

## THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50  
 Saturday Bee, one year, \$2.50  
 Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$2.00  
 Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$3.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week 5c  
 Evening Bee (with Sunday), per week 10c  
 Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week 10c  
 Daily Bee (without Sunday), per week 5c  
 Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Department.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.  
 South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N.  
 Council Bluffs—15 South Street.  
 Lincoln—415 Little Building.  
 Chicago—154 Marquette Building.  
 New York—Rooms 110-112 No. 34 West  
 Thirty-third Street.  
 Washington—714 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

REMITTANCES.

Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company. Only 10-cent stamps received in payment of mail accounts. Personal checks except on Omaha and eastern exchange not accepted.

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 Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of September, 1910, was as follows:

1.....48,880	15.....43,300
2.....48,970	16.....43,370
3.....48,120	17.....43,400
4.....48,000	18.....43,800
5.....48,130	19.....43,480
6.....48,430	20.....43,450
7.....48,500	21.....43,550
8.....48,580	22.....43,550
9.....48,450	23.....43,550
10.....48,370	24.....43,550
11.....48,000	25.....43,570
12.....48,630	26.....43,130
13.....48,500	27.....43,130
14.....48,500	28.....43,130
15.....48,500	29.....43,130
16.....48,500	30.....43,130
Total.....1,208,370	

Returned Copies.....5,845

Net Total.....1,192,525

Daily Average.....43,117

GEO. B. TSCHUCK, Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 15th day of September, 1910.

M. R. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Will Hitchcock put it back? Ask us something easier.

That letter-writing habit is still a bad one, for, like cats, letters come back.

A Chicago policeman retired recently worth \$300,000. How could he do it?

"Is my crown on straight?" may become soon the common greeting among kings.

If the Cubs could only get the Colonel to root for them they would surely win hands down.

The pictures of Colonel Roosevelt in the aeroplane show him sitting perfectly still. They must be fakes.

As the aviator with whom Roosevelt rode, Arch Hoxsey, ought to have no trouble now in getting the money.

Judge Parker's speeches sound as if he were teasing the democrats into the belief that he is about to say something.

One is prompted to ask the price paid for the gowns on which Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt paid duties of \$11,000.

St. Louis insists that it has the best preachers in the country. Well, they should get exercise enough to make them the best.

We do not understand that the contributing editor of the Outlook gets doctored for time devoted to these journeys he makes.

The royal family has cut out a program of the simple life for little Manuel. That is about all the insurgents left for him, isn't it?

Now, the most distressing thing to the democrats of New York is that Vice President Sherman is to take the stump for the republican ticket.

They seem to have Mr. Toner singing for dear life in his race for governor of Pennsylvania, while his opponent, Mr. Grim, holds on grimly.

General Miles says Roosevelt will have no show in 1912. Perhaps, but in the meantime he is giving New York Tammanyites about all the stage fright they can stand.

Strange how the big stick figures in all the leading controversies of the day—the Pinchot-Ballinger dispute, the Roosevelt-New York situation and the Cobb-LaJolle case.

Claude Grahame-White is not the first high-flyer to drop down just outside the White House door. One distinguished political aeronaut performed the feat three times.

Congressman Hitchcock also had an I. O. U. slip in the city cash drawer when the Bollin defalcation was uncovered, but by oversight no one thought at the time that it was worth photographing.

Colonel Roosevelt has the word of the leading democratic papers of New York to back him up when he says that "Boss" Murphy alone nominated Mr. Dix, the man these papers are now supporting for governor.

## Lifting the Cigar Box Lid.

In the trial of defaulting State Treasurer Bartley a cigar box containing notes, certificates of deposit, securities, I. O. U.'s and other cats and dogs, said to represent the current and school funds entrusted to the great embezzler when he turned over from his first term to his second term, figured prominently in the evidence. It became common belief that if the lid could be pried off that cigar box its contents would disclose the identity of a large number of accessories or beneficiaries of the crime to shield whom Bartley went to the penitentiary with his lips sealed.

Once the cigar box lid lifted enough to let the public know that Bartley had tried to fix the candidate nominated to succeed him in office and to drive this candidate after his defeat in ignominy from the state.

The lid tilted again a few years later sufficiently to blazon forth the loan of a small sum of stolen money to a candidate for re-election for university regent, who, though he had repaid the amount to Bartley in the pen, quickly gave his resignation to the republican state committee and made way for another on the ticket.

Now the cigar box lid has lifted again and verified what had been previously generally understood upon information and belief that Congressman Hitchcock, now aspiring to be United States senator, editor of the democratic World-Herald, which always palliated his offense and defended his pardon, was cheek by jowl with Bartley while he was plundering the treasury and was a borrower of stolen public money which has not to this day been repaid to the state. The proof is positive in spite of Mr. Hitchcock's shift denial that any documents bearing his autograph helped bulge the cigar box.

Will Hitchcock get off the ticket as he forced another Bartley beneficiary off the ticket?

Will Hitchcock put it back as he has often called on other public freebooters to do?

## Wu and the Hair Market.

Now some hypocritical fault-finders are ascribing ulterior motives to Wu Ting-fang's crusade against the Chinese queue, suggesting that it possesses a commercial aspect. Some evil-minded critics are mean enough to hint that the wily Wu is getting a "drag" or "rake-off" on every pig-tail discarded; that the whole scheme originated in the fertile brain of foreign hairdressers—Paris, perhaps—and that the former Chinese minister to the United States was chosen as the best agent for carrying out the plan.

Of course, this entire story is a pure fabrication. Minister Wu would not have anything to do with such a transaction. In the first place, he is above it, and in the next place, he does not need the money. But that does not entirely eliminate the commercial aspect of this queue-killing crusade, over and aside from any motive Mr. Wu may have. False hair, we know, is in demand these days, in America as well as Europe. Dealers are finding it extremely hard to supply the demand. They are urging women to save their combings and have them made up into rats and other head animals, so that they will no doubt be quick to pick up the Chin's queue when he has cut it off.

And women need not blink at the idea, either, for they have been wearing hair from China a long time. It may not have been queue hair, but it was off Chinamen's heads—the real thing, whether amputated before or after death. One wonders how far this foolish fashion will take women before they awake to the realization that their own natural adornment might, in most cases, be used to much better and more slightly advantage than these huge bundles of imported wares.

## Stamping Out Smuggling.

Emboldened by its success in the Sugar trust fraud and other large smuggling cases, the government has undertaken another immense task in the matter of collecting absorbed import duties and bringing to justice men, who, it is said, have systematically cheated the revenue laws for years. The alleged offenders operate one of the largest art and jewelry establishments on the continent and the government has seized the entire place.

The day of the wholesale smuggler is rapidly passing in this country. Large and small importers are being brought to rigid compliance with the law and the present administration is showing itself to be no respecter of persons in this regard. Men, and even women, high up in social and financial distinction have been humbled in this laudable undertaking and the government deserves all the praise it gets for this determined effort.

The trouble was that smuggling had become almost a habit. People who have been cheating the revenue officers were not generally people who under other circumstances would defy the law. Often they were the victims of a system and the system had to be destroyed. That, however, offers no reason for condoning or palliating the offense. So long as the smugglers were permitted to find immunity in their respectability or wealth, or so long as they could argue the unpunished guilt of others in extenuation of their offenses, the practice could not be successfully attacked and stopped. It was only when the men charged with the administration of law became so blind to justice as the statue emblematic of

that virtue, that it was at all possible to enforce the law and cut out those parasitical influences that were nullifying it.

It is not at all probable that we shall return to the old order and the government will be richer and stronger as a result of this splendid, practical reform, than which none other accomplished in recent years stands out with more credit to the men responsible for it.

## A Relic of Barbarism.

At a recent meeting of passenger agents representing the big railroads of the country a set of uniform rules and regulations were adopted defining and governing the baggage privileges of the traveling public. The number of pounds of luggage, the limit of size, the accommodations for dogs, guns, bicycles and canary birds, the system of through checking, the requirements for identifying baggage when checks are lost, are all minutely stipulated. But in addition to these rational and salutary regulations is a reannunciation of the old rule requiring two full-fare, first-class passenger tickets for every corpse, one for the remains carried in the baggage car, with a right to 150 pounds of baggage free for the deceased and the other for an accompanying passenger in the coach.

If there is one thing which our railroads are more backward than in another it is in this obsolete method of transporting dead bodies. Why should the fiction be preserved that the corpse should travel by rail on the same basis as a live person, when the fiction is maintained in no other public conveyance? Why should the railroads in this twentieth century go through the motions of carrying 150 pounds of baggage free for someone who has no use for baggage at all? Why should a corpse have to go into the baggage car, anyway, along with the trunks, sample cases, dogs, guns, bicycles and canary birds? Why should the railroads insist on having a full-fare passenger in the coach to accompany the corpse in cases where there is no need for it whatever? Why should not the railroads shake off this tradition, provide proper accommodation for carrying corpses and make a charge for the service on the same basis that it makes charges for other services?

To thoughtful people our funeral customs are little better than barbarous, and the way the dead bodies of loved ones are transported by rail does not lessen the asperity.

## The Curfew's Muffled Clapper.

"The curfew shall not ring tonight." Somebody is making good on that poetic declaration. Somebody is hanging on the clapper. Since the death of the venerable Alexander Hogleland, the father of this curfew movement, the old bell does not sound as frequently as before. The ominous hour of "9" seems to have lost most of its terrors for young America. Did the crusade die with the crusader?

For years Mr. Hogleland, whose home was once in Nebraska, went up and down the land preaching the gospel of his curfew and seeing that it was kept alive, talking to boys and those charged with their control. He was a familiar figure in almost every American city. But in the last year and more not only is he missed in many cities, it seems, but also the work he founded and did so much for is missed.

Is there not enough of practical good in this custom to warrant what effort is required to keep it alive? Boys who are on the streets after 9 o'clock at night need to be told that it is time to get home. It is not only good for them, it is good for older people, who, weary with the day's work, are trying to get some rest and quiet within, and they cannot get it very easily with howling voices outside. Some of our resident sections might even be improved of nights if the curfew law went into operation at 8 o'clock instead of 9.

## Virtue of Land Ownership.

This indomitable desire of Americans to own homes, to acquire land, whether in city, town or country, indicates a steadfast healthfulness of the nation. The opening up of new territory to settlement and the commercial advantages involved are not to be compared with that larger object of multiplying the number of home owners. It inspires thrift and industry and produces independence and prosperity in the individual citizen, which goes to make up a strong and powerful people.

Nations that have gone to the front have been those whose people were rooted to the land. No country of tenantry or semi-serfdom has long endured as a strong nation. Agrarian rights that enlarged private ownership have always imparted virtues to the people enjoying them. They have always enhanced the powers and possibilities of the individual and tended to diminish those of the autocrat or oppressive government. In France at one time the proposal of an agrarian law was met by threat of punishment to the person presenting it, simply because the powers feared an equal distribution of land under such a statute. This, of course, was an overdrawn conception, but it goes to show how such conditions have been regarded by those who did not advocate the largest popular rights. Even the first agrarian law enacted in Rome under the tribune, Licinius Stolo, which restricted the rights of the private citizen to occupation of a tract of land still held by the state more than he

had ever enjoyed, was welcomed and became a step toward better things.

But the conditions in more modern countries supply better contrasts. The landlordism, for instance, of the British Isles and continental Europe we see in the present day have worked serious injuries to those countries by reducing the people to a state of comparative dependence and, in some cases, penury and forcing the emigration of the population to migrate to other countries that offered opportunities to acquire and own land. Here they may be counted by the hundreds of thousands in the United States, happy and wholesome in their land ownership. And this foreign blood infused into ours has brought more red corpuscles of citizenship than white, has raised more than lowered the standard of American individuality.

Nearly every enterprising city among us boasts of having more home owners, comparatively, than any other American city. Real estate men "play up" the fact when it exists that "the people in this block own their homes" as an inducement to a prospective purchaser. And home-owning in the city or town is only one step removed from land-owning in the country. In both there is the virtue of laudable ambition, of thrift, frugality and independence. It is to be hoped that, instead of slackening this movement to "buy land," everything will be done to give it reasonable momentum. The nation needs the home owner and the man who tills the soil.

## Alfalfa in New England.

It must be the source of some satisfaction to western farmers to learn that their king of forage crops, alfalfa, has been adopted by the New England husbandmen. Yet it is natural, for the glories and the stories of alfalfa, its fame and its fortune, have gone from state to state and from land to land. It may, indeed, be considered a matter of some surprise that the farmers of New England did not a long time ago come to appreciate its value.

Again, it was natural that the easterners should adopt this grass, for they have been slowly but steadily coming to the ways of the west in different lines of agricultural pursuit. Some of their leading railroads have followed the example of our western lines in sending out educational trains and aiding farmers in promoting their industry, and our methods of intensified farming have attracted wide attention. Long ago our hogs, in dressed form; our sheep, our wool and our grain found comfortable and convenient landing in the New England states.

Alfalfa is one of the sturdiest and most prolific crops that come from the farm. In southern California, where land is highly adapted and seasons long, it has been known to yield as many as eight crops a year; in Nebraska it will turn out four or five, and it is staple in every western state. Even in New England one farmer cut three crops from July 8 to September 8, and believed he could cut a fourth, but preferred to leave it for winter protection. It is not only a big money-maker, it is a soil-saver as well, and as good feed as stock can have. And with all its vast increase in production its price continues to rise. New England has done well to take hold of it and it will do better to increase its acreage from year to year.

## Tragedy of the Ministry.

Much is being said these days about the miserably low pay given ministers of the gospel, but about the most impressive argument on the subject that has come to our attention is contained in this letter to the Kansas City Star:

To The Star: I see a young man asked could he get married on \$25 a week. My husband is a preacher. His salary for the last year was \$200 and parsonage. At the last conference in September my husband was transferred 400 miles from his last year's work. The salary paid in the new field was \$25 a year and \$100 for missionary work. To move would cost \$100, with all new stoves to buy again, as here we had natural gas.

The facts as they are means the preacher took his trunk where his wife and children sent him, and I, the wife, will have to hire out to support myself and my boy.

Each succeeding year some men are put on circuits where the people cannot pay even a living salary. Men who can preach are never given a trial until they have been transferred in for years in front of men who have supplied all the funds to enable us to live in comfort, but can do so no more, as I would be in absolute poverty in a year or two. On our last year's work one church was fifteen miles from home. I bought "the preacher" a horse and buggy, and now I have had to dispose of it at a loss of \$60.

Young women in business had best remain there. A man has no right to bring his family down to obscurity. The cost of living affects the preacher as well as the business man. The time is coming when people will know that their pastor must be supported or else men will look out for other ways of living. A preacher must eat and wear good clothes.

## A PREACHER'S WIFE.

What is there the church can offer in reply to this shameful indictment? What can it say to counteract the baleful influence of such a condition? How many cases as this there are we do not know, but only a few weeks ago some fifty young preachers in the North Iowa Methodist conference demitted because of inadequate pay. What influence can a church expect to have for good that accords such niggardly treatment to the men and women it enlists in its service as leaders? It cannot in this day and age hide behind Christ's injunction to his apostles, and even that assures the minister that "the workman is worthy of his hire," or "honor."

The church resents worldly criticism, but it must expect criticism so long as it countenances such a state

of affairs. Men have been punished by law for failing to provide for their families, but here is a charge that the church compels a man in the Christian ministry to neglect his wife and force her to stoop to menial service, which unfits her for her relations as a pastor's wife and must impair, if not destroy, his pastoral influence. If it is to accomplish its mission in this age of vast enlightenment and progress the church will have to turn around completely on this matter of paying the men it calls to do its chief work.

The case in hand may be an extreme, or even an isolated, one, but just the same it emphasizes the low scale of compensation, entirely too low for the character of service demanded.

It is not too much to presume that the scant 4,000 votes by which Bryan carried Nebraska were due to this plank for free lumber in the Denver platform—Collier's Weekly.

Oh, pahaw! Everyone hereabouts knows that they were due to nothing of the kind. They were due to two things: First, the false labels put on Bryan electors which enabled them to go on the ballot a second time, misbranded as populists, and purloin the votes intended for "Tom" Watson; and second, the money and support thrown to the democratic ticket by the combine of brewers, liquor dealers and corporations. The people of Nebraska are doubtless for free lumber, but that was not an issue in the last presidential campaign in this state.

What will Bryan do about it? Will he knowingly continue to give even lip endorsement to a candidate for United States senator who got some of the state treasury loot, for which Bartley served time in the penitentiary? Here's a chance for Mr. Bryan to apply the moral test, and to place honesty above partisanship—the man above the dollar.

Macon, Ga., shows a splendid growth. It has gone from 33,272 in 1900 to 40,665 in 1910. All over the south cities and towns show a consistent gain, which is a healthful sign for the country at large, since it indicates that we are drawing upon resources in this fertile region that were allowed to lie too long dormant, or poorly used.

## One Way to Popularity.

New York World.

Automobiles equipped with a drip-pan and a smoke consumer might not look so good as handoms, but they would be very much more popular with the general public.

## Sing, Brother, Sing!

Springfield Republican.

The country can certainly sing with Whittier this autumn in the fullest truth and spirit:

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard  
 Heap high the golden corn:  
 No richer gift has autumn poured  
 From out her lavish horn.

## Inequalities of Growth.

Philadelphia Press.

The percentage of increase of population in the new census of the states thus far, are: Vermont, 34 per cent; Delaware, 35 per cent; Missouri, 6 per cent; Michigan, 34 per cent; Rhode Island, 34 per cent; and Oklahoma, 109 per cent, but the inequalities in the growth of different parts of it are extremely marked.

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

The late King Manuel is said to be very fond of music. But there are exceptions—republican music, for instance.

Forty-one pairs of twins were born in Oklahoma during the month of September. No wonder the state of Haskell is noted for its squalls.

A republican victory in Portugal offsets the democratic victory in Maine and puts copious doses of ginger in the patriots on rival firing lines.

The St. Louis girl who, on an hour's acquaintance, married an escaped inmate of a feeble-minded asylum, affords a vague answer to the question: "Who's loony now?"

The vagaries of the "science of jurisprudence" is an unfailing source of wonder for the untrained multitude. A New York judge rules that tobacco and beer are necessities, while apollinaris water used as a chaser is "an extravagance."

The Chicago woman, distinguished above the rest of the sex in being the recipient of her husband's pay envelope every Saturday night, graciously admits reciprocating his loving kindness by loaning him a night key on lodge nights. "Isn't she a dear?"

## SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Philadelphia Ledger: Possibly the perpetual complaint about the scarcity of ministers would die down measurably if ministers received adequate pay and some sort of assurance that old age would not have poverty as a concomitant.

Chicago Record-Herald: A speaker at the Rock River conference said that it was a scandal for any minister to have an easy time. With ministerial salaries at the present average the danger of an easy time is negligible as long as the cost of living continues to mount.

Baltimore American: At a church convention in Cincinnati it was complained that college girls do not devote themselves to missionary work because marriage draws them off. But then, marriage is a big field of missionary work in itself, and has the advantage of the charity which begins at home.

Boston Herald: A Brooklyn clergyman who supplied editorials for a local paper last week wrote after this fashion: "The knights of toil in Brooklyn have all the slip of the Yankee hustler." And "Religion is of the hole-proof variety. I don't know of a clear green light among the clergymen." Even the pulpit must relax at times.

## Our Birthday Book

October 16, 1910.

Noah Webster, lexicographer and dictionary maker, was born October 15, 1758, in West Hartford, Conn., and died in New Haven in 1843. His publication has probably gone through more editions than any other book in the English language except the Bible and Shakespeare.

Brower E. McCaughey, secretary and treasurer of the McCaughey Investment company, real estate and loans, was born October 15, 1874, in Omaha. He is a Spanish-American war veteran and active in various local business organizations.

## SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

It is always a sad thing to have pleasures without toil. Often a tide of sorrow carries us over a shoal of self.

Second-hand pity cannot make even a second rate saint.

One little deed is worth more of endowments of big deeds.

Life is too short to miss a kindness, too long to cherish hate.

Take care of your living and your dying will take care of itself.

It's finer being a small hunk of sunshine than a big bank of fog.

Some meetings are arranged on the theory that misery loves company.

It's no use being poor in spirit annually at the time of tax assessments.

The heart is bankrupt already when it counts on the profits of love.

No man is ever good enough to dictate the terms of real goodness to another.

Some hymns must be designed to prepare for eternal harmony by present poetic purgatory.

Some people treat the sermon as a table d'hôte dinner, picking out that thing that will not agree with them.—Chicago Tribune.

## DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"I wish that daughter of mine would hurry up and get engaged."

"Why this anxiety, dear?"

"The nights are getting cool and I'd like to move in from the back porch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Blanks—She has beauty, but I was struck by the impression I got of that girl's soul. Jinks—Humph! You were lucky. I was struck by the impression I got of her father's.—Baltimore American.

"Do you believe that the diabolical still exists?"

"Did you to last week?"

"Why this anxiety, dear? Are you not mistaken?"

"Nope, I married her daughter."—Houston Post.

"A man learns to avoid useless controversy at his own expense."

"That's right," assented Mr. Snepke. "Now when my wife used to say that she could have done better than to marry me I used to argue the question."—Kansas City Journal.

"Hands up!" exclaimed the western train robber, "Gimme your money!"

"Too late," replied the tourist. "I got off at the next station and I've tipped the porter."—Philadelphia Record.

Wife (at breakfast)—I want to do some shopping today, dear. If the weather is favorable, What does the paper say?  
 Husband—Rain, hail, thunder and lightning.—Boston Transcript.

## HUTESON'S

## Methods

Aim to convince the glass-wearing public that we can furnish the distinctive kind of OPTICAL SERVICE they are in need of.

Huteson's methods and Huteson's glasses give perfect results.

213 South 16th Street.

## HUTESON OPTICAL CO.

See Us and See Best.

## Independent Telephone Directory

Our New Directory, covering Omaha, Council Bluffs, Florence and Council Bluffs, is now issued September 20th. Among other features it contains:

Time Card of all railroads. Pages 4-5  
 Hours Omaha Postoffice. Page 6  
 A Perpetual Calendar. Pages 10-11  
 A Numerical List containing the names corresponding to a given number. Pages 261-289  
 If you have not received your copy notify Directory Department, 4-1555.  
 LYLE L. ABBOTT, Receiver.

What you put inside of you is just as important as what you put outside of you—even more so. Why not exercise the same care?

The QUICKSERV is a Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Room, where you have the privilege of choosing the things you want to eat as their palatableness strikes your fancy. An elaborate menu is spread before your eyes in a tempting, appetizing way. No confusion, no bolsterousness. Very popular prices.

The One Satisfactory Place to Eat.

Breakfast, 6 to 10. Lunch, 11 to 5.

Dinner, 5 to 8.

## Quickserv

CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

Entrance on 16th Street.

## The Finest Service or Dresser

## Trays

Are those wrought in our "Famous Craft Shop."

By using the finest Belgian Glass, the finest felt for backing, the finest imported cement for joining and by doing the work entirely by hand we produce trays of far superior value. We could cheapen the making in many ways. Others do—and yet they charge the same as we charge.

Our splendid line of Solid African Mahogany, Mahogany Veneer, Teak Wood, Ebony and Oak Tray Mouldings gives you a wide latitude in which to exercise your individual "Tray Notions." Suppose you make your ideas known to our skilled artisans.

## A. HOSPE CO. ART STORE

1513-15 Douglas St.