THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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1	42,800	16	42,730
2	42,910	17	42,200
3	42,100	18	42,360
4	44,400	19	42,680
5	42,770	20	42,560
6	42,840	21	42,560
7	42,590	22	42,620
8	42,090	23	43,100
9	42,060	24	41,400
10	44,800	25	42,840
11	42,840	26	42,830
12	42,560	27	42,800
13	42,800	28	42,680
14	42,880	29	42,760
15	42,700	30	42,870

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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 2d day of May, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
Notary Public.

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

Let everybody turn in and give June a welcome that will make it smile.

Want a good job? The presidency of Nicaragua is only temporarily filled.

Kingdoms of Glory! this bribe business has reached Colorado. Where next?

Let's see, we never did decide exactly what happened to the comet's tail, did we?

We are likely to get through with Jeffries and Johnson before we do with congress, after all.

The twentieth century De Lesseps flies over such little things as canals, not stopping to dig them.

Do not forget to honor the man today who honored his country's flag, whether he be living or dead.

The train that nearly collided with a balloon in Massachusetts must have been running at a high rate of speed.

It seems that a penitentiary record is a certificate of recommendation for employment with reform uplifters like Elmer Thomas.

Now a New Yorker is to go to Etah and get Dr. Cook's records and sell them. Hundred to one he does not offer them to the king of Denmark.

Another convention has been landed for Omaha promising an attendance of 2,000. In this case we are from Missouri because we remember the Eagles.

By raising the question, "Shall women stay silent?" Virginia Presbyterians have implied a discovery of which the rest of the world is in ignorance.

Governor Harmon serves notice on Mr. Bryan that he very respectfully declines to be read out of the party by the Sage of Fairview, or even to "stand aside" for a wornout remnant.

So Zelaya promises to try his hand at coming "back from Elba," but with the wise qualification of "not for two years at least." It will doubtless be safer for him in Nicaragua then than now.

If there is any truth in the report that certain envious ones are planning to head off the Roosevelt demonstration, it would be a humanitarian act to dissuade them from attempting their "rash act."

Tom Taggart now says that he considered Mr. Kern the logical man for the senatorial nomination all along. Then we must believe that Mr. Taggart all along regarded his own candidacy as illogical, yet urged it.

Poor Joseph Santos Zelaya, who was once a rich man, now admits that he is down to his last half million dollars and a house and lot in New Orleans. How the mighty have fallen! He may yet be forced to resort to the chautauqua lecture circuit.

While discussing the inability of the building inspector to enforce the building ordinances because of special permits issued by the council, let us direct attention again to the need of enlargement of the fire limits to stop the continued erection of tinder boxes on streets that have become business thoroughfares since the present fire limits were fixed more than fifteen years ago.

Past and Present on the Farm.

The past possesses a charm which no man can easily resist. Reminiscence is one of our pet indulgences and most people are prone to assume that the days of their childhood form the golden age, a postulate with virtue we can ill afford to sacrifice, even though fallacious.

The world moves forward, not backward, and things grow better, not worse. What is the Periclean age compared with the present? When we come down to bedrock, what do we mean by "the good old times?" The good old times are those in which we live today. The man on the farm whose life is cast in a mould of simple custom that naturally resists, more than we realize, the subtle encroachment of modern fashion is above us all prone to indulge the fantasy of "the good old times."

But let us make a comparison or two upon a material basis between the present and "the good old times." Let us go back to the time when the farmer was held up as the object of commiseration and sympathy; when his place was mortgaged and his crops were cheap and his income was about equal to the interest on his indebtedness, with possibly a scant margin for family necessities, and his land values, live stock and implements were so low he could not sell. Then the farmer stood on the bottom rung of the economic ladder; today he stands on the top rung. Then he came to town in a rickety old wagon over a muddy or corduroy road at best; today he is coming, many times, in his automobile over a hard-surface thoroughfare. Then he lived in his sod or shoddily-built house, while today his home is modern. In fact, he is a new man, with a new vision of life, new hopes and aspirations.

And what has brought about the change? The telephone has played a part, the rural mail service, the free public school, the daily newspaper keeping him in touch with the outside world, each has had a vast influence. Profitable farming, up-to-date and businesslike, is what is putting the farmer where he can command the comforts and luxuries of life, where his lot compares favorably with that of the fairly well-to-do in town and city. The good old times on the farm are not in it with the good new times on the farm.

Too Much Irrelevant.

No matter from what angle we view the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, it is to be regretted that the congressional inquiry could not have been carried on without the injection of personalities and acrimony that had no rightful claim to a hearing. The attorneys on both sides are censurable insofar as they made the investigation an occasion for venting personal spleen. The country at large can have no interest in what the opposing counsel think or choose to say of each other, and it has a right to resent their presumption in taking up time that should have been devoted to probing for facts in calling each other and each other's clients names.

It is extremely doubtful if in any event the findings of the investigating committee, even should it agree upon one report, could be generally satisfactory under the circumstances. That result would have been difficult enough to reach with the hearing conducted strictly as a court proceeding, but since the lawyers have made of it a hand-to-hand encounter over personalities we may not hope for the best outcome. Of course these lawyers have been aided and abetted in their course by sensation-seeking publications that, on one side or the other, have been unwilling to let the senate committee try the issues, asserting their superior right to perform that function.

It is not too late yet, however, to exclude everything in the final review but the material and relevant facts. The people as a whole would like to know whether this controversy is really a difference in policy between two administrations or whether it is due to a conflicting tenacity for office. It is highly probable that both sides would have fared better in public estimation, the government been more faithfully served and the people more thoroughly satisfied had lawyers been kept out of the case altogether and the investigation conducted by members of the senatorial committee.

A Follow-Up System.

The suggestion is made by that spirited little weekly paper, the Western Laborer, that the sequel of the trade boosters' excursion should be a follow up system through the daily newspapers so as to keep the people of the coveted trade territory in touch with Omaha from day to day all the year around, and to keep us in Omaha informed of what is doing among them.

The idea is a good one except that its adoption does not depend, as is intimated, entirely upon the newspapers, but is up to the jobbers more than to anyone else. The jobbers can, if they want to, help materially in spreading the gospel of Omaha through the newspapers, but we regret to say that Omaha newspapers get less support from the jobbers than from any other business element of the community.

The newspapers are doing this follow up work all the time, boosting Omaha as a market town, carrying Omaha price quotations to the merchants and buyers of the entire surrounding country and advertising Omaha's commercial advantages far and wide. Every edition of The Bee is a trade booster for Omaha, although we doubt if our jobbers thoroughly realize it, for we know that with a few notable exceptions they do not manifest the kind of appreciation that counts. After putting all the money which they do into these trade excursions the only wonder is that shrewd business men as they are they neglect to take advantage of the opportunity to use the newspapers for a follow up.

Dr. Eliot on Union Labor.

Ex-President Eliot will find more to quarrel with him over his union labor speech than he found over his selections for a five-foot book shelf of liberal education, particularly his declaration that "labor unions degrade human character." These are cases where the people as a whole are unwilling to take the word of a man even of Dr. Eliot's erudition in preference to their own observation and experience.

Labor unions are not on trial in the United States today from the standpoint of beneficent principle and only when the principle is misapplied by individuals can they be degrading to human character. But, of course, union labor no more than consolidated capital can be expected to work with infallible results. Dr. Eliot doubtless could find instances where the methods employed by organized wealth were degrading, but would hardly on that account be called upon to condemn the system that centralizes large fortunes for the administration of immense commerce and industry.

The history of union labor mirrors a most marked advance in the progress of the working classes, moving steadily toward a higher plane of social and industrial life. It is true in this and in every country where labor unions exist and not only are the wage earner and his family better off than before, but the employer and all classes have shared in the benefits that have come from this great economical revolution. Union labor has made the individual a better workman, a more intelligent citizen and a more useful member of society.

Inspired Prophecy.

The editor of The Bee has received through the mails the following significant communication carefully written out in longhand and addressed to him in person:

PORTLAND, Ore., May 24, 1910.
There shall be no more prosperity until I am king. WILLIAM H. CLOWRY.

The overshadowing importance of this message is such that we cannot believe it was intended for any one person alone, and for that reason we feel it our duty to give it full publicity.

The only inexplicable thing about it is how the prophet should happen to have arisen away off in Oregon when we are accustomed to have these dire predictions made so much nearer home.

Anyone who can recall 1896 will remember the loud proclamation that there would be no more prosperity until the gold standard should be annihilated and the crime of '73 avenged.

Anyone who can recall 1900 will remember the emphatic declaration that if the gentle McKinley were re-elected we would be living under an emperor and no longer in a republic.

Any one who can recall 1904 will remember the confidential assurance that if Theodore Roosevelt were given a new commission on his own account we would have a reign of militarism that would keep us embroiled in bloody warfare.

But now we have the real thing, the true prophet, who will overwhelm all the false prophets who have gone before.

Everyone wants prosperity. We now know how to get it.

South Omaha has raised a point whether all the money collected as police court fines and costs does not belong to the school fund. The constitution of Nebraska declares that all fines, penalties and forfeitures shall go to schools of the district in which collected, but the distinction has always been made in Omaha and doubtless elsewhere throughout the state between what has been charged up as fines and as costs, the latter going to the city to pay the expense of police court maintenance. The distinction has not only been acquiesced in for years, but seems to be a well founded one, and it will take more than the opinion of the city attorney of South Omaha to overthrow it.

Governor Shallenberger takes it upon himself to explain his commencement circuit riding by declaring that when he talks upon "The Value of Education for Citizenship" politics is only incidental. The governor has a forceful example set by another distinguished Nebraska democrat who lectured in churches and Chautauquas at regular prices on "The Prince of Peace," and then had this religious dissertation printed by his campaign committee and circulated by the million as a political document.

The latest sale of Omaha bonds bearing 4½ per cent interest has brought a premium which figures out a net interest rate of 4.3 per cent. What would happen if Omaha tried to sell the $6,500,000 of 4 per cent bonds voted last year to buy the water works on the present market? Here's another nut for the Water board to crack.

The reversion to elective assessors saddled on us by the late democratic legislature is producing a shrinkage in tax valuations all over Nebraska, although every one knows there has been no contraction of this kind. When the proper time comes the equalization boards will have to get busy.

The National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association have mapped out a warfare against sumptuary laws. Representative Sulzer says that is the democratic party's ticket. Where, then, does Mr. Bryan get off? This "read them out" game is not so easily stopped as started.

These commemorative historical meetings that are beginning to come upon us are reminders that this section of the newer west has at last enough history behind it to make it worth while looking back.

State house officials are figuring on putting in new sidewalks on the state capitol grounds. Mayor "Jim" will move to submit this to the initiative and referendum.

Wink the Other Eye.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The latest alchemist claims that he can take a grain of silver and inexpensively increase its size and weight, without loss of fineness, a hundred-fold. But folks will be as skeptical with this story as with the plan to make 40 cents worth of silver pass for 100 cents.

Tools of the Sugar Trust.

Washington Herald.

The witness who swears he did the real work whereby the sugar trust defrauded the government of millions also swears that he received $3 per week for doing it. Needless to add, moreover, that he is the one who got in jail first.

Mixing His Ends.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"The larger unit has a right to control the smaller one," says Mr. Bryan, who believes that the dog in democracy is the federal government and that the citizen unit is the tail. Mr. Bryan is right enough, only, as usual, he has the thing hindside before.

Baubles Turn the Tide.

New York World.

The probable importation of $44,000,000 worth of gems and jewelry this year gives one explanation why trade currents are running against the United States. It takes $44,000,000 worth of wheat and cotton to pay for these baubles—and that is a heap of wheat and cotton!

Why Force His Hand?

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Notwithstanding his assertion that he did not want the place, some of Bryan's Nebraska friends are said to be working to secure his election to the United States senate. Still, even if the gates of possibility open in this direction, Bryan need not worry. There is nothing in the laws of the constitution of the United States that compel a citizen to accept a senatorship if he is unwilling.

Putting it on the Boss.

Baltimore American.

A New York court has cut out of a commercial traveler's expense account the large total put in for tips, saying that they are not in the category of necessities. Whether the judge has the courage of his convictions is beside the mark. The point is that if this rule should become general it would contribute more to the abandonment of tips than any other one cause. It does not require any very large degree of liberality to be lavish at the expense of the boss.

Amazing Iniquity.

Springfield Republican.

The precise story of how the government was swindled out of millions of customs duties year after year by the Sugar trust is out at last. No miserable sneak thief ever descended to lower trickery than did the managers of this great industrial concern to swindle its own government. It is an amazing exposition of corporate iniquity. And of course these men who oversaw the doctoring of the customs scales were not the moving spirits in the crime; but as death seems to have put those primarily responsible for it beyond reach, punishment beyond the money restitution which has been made must fall, so far as it falls at all, upon the hired accessories.

SMOTHERING THE SMALL UNITS

Modern Democracy as Interpreted by Colonel Bryan.

New York Tribune.

A great many people will be interested in the Hon. William J. Bryan's views of the liquor traffic and its regulation, for Mr. Bryan is still the most potent personal force in the party which is supposed to stand for the least possible restriction of the liberties of the individual. Mr. Bryan has been three times a democratic presidential candidate, and it is not improbable that he will receive further nominations. What he thinks, therefore, of the need and possibilities of liquor traffic regulation is of more than personal importance.

Mr. Bryan has never shown much consistency as a political theorist. He says that he is an orthodox Jeffersonian and that he believes in limiting the powers of government to the minimum, leaving a free field to individual judgment and activity. Yet no statesman in our day has proposed more plans than he has for magnifying the powers of government and committing the federal administration to a larger regulation of the affairs of individuals and associations of individuals. In his advocacy of government ownership and operation of all the instrumentalities of interstate commerce he out-Hamiltons Hamilton, although professing unchanged allegiance to the antipodal philosophy of Jefferson.

Most Jeffersonians will doubtless find a similar inconsistency between Mr. Bryan's regard as a Jeffersonian for home rule and local sovereignty and his belief that the state can impose prohibition on its subdivisions and that the nation can impose prohibition on the states. To judge from his speech in Chicago on Wednesday to the Catholic Total Abstinence union Mr. Bryan is, so far as the prohibition of the sale of liquor is concerned, not only a "state-wider" but a "nation-wider." He told the members of the unin:

"I hold that every unit ought to have authority to act on this subject, except as it is restrained by a larger unit. That is, that the block, the ward, the city, the precinct, the county, the state and the nation should have the undisputed right to exclude the sale of liquor within its limits, or to fix such restrictions upon the sale of liquor as the people of the unit may deem necessary for their protection and welfare. I believe, also, that the larger unit has a right to control the smaller one on this, as on other subjects."

He said, further:

"If the people of a ward object to having a saloon in the ward, I think they ought to have a right to exclude it. If the people of a town object to having a saloon in the town, I think they ought to have the right to exclude it. If the people of a county object to having a saloon in the county, I think they ought to have the right to exclude it, and so with the state and with the nation."

These views may be logical and commendable from the point of view of an enemy of the liquor traffic. But are they Jeffersonian or democratic? It will be interesting to receive the testimony of The Louisville Courier-Journal, The Houston Post and The Nashville American on that point.

Memorial Day

Patriotic Tributes to the Soldier Dead and the Noble Cause for Which They Fought and Died.

Flowers for Love.

Bring your wreaths and garlands fair,
Strew the roses 'round
For a hero's sleeping there.
Under every mound,
Leave the flag they held so dear
For their history,
Flowers for love—perhaps, a tear
For a memory.

Ah, their coats were bright and blue
In a gallant row,
And their hearts were light and true—
Fifty years ago;
And their shibboleth was Right
Their reliance Faith,
When the long line passed from sight
Marching on to death.

Gettysburg and Malvern Hill,
Oh, the fights they made!
Wilderness and Chancellorsville,
Oh, the price they paid!
Oh, the lesson that they taught
And the strength they gave,
And the flaring fields they fought—
And the nameless grave.

Come away; they are not dead
Whose renown is fair—
See, a nation bows the head
In a hallowed prayer;
"God of Heroes, who didst fill
Them with purpose pure,
May their souls be with us still
May their strength endure!"
—William F. McCormack.

Taps.

They are marching with a halting step—
A halting step and slow;
And many in those blue-clad ranks
Have hair as white as snow;
Their youth lies on the battlefields
Of forty years ago.

The faded, tattered flags they bear,
All torn by shot and shell,
Are sacred emblems of the dead
Who loved their country well;
How great their love and sacrifice
No human tongue may tell.

Those serried ranks are thinning fast
That once with martial tread
The knapsack and the musket bore
Where Grant and Sherman led;
Their sleep is sound and peaceful
In the bivouac of the dead.

No more the reveille at dawn
Shall rouse them from their sleep;
No more shall wives and sisters mourn;
No more shall mothers weep;
Their names upon the roll of fame
Time's hand has graven deep.

And some lie on these hard-fought fields
Where now the Blue and Gray
Clasp hands across the battle lines
Their blood has washed away;
Where once the tide of battle flowed,
Their children's children play.

The passing years speed swiftly,
And silence round them wraps;
And to their listening ears there comes
No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle sounds
Again the old call—"Taps!"

Battle Anthem of 1862.

The flags of war like storm birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And calm and patient Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What means the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
And yellow looks of corn.

Ah.. eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts w th hate are hot;
But even-aped come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of folwer and leaf
The war-filed's crimson stain.

Still in the canron's pause we hear,
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow,
She waits the rich return.

She sees, with clearer eye than ours,
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make he fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies.

Oh, give to us her finer ear,
Above this stormy din
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
—F. M. Finch.

The Truce of God.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more moiest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's sedoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep.
The thoughts of man shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The mbemory shall be ours.
—H. W. Longfellow.

PULPIT AND PROHIBITION.

Noted Churchmen Assail "Humbug Temperance."

Washington Post.

Is the pulpit beginning to look askance at prohibition? That summary legislation has caused at least a partial change of sentiment toward prohibition as a political question was convincingly evidenced by election results in Alabama and in many cities this spring, but that the temperance cause is losing favor in its natural stronghold, the pulpit, is a thing that rests on testimony which, while striking and cumulative, may, after all, prove to be only an isolated group of coincidences.

Within the last week religious and temperance circles have been agitated by the action of a bishop and two ministers of the Episcopal church in pointedly declaring their opposition to prohibition and even less restrictive regulations. The announcement of the Rev. W. A. Wasson of Riverhead, R. I., that he had resigned his clerical office in order to devote his time to fighting "the humbug temperance" was followed in a day or two by an arraignment of prohibition and its tenets delivered by the Rev. E. A. Wasson of Newark, N. J., a brother of the Riverhead rector. But far more significant is the equally outspoken deliverance of Bishop Frederick Burgess at the convention of the Long Island diocese on Sunday opening and local option, the two questions paramount in the minds of the people of New York during the last year.

As to Sunday opening, Bishop Burgess said a law dies the moment it ceases to accord with the convictions of a strong minority of the people. "It is no use keeping it on the statute books, for all it does is to become one of the richest sources of unholy revenue to unscrupulous police and officials." Pointing out also what he looks on as the defects of local option, the bishop said that if the efforts of prohibitionists were directed to limiting the number of saloons strictly to the size of the population, and the number as small as possible, "it would result in untold good to the community."

Bishop Burgess' bold utterance excited much comment among the clergy and laity in attendance, but it did not have the bombshell effect it might have produced upon similar gatherings in some parts of the country. The published report of the proceedings states that while the bishop's advanced position was dwelt upon, the absence of dissent was conspicuous. Localized as this outburst of anti-prohibition feeling appears to be, the attitude of the Long Island diocese is bound to challenge the attention and views of churchmen far beyond its confines, and thus serve to illustrate the trend of pulpit thought.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Its Purpose Appeals to Every Shadowed Home.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Memorial day has its deep personal meaning for every one whose house death has entered. It is a day of beautiful services, of tender thoughts, of the purest affections, of sorrow softened by devout thankfulness for the associations of the past and by the most inspiring hopes for the future.

The day need not be given over to mourning, but it is shockingly out of keeping with its solemn and devout character to desecrate it with noisy and perhaps sordid sporting events. It is not a day for wrestling bouts, or bicycle races, or joy riding, or riotous "good times." It is a day for rest and quiet, for reflection, for religious sentiment, for a decent regard for the feelings of others, and every grossly incongruous amusement is a profanation.

And it is to be hoped that as the sacred memorial custom lives on we may be able to eliminate from Memorial day all that offends against its purpose, violates its sanctity and tends to make of it a common day off.

Talking for Exercise.

Wall Street Journal.

Everyone is willing to talk on international peace, but what a lot of corporations would howl if all nations stopped building ships and equipping armies.

Our Birthday Book

May 30, 1910.

General Frederick D. Grant, United States army, was born May 30, 1850, in St. Louis. He is a son of President Ulysses S. Grant, and served as minister to Austria under President Harrison.

John F. Lacey, former congressman from Iowa, is 69 years old today. He was born at Martinsville, W. Va., and is a veteran of the civil war, and has made political speeches in Omaha more than once.

George W. Shields, attorney-at-law, was born May 30, 1854, in Scotland, coming to this country when 9 years old. He served as county judge for two terms, resuming private practice in 1903.

Rev. Julius S. Schwarz, pastor of the First German Presbyterian church of Omaha, was born May 30, 1869, at Pacific, Mo. He studied in the German Presbyterian seminary in Dubuque, and came to Omaha from Connorsville, Ind., where he was pastor for six years.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Send your filthy lucre to the government laundry.

After a fast of eight days a New York physician "finds his mind clearer, his eyes stronger and his hair growing darker." Now we know what nature's sweet hair restorer is.

For the first time in the history of Sweden two women have been elected to the municipal council of Stockholm. One was elected by the conservatives and one by the socialists.

One enthusiast is walking from New York to the big fight in San Francisco. Probably other enthusiasts, unless thoughtfully provided in advance with return tickets, will do their walking after the event.

As an evidence of municipal good will Cleveland cheerily offers to loan a model of its beautiful and sumptuous union depot to Cincinnati to help along the artistic tendency of the Queen City railroads.

The linotype operators and the proof readers will be tickled to learn that the Honorable Ihtisham-ul-Mulk, Raisud-Dowla, Amir-ul-Omrah, Nawab Asef Kudr Syud Wasif Ali Meerza, Khan Bahadur, Mahubut Jung is to be knighted by King George.

As a farewell sendoff to James A. Patten, the "wheat king," the bears in the Chicago wheat pit turned upon him last week and trimmed him for $700,000. Patten, it is said, "didn't turn a hair." Why should he? His treasury is lined with tanned bear hides.

Erskine M. Phelps, who died at Chicago in his seventy-first year, was for years well known in national politics as a democrat. In 1881 he founded the famous Iroquois club, whose first banquet was attended by Senator Bayard and Thomas A. Hendricks.

In the race for an exposition appropriation and the official endorsement that goes with the coin, New Orleans is several laps ahead of San Francisco. The Crescent City is using copious quantities of printers' ink "next to pure reading matter," while San Francisco leans on hot air, which is a drug on the Washington market.

SMILING REMARKS.

"How did those girls settle themselves in life? That one, for instance, who delighted in shocking people?"

"Why, she married an electrician."

"And the one who was so uppish and airy?"

"She married an aviator."—Baltimore American.

Nero was explaining why he threw so many Christians to the lions.

"I'm simply trying to give the people what they want," he said.

For even Nero disdained to hide behind the pretense that the mission of the showman was to educate the public.—Chicago Tribune.

"I am glad to see your interest in a safe and sane Fourth of July," said the man who gives advice. "It will save the children from much danger."

"Not only that," replied the city official, "but it will protect the parents who want to show off before the children every year."—Washington Star.

"To succeed as a pianist, you must have a foreign-looking name."

"I would not choose a name belonging to any country other than my own."

"Well, pick out the name of some throat disease."—Kansas City Journal.

"You say that you have invented a new kind of an auto that is bound to make a hit?"

"I say it is bound to make a hit with young people."

"What is its special recommendation?"

"It can be driven and steered entirely with the feet, leaving both arms free."—Houston Post.

Weary—It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Willie—G'wan! It's a poor rule to work at all.—Cleveland Leader.

"I've just happened to remember that my wife told me to get a tin pan that will go under the icebox. Have you any?"

"No, sir; but we have some that can be shoved under the icebox. Won't that do just as well?"

"I think not, young man. My wife is a bit particular about my getting the exact thing she tells me to get. I presume I can find it at some other store. Good day, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

A REVISED VERSION.

Jefferson Toombs in Harper's Weekly.

Der Kaiser of dis Vaterlandt
Unt Gott on high all dings commandt—
Eggsept, of course, you understandt
Dare's Teddy.

It used to be dot me unt Gott
Could run der voridt as vell as not,
But now of help ve get a lot
From Teddy.

Who told us two unt two makes four
Unt neffer either less or more
Unt all about our ancient lore?
Vy, Teddy.

Who sait to me, "I like you, Bill?"
Who helped me not to keep right still
Unt talk of animals to kill?
Dot Teddy.

[illegible] mein army needs
Unt how vords doesn't count mit deeds?
Who valks unt talks der vile he reads?
Dot Teddy.

Who told me dings I neffer knew?
Who told me vat I ought to do
Unt how to say "Dee-lighded!" too?
Dot Teddy.

Dare iss no bleak unt lonesome spot
Vich ve don't cheer—I tell you dot!—
Der voridt iss bossed by me unt Gott—
Unt Teddy.

Talks for people who sell things

Anybody can sell goods without profit. It takes neither a real salesman nor good advertising to do that. The good salesman is the man who can make a showing on the right side of the ledger, and good advertising sells goods, because they are worth the money, not because of cut prices.

Often cut prices are cut-throat prices. One fool merchant can jump in at the wrong time and, without making a cent for himself, spoil the legitimate trade of every other store. For example, it happens usually that some of the Omaha hat stores get excited early in July and sells out straw hats at cost. Straw hats should sell until August 1st at a profit.

The public recognizes that every store has a right to a profit; they could not stay in business otherwise. What is the use of a merchant cutting prices on seasonable goods before the selling season is well toward the end, when the right sort of advertising would sell the goods at a profit over and above the cost of the advertising.

Most hat advertising copy is just a poor picture and a price—not a word about the goods. The merchant, when he bought the stock, had some good reasons for his selections. Why not tell the buyers those reasons? The drummer who sold the hats had a good talk about his goods. Why not use this as advertising copy? Tell how the manufacturer you bought from goes to all the trouble he takes to get the right straw; where he gets it; about the sweat bands; the shape; the style. Talk style if they have style—talk material if they are made right; and if they are cheap, and just cheap, and you can't say a word in their favor, stick them up with a price and say they are cheap—but tell why they are worth even the cheap price.

I walked into a Farnam street furnishing goods store to buy a collar. The clerk sold me a collar—one collar—that was all. He was thoroughly courteous, but he was a clerk—not a salesman.

I remember going into another store to buy a collar. A real salesman waited on me. He found a collar that thoroughly suited me; then he impressed me that I could save 40 cents by taking a half dozen. I bought a half dozen and I thanked him for the suggestion that saved me 40 cents.

In the meantime he had studied my general make-up, and while I waited for my change spread before me some new ties that had just come in. His guess was good—they just suited me and I took two.

I came in to buy a collar and spent $3.10.

What was more, I felt pleased with the way I was served; likewise, I had learned something.

Young woman or young man: Which are you—a clerk or a salesman?

Mr. Merchant: Which have you behind your counters?