

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.00
Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00
Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$0.75
Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$1.75

DELIVERED BY CARRIER

Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c
Evening Bee (with Sunday), per week, 15c
Daily Bee (including Sunday), per week, 15c
Daily Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c

Address all communications to the publisher at delivery to City Circulation Department.

OFFICES

Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N. Council Bluffs—15 Scott Street, Lincoln—616 1/2 Building, Chicago—333 Marquette Building, New York—Rooms 1201-1202 No. 4 West Thirty-third Street, Washington—224 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

REMITTANCES

Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of mail accounts. Personal checks except on Omaha and eastern exchange not accepted.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation figures. Includes entries for 10/18, 10/19, 10/20, 10/21, 10/22, 10/23, 10/24, 10/25, 10/26, 10/27, 10/28, 10/29, 10/30, 10/31.

Total 1,303,370

Returned Copies 9,843

Net Total 1,293,527

Daily Average 43,117

GEO. B. TSCHEUCK, Treasurer.

Published in my presence and sworn to before me this thirtieth day of September, 1910.

M. B. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Poor Prof. Peck has had a bushel of trouble.

The Passion Play ought to make a big hit in Reno.

Still a burning question: Will Hitchcock put it back?

Did anyone say something about a "scavenger campaign"?

Mr. Morgan denies all belief in miracles. Then, tell us how you do it.

Florida orange crop ruined again. Oh, well, Nebraska is still in the orange belt.

Baltimore boasts of the prettiest women, but it makes no such claim for its streets.

"Beware of Roosevelt," warns Judge Parker. Let's see, did he not raise that cry once before?

A plan is being discussed of freshening Great Salt Lake. Why, does Jay Morton need the salt?

Next registration day is Saturday, October 29. If you are not registered put a mark on the calendar.

Will Mr. Bryan permit Mr. Guffey to donate a few stained window glasses to the campaign fund?

Let us hope Walter Wellman and his friends will not meet old Mr. Cholera, returning from abroad.

Probably it was out of deference to the rest of the Brown family that Lee O'Neil Brown added the final "e" to his name.

How is it we still have the octopus with us? Thought Jeff Davis skinned it alive in that maiden speech of his in the senate.

Director Durand of the census talks as if he had a pleasant surprise in store for Omaha. We can stand it, do not be afraid.

The revolution is not all that Portugal has on its hands. It has a national debt of \$900,000,000. Its population is 6,000,000.

A distinguished physician tells us that there are 8,000,000 naked Africans better off than if they were clothed. What is the answer?

If Mayor "Jim" did all that for Omaha in four years, we just can't afford to let him go to Lincoln and build up a really rival city there.

Elinor Glyn first wrote about "Three Weeks." Now she has got down to "His Hour." Soon she may have it figured down to the very minute.

The long-established affinity between Mr. Hitchcock's democratic World-Herald and crooked republican office-holders is now more readily understood.

The longer those \$6,500,000 of water bonds remain unsold the more vacation trips at taxpayers' expense for the managing director of the Water board.

If there is no franchise existing in Omaha to use the streets for supplying electric light and power the people will listen for a bidder. But it will have to be a good bid.

Will Bartley Stand for It?

If there was one thing that bespoke admiration for ex-Treasurer Bartley, even from those who abhorred his monstrous crime, it was his boast that he would not divulge the names of his partners who stood loyally by him; that he would, if need be, serve out a sentence in the penitentiary with lips sealed to shield the beneficiaries of his embezzlement.

Bartley might have had plenty of good company in the penitentiary if he had broken his silence at the time and incriminated his associates in the crime. When, therefore, Congressman Hitchcock, after confessing himself a beneficiary of the Bartley shortage and still in debt for part of the amount borrowed, placards Bartley as "a blackmailer" and says over his own signature that Bartley has been demanding "blood money" in asking for a return of the borrowed stealings, he lays an accusation to Bartley that no one else has ever publicly put upon him.

Bartley has always insisted that he became an embezzler by force of circumstances; that he could and would have paid over to his successor in office the full amount supposed to be in his custody, if his friends, among them Congressman Hitchcock, who had borrowed the state's money from him, had only paid their debts.

Will Bartley stand for being called "a blackmailer" by Hitchcock, whom he saved from financial ruin and shielded all these years?

Will Bartley stand for this talk of "blood-money" from Hitchcock, for whose benefit he served a term in the penitentiary?

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The life of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was a benediction. Its ninety-one years were filled with deeds of usefulness for mankind. She wrote and spoke inspiring words for good and great causes, but she accompanied her words, pungent as was their influence, with works of another practical kind. Where her words of cheer and counsel could not relieve or succor, she sent her money to provide, and history will accord her as great a place as a philanthropist as a writer. She was born of wealthy parents and married a wealthy man, so that she was peculiarly able to give. She set an example in giving—she and her husband. No worthy cause, it is said, appealed to them in vain and they helped the needy from the struggling urchin to the courageous Greek, fighting for independence, and the federal government in its supreme struggle against slavery and disunion.

Mrs. Howe's name is always linked with the great militant song she wrote, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," inspired by seeing the marching soldiers and in turn inspiring them. She wrote much of prose, both as an associate editor with her husband of the Boston Commonwealth, a strong anti-slavery organ, and in other periodicals and magazines, but she contributed some verse in her earlier years. In 1854 she wrote "Passion Flowers," then "Words for the Hour" and "Later Lyrics." Through all her writing ran the one strong strain of human interest and love for her fellowkind.

As one of the founders of the cause of woman suffrage, Mrs. Howe gave dignity and respect to the crusade and discussed it upon broad lines, winning many more friends for it than some who have come later as its champions. She remained steadfastly devoted to the propaganda. Her wonderful optimism was expressed in the implicit faith she gave to the cause as in every other enterprise of her long life. She died devoted to the belief that one day woman suffrage would be universal. Her optimism was always evident. With it she pursued her daily calling and with it she led and inspired others.

But in the simple life of the quiet old woman at home, those who knew her best found her greatest virtues. They lay in her example of constant cheer and cheerfulness to those who, like her, may have to tread life's path on down into the eventide of advanced age.

High Prices and Amusements.

A cartoon in a western newspaper shows a long, dense line of people crowding in front of a theater, urging their way to the box office, and above the building the cow jumping over the moon, indicative of the high cost of living. It is a fair picture of our peculiar American temperament. We are prone to complain at the high cost of living, and not without cause, but at the same time we are buying pleasure—at the theaters, at other places of amusement and taking expensive trips and vacations. And this is right, up to a certain point. It is right if we can afford it and most people can afford to take some rest and recreation of a wholesome kind.

But the fact is, we are still complaining, at the high cost of living. Are we not inclined to forget that it is very high living we are getting? It certainly is very good living. Whether the high prices have done it or not, the average standard of living is higher and better today than it ever was in this country and the chances are it will never go back. People have cultivated more critical tastes and they generally satisfy them, whether they can afford to or not.

New England boasts that its tourist industry brings it annually \$60,000,000 and it has been witnessing an increase of this revenue rather than a decrease of late years, while Europe gets about \$300,000,000 a year out of her pleasure-seekers. And as a rule

all these folks get, or think they get, their money's worth; at least they continue to take the trips. It is high living and it is high cost. It may be said that those of us who do not go to those distant pleasure resorts are not to be included in this category of critics. That is true, but those who do are nonetheless indisposed to complain of high prices. High prices, after all, is a relative proposition. They please those who sell and displease those who buy, and while there is room and necessity for much improvement over present conditions, the chances are we shall never strike the medium all of us would like.

Philippines and the Tariff.

Governor Forbes of the Philippines gives much credit to the new tariff law for the excellent financial showing the islands have made in the last year. The fiscal report discloses a surplus of \$1,000,000.

This is a vindication of President Taft and his prediction as to what the Philippine section of the tariff law would accomplish. In his letter of August 20, 1910, to Congressman McKinley, he said:

"The Philippine tariff section I have struggled to secure for ten years last past, and it gratified me exceedingly by my signature to give it the effect of law. I am sure it will greatly increase the trade between the two countries, and it will do much to build up the Philippines in a beautiful prosperity."

As chief executive of the islands for five years, Mr. Taft came to understand its needs and possibilities as well, if not better, than any other American and he made those needs and possibilities the subject of long, determined, patient effort, finally working into tangible shape by means of the section inserted in the tariff bill which he believed was required in these islands. How well he had decided and how wisely he had struggled may now be read in the results, and yet these achievements have only begun to bear fruit.

The tariff law simply keeps faith with the Philippines by doing what this government said it would do, by allowing the Filipino producer the benefit of our markets "with such limitations as to prevent injury to our home industries." The result is enlarged trade for both the United States and the Philippines, and, as the president says, it will build up a state of general prosperity in the islands.

A Vacancy to Be Filled.

The death of State Railway Commissioner Cowgill, not unexpected in view of his impaired health, creates a vacancy in office, the filling of which is of the utmost importance. The question immediately presents how the succession to this vacancy, occurring almost in the face of an election, should be supplied.

The law is plain that the governor has the right to make a temporary appointment to hold until a successor shall have been duly elected and qualified. But there is time yet to make the necessary nominations which would give the people an opportunity to make their own choice at the polls next month.

Some may contend that this is not a vacancy in office to be filled at the coming election because it has occurred within thirty days of election day, and an old law seems to indicate that vacancies are to be filled by election only when they occur previous to thirty days before. This thirty-day law, however, has apparently been repealed, if not specifically, at least by implication, by the later enacted primary laws which in so many words authorize the respective political committees to fill vacancies occurring on the ticket up to within eight days of the election.

In a city election held in Omaha a little over a year ago one phase of this question was presented by the creation by the legislature of certain elective offices after the time when primary filings could be made, and the nomination by local committees of candidates for those offices whose right to go on the ticket as the party nominees was upheld by the courts over the protest that such vacancies were not the kind of vacancy contemplated by the primary law.

Irrespective of this, however, if the state committees make nominations for the office of railway commissioner to fill vacancy and the candidates' names go on the ticket, we have no doubt that the candidate who receives the highest popular vote would encounter no difficulty to secure a certificate of election entitling him to claim the office and would serve out the unexpired term, which is for four years.

Mr. Hitchcock's explanation of his dealings with Embezzler Bartley recalls the story of the man whose wife caught him hugging the hired girl. "I assured my wife," declared the injured husband, "that it was purely accidental and perfectly proper. But some how or other, try as I may, I can't make her see it in that light."

Mr. Hearst has his artists cartooning John Adams Dix as a parrot sitting on Murphy's finger and Murphy is telling the trusts that he can make the bird say anything he wants him to. Yet "Boss" Murphy's newspaper organs declare that Mr. Dix is a man who cannot be made to say anything except what he believes.

sent to the penitentiary. This case occurred, not in another state, but in this state—a banker by the name of Mills, in Harlan county, being convicted along with the county treasurer for farming out county funds in defiance of law. Lucky Congressman Hitchcock did not form a partnership with Bartley in Harlan county.

Congressman Hitchcock's studied reference to Mr. Metcalfe as "Bartley's friend" seems all the more gratuitous because it was unnecessary and added nothing to his public statement. He could just as well have referred to him as "my friend," but he evidently no longer classes Mr. Metcalfe as such.

Say all the mean things you want to about those Illinois Central officials, but when a man can save \$58,605.12 in four years out of a salary of \$7,000 a year he is entitled to praise as a tolerably good financier, isn't he? Some of us find it difficult to lay by the 12 cents.

It is officially announced that Omaha's census has not been held back because of being under suspicion of padding. If Omaha had undertaken to pad its census this year it would have made a bigger exhibit.

Will Mr. Bryan support a confessed Bartley beneficiary, who admits he has not yet put it back, for United States senator? If he cannot stomach Dahlman for governor, how can he swallow Hitchcock for senator?

St. Louis has become the center of the air-flying business and the old town deserves much credit for its enterprise in promoting this international meet. It is a milestone in the world's progress.

Congressman Hitchcock says he refused to pay one note because it outlawed under the statute of limitations while Bartley was in the penitentiary. People used to say there was honor among thieves.

Mayor "Jim" has not been boasting lately about shooting his brother-in-law or branding other people's cattle. He prefers to tell how good his wife and daughters are and to shine in reflected light.

Colonel Roosevelt endorsed the tariff part of the republican platform, but stopped payment on the check, so to speak.—Atlanta Journal.

That must have been because he was in the enemy's camp and he feared forgery.

If W. J. Taylor is as upright and incorruptible as he wants people to believe, how much longer will he continue to appear in public on the stump with the beneficiary of Bartley's shortage?

Satisfactory Outcome.

Most hopeful thing about the forthcoming elections is that which ever party succeeds we are assured that there will be an instant improvement of business.

Western Presidents Outcasted.

Indianapolis News. The eastern railroad presidents have made a much better showing before the Interstate Commerce commission than did their western brethren, but it is clearly a mere for-revenue-only appeal.

Ventilating a Grouch.

Chicago Record-Herald. Patrick Calhoun, who recently had some trouble with the courts in San Francisco, owing to his operations as a street railway magnate, denounces Roosevelt's "new nationalism" and accuses the former president of favoring the theory of imperial despotism. Mr. Calhoun is going to have a good deal of trouble in getting the public to accept him as a perfectly wise and patriotic leader.

Jobable on the Spot.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Kansas is, of course, the first state to put the new nationalism into effect. She has notified the packers that they cannot sell forty-six pounds of lard in a tin can over there any more for fifty pounds of lard.

Subsequently the movement will extend to weighing ice cones with the ice and other oppressions.

Our Birthday Book

October 19, 1910.

Judge Walter H. Sanborn of the federal court for this circuit, was born October 19, 1861, at Epson, N. H. He practiced law in St. Paul and was appointed to the bench by President Harrison in 1892, and is being urged for one of the vacancies on the supreme bench.

Wilhel M. Hays, assistant secretary of agriculture is 51. He is a native of Iowa and was professor of agriculture in the University of Minnesota before taking his present position.

John F. Findley, president of New York City college, was born October 19, 1827. As president of Knox college at Galesburg, he was a frequent visitor to Omaha, later becoming a member of the faculty at Princeton, where he was an intimate friend of the late Grover Cleveland.

Charles H. Brown, secretary and treasurer of the Brown Realty and Investment company, was born October 19, 1875, right here in Omaha. He studied at Phillips' academy and Harvard and is associated as stockholder and director with a number of local banks and financial institutions.

Dr. William A. Hoetterer, practicing physician, is 44 years old today. He was born in Morris, Grundy county, Illinois, and graduated from the Omaha medical college in 1884 and has been devoted to his profession ever since.

Robert A. MacFarlane, president and treasurer of the Robert Dempster company, photographic supplies, was born October 19, 1872. He was in the photo supply business in Minneapolis and St. Paul for ten years, coming to Omaha in 1899.

Edwin D. Brandt, representing the Compograph company, adding machines, is 36 years old. He was born in Davenport, Ia., and has handled various adding machines as sales agent for fifteen years in St. Louis and Omaha.

Around New York

Snippets on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

In a letter recently written by Mayor Gaynor to a personal friend, he says some things which indicate an unsatisfactory condition of health. "It is known," says a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, "that while the mayor's strong physique has overcome some of the physical effects of the gunshot wound, nevertheless his nervous system received such a shock as may require many weeks utterly to overcome. A gunshot wound of that kind inevitably causes severe nervous shock, even though the wound may appear to have perfectly healed. The bullet has encased and may remain where it is during the rest of Mayor Gaynor's life, but hereafter seriously troubling him. But there was the frightful shock to the nerves. Mayor Gaynor's condition may be understood by the fact that he is finding the best treatment to be life in the open air, and for repose in reading works which stimulate the imagination and the recollections associated with childhood. Mayor Gaynor has found serenity and mental comfort in reading a vast volume of poems containing myths, lyrics and ballads, which describe Christmas scenes in such manner as to appeal to the imagination of children. These have carried him back to his boyhood days, causing him to forget himself, and that is something which medical attendants say is especially useful in the healing of nervous troubles."

"The mayor intimates that unless his nervous system is restored to perfect health he may be compelled to retire from the office of mayor. And those who have read his letter say there is pathos and true solemnity in the hearing of every one who is absorbed in material success, in his intimation that any one who has been as near the great beyond as he was for a few hours after the shot was fired, is brought to a full sense of the trivial character of much which man esteems important."

"Municipal land ownership has proved the most profitable undertaking New York City has ever engaged in, when land is judicially acquired." Such is the conclusion reached by Alderman Campbell, chairman of the committee on parks, playgrounds and schools of the New York City Commission on Congestion of Population. In a report made public recently he supports his conclusion with some astonishing figures.

"Nearly all land bought by the city before 1890 has increased unbelievably in assessed valuation—admittedly below the market price—over the original cost. One case of nearly 9,500 per cent increase within the last six years was found, several cases of from 2,000 to 5,000 per cent increase in the last twenty-five years, ninety-nine cases of over 200 per cent increase, and nearly 300 of over 100 per cent increase. The city owns in all 941 sites.

Alderman Campbell notes that Berlin owns one-tenth of the land within its own limits, Vienna about one-seventh, Munich one-fourth and Frankfurt-on-Main about one-half. One city, he says, is so well off that it has no taxes on the real estate. The city's lands pay all the expenses. He does not name it.

Claud Case, a 6-year-old, went to the cellar of his home and amused himself with his father's bicycle. He found that by turning the wheels down he could make the rear wheel revolve at high speed by turning the pedals. But, while he labored with one hand, he unconsciously laid the other upon the sprocket wheel. Two fingers of this hand were nearly severed. He went upstairs.

"Mother, I hurt myself," said he calmly. "The horrified mother sent for an ambulance. Dr. Mauger of the German hospital responded.

"I can save those fingers by stitching them up," said he, "but the child had better go to the hospital."

"See 'em up here," said the boy. "As the stitching process was going on the youngster said: 'You sew slower'n my mother does.'"

"Doesn't it hurt you?" asked the astonished surgeon. "Sure," he hurts, "but I ain't going to cry for you!"

On one of those stuffy days last week a heavy ice wagon drew up near Chatham square and the man in charge went in to see what the order would be. While he was gone several children clambered on the rear step and began to fish for snail-pieces. One little girl had just scooped out a handful when the ice man returned and chased her away.

"Sell me 5 cents worth of ice, please," said a well dressed woman who wore a white ribbon and had seen the little girl being chased down the sidewalk. The man weighed a fair sized piece of ice and wrapping it in a newspaper handed it to the woman.

"Here, little one, is a nice big piece of ice," said the woman loud enough to be heard by every one of the small crowd that had collected. "You needn't cry any more. Take this home to mother and the sick sister."

The child, instead of drying her tears, cried more and made no attempt to take the ice.

"It's too big," sobbed the child. "Too big, and what did you want to do with it, my child?" "I want to put it down the blind man's back," replied the girl, bursting into tears again.

Sol M. Ireland of Rye, who is village president and also village undertaker, has lost a hat in a rash bet with a woman and has just learned what women's hats cost.

The undertaker was so certain that Senator J. Mayhew Wainwright would not be renominated that he felt perfectly safe in betting on the proposition. He is a member of the school board, and in an argument with one of the women teachers let his sporting spirit carry him too far.

"Hi! bet you a hat Wainwright isn't nominated," he said to the teacher, and the teacher said "I've got you" before Mr. Ireland had a chance to reconsider.

The winner informed Mr. Ireland that he was going to New York to buy the hat and he at once began making discreet inquiries as to the depth of the hole into which he had left himself. The village milliner told him a touze shouldn't run much above \$5, but a satin Charlotte Corday ought to set him back from \$15 to \$20.

Mr. Ireland is perspiring profusely and asking friends of the teacher to reach her by telephone and ask her to be reasonable.

Sounding the Doms of Monarchies.

Springfield Republican. The downfall of monarchy in Portugal means that Europe now has three republics. The London Times not long ago congratulated its readers because republican form of late had made so little advance in European countries. There may be more governments over there without kings and queens within ten years. Certainly the French republic is a success, and Norway, Holland and Belgium could be transformed into republics at any time without disaster or disturbance, if circumstances required the change. Monarchy will ultimately disappear from the earth.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Text: "No Alum No Lime Phosphate... In buying baking powder examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made with Cream of Tartar... Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER... A pure, wholesome, reliable Grape Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food."

PERSONAL NOTES. Womansocket, E. L., has granted his first hunter's license to a woman. She is the wife of an Indian and probably knows "a hawk from a handsaw." Another millionaire has married a chorus girl. It looks as if the millionaires had formed a combination to put the musical comedy shows out of business. Clear Lake, Minn., with a population of nearly 50, has neither doctor nor undertaker. That must be the place, claimed to be so healthful, that they had to kill a man to start a cemetery. Washington E. Connor, personal broker of Jay Gould and Russell Sage, and one of the few remaining links connecting the Wall street of another generation, has sold his seat on the New York Stock Exchange and will retire. George Pitts, 10 years old, son of Town Clerk A. Stover Pitts of Waynesboro, Pa., has been deputized to act as town clerk during his father's illness. At the regular meeting of the council young Pitts took charge of all the work of the secretary of that body. After a world-wide search lasting six years, Baron Von Mellenthon of Prussia, who is in San Francisco, has recovered his young son, who is heir to a large estate near Stoten. The boy was kidnapped by a man who lured the baroness away, he says; got possession of her property in Colfax, Cal., last May, and fled to London with her son. Brigadier General John P. Cook, who, as a commander of the union army, received the surrender of Fort Donelson from the confederate forces, died at his home near Hillsdale, Mich. He was 80 years of age. General Cook commanded the first volunteer force formed in Illinois at the outbreak of the war between the states. He formerly was mayor of Springfield, Ill.

Advertisement for Huteson Optical Co. Text: "Enjoy Perfect EYESIGHT... It matters not whether you suffer from Near-Sight, Old-Sight or Astigmatism, we give you complete relief. Think what scientific examination will do toward permanent relief. THIS IS WHAT YOU GET HERE. COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU. Huteson Optical Co. 213 South 16th Street."

Advertisement for Nebraska Telephone Co. Text: "Your telephone! Your Bell Telephone is connected with half the telephones in the world. No foreign country has reached the high level of American telephone development. In this country there are five million Bell Telephones carrying twenty million daily messages. In the whole of Europe with her twenty nations, there is not half that number of telephones. The success of the Bell Telephone in this country is due to thirty years of unceasing endeavor to give the most efficient service that human ingenuity can devise. NEBRASKA TELEPHONE CO. A. F. McAdams, Local Manager."