

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

State of Nebraska, Douglas County, ss: George B. Tschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily, Sunday, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of June, 1910, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Copies, Total. Rows include 1-15 categories of circulation.

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GEORGE B. TSCHUCK, Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 20th day of June, 1910.

M. F. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

The man who rests as hard as he works is generally tired.

This is good weather for sweet later vines, if you have any.

Aviators continue to break propellers, whether they break records or not.

Biabe, Arizona, is swept by a flood, the report says. Must be a flood of sunshine.

"War with Japan is imminent," says W. R. Hearst. "You're another," says the milkmaid.

So long as this Japanese war is confined to Hearst, Hobson and Sulzer we can endure it.

Those increased imports show that we still love luxuries and have the price. Oh, these hard times.

The right kind of hospitality to the Ad men will be the kind of an ad for Omaha that will bring results.

With Brother Charley to sit on the lid at home, W. J. can always find time to run out and gather up a few Chautauqua dollars.

One paper asks if the air is beyond legal control. Let us not bother about that until we get it under physical control.

New England does not permit Sunday base ball, but it had twenty-five drownings last Sunday in its various streams and bays.

That Newark, O., mayor who resigned had been elected four times. It is hard to understand how a quitter could have such a record.

The New York World wants to know if Mr. Roosevelt is too popular. Yes, to suit the World, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst and Chancellor Day.

Some scientist thinks he has discovered that cows give more milk when music is played during milking. Maybe that explains why so much milk is tainted.

More than 8,000 people were overcome by the heat in Detroit while watching the Elks' parade. We mention this simply to make our readers feel more comfortable.

Chicago has gone into ecstasies of enthusiasm over the United States army tournament which is being held there. Omaha will have a similar military display in the fall.

Practical retrenchment is shown by a certain eastern paper which has recently gone into the hands of receivers. It formerly printed its editorials in double columns, now prints them in single column.

Senator Lodge sets up or lays down a new code of ethics to govern political candidates by deciding to ignore his opponent, Mr. Ames, or the fact that he is running. This leaves the people free to deal with Mr. Ames in their own way.

The Chicago Tribune's campaign against unmuzzled dogs reminds us that it has been several years since the last dog-day scare was perpetrated on Omaha. Anyone here with a job lot of dog muzzles he wants to unload at high-cost-of-living prices?

The Ad Men.

Omaha is to have as its guests this week a body of men who have a most unique relation to the social organization. The Associated Advertising Clubs of America represent in a peculiar way the development of modern business methods—an evolution that is so strange as to be almost revolution.

The organization is the concrete expression of the keynote to success in any enterprise, "Publicity." Without publicity of a favorable sort no enterprise can attain its fullest development, and this is the "ad man's" field. His function is to provide that publicity. He both buys and sells space; he looks into the business of a customer with the professional acumen of a skilled specialist, determines what is needed and then with printer's ink he starts a stream of gold flowing into the coffers of the man who employs him. It sounds simple enough, but the ad man has demonstrated his case often enough to be entitled to his place, for his results are possible only when his printer's ink is mixed with brains.

To argue the value of advertising is to waste time. Publicity is as necessary to success in modern business as is a building to house the machinery of the factory or the stock of the store. To give a list of the immense fortunes that have been raised on a foundation of judicious advertising would be to call a long roll of names familiar to all; many of these names still bringing large sums to the heirs of their owners by reason of a value due solely to note gained through advertising. And the ad men are busy all the time, building up more of these names, adding to the value of those already established and doing the one great act finally essential to business success—bringing producer and consumer together.

These men are keen, discerning and endowed with the faculty of analytical discrimination. It is this fact that doubles the pleasure of entertaining them, for Omaha is ripe for just that sort of inspection. The ad men are welcome, and they will have no occasion to complain of Omaha hospitality.

Billion for Building.

Official statistics show that 125 cities in the United States invested \$1,000,000,000 in new buildings during the year 1909, which might fairly be placed over against the billion which congress found it necessary to appropriate to meet the demands of this great growing nation. Authorities predict that 1910 will even surpass the building record of 1909.

When we take these facts and figures, together with the enormous increases all over the country in bank clearings, we have two sure indexes to business that show most astounding expansion. In 1907 we were told by some men who chose to make the most they could out of that little money stringency that we would not recover from the effects of that panic for many years, but now we must conclude that those men did not know what they were talking about. But now we see the truth in its tangible form, symmetrical, fair to look upon, a form, we readily admit, that could scarcely have been moulded amid unseemly surroundings and conditions.

When we look about us and see \$1,000,000,000 worth of new buildings going up, all kinds of labor employed at the highest wages in history and everybody busy and industrious, we must appreciate better the wonderful resources and recuperative powers of this great country.

Uncle Sam a Good Boss.

Francis E. Leupp, who has been in Washington for thirty years as a newspaper correspondent and in late years as Indian commissioner, is the author of a very interesting article on the subject, "Does it Pay to Work for the Government?" In the main his answer is in the affirmative, but very naturally he modifies it by saying that it depends on the aims and attitude of the public servant.

Of course, the man who is looking for opportunities of amassing a fortune would scarcely be justified in engaging in government service, but if a young man is seeking a work which offers a reasonable pay, with the average opportunity for advancement and the highest character of service, then he is justified in becoming an employe of Uncle Sam. There are men who have spent their lives in the government's service and would not exchange places with anyone, and some of them have remained in comparatively modest positions, too, but they have had fair salaries and the opportunity of sharing in the work of maintaining the greatest government on earth—a work, not of today or tomorrow, but of all time, that will endure.

It does no harm, but a vast amount of good, for men who have given some of their lives to government service to stand up publicly for it and to exert their influence toward dispelling that all-too-common illusion that it is to be shunned by young men of talent as a mere catch-basin for political obligations, or a temporary expedient. True, it is often used legitimately as stepping stones to something better financially, for it is a training school for big business, but in itself, under the civil service rules and reformed consular service, where the merit system prevails, it may be made just as permanent and safe as any other business.

The habit of taking things for granted, very common among Americans, has had a mischievous influence on the attitude of the public mind toward the government service and servants and the home and social agencies

Not a Party Issue.

While political parties declaim in their platforms on any subject they choose, the question of county option is not, and should not be, a party issue in Nebraska. All agree that the suppression or regulation of the liquor traffic is strictly a local matter depending upon public sentiment in each community, and that where public sentiment favors license the most strenuous effort to enforce dryness is bound to miscarry and invite law violation. It is soldism, also, that communities divide on party lines on the liquor question, and it is recognition of this fact that leads the temperance and anti-saloon organizations to prosecute their work, not in any one political party, but irrespective of parties.

If county option is really a local issue and not a party issue, no good reason exists for injecting it into the party platforms and attempting to make its support or opposition a test of fealty to political parties built upon principles of government and devoted to the execution of broad policies for state and nation. Every candidate running on the republican ticket in Nebraska this fall, for example, wants the votes of every republican whether he believes in county option or opposes it, and as many other votes as he can legitimately get. Any action calculated to drive away a large body of republican voters disposed to stay with the ticket, is not only uncalculated, but bad politics. Whether we get county option or not from the coming legislature depends entirely on the action of the people in selecting law-makers for their respective legislative districts—in other words, it must in any event be fought out as a local issue.

So far as Nebraska republicans are concerned it may be well for them to remember that the only time the party allowed itself to become entangled in the liquor question it suffered its first serious defeat that lost it control of the state government in which it had been entrenched for more than twenty years.

The Funny Man.

The village cut-up is a national character. Every little town and many big ones have him and sometimes he is funny and sometimes he is not, but always he fills a perilous role. It costs something to be known as a funny man. It has cost some men their places in congress, while others paid their influence and standing among serious men for the reputation. And most of them have admitted that they paid too much for what they got.

Funny men are born, not made, and they are very scarce. The world needs them, for it needs fun, but it needs them in their places, and when a man can be both funny and sane he is fortunate, for he is in a position to do much good to his fellowmen, but when he is unable to shut off his fun at proper times he becomes a misfortune to himself and everybody else.

The saddest of all, though, is the fellow who imagines he is funny and is not. You frequently meet up with men who seem to be imbued with the idea that it is up to them to make people laugh. Meet them in company, in a gathering, and they are chattering and chinning like a monkey in a self-conscious effort to make somebody laugh. It is pitiful, sometimes.

If you have a friend thus afflicted take him to one side and tell him about his weakness, try to persuade him to overcome it. It will be doing him a kindness and his associates a great favor. Get him to understand that he owes society no debt that has to be paid in that sort of coin and convince him that what influence he may have suffers by a constant display of cheap wit.

Saving the Child.

Physical and moral perils alike beset the child in the lower strata of the larger cities to such an extent that public and semi-public societies have taken it on themselves more and more to look out for their safety. In New York, where the problem is most serious, the effort is more systematic and persistent. This fall what is known as a child welfare exhibit will be held in New York where children trained or treated by these charitable institutions will be exhibited to show what has been done and what may be done and persons interested in this form of philanthropy will be invited to attend the exhibit and study the problems. It is to be a sort of school where mothers and fathers and others may learn the lessons of child culture.

This is an innovation in the reform of public protection of children. It is based on the principle that society is at least indebted to the child to the extent of helping it to get fresh air to breathe and sufficient recreation and decent companionship to make it wholesome and healthy and doubtless a vast amount of good will come from such an institution.

The department of health of New York has lent a most helpful hand to this movement and has figured right down to an economical basis the matter of the child's life and death. It makes the cold statement that it cost only \$28 per baby to save the little ones, the total cost per year of whose funerals—its \$425,000, or \$50 per funeral. Better ventilated homes and schools, more playgrounds, more

chance for physical and mental exercise, purer milk and food—all these are elements that enter into the common sense remedies applied for the child's welfare and rich and influential citizens are lending their support to preserve it. The campaign is really exciting, it is so earnest and persistent and much good already has come of it.

Such things as these should convince us that it does not pay to be sordid, or to settle ourselves in the solemn conceit that the world is sordid, is indifferent to the condition of the other fellow. What is going on in New York is going on in some form or other in nearly every other city where the necessity exists. Happily it does not exist to a large extent in cities out here where nature is able because unhampered by artificial handicaps to deal with the situation itself. But where children require special attention in the smaller cities of the west they are receiving it.

The Manly Art.

Apropos of the recent prize fight, the signed editorial in the Outlook by Theodore Roosevelt praising the manly art of boxing, and at the same time condemning the brutality of the prize fight, throws another sidelight on a much discussed topic.

Colonel Roosevelt tells how he, himself, in his early days derived much benefit from boxing contests, although not always with success over his opponent, and how he as police commissioner encouraged this form of exercise and recreation among the policemen and firemen of New York, and later, as president, on the soldiers and sailors. The former president confesses not only to admiration of, but to friendship with, a number of professional boxers and heroes of the prize ring, but hits the bull's-eye when he decries the sordid and brutal conditions that have come to surround these pugilistic bouts with prize money aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars divided almost equally between winner and loser, and the additional temptation offered by the prospect of motion picture royalties.

The manly art as practiced by professionals has degenerated so as to disgust everyone and to forfeit the good opinion even of those disposed to encourage wholesome tests of courage, strength and endurance. So Colonel Roosevelt joins in the almost universal demand for legislation that will make prize fighting hereafter unlawful within the borders of any state or territory under the American flag. Happily, the pugilists have but a few places of refuge left, and the chances are good that the door to these will be closed tightly before another championship fiasco is attempted.

Help for Ex-Convicts.

A rich man recently discharged from a California penitentiary, where he completed a term of imprisonment, has determined to establish a fund to help ex-convicts regain respectable positions and become useful citizens. He became convinced by his experiences of the need for more of such philanthropy.

Penitentiaries are not primarily places to punish and disgrace men, but rather asylums of reform and if they are ever to accomplish their real mission they must have the outside cooperation which thus far has been withheld entirely, or stingily given. People are prone to ostracize the ex-convict, in social and business channels; to draw about them their pharisaical robes of righteousness and repel any advance the Jean Valjeans may make. It is an old story, repeated by many a man who has served time in a prison that he finds the door of opportunity closed to him when he emerges from prison walls. Business men shake their heads at his application, police officers often trail him in the expectation of catching him in new crime. It is not only a case of kicking the dog that is down, but also very likely to keep him from ever rising to the station of respectability and law-abiding usefulness.

Practical charity that reaches the hand to the apparently down-and-out is badly needed today for this very purpose. It will go a long way toward solving a most distressing problem. It is not always the man who talks most of his righteousness who is so most righteous. So long as this is so it is rather unbecoming for us to sit in judgment too rigidly on the other fellow. This is not a matter of mere sentiment, but a question of common sense that faces us in the world's attitude toward its ex-convicts, and sooner or later the world will have to pay more attention to it.

The Downtown Church.

The growing tendency of churches is to seek the residential centers for their locations. They want to get as near as possible to their parishioners. Especially is this true of the Protestant churches and in all cities the finest church edifices will be found in handsome residence districts.

While this, of course, has its advantages, it will not do for all churches to follow this course. There is still room for the downtown church, a church near the edge of the city's business activities that may be reached by the "stranger within our gates," or others who cannot, for some reason or other, get to the outlying houses of worship. But the field for it is broader than that. There is a feeling among a great many good and able men that the church of the future must be the institutional church, the church that never closes its doors, but becomes the house of prayer and counsel and hope to the wayfarer every day in the week and is not simply a secluded place for

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Boston Herald: Electric fans will keep the church temperature right. But it takes a philosophic and devout mind to prevent a rising temperature behind your fair neighbors' hair.

Philadelphia Bulletin: A preacher in one of yesterday's sermons said: "What a different world this would be if the truth were spoken for a single day! What reprobation! And what a demand for dictionaries."

Brooklyn Eagle: The "new Christianity" at Chicago is to stand with geology against Genesis. It is widely known that Chicago university, where this idealism has its fount, has bored deeply into the earth's crust and struck oil. It is now up to the professors to demonstrate to tired humanity that what they have found is the oil of gladness.

Baltimore American: A New York minister in the course of his sermon lately said that Mr. Carnegie and other millionaires got used to the feeling of giving away a million and advised others to try the same to experience the joy of giving. But to this advice the answer of the majority will be an eager inquiry of how first to get the million.

Washington Post: John D. Rockefeller, in an address before the Bible class of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland, prophesied the amalgamation of all the religions in the world. As an incident to his prophecy he might have predicted the amalgamation of all the religions in the world and the millennium probably will take place simultaneously.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

No matter who else fails, aviators "come back."

Margaret Illington's husband announced that he intends to be her manager. Sure, Mr. Bowes does not differ from other husbands in the matter of illusions.

It is reasonably certain that the project of flying over the Atlantic will command as fine a line of front page advertising as a balloon trip to the North pole.

Evanson is a suburb of Chicago and a city of choice homes, the owners of which are diligently chasing the stone into the lake. While homes multiply, the school population decreases.

The will of Chief Justice Fuller covered a page and a half and disposed of an estate of \$100,000. Mr. E. H. Harriman's will covered less than a page, and disposed of property worth more than \$100,000,000.

Philadelphia is about to try the experiment of floating a 4 per cent loan by popular subscription. Bonds will be issued in units of \$100, and sold at par over the city treasurer's counter.

The storied age of romance is easily outclassed by the modern variety. Imagine a woman who called and asked to be taken on \$2,000 worth of personal property, will put the board in a permanent comatose condition.

Press associations discriminated shamefully in handling "hold-up" news. Two days after the event near Ogden, a pair of suffragettes boarded a train near Chicago and compelled forty-eight men to listen attentively to a speech on equal rights. The "hold-up" didn't get a line outside of the local papers.

Colony Guffey has had to put his property in the hands of a receiver to conserve his millions. Perhaps Mr. Bryan would let him have a little ready cash to help him out in view of those stained window glasses.

Production Exceeds Consumption.

Washington Post: The country continues to manufacture more property than the pessimists can consume.

Keep Your Senses, Gents.

Philadelphia Ledger: According to Mrs. Belmont the so-called chivalry of man is a humbug. The first male to offer the lady a seat will be an enemy of his sex.

Cheerful Exercise.

Washington Star: Some of the visitors at Sagamore, Hill may attach importance to the fact that the colonel was found swinging his own axe and not turning the grindstone for anybody.

Did He Walk Back?

Minnesota Journal: Expert doctors, hired by Porter Charlton's lawyers, find the wife-murderer afflicted with "confusional insanity," "exhaustive psychosis" and "hebephrenia." Did he walk back from Reno, too?

Yes, There Was a Time!

Washington Herald: There was a time, four months ago, when all around the sheet and stove were thick with the frozen ground, and frapped earth was cold and drear, and we said: "Would July were here." And now July upon the spot like Johnny is—but, gee, it's hot!

Suspicion Confirmed.

Chicago Record-Herald: Assurances come from Berlin that Germany has no intention of stepping in and picking up the Central American live wire known as Nicaragua. We have suspected from the first that the report of Germany's intention to set the fool was unfounded.

American Surgery Too Fast!

New York Tribune: American surgeons are surprised to find that in London hospitals methods of operation which were here abandoned long ago as obsolete are still in practice with as favorable results as are obtained here with the most advanced methods. The fact is suggestive. It is just possible that what has aptly been dubbed "germophobia" has carried some persons to needless if not actually mischievous extremes.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

Faith is the first aid to forgiveness. Faith waits but never keeps its work waiting. You cannot have strength by refusing to use any.

The man who has no part always has many contrary winds. Some folks never praise others except where the echo is working good. Too many who are sure God is on their side show no anxiety to be on His.

No man can walk straight to glory while he is looking agance at his fellows. After the struggle to keep the wolf from the door also keeps the serpent from the hearth. In life's play it is often hard to tell whether we have the pity or the envy of the spectators.

It's no use using agance or rancor in the arms of faith so long as you forget that faith has feet, too. A man's virtue is a filthy thing when it has to be determined by its freedom from a court record.—Chicago Tribune.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTIES.

Cynical Friends—If the baby is the boss of the establishment and his mother is the superintendent, pray what position do you occupy?

Your Father (wearily)—Oh, I'm the fiercer walker.—Baltimore American.

"Then you think she'll marry again?" "I'm sure of it. Her late husband left her some tobacco coupons, but not enough to get anything with."—Kansas City Journal.

Wife—Mother says she refuses to pay us a visit unless we let her pay her board. Hubby—Tell her we couldn't think of such a thing.—Cleveland Leader.

"Mite is a sad story," murmured the salaried lady and her mother is the sympathetic customer.

"How so?" asked the sympathetic customer.

"It's the story where they have the mourning goods," answered the salaried lady.—Indianapolis News.

"According to statistics," read Mrs. Peckem from a magazine, "75 per cent of male criminals are married."

"Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony," rejoined Mr. Peckem significantly.—Chicago News.

Is Mrs. Kim going to be at the party?

"That's what everybody is trying to find out. Mrs. Embon is always the 'X' in the social equation."

"What do you mean by that?" "She's the unknown quantity."

"You're right," said a bit. "I happen to know that she weighs 21 pounds."—Chicago Tribune.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

Indianaapolis News: Could we but know what influence we wield.

Over our fellowmen each day we live—How frowns may hurt, or how a smile may give.

Courage to some faint heart in life's great field Of battle, ah! methinks that we would be More cheerful of our actions as we go Through this strange world of ours, could we but know.

Could we but know, Could we but stand in some one else's place, Seeing our own selves from his point of view,

Our hearts, of which we thought we had but few, Would seem as countless as the stars in space;

And all the great, good traits we thought we had, And all that we had done to lessen woe Might all be overbalanced by the bad.

Could we but know, Could we but know how just the little things Which we call commonplace mold the lives Of all of us! The struggling man who Of all lives

Of unjust critics pleads his very soul, Knows what kind words are worth; and long ago A kind word might have helped him reach the goal.

Could we but know! Ah me! could we but know, The hearts that we have made to ache with pain

By little thoughtless deeds, we would refrain From doing them again; and we would go With tear-wet eyes and beg them to forgive.

Ah, yes, our hearts would ever warmer grow, Toward all mankind as long as we should live, Could we but know.

BATTERS THE TALL HAT.

Automobiles Send the Silk Gown to the Wall.

Washington Post: That the large and constantly growing use of automobiles should have resulted in higher prices for rubber shoes, and rubber goods in general, because of the immense quantity of rubber used in tires, is not surprising. The reasoning from cause to effect here is along evident lines.

It is somewhat astonishing to learn, however, that because of the use of automobiles, and the outdoor life necessarily incident thereto, the silk hat industry has been seriously crippled and languishes as never before. This is a fact, nevertheless, if we may take the word of the hat manufacturers of England, and they ought to know.

It would seem, therefore, that our old friends, the common people, get it in the same old place, while the plutocratic contingent reaps such measure of good as comes from the situation in the silk hat aspect of it. The common people must have overhoses and tunics, and they must, because of the gay and festive automobile, pay more for them. The plutocrat, because of this same automobile, gets his silk hat cheaper than ever before; albeit he does not need one so often as of yore.

It really would seem that this old rule might work the other way around now and then, but it never does. Whatever happens because of something else invariably appears to operate to the benefit of those who have more than they know what to do with already. If silk hats doubled in price, the common people would feel the effects of it not at all, but with rubber shoes doubling in price, the shoes pinch in the same old place, of course.

However, the common people are optimistic, and approximately happy. The Lord generally tempers the wind to the shorn lamb after some sort of fashion, and He must love the common people, for, as Mr. Lincoln said, He made so many of them.

Allouez Magnesia Water (from Green Bay, Wis.)

is only one of over 100 kinds of Mineral Waters we sell. We buy direct from Springs of Importers and are in position to make low prices and guarantee freshness and genuineness. Write for catalogue.

Crystal Lithia (Excellor Springs) 5 gallon Jug, at \$1.00

Salt Sulphur (Excellor Springs) 5 gallon Jug, at \$1.00

Everett Lithia Water, 1/2 gallon bottle, 50c

Diamond Lithia Water, 1/2 gallon bottle, 50c

Now at \$1.00

1 gallon Sulphur Saline water, qt. bot. 50c, doz. \$5.00

Rogent Water, iron, qt. bottle, 50c

1 dozen, at \$5.00

Carlsbad Springs, 1/2 gal. bottle, 50c

1 dozen, at \$5.00

French Vichy water, bot. 40c, doz. \$4.50