

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Table with 2 columns: Circulation figures for various days and totals. Includes 'Total' and 'Returned Copies'.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this thirtieth day of September, 1910. M. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

For the ninth time we ask, Will Hitchcock put it back?

Congressman Hitchcock is getting madder. That's very evident.

Trade may follow the flag, but it also follows the trade boosters.

That story about snow in Texas in October sounds a little frosty.

The Crippen case shows what can be done without the telegraph wire.

Notice how quickly Mr. Bryan accepted the invitation to stay in Indiana?

What if Mr. Morgan should find out that "Link" Steffens is writing things about him?

Register Saturday or prepare to stand aside when you ask for a ballot at the polls.

Cannot some one induce "Jack Johnson to quit his auto and take to an aeroplane?

With Colonel Roosevelt to lead the shouting, Taft rooters ought to make the welkin ring.

The new king of Siam ascends the throne at the age of 39. Just old enough to know better.

Just suppose that Lee O'Neill Browne had been tried before the jury that convicted Dr. Crippen.

"I will never retire."—Sarah Bernhardt. Sarah might run for senator on the democratic ticket right here in Nebraska.

Uncle Henry Wallace says the farmer loses money and the railroads say they do. Who owns those hogs? Who declares those railway dividends?

Formula for avoiding debts: Get your creditor in the penitentiary until your note outlaws, and then beat him off with the statute of limitations.

Champ Clark asks the people of his district if they do not want to be represented in congress by the speaker. Oh, quit your teasing, now, Champie.

If Senator Forsaker is not careful he may give out the impression of being unfriendly to Colonel Roosevelt, and that, of course, would tend to weaken his case.

Just by way of reminder, 250 retail liquor licenses in a city of 125,000 population means one saloon to every 500 inhabitants, men, women and children.

The man who shot Mayor Gaynor is said to be insane. Lock him up, for the damage from a maniac's pistol may not differ from that of a sane man's gun.

A St. Louis aviator advertises "Lessons in flying, \$25." There are well-groomed ladies and gents in that same city giving lessons in high-flying for much less, as a starter.

The one consolation of being shut out of that hall of fame is that we will be in the company of such men as Patrick Henry, General Sheridan, Samuel Adams and a few others.

The old game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" is being paraphrased and played by the farmers and the railroads. "Money, money, who's got the money?"

Send the Money to Murphy.

The democratic state executive committee of New York appeals through a newspaper advertisement to all the people of the state to contribute funds for its campaign—democrats, republicans, socialists and Hearst independents alike being invited to "come across." The members of the committee are named as proper recipients of the money. In the list are the names of some notable democrats, but the one that stands out above all others is that conspicuous champion of the people, that restless enemy of special privilege, that indomitable foe to corrupt politics, Charles F. Murphy, otherwise known as "boss" of Tammany hall, successor to the Honorable "Dick" Croker, who got mad and went to Ireland when some upstart asked "Where did he get it?"

Send the money, therefore, to "Boss" Murphy. His methods are practical, his experience complete. He knows the state from end to end and every candidate and issue thoroughly, for he named or dictated them all. The leading democratic newspapers of New York said that delegates to the state convention at Rochester "stood hat in hand and waited" upon "Boss" Murphy with a request for the nomination of this man or that, "but waited in vain," for the boss had decided beforehand to nominate Mr. J. A. Dix.

So send your money to Murphy. It will avoid delay and indirection. It will all have to go to him in the end, anyway, and to send it to other members of the committee will simply cause confusion and a loss of time and the campaign is far spent now. Mr. Murphy is not a cooper by trade, but an adept at rolling barrels. Furthermore, as he is the whole thing in the democratic party in the state this year, according to those veracious democratic newspapers, why bother about sending the money to any of the small fry?

The committee has thoughtfully stipulated that no "corporation money" will be received, or at least it will not be received from a corporation directly. Corporations wishing to contribute will, therefore, kindly have some individual to make the remittance. It would never do to have Mr. Murphy mixed up with the corporations. The committee in its appeal assures the good people of New York that "Democratic victory will mean the restoration of confidence, an end of extravagance and the return of business methods, with tranquillity and order to the transaction of public business."

Could anything more be asked or desired? Do not stop to ask foolish questions, you people of New York. Just place your check in a properly addressed envelope and mail to Mr. "Boss" Murphy and then keep your eye on the little rubber ball and see if you can tell which shell it is under.

Expert Testimony.

The populist nominee for lieutenant governor in the recent Nebraska primaries was W. H. Green, editor of a democratic paper called the Nebraska Liberal. Mr. Green went over to Sioux City for that famous waterways convention, and when he came home this is what he wrote and printed in his paper: Out of all proportion is the punishment measured out to Mayor Dahlman for his inopportune "butt-in" at Sioux City. Dahlman was only a little way behind us and we waited to go through the floor when he started to speak. But the mayor was not the only one drunk. Other cities contributed their liability. Just suppose it had been "Governor" Dahlman instead of "Mayor" Dahlman for whom "Reformer" Green had felt called upon to make this apology?

American Aeronauts Triumph.

The achievement of Messrs. Hawley and Post, who sailed in a balloon from St. Louis to a point in northern Canada, a distance of 1,450 miles, in forty-eight hours, may well be hailed as a triumph in aeronautics. It does not matter that the science of traveling in air has not been reduced to a thoroughly utilitarian basis. It was not supposed that it would be by this feat. The fact remains that these men have done what nobody before them ever did. They have established a new world's record and they did it without accident or injury to themselves or their balloon, although they were lodged in the dismal Canadian woods. They beat the aeronauts of every other nation engaged in the contest and several other Americans. They have earned all the praise that may be bestowed them.

Better than all, such an achievement as this acts only as an irritant, so to speak, upon restless ambition; it inspires other men to greater deeds. It gets down to the dynamics of human energy and enterprise and it drives some man to surpass the record, in time leading to the ultimate solution of the mystery. This has been the history of every great scientific movement. The inherent love for success, the restless force that impels one man to surpass another in the great rivalries of life, is the motive power of the world's progress. One of the evolutionary forces of the universe.

What Hawley and Post have accomplished, therefore, great as it is in itself, is nothing as compared with what they will have driven somebody else to accomplish. It is in this light that we get the true perspective of their achievement and the real value of the great enterprise which St. Louisians are promoting. We exult over the deed and the men and boast that they are our countrymen, but what is either to compare with the larger fact of their contribution to science. St.

Louis is doing a world's work, a work of the ages, in organizing and promoting these international aeronautical competitions.

Boost for a Former Bee Man.

Our congratulations to the Boston Transcript on the promotion to the responsible position of editor-in-chief of Frank B. Tracy, who was formerly for several years associated with The Bee's editorial staff, where he was thoroughly grounded in the essentials of newspaper work. Since leaving The Bee, fifteen years ago, Mr. Tracy has been almost continuously on the Transcript, most of the time in charge of its magnificent Saturday magazine features and also writing for current periodicals. We feel perfectly confident that he will make good at the head of this most influential of Boston's newspapers.

Just Suppose.

Just suppose, by a violent stretch of the imagination, that Joseph S. Bartley, the great embezzler, was elected state treasurer as a democrat instead of as a republican.

Just suppose that shortly after he took charge of the state funds some editor by the name of Rosewater, running a paper like The Bee, that had fought him for election, had gone to him and solicited a loan of several thousand dollars.

Just suppose that, after being thus accommodated, the republican paper kept discreetly deaf to all rumors of misdeeds on the part of the democratic state treasurer.

Just suppose that, when this democratic state treasurer turned out to be a defaulter for over \$500,000 the editor of this republican paper tried to palliate the crime and kept constantly giving the embezzler sympathetic aid and comfort.

Just suppose that, when the democratic defaulter was convicted and sent to prison this republican paper started at once to lay the foundation for his parole.

Just suppose that, when the democratic defaulter was liberated by questionable proceedings this republican paper defended the pardon and championed Bartley.

Just suppose that, after all this, when Bartley demanded repayment of the note for the stolen money, someone by the name of Rosewater should have set up the statute of limitations and refused to pay.

Just suppose that, when the facts leaked out, someone by the name of Rosewater brazenly denied that he ever had any state money or ever owed the state a cent, and then, when cornered, explained that he did not borrow from Bartley as state treasurer, but from Bartley as a private money lender.

Just suppose that at that moment someone by the name of Rosewater was asking the people of Nebraska to commission him to represent them in the United States senate.

Just suppose—all this, if you can, and try to imagine what Congressman Hitchcock's democratic World-Herald would be doing.

Those Iowa Farm Boys.

According to Henry Wallace of the Country Life commission, the farmer boys have saved the day and kept the old homestead going in Iowa. Testifying before the Interstate Commerce commission in a railroad rate hearing, Mr. Wallace declares that tenant farmers of Iowa lose on an average more than \$300 a year for every 150 acres and that but for their own boys doing the work, the farm owners would also come out at the little end of the horn.

Now the people will have to go back and get an entirely new view of the whole industrial situation. They had been imagining all along that these bumper crops and enormous prices meant that the farmers were getting rich and, on the other hand, that the steady progress of railroad dividends indicated a growing prosperity there. But Mr. Wallace disabuses their minds on the one side and the railroad attorneys on the other, who are contending that the roads are no longer able to put up with some of the freight rates they are getting.

It is a remarkable showing of the farmer Mr. Wallace makes, but seriously, how much different is it than other independent small lines of business? It is questionable if the little merchant or the small dealer in most any line is in any different position than the farmers of Iowa. The Iowa farmers who own their land have this compensation, that its value is steadily rising, having gone from an average of \$70 an acre in 1907 to \$100 an acre in 1910. This, of course, offers little encouragement to the renter and it has before this been cited as one of the reasons why many farming communities of Iowa were not showing substantial increases in population. At any rate, it suggests the mere possibility of fictitious prices.

The force of Mr. Wallace's contention is to discourage further freight rate advances on farm products. He is an authority on these subjects, so his word will naturally count for something. In the meantime, if his reasoning as to the part the farmers' boys are playing is correct, it only goes to show the lack and need at the same time of greater efficiency and economy in farm management and to emphasize the importance of this back-to-the-farm movement, coupled with intensified farming, which Mr. Wallace himself is doing so much to promote.

According to the Lincoln Star the pledge, "to abide by the result," sub-

scribed by every candidate filing on the primary ballot, means merely that the person taking this solemn oath will not run by petition after beaten for the party nomination, and that it leaves him free to continue to oppose his successful competitor. That may sound fair from the standpoint of the defeated, but if he had won the nomination it would not look so good to him.

No, Congressman Hitchcock did not vote to raise the tariff on boots and shoes—in fact, he did not vote on the tariff bill on its final passage at all, because he was at that moment in Europe enjoying himself there spending the salary paid him for looking after the interests of his constituency at Washington.

It is not surprising to know that the Oklahoma supreme court has sustained the validity of the "grandfather" clause of that state's constitution, but let us wait and see what the federal supreme court has to say about it. This is the clause disfranchising the negro and nullifying the fifteenth amendment.

Those "Dear Bartley" letters may also help explain why it was so easy to buy editorial space in Mr. Hitchcock's World-Herald for ten days for \$750 to attack Judge Holcomb, running as a fusion candidate for governor in 1894, just when Bartley was coming across with the dough.

Just to have it tested in court, we suggest that Congressman Hitchcock turn over the original papers and invite the attorney general to sue him for the \$3,000 of stolen state money, which he admits having refused to put back.

It turns out that Senator Burkett is also good enough for Senator Cummings. It is hard to please those democrats who are afraid Senator Burkett is not a sufficiently progressive republican.

It certainly has taken nerve for the World-Herald to accuse other people of dishonesty all these years, while Editor Hitchcock has had stolen money loaned him by Bartley in his pocket.

Remember that no previous year's registration counts this year. No one whose name does not appear on this year's registration books will be entitled to vote at the coming election.

The championship is decided. Le Roi rest mort; vive le Roi!—St. Louis Republic.

No one would dare call the Cubs that their faces.

Same Old Condition.

Louisville Courier-Journal. "Unrest," says Senator Bourne of Oregon, in a magazine article, "exists today through the civilized world." It might be added that the condition has existed throughout the history of the world.

Hugging the Crowd Line.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. As far as population is concerned Canada is chiefly a narrow belt of territory along the northern boundary of the United States. Our Lady of the Snows hearkens to the call of the busy crowd rather than that of the wilderness.

Reading the Signs.

Philadelphia Ledger. In response to inquiries whether or not he had retired permanently from political life Mr. William J. Bryan answers that there is nothing left for him to aspire to except good government. This is a roundabout way of saying that he has retired.

Insurgency in China.

Pittsburg Dispatch. A little representative government is a dangerous thing, as the Chinese regent is finding out. First the provincial assemblies and now the imperial senate designed to pave the way for and postpone the national parliament, have adopted resolutions demanding it be established ahead of the schedule that fixed it for 1915.

Our Birthday Book

October 26, 1910.

Joseph W. Folk, former governor of Missouri, was born October 26, 1839, in Brownsville, Tenn. He first came prominently into public notice as prosecuting attorney in the St. Louis bribery cases. He is now touring chautauqua circuits in preparation for an effort to win the democratic presidential nomination in 1912.

Hierbert Parsons, former member of congress from New York and close political friend of Colonel Roosevelt, is 41 years old. He was born in New York and was for awhile chairman of the local republican organization.

Robert Great Paine, the distinguished philanthropist, is today celebrating his 75th birthday. He was born in Boston. He is a lawyer by profession, retiring from practice in 1870 to devote himself to philanthropic work.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Was Awarded The

GRAND PRIX

(THE HIGHEST AWARD)

Brussels Exposition 1910.

COUTANT & SQUIRES

COAL. The genuine D. L. & W. Scranton Hard Coal has enabled us to hold customers for the past twenty-seven years, and to build up a large trade on that coal. It has less dirt, is better, lasts longer and is, therefore, worth more than any other hard coal.

Our Carbon Soft Coal, at \$7.00 per ton, is clean, hot and quick to start. It is an excellent article and takes the place of higher priced coal. Try it and we know it will please you. We also sell Ohio, Rock Springs, Cherokee, Walnut Block, Coke, Wood, Kinsland and Steam Coal. OFFICE: 210 South 17th St. Tele: Douglas 209; Independence, 4-3730.

Around New York

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

The latest judicial fiasco in the metropolis is the court of domestic relations, recently organized and designated as a kind of peace promoter among pugnacious families and neighbors. A judicial intermediary is especially needful in rehabilitating the domestic notions of foreigners brought over seas and dumped into the largest of America's melting pots. In many of the cases brought before the court the trouble has arisen because the husband endeavored to put in force regulations common in the old home which are intolerable in the land of the free. Usually the wife, who has been coached by sympathetic neighbors, refuses to stand for the old world notions of the husband's supremacy in all things and appeals to the court.

The court proves itself a harbor of refuge. The husband is informed that an American woman cannot take a strap to his wife; that she cannot be compelled to wait on her husband at his meals, and then sit down and eat the leftovers; that he must support her as well as his income will allow; and that she has some day in the management and care of the children. It always paralyzes the husband to learn these things, and he usually reforms him.

An attendant of the court says that of the women who come within its jurisdiction, the Irish are the least persecuted, and freest from the control of their husbands. "For why? Because they are good fighters; that's why!" he explains.

It was evening service in a church that is popular with men, relates the Sun. A young man whom the usher had never before seen advanced for about three steps up the aisle, then he said "Wait a minute," and retreated to the vestibule, where the sexton's clerk sat during the first part of the service. The young man took a revolver from his pocket and laid it on the table. The clerk said "Thank you," and slipped the revolver into the table drawer.

"Another case of peculiarly developed conscience," said he. "Every little while somebody drifts in here carrying something in his pocket that he is ashamed to take into the church. Possibly that man has a permit to carry a revolver. Anyhow he has no compunctions against carrying one every place else he goes, but his conscience balks at taking it into church. No doubt more incidents of that kind take place here than in most churches. For this is a church where men just drop in without any special preparation. I have seen men hand over a pack of cards, a bottle of liquor—a variety of things in fact that are intrinsically harmless, but which do not seem compatible with a devotional attitude."

For those who like to figure on votes the record of New York state offers a complicated problem: 1892, Cleveland (democrat) for president, plurality 6,518; 1894, Morton (republican) for governor, 56,106; 1896, McKinley, for president, 588,469; 1898, Black (republican), for governor, 212,902; 1900, Roosevelt, for governor, 47,780; 1902, McKinley, for president, 143,036; 1904, Odell (republican), for governor, 111,126; 1906, Odell (re-elected), 8,908; 1908, Roosevelt, for president, 175,523; 1904, Higgins (republican), for governor, 80,569; 1906, Hughes (republican), for governor, 47,847; 1908, Chandler (democrat), for lieutenant governor, 5,874; 1906, Hughes (re-elected), 6,482; 1908, Taft, for president, 202,002.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Chorus of white elephants: "Chaisong-korn is dead. Long live Chowfa Maha Vajravudh!"

The oldest person to die in Texas last month, according to the vital statistics report, was David Douglas of Pleasanton, aged 115 years. Jack Collins of Cuero, another who died, was 106 years old.

Mrs. Marilla Ricker, the 70-year-old woman, who is a candidate for governor of New Hampshire, admitting that she doesn't expect election, says: "As for taxation, my idea is that a church steeple should not be any more exempt from taxation than a smokestack."

In papers filed in a suit to contest the will of E. J. Halley of Memphis, Tenn., who died leaving an estate of \$300,000, Mrs. Anna Laura Morgridge says Halley gave \$5,000 to the nurse who kindly chased a pink monkey from the foot of his bed in the midst of his suffering. "To the cook who removed snakes from his broth was left \$5,000," was another provision of the will, says the contestant.

Saturday's Baking

Home cooking, when successful, is most delicious, healthful and economical. No fear of failure for the Rumford housewife. Her cake never falls, her crust is never tough, her biscuits never heavy. The baking is of fine texture and flavor and will retain its freshness much longer when she uses

RUMFORD THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER Contains No Alum

LAUGHING GAS.

Upgarson—What's the meaning of this word "modernity"? Atom—I haven't looked it up. Its a word I never use anyway; it sounds like swearing.—Chicago Tribune.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

Women in this town.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What a grave-looking personage your friend is!" "I suppose that is because he is generally buried in thought."—Baltimore American.

"One ought not logically to be trusted at a manning establishment." "Why not?" "Because it is a hand-out affair."—Baltimore American.

"I have been an office holder for twenty-five years, and no man can show where I ever took a dollar dishonestly." "Yes, old man," replied the graffer, "but me wise to your system, will you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—It must be fine to sing on the glee club. He—It ought to be fine or imprisonment.—Princeton Tiger.

"I know there's a popular prejudice against Bobbins, but the man is not really vicious. Of course, when the opportunity is too tempting, he'll bleed any sucker that comes in his way, but—" "Gosh! You can say the same thing of a flea!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Billings' new touring car attracts a great deal of attention." "Yes, the female relatives who ride around with him are the homeliest bunch of women I ever saw."—BAYOLL NE TRELE.

If you find all sorts of obstacles along your pathway strewn, don't twist the color from your lips and sing a doleful tune. For if you turn them right side up, you'll see where blessings hide. Beneath these very obstacles, for they have their funny side. Omaha. —BAYOLL NE TRELE.

If the load that's on your shoulder seems more than you can bear; if you are sorely tempted, to drop it then and there, just stop a bit and turn it. And you will soon decide, that your load becomes much lighter. When you see its funny side.

If you find all sorts of obstacles along your pathway strewn, don't twist the color from your lips and sing a doleful tune. For if you turn them right side up, you'll see where blessings hide. Beneath these very obstacles, for they have their funny side. Omaha. —BAYOLL NE TRELE.

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