

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week...

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week...

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR.
Omaha—The Bee Building,
South Omaha—1201-14th and N.

REMITTANCES.
Remit by draft, express or postal order...

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.
State of Nebraska—Douglas County...

Table with 2 columns: Circulation figures and corresponding amounts.

Total 1,321,500
Returned Copies 10,380

Net Total 1,311,120
Daily Average 48,799

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

When rain spoils the weather man's prediction other people hereabouts can stand it if he can.

Dr. Hyde wants an electric fan in prison. Thought he had been having a rather breezy time.

The failure of Mr. Jeffries to "come back" at least should encourage us with reference to Carrie Nation.

A few more boomerangs may serve to convince those silly politicians that the colonel is still able to do his own talking.

A Maryland man sues a preacher for alleged libel in a prayer. Perhaps he thinks the parson prejudiced his chances of heaven.

A Kansas judge says it is the duty of pedestrians to dodge autos, but he might have added it is not always in their power to do so.

A joint debate between the five competitors for the democratic congressional nomination would certainly be worth going miles to see.

The imprisonment of President Diaz's latest opponent ought to be due warning to ambitious statesmen of Mexico never to run against Porfirio Diaz.

If Kern can find nothing demeaning in running for United States senator after sliding down the vice presidency toboggan, why should anyone else balk?

What is yet to be disclosed is whether the election of a woman president of the National Education association is a black eye to the School Book trust or really another feather in its cap.

Mr. Bryan laments that if he had Governor Schellenberger, Mayor Dahman and Congressman Hitchcock's paper with him he might accomplish something. Still he has Maupin and Metcalfe.

Can it be possible that the "reliable persons" preaching to the governor about the Dahman club could have gotten their inspiration from the new landlord who pockets the rent for the Dahman club quarters?

Eastern railroads are learning rapidly. They are adopting the farm gospel trains which western railroads used years ago before they reached the present stage of development in the science of preaching intensified farming.

Another proof how fickle is fate. Here is a train carrying John L. Sullivan, once the idol of prize fight fans everywhere, who hobbled with kings and out the deck with princes, and he is passed up entirely for a big black bruiser riding on the same train. Oh, hail, ye spotlight!

And now at last the Water board is discussing the preliminaries to taking over the water plant pursuant to the judgment of the United States supreme court sticking the city for the amount of the appropriation. The minor item in the appropriation bill providing for the work of the tariff board may in the end prove to have been the most important act

One Woman Who Wins.

It appears that Mrs. Ella Flag Young of Chicago has "it on" her sisters and brothers, too, for that matter, in having discovered the coveted key to success against men even in the field of school politics.

Today we hail Mrs. Ella Flag Young as the leader of her sex in the United States, a woman who, in spite of the denial of the suffrage, is yet able to circumvent the political machinations of the men and beat them at their own game.

But, pah! It was easy for Mrs. Young. She just put her thinking cap on, summoned a sister or two to her side, gave a few orders and the next thing the convention knew the president officer was proclaiming the election of Mrs. Young.

A striking object lesson to the rest of those good crusaders who have been pursuing this phantom of woman rights so long in vain! More striking in its impressive force because wrought in Boston, the hub and home of assertive womankind, the source of so many of the uplift institutions designed for woman's political uplift!

Prayer and Pugilism. Just how far prayer figured in the struggle between the races at Reno probably will never be known, since its efficacy was tested on both sides.

When the battle broke, ragged and the smoke cleared away the dusky giant had won. At his feet lay his vainglorious foe, a bruised and battered gladiator. But the result leaves one in doubt as to whose prayer won when it is remembered that "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son He receiveth."

But this is not the first time prayer and pugilism have come into contact. The records say that two Christian nations, feeling their fates hung in the balance, offered up prayers on the occasion of the great Heenan-Sayers fight fifty years ago, and when Jeffries and Fitzsimmons met for the first time the Rev. Mr. Jeffries said, after the crown had passed to the brow of his sturdy son, "The Lord was in the ring." True, Fitz could not appreciate his presence and when advised of what Jeffries had said, remarked, "pau spu i moitoj ep; 'iou swonp, hpn."

Because of the announcement that Colonel Roosevelt will lend active assistance to Senator Beveridge in his campaign for re-election by making at least one speech in his behalf in Indiana, it must not be assumed that the ex-president is going to denounce the new tariff law, against which Senator Beveridge voted on its final passage.

As to the attitude of Senator Beveridge on the tariff bill, he, himself, has explained his vote to be not a repudiation of the bill as a whole, but a protest against the omission of the tariff commission feature in which he was particularly interested. In this connection the comment in the current Review of Reviews by its editor, Albert Shaw, who is as close as any other person to both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Beveridge, is illuminating.

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In Other Lands

Side Lights on What is Transpiring Among the West and Far West of the North.

What is classed as an epochal triumph for the French ministry was scored by Prime Minister Briand in the Chamber of Deputies last week.

Fortunately or unfortunately, none of the withdrawals of mineral lands in the public domain comes out of Nebraska. The only way this state can be directly affected by the conservation movement is through the reclamation projects and the forest preserves.

If Mr. Bryan really believes every one who opposes putting county option in the democratic state platform is either densely ignorant, peculiarly interested or brewery-controlled, which label does he propose to put on Associate Editor Metcalfe?

A Foot for Every Shoe. Baltimore American. This country mourns the loss of great men like Chief Justice Fuller; but it rejoices that it has other great men to fill such vacancies.

Down and Out Grace. Wall Street Journal. According to W. J. Bryan, Roosevelt's influence will depend upon his position on questions that interest the public.

Death-Bed Conversion. Sometimes a man who, despite the entreaties and warnings of his friends, has spent his whole life in reckless worldliness suddenly gets religion on his death-bed.

Mr. Bryan urged to go away back and sit down. "There has never been a time since the close of the civil war when the prospects of the democratic party have been brighter than they are at present," says Senator Isidor Rayner of Maryland.

Mr. Bryan knew two years ago, just as well as he knows now, the unsavory record of Ed Howell.

Mr. Bryan knew two years ago, just as well as he knows now, the unpopularity of "Doc" Tanner.

Mr. Bryan knew two years ago, just as well as he does now, that the brewers and liquor dealers were back of this bunch and were putting up money for them from which his presidential electors would be joint beneficiaries.

It is a fair proposition that the Omaha chief of police has made to the intimation of the governor that the latter has received reliable information that the liquor laws are being violated.

Our Birthday Book

July 9, 1910. Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was born July 9, 1813, at Spencer, Mass. He died in 1890.

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Talks for people who sell things

I was very much interested in an advertisement I read the other day. First of all, it was Merchant Tailor advertising—and it is supposed to be against the ethics of merchant tailors to advertise in the newspapers.

Second, it was good advertising—nothing sensational about it, no exaggeration, just a frank statement of facts, the direct kind of advertising that always makes an impression.

The man who wrote it knew what he wanted to say and said it—in short, crisp sentences, and every word meant something.

It was small, too, as advertisements go; just 6-inch single column space, with a fine illustration at the top. It attracted attention, let me tell you, and its wording inspired confidence.

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Lines to a Smile

Samson bowed himself with all his might, and the great temple collapsed. Yes, there is one mighty athlete in history who "came back."—Chicago Tribune.

"Are you an intimate terms with your next-door neighbors?" "No, I don't think they have called on us many times this summer—but their chickens make up for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Jack, dear, mamma has invited us to spend our vacation with her, and you know we haven't a trunk." "We might ask our landlord to let us take this flat with us."—Life.

"This is a very swaggy novel, I hear." "Oh, very. The hero puts on a dress suit to sit alone and think about the heroine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Professor—How do you find the right accession of a star? Student—(absent-mindedly)—The quickest way is to look up her backer in Bradstreet's.—Houston Post.

"Why do they call a theatrical bucker an angel? He hasn't got wings." "No, but his money has."—Baltimore American.

"Did you ever see any highway robbery?" asked the summer girl. "None," replied Farmer Corntassel. "I ain't exactly seen any. But I've had experience with some fellows that undertook to handle the \$1 once contributed for good roads."—Washington Star.

"What sort of a social position has Jones in town?" "He used to stand pretty well, but he's a mere nobody now. He didn't receive any degrees this month; he didn't go to New York to meet Roosevelt; none of his daughters were married; and he wasn't operated on for appendicitis."—Buffalo Express.

"This alarm clock," explains the clerk, "is especially designed to waken sleepy cooks." "How in the world does it work?" asks the patron. "Instead of the usual bell ringing, it has an attachment which jingles like a pair of his toes."—Denver Post.

"How are the experiments in aerial navigation progressing?" "They have been officially suspended." "What's the trouble?" "Why, the aviator dropped a fake bomb on the flag lieutenant and the lieutenant tumbled around the captain and knocked him down the stairs three times to overturn the admiral, who was coming up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press. They say somewhere, in the distance far, In the town of Nothing-to-Do, Where the sun, they say, shines every day And the skies are always blue, Where no one tries for a silver prize And no one ever wins a blue, There every race, has taken place, And every tale been told.

The blacksmith sings, as his anvil rings, Of the town of Nothing-to-Do, And vows in his song, though the road is long, When with anvil and forge he's through, He will wander far, where the glad folk are, And will rest in that happy town, He dreams of the day when he'll put to rest His hammer and apron down!

Town of Nothing-to-Do

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O it matters not, what the toiler's lot, Be he preacher or soldier brave, Though he give a ditch, be he great or rich, He is judge of a statesman grave, He dreams always of the future days When he'll come to Nothing-to-Do; When he's faced life's test, and his hands will rest, And his time to toil is through.

But Nothing-to-Do, folks tell me who Have journeyed the hills and found it, Is a hollow fake, and a big mistake, For the stranger who care surround it, And the people there, they all declare, Are gloomy and all sighing, And they yearn for strife, for the joy of life, Is something to do, worth trying.

Miller, Stewart & Beaton. 413-15-17 South 16th Street. Linoleum Specially Priced for Our July Sale.

Every season the manufacturers of Linoleum make new patterns though many of the last season's patterns are preferable—therefore the dealer finds he has many discontinued patterns left over.

There are more than one hundred pieces to be disposed of during this sale. This gives you a fine selection. Come early and get advantage of the choicest selection.

INLAID LINOLEUMS. The \$1.10 grade, per square yard, 85c. The \$1.40 grade, per square yard, \$1.00. The \$1.50 grade, per square yard, \$1.10. The \$1.65 grade, per square yard, \$1.25. The \$1.75 grade, per square yard, \$1.45.

Remnants and short lengths of Inlaid, per square yard, 50c. PRINTED LINOLEUMS. The 50c grade, per square yard, 37c. The 65c grade, per square yard, 47c. The 75c grade, per square yard, 57c. The 85c grade, 12-ft. wide, per square yd., 67c.

All remnants and short lengths Printed Linoleums, per square yard, 25c.