

OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

Entered at Omaha postoffice as a second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Sunday Bee, one year, \$1.00. Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00. Daily Bee and Sunday, one year, \$1.50.

DELIVERED BY CARRIER. Evening Bee (without Sunday), per week, 10c. Evening Bee (with Sunday), per week, 15c.

Advertising. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—Twenty-fourth and N. Council Bluffs—12 West Street.

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

REMITTANCES. Remit by draft, express or postal order payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION. State of Nebraska, Douglas county, ss: George H. Trachuck, 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:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Total 1,303,370. Returned Copies 8,545. Net Total 1,294,825. Daily Average 42,117.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 13th day of September, 1910. N. B. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Asopines are still bullish. This is the fourteenth query, Will Hitchcock put it back?

Wonder how soon we will have campaigning by aeroplane? Well, one thing, Hallow'en is past, anyway, and we still live.

Wonder how the Democrats like that Lincoln speech of the Peerless leader? Mrs. Hetty Green, whose son spent \$1,500 for boat cards, is slowly recovering.

Coxey says Bryan is an imitation of himself. That is the most unkindest out of all. Having felt the effects, Judge Parker warns the people to "Beware of Roosevelt."

Six billion cigarettes were smoked in this country last year. Are your fingers stained? An honest man never pleads the statute of limitations when he has the money to pay.

After all that hubbub over killing the fly, he seems to have played out his regular engagement. In a growing city like Omaha well placed real estate continues to rank near the top for safe investment.

It is a bit puzzling to see just how Walter Wellman is going to "cash in" that congratulatory note from Doc Cook.

The way to make sure of a Thanksgiving turkey is to begin right now and put away \$1 a day toward the dinner fund.

Is J. Pierpont Morgan withdrawing from all earthly affairs? He fails to register and gives \$100,000 to church duty.

Governor Hadley, says the St. Louis times, is surpassing Bryan's record for quantity of talk. Yes, but look at the quality.

The man who married the bearded woman of the side show doubtless felt the need of a meal ticket as winter approached.

As proof that there is method behind Divine Providence, election day comes late this year and Thanksgiving day comes early.

The brewers' bunch ought to know Mayor "Jim" has enough to carry without being loaded down with Bartley's partner and his statute of limitations.

A New Jersey convict says there is no money in burglary. He evidently has not yet learned to cover it up with belated second mortgages and the statute of limitations.

Mr. Hitchcock's paper would rather talk about the tariff than about refusing to pay back the stolen state money borrowed by Hitchcock from Bartley. Any wonder?

Since the United States acquired the Philippines islands their population has decreased 25 per cent. Still that is nothing to worry over, for we probably got more than we really bargained for in the first place.

Overplaying Their Hand.

It was to be expected that the brewers and liquor dealers would fight back against any proposal like county option, which they regard as injurious to their interests.

It was to be expected that they would leave no stone unturned to get a wet legislature, and perhaps they have a right to regard it equally a measure of self-defense to elect a governor who will veto every county option bill for them if they fall down in the legislature.

But the brewers and liquor dealers are playing their hand pretty strong in Nebraska when they go beyond this and undertake with their money and hirelings to elect a United States senator who has nothing to do with county option one way or the other.

It should be known far and wide that the brewers and liquor dealers through their subsidiary organization, known as the German-American Alliance, have put Gilbert M. Hitchcock, democratic candidate for United States senator, in with Mayor "Jim" their preferred candidate for governor.

With their money they are buying space in foreign language newspapers for paid reading matter calling upon foreign born citizens to vote for Hitchcock as "the fearless defender of liberal policies" and accusing Senator Burkett with being a prohibitionist.

They make out that Hitchcock has a claim to the liberal vote—Hitchcock, the man who, when the big fight was on threatening Nebraska with prohibition in 1890, ran away to Europe just as he did two years ago when the tariff bill was up.

This output of the brewery publicity bureau has already appeared in a large number of foreign language newspapers and is doubtless to be followed up with the personal work of their boodle brigade. The brewers and liquor dealers should be careful or they may overplay their hand.

Land Commissioner Cowles. At the polls next week the voters of Nebraska should issue a certificate of re-election to Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings E. B. Cowles.

We freely concede that when Mr. Cowles announced his candidacy for this office two years ago he was an unknown, but he has made good, and by making good has made himself widely and favorably known.

Mr. Cowles is running the public business pertaining to the office of land commissioner as he would run his own private business, and that is the way it should be run, and will be run for two years more if he is accorded a second term.

A 1912 Prediction. In a composite study of Taft and Roosevelt contributed to the Atlantic Monthly Francis E. Leupp, who was commissioner of Indian affairs under the last administration, ventures into the interesting realm of prediction as follows:

Without pretending to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, I will stake my all as a political weather-observer on the proposition that, however serious may be their factional differences, the republicans will nominate President Taft in 1912 if he wishes it.

This is not a guess, but a sober thesis in the psychology of practical politics. The party that has elected its candidate president by voting for him unconditionally to the American people would be ashamed to confess, at the end of his term, that it had misled the voters.

Look back over the last fifty years. No power under heaven, except his own disinclination, could have prevented Lincoln's second nomination, or Grant's, or Garfield's, if he had lived, or Cleveland's, or Harrison's, or McKinley's. As neither Johnson or Arthur had reached the presidency by election, and Hayes had publicly declared that he would not stand for a second term, their cases are not precedents.

While everyone has a right to turn prophet for himself, Mr. Leupp is an old experienced newspaper man and he says in cold type that "The Return from Elba" fol-de-rol has already dissolved into thin air from which it was conjured, and that the "Roosevelt for 1912" burrah still belongs in the same category with the familiar abridgment of Hamlet, "he doubtless wants to understand that he did not write the standard biography of Theodore Roosevelt without gaining a fairly good familiarity with the political barometer."

The High Price Bogie. Colonel Roosevelt was but stating what most people know to be true in saying that high prices were worldwide and not a condition peculiar to any one country; that they were caused by the trusts in some cases and by universal economic conditions in others and not by the tariff. He might have gone further and showed from comparative figures that certain articles on which the new tariff law either reduced or entirely removed duty had gone up in price since that law became effective, showing conclusively that some power outside of the tariff was responsible for these prices.

But these things are already perfectly patent to people who want to understand them. This attempt to make a political issue out of the high cost-of-living problem is but the merest trick of crafty politicians. Back in 1896, when the country was still under the rule of the democrats, W. J. Bryan went up and down the land vociferously declaring that the only way to improve conditions was to advance prices and that the only way to advance prices was to elect him and his party in office.

Today this same W. J. Bryan is as loudly declaiming against high prices and declaring that the only hope of the people is in a general reduction of prices and that they

can never secure that until the democrats are elevated to power.

The farmer is not alone in his prosperity. The artisan, the mechanic, the merchant, the banker, the professional man—everybody has shared to some extent in this period of unprecedented prosperity; brought about and maintained under continuous republican rule.

But Mr. Bryan and other sophists object to crediting this prosperous condition to the party in power. Then why credit it with the high prices when using them as a basis of attack? Why not credit it with the good as well as the bad?

Of course, intelligent men understand that Mr. Bryan and his democratic fellow-stump-speakers do not mean what they say; that they are making speeches to get office and that when the speech-making time has past they will buckle down again to the good old business of gathering in more of that republican prosperity. The worst thing that could befall Mr. Bryan would be to be taken at his word, politically. If the country had done that fourteen years ago, he would not today be rated as a semi-millionaire.

Blood Money or Hush Money? Bartley has been ready to take blood money for some time—Congressman Hitchcock's Confession.

Was it "blood money" or "hush money?" To be more exact, is it "blood money" when Bartley asks Hitchcock to repay the money loaned to him during his direst need?

Is it "blood money" when Bartley asks Hitchcock to pay back money for stealing which Bartley served five years in the penitentiary? Is it "blood money" when Bartley asked Hitchcock to put it back after five years with lips sealed to protect Hitchcock and his other partners in crime?

Or, rather, was it not "hush money" that Hitchcock, editor of a democratic paper, exacted from Bartley, a republican state treasurer, when he got him to make him the original loaner?

Was it not "hush money" that Bartley had to put up to Hitchcock to make sure that the democratic World-Herald would not be too inquisitive about any crooked work done by a republican state treasurer?

Was it not "hush money" that Bartley came across with to Hitchcock to make sure that the democratic World-Herald would not fight him too hard when up for re-election the next year? Or could it have been "hush money" put up by Bartley to Hitchcock for suppressing information Hitchcock then had about Bartley's illegal farming out-of-state funds?

"Blood money" or "hush money," which? A Disfranchising Decision. Judge Truop has responded favorably to the democratic demand that the voting machines be used in Douglas county in the impending election.

The democrats want the machines used solely because they believe the party lever will force many people to vote the straight democratic ticket against their will and prevent them from voting for the candidates of their choice. The ruling of the court, therefore, is a disfranchising decision. It will make the result of the election in Douglas county, with the coercion, intimidation and boodle of the brewery-democratic combine, represent the real wishes of the voters still less than it otherwise would.

Nebraska Crops. Nebraska farms have yielded \$220,000,000 in crops this year, according to the state labor bureau's figures, which, at least on corn, are much less than those of other statisticians. So this total is more likely to rise than fall by several millions. But it is large enough as it stands to indicate a most healthful condition in Nebraska and these figures, it must be borne in mind, do not tell near all the story. They comprise soil products only. To be added to these is about \$175,000,000 worth of live stock and scores of millions in poultry, eggs, butter and milk.

So taken all round, the Nebraska farmer ought to be able to keep the wolf from the door for quite a while. The state bureau suggests that the population figures are likely to be disappointing, not showing as great increase as might be expected. Well, that is not fatal to Nebraska so long as they are multiplying their wealth and sources of wealth upon so vast a scale. And beside all this, they have not yet turned their attention to the business of increasing their population. When they do, and they should not delay longer, they probably will produce results to compare favorably with what they have been producing on their farms.

The state is better equipped now for the reception of large influxes of population than it was a decade ago, and with all the elements encouraging a western begin, Nebraska ought to get its natural share of newcomers. But it should not rest content with this natural share. Mr. Maxlin properly suggests that its people should "awake to the sense of their duty" in advertising the resources and opportunities of their state in an effort to attract new population. This same appeal has been made by other state labor commissioners and other sources time and time again and it should stir us to greater action. A state with the least percentage of illiteracy and the greatest per capita tax and hundreds of

other similarly strong points should not want for the substance on which to build a solid campaign of rational publicity. We have the soil, the climate, the social and educational advantages, the railroads and markets and we must have more of the same sort of good people that we so proudly boast.

It isn't what Edgar Howard has proved on him half so much as what he himself has confessed that is discrediting Mr. Hitchcock. A man who admits being saved from financial ruin by timely relief in the shape of loans from State Treasurer Bartley and then further admits that after his benefactor had served five years in the penitentiary for stealing the money thus borrowed, he repudiated the debt behind the statute of limitations, can hardly pretend to be an honorable business man or lay claim to the support of honorable men.

The last bunch of democratic disreputables sent to the legislature from Douglas county did more damage in three months to Omaha's friendly relations with the country than can be repaired by three years of Ak-Sar-Ben entertainments and Commercial club trade excursions. One set-back of that kind ought to be enough for some time to come.

"Tom" Tibbles complains that the letter of Chairman Manuel advising populists to vote for Aldrich for governor is not authorized by the populist state committee. Tibbles' apologies for Hitchcock sharing the Bartley loot, which he once so loudly denounced, are not authorized either.

The democratic machine will have the help of the voting machine, and yet that ought to make every voter all the more determined to record himself for his preferred candidates no matter how much effort might be required to do so.

Dr. Anna Shaw says unless England allows the women to vote that country will soon find itself in the throes of a revolution. Ah, now, she is just trying to scare you, Johnny Bull.

Congressman Hitchcock has written a personal letter soliciting votes addressed "Dear Mr. Rosewater." But we decline to come across into the "Dear Bartley" class.

Every reason urged by Mr. Bryan in behalf of democratic candidates for congress is a reason why republicans should vote for republican nominees. No, gentle reader, neither Victor Rosewater, nor any one else actively connected with The Bee, is running for any office now or in prospect.

It is back to the Philippines, back to the "ole swamin' hole," for General Funston, but Aggie will not be there to put knots in his clothes.

Hope for the Oppressed. Chicago News. After John W. Gates gets his war against the Standard Oil company going maybe gasoline will be so cheap that buying an automobile will be the chief expense in motoring.

Vindicating the Court. Philadelphia Record. The Consolidated Gas company of New York fought the 80-cent rate law on the complaint that it was confiscatory. The supreme court disallowed this on the ground that with an inflated capitalization the net profits were nearly 4 per cent. The company has now restored its dividends to the 6 per cent rate. The court has been vindicated.

An Anchor to Windward. Boston Transcript. The serious slump of the express companies in New York gives a promising opening for the advocate of more inland parcel post law to push their cause. The present arrangement is clearly illogical. We can mail parcels to almost any reasonable amount to foreign countries, but a very low limit is put on the privilege in our own country. A considerable extension of it would at least give us an anchor to windward under conditions like those now existing.

Vanished Signs of the Frontier. New York Sun. "You no longer have a frontier," said a foreign visitor to Deadwood, who had read deeply in wild western tales and was appointed at finding no open gambling, dance halls or long haired cowboys "shooting up the town." He might have gone further and found more evidence. The saloon men in the Indian lands of northern Minnesota contain a business is poor because the red man spends no money for "firewater," but buys shawls for his "old woman" and ready for his "pappoose." And out in western Idaho they caught a horse thief alive and gave him a trial by jury.

Our Birthday Book. November 3, 1910. William Ogden Bryant, the great American "poet of nature," was born November 3, 1794, at Cummington, Mass., and died in New York in 1862. His best known poem is "Thanatopsis," published in 1816. He was for forty years editor of the New York Evening Post.

Walter Wellman, newspaper man, Arctic explorer and aeronaut, is 32. He was born at Mentor, O. He used to run a weekly newspaper at Sutton, Neb., and his last exploit was an effort to cross the Atlantic in a balloon.

Henry Louis Wilson, ambassador to Mexico, is 32 years old today. He is a native of Indiana and has been in the diplomatic service for many years, succeeding in his present position D. E. Thompson of Lincoln.

Charles Dick, United States senator from Ohio, is 32 years old today. He was born in Akron and was a member of congress several terms before promotion to the senate. He is fighting right now for re-election.

Henry George, Jr., newspaper man and economist, was born November 3, 1832, at Sacramento. He ran for mayor of New York in the place of his father, who died suddenly in the midst of a campaign, but was defeated.

A three-thousand-dollar face was bought at the Centerville of a Manhattan beauty specialist. The pink and white enamel of this product is baked on and will last as long as a bath tub if not exposed to sudden changes in temperature. A woman done into one of these porcelain masks cannot wrinkle or turn yellow. Let the natural enamel on the face, it is said to grow smoother with age.

The annual report of Surgeon General Torney of the United States army details in a very interesting way with the progress of vaccination against typhoid fever. The practice of vaccinating with killed cultures of the bacillus typhosa was introduced in March, 1906, and since then 11,771 individuals have been vaccinated. Among this number only three cases of typhoid fever have developed and no deaths resulted. This would seem to be a striking demonstration of the efficiency of this new departure, in which we have taken pattern after the practice of the British army. The strength of our army is 82,738, leaving 74,607 unprotected, and the surgeon general makes an earnest plea for compulsory vaccination.

Around New York

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

The recent formal transfer by Mrs. Edward H. Harriman of 10,000 acres of land to the state of New York forms the nucleus of what is destined to be the finest public park owned by any state in the union. The transfer of the land was accompanied by a gift of \$1,000,000 from the Harriman family treasury and \$1,500,000 from J. P. Morgan, J. D. Rockefeller and other rich dwellers along the Hudson. The cash contribution constitutes one-half the fund of \$3,000,000 to be used for the purchase of additional land to complete the area of the park as planned. The state is to provide the remaining half of the \$3,000,000 fund, and a constitutional amendment authorizing the issue of bonds for that purpose will be passed upon by the voters of the state next Tuesday.

The park project received its impetus from the rescue of the Palisades of the Hudson from quarrymen, by joint action of the states of New York and New Jersey. The Harriman land and that which is to be purchased extends from the Palisades at Stony Point to the Ramapo mountains through Orange and Rockland counties. United with the Palisades parkway the project means sixty miles of driveway along the famed highlands of the Hudson, from Fort Lee on the Jersey side of the river to Newburg, embracing the finest scenery along the Hudson, the forested Ramapo mountains, five to ten miles back from the river, and the rough timbered valleys between. The new park is forty miles from the heart of New York City, and readily accessible by river steamers.

A well dressed woman boarded a Broadway car that had no vacant seats. An elderly man before whom she stood attempted to arise, but she forced him back into his seat, saying: "Please don't do that. I am perfectly able to stand."

The elderly man expostulated: "But, madam, I—"

"I insist upon your keeping your seat," interrupted the woman, with her hands on his shoulders. The man continued his efforts to arise, saying: "Madam, will you kindly permit me to—"

With another push the woman again forced him back, insisting that she could think of accepting his seat. With one supreme effort the elderly man forced her aside. "Madam," he exclaimed, "you have already carried me three blocks beyond my destination. I don't care a tinker's thing-umbob whether you take my seat or not, but I wish to leave this car."

And he did amid the laughter of the other passengers, in which the woman had the good sense to join.

The other night, dining real cut-upplishly before theater time in a New York restaurant, these eyes beheld a singular spectacle. It was that of a lovely young creature, dressed within about a quarter of an inch of her life, being carried out of the restaurant in the arms of her fat and puffy presumable husband, carried right across the sidewalk after the restaurant was left behind and tenderly deposited in the bosom of a waiting automobile.

"Was a curious sight for several reasons. That Sappho number, you see, is not often pulled off even in New York restaurants, where many things 'go' that do not elsewhere. Moreover, the arumpuntiously dressed young creature did not look ill. On the contrary, she wore a distinctly sheepish expression of face as, in the clutch of the fat, presumable spouse, she was carried out through the lanes of tables.

Why, then, was she being carried out of the restaurant in the arms of the adlophoe male? The question was answered when the head waiter, wearing an ear-to-ear grin, craned behind the carrier and the carrier, bearing a foolish looking pair of tempestuously evening slippers in his hand. The head waiter accompanied carrier and carried to the automobile and handed in the foolish little slippers.

"That was the question, answered. The poor little thing, you understand, had, after seating herself at a table, eased off those dolly looking slippers to give her tooties just a minute's surcease of misery. The slippers weren't much more than three or four sizes too diminutive for her, but that her feet were so numb and sore that she couldn't even stand up on them, much less walk, even without the increasing shoes. And so there was nothing to be done except for the male of embonpointish proclivities with her to pick her up in his fat arms and make her to the automobile and carry her home.

A couple of youthful birds of prey have fleeced a number of grocers by a new game. One of them enters a store and orders, say, a case of beer, at a cost of \$1.75. "Deliver it to Thomas Smith, No. 10 East Fourth street," he orders, "and send along the change for a \$10 bill."

The grocer's boy places the case and \$2.25 on the dumbwaiter at the number named, starts it up and whistles for Mrs. Thomas Smith.

She opens the door and the boy calls out: "There's your beer and your change. Send down your bill."

"But I didn't order any beer," Mrs. Smith responds. Immediately a voice from above calls out: "That's all right; it belongs to me."

The boy sends the waiter higher; the confederate on the roof reaches down and collars the \$2.25, while the boy below whistles, and waits for the bill that never comes.

Vaccination Against Typhoid. Springfield Republican. The annual report of Surgeon General Torney of the United States army details in a very interesting way with the progress of vaccination against typhoid fever. The practice of vaccinating with killed cultures of the bacillus typhosa was introduced in March, 1906, and since then 11,771 individuals have been vaccinated. Among this number only three cases of typhoid fever have developed and no deaths resulted. This would seem to be a striking demonstration of the efficiency of this new departure, in which we have taken pattern after the practice of the British army. The strength of our army is 82,738, leaving 74,607 unprotected, and the surgeon general makes an earnest plea for compulsory vaccination.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Tells How to Make 178 Kinds of Cakes. Cakes of all kinds for all people are best made with Royal. SPECIALLY FINE FOR LAYER CAKE.



SUNNY GEMS. THE ANNUAL VIOLENCE.

"Mr. Dustin Stax says he is a close friend of yours." "One of the closest ever," replied Senator Sorghum. "He is so close he won't give up \$50 for my campaign fund."—Washington Star.

"I know a man highly respected in the community who married three women in one week." "A minister?"—Baltimore American.

"That man Briscoe has a mean way of humbling a man whenever he gets an opportunity." "What's his latest?" "He is vice president now—and I couldn't recall the gentleman's name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Robber!" shouted the fans in the grandstand. The umpire merely glanced at them. "But the boy who was trying to sell money popcorn at 10 cents a bag turned and fled."—Chicago Tribune.

"Why do you insist on taking that youngster's photograph every few weeks?" "After he has plunged into the hardships and responsibilities of nature life, he can take the pictures out and look at 'em. When he sees how his mother used to dress him and out his hair he'll feel more restrained to being grown up."—Washington Star.

BACK FROM VACATION. She was shy when she went away. Two months ago precisely. But kisses now, I have to say, Real nicely.

She was shy for a city miss. I look at it astutely. And wonder how she learned to kiss So nicely.

But she is not inclined to tell, And I can only ponder. How do girls learn to kiss so well? I wonder. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

PIANO SHOPPERS!

Every day there are people in this city shopping from store to store to buy pianos. Some want to see every instrument on sale before they can decide which they like the best—others hope to find bargains. By the time the trip is ended they are nearly all in a confused state of mind and not unlikely to make a very unwise selection.

Why should time and energy be wasted in such a search? We have in our salesrooms such a complete collection of pianos that any buyer can make a satisfactory choice. Every desirable design, every wood and every finish are shown on our floors, so that comparison can be made easily and intelligently.

If price is a matter to be considered—and it always is and should be—it will be found that every instrument we show is priced decidedly lower than similar qualities sell for in other music stores. A visit here will convince you that these statements are true.

BARGAIN DEPARTMENT

Those who are attracted by "Special Bargain Offers" will find that this store also excels in this class of pianos. We constantly receive instruments of the best known makes in exchange for our Grands, new model Uprights and Player-Pianos.

Group of second-hand pianos—have been thoroughly repaired. Look well, play well and are exceptional values—\$75 to \$145. New pianos of fine qualities—values \$400 and over. Incomplete lines. To close out, now at \$165 to \$234. Brand new Player-Pianos, latest type, with music, only \$375. EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

A. HOSPE CO.

1513 Douglas Street. We do expert piano tuning and repairing.

CAPITAL SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$1,400,000

PAYING BY CHECK is the safe way to settle all bills. There are many reasons for this.

ANY AMOUNT will be accepted in opening an account. Equal care and attention is given to every account, whether large or small.

COME IN AND LET US TALK IT OVER.

First National Bank of Omaha