

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE. FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION. State of Nebraska, Douglas county, ss. George A. Tschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of copies of The Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of September, 1910, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Circulation category and Amount. Includes rows for Total, Returned Copies, Net Total, and Daily Average.

Subscribers in this presence and who before me this third 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.

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

Mr. Bryan has at least escaped throat trouble in this confusing campaign.

The United States imported 1,000,000 pounds of hair from Japan last year. Rate!

Why should not a woman smoke? asks the Washington Herald. First, tell us, why should she?

"I am dead broke."—Evelyn Thaw. What is the matter with you vaudeville managers can't you hear at all?

It seems scarcely worth while to break one of those aviation records, for the break is healed before daylight.

Referee Uncle Sam has awarded Minneapolis and Tacoma another coat, ruling that both went down on fouls.

"Some men would rather bug a de-lusion than embrace a fact," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Depends on her looks.

Arch Hoxsey is the aviator who flew with the colonel, so no wonder it behooved his companion to outdo him in altitude.

A proclamation to "jar loose" signed as governor would, of course, bring the coin a good deal faster than if only signed as mayor.

Omaha's bank clearings get bigger and bigger year by year, which means that Omaha is steadily doing more business day after day.

California is said to be negotiating with China for its mules. Looks like a slap at St. Louis for favoring New Orleans for the Panama exposition.

Secretary MacVeagh has discovered that the country needs more dollar bills. But really, he cannot win distinction of being an explorer on that.

When Mr. Bryan returned from Europe the last time even his dog appeared to have forgotten him. In this campaign even the democratic mule knows him no more.

On December 20, 1893, Gilbert M. Hitchcock wrote "Dear Bartley," saying "Thank you." "Thank you" for what, if not for the \$3,000 that Bartley then loaned him?

If Mr. Hitchcock had wanted to let the facts speak for themselves he would have let the democratic state committee give Bartley a hearing. It is the facts he is afraid of.

It is pretty well established now that when Mr. Hitchcock brazenly declared he never had any stolen state money he was qualifying for membership in the Ananias club.

This is the season when some young men, to show how really rugged and brave they are, defy old Mr. Pneumonia by discarding the vest and wearing their coat wide open in front.

Two hundred and fifty saloons in a city of 125,000 population mean one saloon to every 160 inhabitants, men, women and children. It means one saloon to every 240 males and one saloon to about every 175 males over 21 years of age.

Struck a Mare's Nest. With the help of the astute Chris Gruenther, Mr. Hitchcock's World-Herald pretends to have made the wonderful discovery that The Bee has doctored its reproduction of one of the photographs which convict G. M. Hitchcock of sharing the Bartley shortage.

The Bee has not doctored anything, there is no call to doctor any of the documents, because the evidence at hand is ample and conclusive just as it is.

The Gruenther yarn, even if true, would be merely a mare's nest. It would not, and does not, alter the facts of the transaction nor mitigate in the slightest the guilt confessed by Mr. Hitchcock in the letter which he wrote in his own hand addressed to "Dear Bartley," thanking him for the \$3,000 loan secured through Mr. Wattles December 28, 1893.

These facts still stand out clearly: First, That Mr. Hitchcock went to Mr. Wattles, whom "he had not previously met," with a letter from Bartley that got him \$3,000 of Bartley money.

Second, That the note given for this loan was renewed September 25, 1895.

Third, That this note outlawed under the statute of limitations while Bartley was in the penitentiary.

Fourth, When asked by Bartley to pay up Mr. Hitchcock repudiated the debt, and to this day has not yet put it back.

The Taft Way. President Taft enjoys the distinction of having had more constructive legislation enacted during the first sixteen months of his administration than any president who ever occupied the White House.

Not in the history of the nation did any sessions of congress ever accomplish as much. And what was done was done with a steady hand, a cool head, but a grim, tenacious purpose.

There was never any let-up until the business in hand was completed, and as a result of this way of doing things the country is vastly benefited.

This has come to be known as the Taft way, and it is the way in which the business of the nation must be transacted for the next two years to come if we are to get done the things for which we have been so insistently clamoring.

In order, therefore, to keep the Taft way effective it is necessary for the men who vote this fall to cast their ballots for the men who are committed to the Taft way of doing business.

It is essential that they vote for republicans running for congress as against democratic candidates, for unless a republican majority is returned the congress will not only block the Taft way, but it will give nothing but negation and obstruction to take its place.

And that is the whole scheme of the democratic party in this campaign—to send a democratic majority to congress for the purpose of blocking legislation. That is what the big interests want.

Auditor Barton. Auditor of State Elias R. Barton has been renominated for a second term on the republican state ticket.

Mr. Barton's administration of his office for the last two years entitles him to renomination. He has attended strictly to business and has inaugurated quite a few salutary reforms in method tending to greater efficiency, particularly in the supervision over insurance companies writing policies in Nebraska.

There has been no scandal and no serious criticism about the auditor's office during Mr. Barton's incumbency. What he has done should entitle him to popular endorsement by a large majority.

M. Briand a Real Reformer. M. Briand, the first socialist ever to be elected premier of France, proved his power over his own and opposing parties in his remarkable speech in the Chamber of Deputies, when he flayed the socialists for attempting to bridle his free speech.

His speech was masterful, but caustic, and he was supported by a vote of 329 to 183, which indicates his success in appealing to the republicans.

M. Briand has done in that one speech alone what his predecessor, Premier Clemenceau, failed to do and what, in fact, cost him the office and led to the dissolution of the cabinet in which he was the dominant figure.

Whereas an unfortunate remark of Clemenceau's cost him and his party defeat, remarks of M. Briand's, which might easily have been regarded as similarly unfortunate, seem to have intrinched him in power.

The problems which confront Briand are not at all dissimilar to those that vexed Clemenceau—labor disputes being involved in both. But Briand has thus far been able to meet them more successfully and, as he reminded the deputies, without bloodshed. It is now known that only the lack of France's preparation for war prevented hostilities between it and Germany during the Algerian conference, and that the ultimate price of peace then was the retirement of M. Delcasse, the most brilliant premier in years.

But national and international disputes alike have been handled with a finer skill under Premier Briand and he appears to have gained instead of lost strength as a result.

Himself a scholar and exceptionally strong figure in France, the new premier is showing the wisdom of those who dared trust a socialist in the office. It appears now that, though he

is a socialist, he is not so rabid a partisan that he cannot see and rebuke a wrong in his own party as quickly as in any other.

Cabinets hang on slender threads in France, but it seems reasonable to believe that the one supporting the Briand ministry is stronger today than it was at the beginning and that order, and not chaos, is to follow the tumultuous session in the chamber.

Iowa's Farm Statistics. Farming statistics of Iowa issued by the government census bureau present a situation that seems anomalous. It shows a decrease in the number of farms owned and in farmers, but a heavy increase in the value of farm land. The farm acreage is less today than it was in 1900 by 669,000 acres and yet the value of land has increased 122.7 per cent in those ten years.

Apparently the state is doing nothing to prevent this slump in its rural population, but if new blood is to be infused into the farming districts it would seem that some effort would have to be made, and certainly it would pay to make it.

Iowa cannot long afford this condition. But before people are attracted in large numbers to its farms it is not going to be necessary to scale prices of land a little? We have been told that the tenant farmer in Iowa, on the whole, loses an average of more than \$300 a year, while the farm owner would lose but for the fact that his boys do most of his work.

If these statements are correct, then it might be pardonable to ask, where does the land get its great increasing value?

There are 216,807 farms in Iowa and 108,934, or about half, are cultivated by their owners. The others are divided between owners and renters, hired managers or renters. Yet, despite the fact, as stated, that renters lose money, the number of renters is increasing.

Nobody believes for a minute that Iowa is not one of the best farming states in the union, its land among the most fertile and, beside that, it is close to markets and has advantageous freight rates. What, then, is subject with its situation? Here is a subject that deserves some serious study.

Perhaps it will pay Iowa to follow Missouri's example of inaugurating a back-to-the-farm crusade, but it will meet with some stiff competition in backing men onto its farms when they can get others further west for so much less. That matter of price looks like a vital element in the problem.

The First Vote. Thousands of young men will vote for the first time November 8. They should, above all others, vote with intelligent discrimination, for it is important to get started right. The stability of the government rests largely upon the virtue of the ballot and that virtue amounts to little without intelligence.

Let the first voter go back into history and decide for himself what party has done the most toward building up and developing the nation and cast his fortunes with that party. Since 1860 this nation has made the most prodigious advance ever known in the history of any country.

Emerging from the throes of civil war, it has come up and solved some of the largest problems of state ever submitted to a government for solution. During all that period, save eight years, in other words, during forty-two years of this half century, the republican party has had control of the government. It has been the party that has solved these great problems; that has paved the way for this amazing growth in the life of the republic.

In the last fourteen years, since the last of democratic rule, the progress under republican administration has been little short of miraculous, and yet it has been effected against tremendous odds. The party came into power when the country was suffering the effects of a democratic panic. First voters can have a vital share in this splendid work of government-making and nation-building by aligning themselves at the outset with the republican party, the party of progress and action as against the democratic, the party of negation.

How About Mrs. Jones? Attention has been called to the fact that several of the leaders of woman's suffrage in this country have lived to very advanced ages, notably Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who recently died at 91; Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who has passed her 80th milestone, and Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who both far exceeded the length of life of Mrs. Lockwood. On the basis of those instances of great age the conclusion is drawn that suffrage advocacy and longevity go together and we have no wish to quarrel with that view, but unless further evidence can be offered the point remains unproved.

For instance, there have been other suffragists besides these three eminent and estimable leaders, and doubtless many of them have died before attaining such age. How about Mrs. Jones, who died at 34; or Mrs. Smith, whose end came just as she had crossed over her forty-sixth threshold; or Mrs. Brown, who barely lived to see 50, and hundreds or thousands of others?

It might easily be argued that suffrage and longevity would make good companions; that they ought to go together, for certainly a life of temperate living and temperate teaching would seem to sweeten and temper all the elements that go to give health and happiness, and that ought to conduce to old age. But at present statistics are not at hand to prove it. It may be tempting in this, as in many other cases, to take the exceptions and not the rule to reach the truth.

But, nevertheless, it is gratifying that these good women, whose imprint and influence are left firmly stamped on the life of their country, have lived to ripe old age. As they advanced they must have found new consolation and new hope in the ever-ascending progress of woman, and this, no doubt, had brought comfort with years.

Mr. Hitchcock has reproduced in his World-Herald two of the Bartley documents from originals in his possession. Unless he has destroyed the others he must have all of them. Why does he not reproduce from the original a fac simile of the check for \$3,000 of Bartley money which he got December 28, 1893, by presenting Bartley's letter to G. W. Wattles, then an utter stranger to him?

The sage legal opinion has been handed down by Attorney General "Art" Mullen to the effect that the vacancy in the railway commission, not having occurred thirty days before election, is to be filled by appointment by the governor and the choice is not to be trusted to the people. Anything to make sure of a fat job for some faithful democratic pie-biter.

The \$3,000 loan from Bartley through a third party was no more criminal and no less criminal than the \$2,000 loan of state money which Mr. Hitchcock unconditionally confesses. The only difference is that Hitchcock pretends he paid up the \$2,000 loan after Bartley got out of the penitentiary, while he repudiated the \$3,000 note which had outlawed while Bartley was in prison.

Some weeks ago The Bee published an editorial on "The Ingrate," and Mr. Hitchcock's World-Herald threw several fits in its anxiety to find out who was meant. Perhaps now that Hitchcock's repudiation of the note held by Bartley for stolen state money has been disclosed, he can fit the description to his own case.

The new king of Slam must be trying to go Chulalongkorn, his predecessor, one better, for he springs the name of Chulwa Maha Vajiruvudh. They will probably call him "Chow fa" short.

When he was over in Indiana Mr. Bryan said that one of the prerequisites to aspiring to represent the state in the United States senate was honesty. Here in Nebraska he seems to have struck that line out.

Mr. Bryan is still willing to swallow Mr. Hitchcock, tainted Bartley money and all, for the sole reason that he bears the democratic party label. But why, then, should any republican vote for him?

"Chicago democrats have the greater number of ex-mayors to adorn their rostra," says the Chicago News. You got that, did you, to "adorn" their "rostra"?

Hint to Sporty Youth. St. Louis Republic. If some of our glided youth would only substitute the chase of the jack rabbit for that of the Welsh variety at this time of the year it would improve their chances of becoming the men their fathers are.

Now Let Golfers Weep. New York World. A golfer who sued for \$30,000 damages because of injuries which interfered with his game has been awarded only \$1,000. That, at least, is as much as he could have won by numerous successful rounds for the usual stakes.

When Literature Pays. New York Times. The inventory of his property (totaling \$90,000) suggests that Mark Twain was very well paid for his work. If he had sought good counsel in his investments early in life, and had kept out of purely commercial ventures, for the conduct of which he lacked both training and temperament, his fortune might have been twice as large as it was, and he had lived well for many years. Therefore, the question, "Does literature pay?" is answered affirmatively in this case. Literature pays when the writer has the genius, the comprehension of his era, the power to charm, amuse and uplift which Samuel L. Clemens possessed.

Our Birthday Book. November 2, 1910. James K. Polk, eleventh president of the United States, was born November 2, 1795, in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and died in Nashville in 1843. The Mexican war and the discovery of gold in California were the events of his administration.

Lealie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury and before that governor of Iowa, is 62 today. He was born at Morrilton, Va. He went into the banking business at Denton, Ia., and then into politics. He is now head of a big trust company in Philadelphia.

Charles N. Fowler, republican member of congress from New Jersey and one of the insurgents, was born November 2, 1852, at Lena, Ill. He has been especially interested in currency legislation and has visited Omaha more than once to talk on that subject.

Richard Bartholdt, member of congress from Missouri, is 55. He was born in Germany and was a member of The Hague peace conference, devoting himself largely to the international arbitration movement.

John Cusby, one of the Gladstone brothers who made such success in the meat packing business, was born November 2, 1848, in Callan, Ireland. He still lives in Milwaukee, where the brothers first projected their enterprise.

Carroll G. Pearce, former superintendent of Omaha's public schools and now superintendent in Milwaukee, is celebrating his 123 birthday. He was born at Tabor, Ia., and was imported to Omaha from Beatrice.

John F. Bloom, chief owner of J. F. Bloom & Co., monument works, was born November 2, 1854, at Kridalia, Sweden. His present business in Omaha is the real estate, involving to Council Bluffs in 1880 and to Omaha in 1895.

Women on Stump. Clever Campaign Methods of a Candidate's Wife in a Congressional District of New York.

Very few women outside of the suffrage states of the west participate actively in political campaigns in behalf of persons or parties. The daughter of "Tarna Jinn" Wilson, a good agriculturist, is assisting her father in the Iowa campaign, limiting her efforts, however, to signing appropriate signs as curtain-raiser. Dorothy Brooks, a New York high school girl, is one of the regular routed speakers for the independence league in New York state.

The clearest work by woman in this campaign which has attracted more than local attention, is that of "Peggy O'Brien," in the First congressional district in Long Island. The district includes Oyster Bay, the home town of Theodore Roosevelt. It is usually considered safely republican and its present representative is William A. Wilson. Mr. Cooke is a candidate for re-election. Opposing him on the democratic ticket is Martin W. Littleton, a lawyer of note, an orator of distinction, and a democrat reared in the party atmosphere in Texas. "Peggy O'Brien" is very much interested in the success of Mr. Littleton for Wilson's good re-education. Martin is the husband of Peggy. Unlike men volunteers who take off their coats in a hot contest, Peggy puts on her coat, the automobile style, and with her motor car makes calls at every home in the district. Just informal calls on mothers and daughters, with a smile and glad hand for the men who happen to be around.

"Peggy O'Brien" is described by the New York World as "the loveliest, most refreshing and wholesome campaigner in the land today." She does not talk politics at all, but hands out a little booklet which tells about Martin W. Littleton, who is going to speak at a certain place at a certain time, and "won't you please go and hear him." Along with the booklet goes a pleading glance and a smile. Nothing more to suggest Peggy's mission. Not a word about politics. Her method is this: She visits as many homes as is possible in a day's auto trip, knocking at the door and asking if she may enter. She chooses the homes where the boys are republicans and prefers that they be away so she can visit just with mother and the girls.

She proffers one of the booklets describing her husband, but the relationship between the donor and the subject is not mentioned unless it comes up naturally in the conversation. If it is a humble home "Peggy O'Brien" turns to page 7 of her booklet and reads aloud this description of her husband and herself following their marriage fourteen years ago:

"They started to New York City. In their trunk were some boxes of introduction, a few dollars, and a few more. In his pocket was a few hundred dollars—borrowed—and with him was Peggy, with whom he hoped to find unknown joys in this mixture of perils and adventure. They settled in a little flat on Washington Heights. Work could not be found, and the boys had no courage or money. Blessed hope! Shame on the man who destroys it in the human heart!"

But where do politics come in with this method of procedure? Before Peggy O'Brien has finished chatting she has exacted a promise from mother and the girls that they will accompany her to the boys to the hall when Martin W. Littleton speaks. The family goes, too. All that Peggy O'Brien seeks is an audience for her husband.

She admits she couldn't talk politics if she tried, but she knows her husband is a workaholic. Perhaps the only time when she met with a rebuff was when she gave her booklet to a venerable Long Islander. He glanced through it, caught the name of Martin W. Littleton and said: "He's the man who's running for congress, ain't he? Well, I'm too old to be in politics. If it is to go to a prayer meeting the night he speaks here, anyway."

Peggy O'Brien smiled a disappointed little smile and left him. When she was returning through the village that evening on her way home she heard a querulous voice calling:

"Hi, there, Peggy O'Brien, wait a minute!"

The old man hobbled toward the auto, but Peggy O'Brien jumped lightly to the ground to meet him.

"And your wife ain't goin' to prayer meetin' when Littleton speaks. We want to hear him."

On rare occasions Peggy O'Brien will talk on the high cost of living during her freeride chats, but she treats the subject from the standpoint of the housewife instead of the politician.

"I tried to buy some hams of my grocer near our home at Port Washington, and he said he didn't have any," she relates. "He told me that the price is so high folks can't afford to buy them. I used to get five fat hams for \$8 and 10 cents a pound, and now I can't afford them. The old days before fortune smiled, I don't know why the price has jumped to \$5 cents a pound, but perhaps my husband will tell you if you go to hear him speak."

And who is Peggy O'Brien, this new apostle with the preaching which is making Long Island feel young again? Martin W. Littleton prefers to answer the question himself, because he never tires of it. A flush of pride illumines his face, his eyes kindle and his lips curve the words:

"Peggy O'Brien—my wife."

"Colonel Roosevelt and his lieutenant on Long Island confess that they don't know what is the answer to this move being made by Peggy O'Brien in the latest political game. Its potency is undeniable. What happened as the result of Peggy O'Brien's visit to the South shore last week? Southampton republicans wrote to her that they had subscribed a fund to erect a banner to her husband."

No Blow Holes in the Law. Boston Transcript. Fifty or more of the country's leading railroad lawyers met at Portsmouth last summer to discuss the constitutionality of the interstate commerce law and the same attorneys, together with others, are now again in conference in New York, but report "no progress." One of these astute gentlemen, quoted by the Herald, expresses the belief that the law is not only law-proof, but bomb-proof. "Thus far," he adds mournfully, "the best analysts and the foremost authorities have been unable to find a comma that is out of the way." Such a statute must exert a most depressing influence upon an attorney who likes to feel that he is earning his salary; but in the matter of improbability, at least, it should stand as a novel and wholesome precedent for federal legislation.

Waiting Corporation Gets Comfort. Pittsburgh Dispatch. Eighty-cent gas is shown by reports of the gas company in New York to contain the possibility of 6 per cent dividends not set forth in the arguments of corporate counsel. But since that content the corporation claims have expanded, they must have not only 6 per cent dividends, but profits enough in addition to make large extensions of their plant.

WILL HITCHCOCK PUT IT BACK! Knew Only Too Well. Blue Springs Sentinel.

The democratic state central committee did not want to examine the evidence that Joe Bartley had against Hitchcock. They knew only too well from what Howard has published where it would lead Hitchcock. Then you know Hitchcock is editor of the World-Herald, while Howard sits only a country weekly.

Proof is Convincing. Falls City Journal. In the face of the proof it is difficult to see how any honest man can seriously consider Hitchcock in the race.

Precedence and Foresight. Atkinson Graphic. It is well that the democrats held their state banquets early in the season as it might now be embarrassing to Mr. Dahlman to sit at the same table with Mr. Hitchcock.

Busy on the Defense. Fairbury Gazette. What makes the World-Herald editor more especially grieved at Judge Baker is that the judge said that he had known Joe Bartley and had been imprisoned with Mr. Bartley at the time the latter was sent to the penitentiary for copying state funds, he would have sent the editor along with him as an accomplice. In fact, Mr. Hitchcock has got so much on his mind at the present time defending his own title that the mention of the democratic ticket is liable to be signaled.

When Theft Becomes Honorable. Falls City Journal. The populist state committee endorsed Hitchcock for senator, giving as the reason Hitchcock's labor for the populist party when he had such a struggle to keep his paper from going under. The fact that he borrowed state money from State Treasurer Joe Bartley, which he never paid back, and thereby helped to bankrupt the state treasury, counts for nothing with them. They call the mention of this fact by the opposition press "mud slinging." We notice that mud sticks. The populist committee exhibits a low state of party conscience when it justifies the looting of the treasury to help forward the interests of that party. The populist party favors the thief, provided it is the beneficiary. This is a little raw, but it seems to be the statement of the committee.

A Shuddering Thought. Beaver City Times-Tribune. We shudder to think of the contortions of the World-Herald editorial writers, space fillers and cartoonists, if it had been known that the beneficiary of Bartley's generosity, Bartley would have been the saint and Burket the sinner. But, as it is, Bartley is the perfidious and Hitchcock the persecuted.

Come Out of the Cellar. Nebraska City Press. If the Nebraska campaign has evolved from a slow and easy jog toward election to a campaign of mud and fire, let's have an explanation from the Omaha newspaper as to the intentions of its editor. He has the nerve to have a news transaction with "Dear Bartley." In reply to the queries addressed to it about the subject, the World-Herald makes the competent and relevant reply that Vic Rosewater is a fake; that Judge Ben Baker was ousted from office in Arizona; that Edgar Howard is a sanctimonious hypocrite; that Joe Bartley is an ex-convict. The World-Herald might reply with equal candor and fervor that Dr. Cook failed to reach the north pole; that Roosevelt failed to cross the equator in an airship; that Mark Hanna really did wear clothes patched with dollar marks. Nebraska voters, especially a large number of democrats sitting nervously on the political fence, are wondering whether or not Hitchcock did get the money from Bartley, or whether he paid it back. Why did Hitchcock address the treasurer as "Dear Bartley?" Why did he write such pathetic little notes about the renewal of the loan? The World-Herald should come out of the cellar into the light and give a sufficient reason why the chastisement applied to Gould in 1901 should not be given to Hitchcock in 1910.

Sting of Ingratitude Candidate. Kelleys Recorder. When it comes to a genuine sample of an all-round sting of ingratitude, G. M. Hitchcock, democratic candidate for United States senator, stands forth as the most lurid example of the justification of that phrase. His denunciation of Judge Howard with headpiece of lie and his more-coller-than-thou denunciation of Gould, another beneficiary of the Bartley shortage years ago, and whom the World-Herald so virtuously demanded should get off the ticket in the limelight that is now being shed around Hitchcock he appears the most colossal humbug and worst political scoundrel and ingrate the state has ever known. Bartley, who saved Hitchcock from ruin during the hard times and went to prison rather than equal on his friends, is denounced by Hitchcock as a black-mailer, though the latter admitted after that he had borrowed money of him and had paid part of it back, and the note was outlawed. What do you think of the qualifications of a political hypocrite like that for the senate of the United States?

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT. A District of Columbia man who went to South Dakota and paid the regular price for divorce, finds the decree is no good for home use.

When a man's wife sticks hapline into him, and tries to suffocate him as he sleeps, the New York courts have decided that he has a right to leave home.

A chauffeur at Millville, N. J., ran down a woman who was pushing a baby carriage. He paused just long enough to inform the victim that it was her own fault.

That the education of her niece should be practical and should include "cooking, drawing and cutting," is suggested in the will of Miss Elizabeth Maria Benham, of New York, filed for probate in the surrogate's office in that city.

A tooth insurance company has just been organized by Dr. Norman Haas, an Evansville (Ind.) dentist. Dr. Haas proposes to insure teeth for a fee of \$1.00 per year. If during the year one of the policy holders loses a tooth in any way, Doctor Haas will replace it with a new one.

Mrs. Osmi Gabriowitach, the daughter of Mark Twain, has decided to sell the literary treasures of her father, and they will be put up at auction in New York before long. The autographed copies of the works of living authors, together with the volumes having special family associations, will be retained.

Captain E. T. Barnett of Fairbanks, Alaska, who has just arrived at Tacoma, Wash., having made the trip overland, reports that early in September on the lone trail between Fairbanks and Circle City he saw a herd of caribou numbering probably 100,000. Mr. Barnett says his pack train had to wait on a hillside for four hours while one wing of the herd passed.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, A. B., LL. D., president of the United States, honored by several universities, has reached the age of four-score years. At her home in Washington she had a birthday reception and party and welcomed a large number of friends, who found Mrs. Lockwood in excellent health and by no means looking the age to which she confesses.

LAUGHING LINES. Smith—Why do you carry that old pug-nosed coin around with you? Brown—It's a matter of law, and I like to say I'm able to keep a cent in my pocket. Judge.

"How uneasy that young man appears." "Yes, I don't know whether he's afraid they're going to make him read Dante or whether he's just breaking in his winter flannels."—Detroit Free Press.

"Wh—what's all this?" exclaimed the voter, unrolling his paper, narrow posted that had been given him. "That's the little baiter, sir," said the judge of election with the polished, large hearted tolerance that knowledge ever owes to ignorance and inexperience.—Chicago Tribune.

"American courts are beastly ineffective, don't you know. In my country they hang a man who murders a dog, and read Dante's 'Inferno' to improve her taste!" "What was it?" "That I wish there were no postcards in such days, for pictures of Dante's journey would have been such hot stuff."—Baltimore American.

PATHEPIC. The bachelor sits all alone in his den. Which is tidy as tidy can be. (So the bachelor thinks, but I greatly fear 'T wouldn't look so to you or to me.) The daylight fades and he lights his pipe. And content he indulges his whim. And counts in the wealth of blue smoke as it curls.

All the girls who couldn't get him. The night outside is dismal and dark & the rain rattles loud on the pane. But inside the bachelor garnish his socks & And laughs at the storm in disdain. His ears are intent on the tempo, without On the rain that comes down with a vim. For the raindrops he hears are the incessant Of the girls who couldn't get him.

The tempter grows wild and wilder still. It sends a great gust down the fire, But the comely old bach gives the flame a good look.

And takes out a clinker or two; The roar of the tempest is pleasant to hear. As he sits in the twilight dim, For it sounds like the shrieks and the sobe And the sighs Of the girls who couldn't get him.

The storm is over, the hour is late. The bachelor sits in his chair; In his hand something shines, in his forehead are lines.

That one does not always see there; For that small shiny thing in his hand is a ring. And the full eyes are solemn and wet. For the times he was spurred and the ring was returned.

By the girls who couldn't get him. —BAYLOR NE TREBLE.

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