

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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Cape Cod announces a big cranberry crop. Gobble! Gobble!

If Mr. Loeb does not speak up soon the muckrakers will do it for him.

With Dr. Wiley's permission we will now take a bite or two of watermelon.

That fine of \$3,000 against the Umbrella trust will not be a sun shower to it.

"British railroad strike is growing," says a headline. Glad to note some progress abroad.

Champ Clark says he can almost see himself in the speaker's chair. It is a mirage, Colonel.

When it comes to music, those German singing societies have them all beaten to a frazzle.

If the Water board is a public body, why should it persist in secret sessions behind closed doors?

Dr. Hyde asks for a telephone in his cell. Doesn't he think the court's penalty severe enough?

The strike on the Grand Trunk railroad again illustrates the beauty of the "nothing-to-arbitrate" idea.

When an author dies there is a sudden boom in his books, but the trouble is he cannot use the money then.

If those visiting Saengerbunders do not see what they want, all they have to do is ask for it—before 8 o'clock.

Now Tom Watson talks of going to China. Yes, but Mr. Bryan's tour took him completely around the world.

An American girl has turned down several American suitors and accepted a Jap. Then talk to us about war with Japan!

England has offered Jack Johnson \$75,000 if he will come over and show himself. Our critic, Mr. Bull, sets us a bad example.

Senator "Bob" Taylor says he will not go on the stump for Governor Patterson. Perhaps he would consent to go to the mat.

The little Abernathy chaps are nervy, all right, but they are chips of the old block when it comes to knowing how to advertise.

The Ad men will jump from Omaha to Boston. Those Boston folks will have to hump themselves to keep up with the Omaha record.

The Illinois democrats have resolved that their skirts are clear of any legislative crookery. The people have not been heard from as yet.

Of course, Mr. Bryan is not going to run for the senate. Is a man going to throw away a chance of being president for one to go to the senate?

Mr. Folk, they say, has even secured the promise of a few votes down in the Ozarks, which ought to make New England comparatively easy.

In Oregon.

Not long ago The Bee called attention to Oregon's experience with the initiative and referendum, drawing the materials from the speech delivered by Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., boasting that Oregon is the only state in the union which enjoys true popular government.

We did not at that time have the information, for Senator Bourne seems to have carefully suppressed it in his speech, as to how many and what measures were to be voted on in Oregon under the initiative and referendum at the coming election.

Some of these measures may be meritorious, but the great majority of them are plainly freak schemes backed by some small body of overzealous enthusiasts persisting in their agitation from year to year and accepting no decision as final.

Grain Prospects Improve. According to reliable reports, the grain crop is turning out much better in the west and northwest than was earlier indicated.

Barbed Wire Diplomacy. Mexico has chosen to make a diplomatic issue out of the simple incident of a ranger cutting a hole in a barbed wire fence that happens to define the boundary line between the United States and the Diaz republic.

Incorporators of a bank refused a charter by the State Banking board on the ground that the town in which the bank is to be located is already oversupplied with banks.

Our Birthday Book. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., son of the great general and president of San Diego, Cal., was born July 22, 1862, at Bethel, O.

Those New Yorkers are a devious lot. Three men went mad because of the heat the other day. Come to the real summer resort and get in a good humor.

The Abernathy boys, who rode their ponies from Oklahoma to New York to greet Colonel Roosevelt and then

discovered this transgression of its territorial rights—this infringement upon its boundary line, what then? Would the injury to national pride, the destruction of diplomatic rights, have been the same?

Primary Election Etiquette. Just because a primary election is impending it does not follow that every newspaper must make itself a packhorse to inflict the public with the outpourings of every candidate.

Patrons of the Partisan. Nebraska democrats are having the fight of their lives putting Mr. Bryan over the breastworks.

More Important Tasks on Hand. The more President Taft refuses to name state candidates and make state platforms the bigger he looms as the nation's chief executive.

Speeches Worth Watching. Just wait until Mr. Bryan, of "The Commoner," and Mr. Roosevelt, of "The Outlook," come together editorially and you'll see who has "come back."

Crucel Knocks at Home. Colonel Bryan is losing Nebraska counties on his local option issue in the ratio of twenty to one.

Passing the Hat. Richard L. Metcalfe is calling for postage stamp contributions in aid of his senatorial campaign.

Pulling Away Supports. One of the means employed by the government when it was trying "to do something for silver" was to pay the express charges on silver.

The Branch from Des Moines and Their Doings in Omaha. The Des Moines Ad men's club made Omaha echo with the glories of Des Moines Monday and Tuesday, and their work was continued Wednesday.

A Shattered Idol. What has recently happened in Nebraska is of interest to the country, principally because of the effects it may have two years hence, a stunning defeat for Mr. Bryan in his own state being somewhat difficult to whittle down the wind.

Bryan's Defeat

What the Home Folks Are Doing to the Fearless One Excites Wonder in the East.

It was Ever This. On the local option issue Mr. Bryan has met his first decisive defeat in the democratic party of Nebraska.

Failed to "Come Back." Warned by the democratic managers to desist from foisting upon his party a program repugnant to democratic policy, Bryan declared that he personally owed the people of Nebraska a debt of gratitude.

Picking Losing Issues. Mr. Bryan's gift for picking out the winning issue is notoriously not an over-estimated asset of his.

What a Fall, My Countrymen. Mr. Bryan has now been before the people of the United States for fourteen years as a national celebrity.

Boosters Away from Home. The Branch from Des Moines and Their Doings in Omaha.

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PERSONAL NOTES.

Goodman Gronow—"The world owes me a living, and I'm going to collect it."

"Do you know of any case in our modern penal system where the punishment fits the crime?" "Oh, yes. When they punish a forger with the pen."—Baltimore American.

"Was your husband kind to you during your illness?" "Kind? Ah, indeed, mum! Mofke was more like a neighbor than a husband."—Life.

"You never saw a man more delighted than Fluttyer to see the world owes me a living, and I'm going to collect it."

"What's the cause?" "He's gone to get a public hearing for his penitentiary." "In print?" "Not exactly. He's been sued for breach of promise, and his promise are to be read in open court."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I wouldn't trust myself in India," said the unmarried man. "I'm afraid of wild beasts?" asked the benedict. "No, a bit; but I see there are 30,000,000 widows in India!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"But, dear mother, the stress you want me to court is a fright! To begin with she's got a figure like an hourglass." "What! does that matter if she has the said, 'too'?"—Baltimore American.

"I wish to speak with your mother." "Yes?" "Yes, I have a proposition I wish to place before her." "Better place it before me. Ma's a widow and might snap you up."—Houston Post.

"Sometimes you have to hit a man to make him keep quiet, so that you can talk to him." "Yes, I've done that." "Yes," replied the abrupt person; "and the time to do it is when he first begins to rock the boat."—Washington Star.

SAME OLD SUMMERTIME. Ada Stewart Shelton in Life. The same old summer time is here. The same old scene is laid. Of dancing waters, shining sands, and rocks where high tides fret. The same old golden moon comes up To make the scene complete, Along the shore I walk with her— The same old tale repeat.

Lines to a Laugh.

Suppose The Bee should say to its town, sometimes, or you won't read news, publish this paper and deliver it to you eight or ten months in the year, but as soon as it gets warm we will discontinue because some of our subscribers go out of town, or you don't read, anyway, during the summer, or if you do read you are not interested.

There is business for every day in the year, summer and winter, and the man who goes after it will get it. The advertising columns of The Bee are open to you every day—they will carry your message to 120,000 readers every day and they will respond to every-day advertising.

Try it and you will save the time, trouble and expense of starting the fire all over again next autumn.

Talks for people who sell things

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Schools and Colleges

Nebraska Military Academy

Brownell Hall

Wentworth Military Academy

Oldest and Largest in Middle West. Government Supervised. Highest Rating by War Department.

Kansas City Veterinary College

Kearney Military Academy

Well Paid Positions

Blees Military Academy

Music Domestic Science, Art, Expression.

Nebraska School of Business