time Liberia has been in trouble, and the remarkable part of it all is that there is great similarity between this case and those of other years.

A short time ago when the Liberian government applied to Secretary Root to help straighten out its affairs the statement was made that the United States could not give much assistance. But a commission of Americans was sent to Monrovia by President Roosevelt to investigate, and now Secretary Knox has thought proper to take a more active part in the situation. He believes that we should look after Liberia and, if necessary, to establish a fiscal protectorate over it somewhat after the plan in Santo Domingo.

Just what will be done in Washington for the assistance of the Liberian

government has not yet been disclosed. If the United States does not assist directly it has the alternative of allowing the British and French authorities in adjoining states to help police the boundary, as they do in China and Morocco, with the strict agreement that Liberia shall retain its self-government.

Census Expectations.

A lot of people in Omaha are indulging in wild dreams as to what population the coming census will credit Omaha. Omaha has unquestionably enjoyed a substantial and gratifying growth since the last census enumeration, and will certainly show up well in the forthcoming census by comparison. Omaha wants to be accorded all the population it possesses, but it does not want to be the victim again of senseless padding, as it was in the census of 1890. The 1890 census takers marked Omaha up to 140,000, speculating on futures and discounting what it was hoped the census ten years later would make good. The 1890 census, however, cut us down to 102,558, with the consequence that to all not familiar with the facts, it looked as if Omaha had actually suffered a shrinkage of 30 per cent, when every one knows that Omaha has steadily grown and that there were more people here in 1900 than ever before.

While it is not of general information, the census bureau a few years ago made a correction of the 1890 figure for Omaha, in order to have a proper basis for comparison and for per capita computation by taking the figures for 1890 and 1900 to be correct and securing a mean between them on the assumption that the rate of population growth during that time had been really uniform. The correct figure for 1890 population was thus estimated to be 65,586, which in all probability is very near the mark. The census bureau has made a similar computation of estimated population for subsequent years, the last being for the year 1905, listing Omaha with a population of 120,565.

Another point to be borne in mind in connection with the coming census is that Omaha is one of the few cities of its class whose territorial limits have remained unchanged for two decades. The geographical boundaries of Omaha are the same now that they were in 1890, whereas a large number of cities took in new territory ten years ago, and quite a few will have taken in new territory since then.

Without waiting for the census takers, however, it is safe to assert that Omaha has added more people to its population in the last ten years than in any previous ten-year period, and ought this time to pass, in fact, the padded fiction with which we were inflicted twenty years ago.

"United States Model for Nations."

Americans very properly feel a sense of satisfaction over the remark recently made by King Frederick of Denmark to the American minister, Mr. Egan—"The United States is a model for all nations." Minister Egan and his family were recently at home on a visit and the statement was made by his majesty during an audience given Mr. Egan immediately following his return to the Danish capital. King Frederick has for some time taken a lively interest in American affairs and has made occasional inquiry regarding special conditions which prevail here. Many Danes now live in America, having come here to settle and to become citizens. They send back glowing accounts of prosperous conditions and have influenced the adoption in Denmark of our most modern methods of industry and much of our machinery. Our commerce, our inventions and our spirit of hustle and move which have been in evidence in all parts of the globe are well known and admired there, and King Frederick, appreciating their value, pays the United States a great compliment.

While our country may be a model for all nations, there are still many things we can learn from the steady and reliable old nations of Europe, and Denmark is by no means the least of these. Americans can learn much from the Danes in the cultivation of the soil so as to make it all valuable and in keeping agricultural pursuits popular with the people. Denmark is strictly an agricultural nation and in that respect is a good deal of a model in itself. We Americans can only say in return that we are glad to be of service to other peoples and we shall feel free to draw upon their experience for inspiration and guidance.

Among the natural resources of Nebraska listed for conservation are the sand hills, which, we are assured, will be found to be productive. The inscription, "Great American Desert," which once ornamented our school geography maps covering practically all the territory now comprised within the limits of Nebraska, was long ago proved a fiction.

The promised enlargement of our Union passenger station seems to be sticking somewhere, notwithstanding daily evidence that present accommodations are no longer adequate to the steadily increasing travel. The first

impression a stranger receives of Omaha is made as he steps off the train.

Mayor "Jim" is to have a \$200 junket at the expense of the taxpayers of Omaha to attend a convention down east devoted to city planning. Governor Shallenberger must not be allowed to imagine he is the only one who can travel this way.

The congressional soothsayers in Washington would not have time to find fault with President Taft's perfect candor in telling the public his troubles if they would just get busy and pass some of the laws advocated by him in the interest of the people.

Twelve prominent citizens in Cairo, Ill., are indicted for participation in the recent riot. If history is repeated they will soon go before "twelve good men and true" and—be promptly acquitted.

A policeman who can speak seven languages may come in handy some time, even in Omaha, but the main thing expected of a policeman is that he shall be able to voice the law.

At any rate, Mayor "Jim's" pronouncement has served as a hint that if we ever get a constitutional convention in Nebraska capital relocation will be a live and a lively issue.

Now Here is a Fight.

A \$25,000,000 drug trust has been formed to fight the cut-rate drug-store trust. While the two are eating each other up the people should be able to get their quinine cheap.

Amusing Deliberation. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The deliberation incident to the proposed raising of the battleship Maine will be certain to convince the Spanish government that the Americans are not an impetuous race of people.

A Guarded Prediction. Chicago Inter-Ocean. We betray no confidence when we say that there would seem to be some probability that Uncle Joe Cannon will have more or less influence with the new rules committee of the house.

Shy on Sublety. Pittsburgh Sun. And now Gertrude Altherton brings the charge that American men have no nobility. Considering that because the serpent was the most subtle of all the creatures available for the purpose, he was given the job of leading Eve from the path of rectitude, we are inclined to consider the death tax as a compliment, rather than as an indictment.

Opposition to Income Tax. Springfield Republican. Mr. Carnegie opposes an income tax, because "it makes a man of him," instead he would have inheritance taxes which would be appropriate to the state one-half of the property of rich men. But the wealth which can lie out of a living income tax ought to be able and willing to dodge the death tax by distributing the property beforehand. The millionaires is not quite so tough a problem as all this.

A Startling Innovation. Baltimore Sun. Astonishment is too mild a word to express the surprise of the country at the spectacle of a democratic gathering, in which speeches were dispensed with, and the minority members of congress come over to business, hold a caucus that gets to work at once, elects its members of the new rules committee and adjourns, the event is as gratifying as it is unexpected.

Rubbed Down and Out. Philadelphia Record. Let us hear no more about the decadent capers of the Roman gentry. They couldn't hold a candle to some of our latest specimens. Note the provision in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill for a professional masseur to rub down our public senators after they bathe. The item reads: "Attendant in charge of bathing rooms; who shall be a professional masseur, \$1,500; two attendants in bathing room, \$720 each; janitor for bathing rooms, \$720." It is a \$1,000,000 country. We can afford to have clean lawmakers.

Our Birthday Book

March 31, 1910. William Waldorf Astor, head of the Astor family, was born March 21, 1848, in New York. He was United States minister to Italy once, and removed to England in 1890 and expatriated himself in order to get into Parliament. John Hays Hanford, the great mining engineer, is 55. He was born in San Francisco, and is said to have received the highest salary paid any professional man in the world. He was talked of for vice president on the republican ticket last time. John La Farge, the artist, is 71. He was born in New York and is recognized as one of the greatest landscape painters America has produced. He has also done a great deal in art stained glass. Walter A. Tomson, vice president of E. I. du Pont & Co., insurance, was born March 21, 1828, in Ontario of Scottish descent. He was for five years assayer with the smelting works and made his present business connection in 1903.

Washington Life

Some Interesting Phases and Conditions Observed at the Nation's Capital.

A batch of reports from the pure food and drug bureau of the Department of Agriculture turns some light on the activities of the government in enforcing the law and the manner in which makers and dealers cheat and imperil the lives of consumers. Short weight, adulteration, doped food, poison and false labeling were some of the means employed. In all the convictions secured the penalty ranged from small fines to confiscation or destruction of the goods. A shipment of preserves from Houston, Tex., each jar, according to the label, containing "one full pound," had but fourteen ounces and cost the shippers the goods. A Connecticut firm paid a fine of \$100 for misbranding packages of camphor and a like sum was extracted from the treasury of a Georgia summer drink factory which neglected to mention on the label that the dope carried cocaine. A Washington patent medicine factory put out a nefarious tonic warranted to cure any old nerve "menacing" that it "contains no poison," though found to have arsenic and strychnine. The goods were condemned and destroyed. A like fate met "fermented apple cider vinegar" from Toledo, O., made of acetic acid, artificially colored.

The most imposing literary effort in label production encountered by the authorities enclosed bottles of "Mother's Friend," an alleged medicine compounded at Atlanta, Ga., and warranted to cure all the ills of womankind. The mixture was found to contain oil and a small quantity of soap. The goods were condemned and the firm warned to tell the truth on the label. "Cane and maple syrup" from Denver had on the label the words, "cane and" almost invisible and the makers were induced by a fine of \$50 and costs to make the print clear. A brand of pepper put out by a St. Louis firm, consisting chiefly of ground fruit stones and paper shells, brought a fine of \$50. A dozen instances of adulterated milk and ice cream prosecuted in the District of Columbia netted fines ranging from \$10 to \$25. Boston sent a consignment of "dissicated eggs" padded with formaldehyde to New York, and were found so strong on reaching the latter port that they were destroyed. The goods were headed for a bake shop. Doped cereals, frightened into obscurity two years ago, appear in the limelight as deadly and brazen as ever. Failure to mention in the label that the goods contain cocaine, the correct percentage of alcohol and the dangerous acetanilid, cost the makers of dealers from \$25 to \$50 each. Penalties in most cases of first offenders are moderate, but should the makers or dealers be called to account a second time they will get all that the law allows, with board and lodging thrown in.

The autograph fad has always been manifest in Washington just a little more than anywhere else, perhaps, on account of the assemblage of greatness. Just now the craze seems to have taken a new turn. It is not enough for the faddist to send in his book to Speaker Cannon or Vice President Sherman, or some other notable of the capitol, but it has become a common thing to ask for "ghost" or "skeleton" signatures. Occasionally a tolerant senator or representative will consent to write his name on a piece of paper in heavy ink, then fold the paper across the middle of the signature to see what sort of a nondescript figure the ink has smeared itself into. Most of the personages, however, draw the line on ghosting to authors, even those who are willing to adorn the autograph book of some fanciful wanderer.

"Say, you," cried a real regular republican, pointing an accusing finger at a genuine, untamed democrat on the floor of the house on the historic Saturday afternoon just after the excitement was all over. "I know what's the matter. I know why we have been beating each other to death today. I know why we have assaulted the speaker. I know why there's blood on the moon. It's so simple I wonder why somebody didn't think of it before."

"Tell me, little one," demanded the democrat, cupping his hand behind his ear and feigning acute attention. "Why," gurgled the real regular republican, "this is William Jennings' birthday."

"Discovered," bawled the genuine, untamed, snapping his forehead in well simulated anger. And then, laughing like a couple of kids, they raised their arms and chased off in search of a drink.

The republican was right. It was Mr. Bryan's birthday. He is 50 years old.

"If senators really need the services of a rubber and a scrubber," says the Washington Post, "if the floor be sweeter and cleaner for these ministrations, they should not be intimidated by the cry of insurgents and economists. There is nothing wrong in having a masseur, unless he rubs too hard or rubs the fur the wrong way. Certainly the senate cannot be accused of gratifying in any particular a desire for it must be assumed that no senator would need the services of a scrubber more than another. The insurgents cannot pretend that they are so immaculate as never to need a scrub, nor should they charge that the regulars or the democrats are beyond the redemption of a vigorous scrubber."

"Of course, there must be an honest effort to cut down expenses by \$300,000,000, and by dispensing with a masseur a start will be made. Still, there is a lingering doubt, however, that the measure is advisable. If cleanliness is next to godliness it is certainly preferable to penitence. The country might criticize senators if it should get the idea that they were scrubbing, loling in debilitating luxury—"

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Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Features 'No Alum' and 'No Lime Phosphate' claims. Includes text: 'Fifty Years the Standard', 'A Guarantee of Light, Sweet, Pure, Wholesome Food'.

PERSONAL NOTES. Chancellor Day loses. He cannot get President Taft into a controversy. Ole Olson, better known as Prince Ole, and one of the most famous midgets ever exhibited in this country, died recently in New York.

A Beaver Falls man undertook to drink 20 glasses of beer in three days. The operation was successful. Perhaps none the less so because the patient died.

Joseph Fels, although of Philadelphia, Pa., was a conspicuous figure in the recent great political fight in England, and helped finance the cause of the budget prepared by the liberal-radical government. Mr. Fels is a millionaire who gives many thousands to the cause of single tax doctrine.

A reception given to Prof. John S. Sewall, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, in the Central church in Bangor, Me., last Sunday evening, in honor of his 50th birthday, brings out the fact that he is one of the survivors of Commodore Perry's famous Japan expedition at the time when that interesting country was little known to the rest of the world.

Miss Edith M. Hall, who has been acting as substitute for Prof. Louise Fitz-Randolph in the classical archeological department of Mount Holyoke college, has gone to Crete to work under the direction of Richard B. Seager in excavations which he is carrying on. Miss Hall will remain in Crete until June and in September return to Mount Holyoke.

THE IRISH GRANDMOTHER. Success Magazine. I look across the fields of corn for long and many a mile. In this big, flat lonely country where the childer all does be— The 'tippin', rustlin' corn, and oh, my heart is wore the while. For the heather on the hills of dear old Ireland 'trest the sea.

In this lonely, great big country, where the summer sun is blidin', I mind me of the soft gray clouds enfoldin' Avonloughlin. I look across the empty fields—an, sure I do be mindin' The village where we lived we talked from door to door.

Whiles I forgot, when I'm alone, an' near the bill streams fallin', An' the tinkle of the sheep bells—but them days will come no more. Oh, to hear the skylarks sing again—to hear the cuckoo callin'— To hear himself a comin' in, his footstep at the door!

I'd love to tell the childer all about the dear old land; If himself was here 'tis ever talkin' of them days we'd be. But the childer's all Americans—they niver understand. An' himself is in his grave, far off across the cruel sea.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS. "Mr. Beadings" said the physician, breaking it to him as gently as he could, "I fear you have won your best days."

"Not at all, sir," promptly answered the aged multimillionaire. "I have them yet to see. I am going to begin now to give my money away."—Chicago Tribune.

Kate—So your new Easter hat struck Maud speechless with admiration. Ethel—Absolutely! Why, I thought she'd never get through raving over it.—Boston Transcript.

"Did you marry for money or for love?" "Well, sometimes for one and sometimes for the other."—Cleveland Leader.

"You make it a rule to keep your constituents interested as much as possible?" "Yes," replied Senator Borahum. "In

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap. Includes illustration of a baby and text: 'KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR', 'By the Constant Use of CUTICURA SOAP'.

Assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children, prevent minor eruptions becoming chronic, and soothe and dispel torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls on distracted households when Cuticura cures.

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