

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st day of October, 1910. M. P. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Anyone can tell how it happened. Gee, didn't that "silent vote" make an awful racket?

A large majority of the candidates will now have a chance to rest up. At any rate, the politicians have no kick coming on the weather man.

It should not be long, now, until we know who blew up the Maine, anyway. Perhaps peace in Spain might come quicker with the elimination of Weyler.

Yet, freakish as her new hat appears, it is far too serious a matter to laugh at. What do you think, Will Hitchcock ever put it back without being compelled to?

A 10-year-old Osage hedge is not in it with some of those dead game election bettors. Oh, well, the foot ball season is still on and the base ball season is only five months off.

A New York woman claims to be the wife of three men. They have not yet pleaded guilty. Dr. Crippen got a stay of execution from November 8, but a lot of others met their fate without reprieve.

The Panama canal gates weigh 60,000 tons. My, what if one of them should go shut on a passing warship! Aviators should not be blamed for blowing in their money, for high-flying would naturally tend to make it airy.

Fortunately, a lot of us have no need to dwell in constant fear that our \$8,500 automobile may burn up by spontaneous combustion. A Boston aviator says that while 9,000 feet in the air he longed for a plate of baked beans. That is certainly carrying it pretty far.

Senator Bailey of Texas is said to have rented a house in Washington containing five bath rooms. He should search everybody before entering. For a city with a census population of 124,096 Omaha challenges comparison with any or all others in its class in point of push, enterprise and volume of business.

The warring theatrical managers have come to an agreement down in New York. Wonder if this will give us better or worse attractions at our local playhouses? Both Red Doolin, manager of the Philadelphia ball team, and Premier Briand of France tendered their resignations under fire. Now, see who will be the first to come back.

No matter what happens, Mayor "Jim" will have had four months of the time of his life without cost to him and drawn his salary from the city treasury regularly every pay day. After-election formula for the World-Herald: If the republicans lose, it's the fault of Rosewater and The Bee. If the republicans win, it's in spite of Rosewater and The Bee.

Avert the Strike.

In the issue between the railroads and their locomotive engineers the public interest demands a peaceful adjustment. Whatever else the parties to the dispute may do, they should avoid a strike. The engineers say they have submitted the proposition of a strike to their members and expect it to be ordered by a popular vote on the ground that all else has been done to effect a settlement. The railroads contend that the engineers have not exhausted their resources for peace and there the matter hangs.

It is little different from any other labor controversy when it comes to the mere matter of selfish interest. Each side claims it is right and the other is wrong, but neither side seems to be especially disturbed over the larger consideration of public safety and convenience. A locomotive engineers' strike would be a disastrous affair and nothing should be left undone to prevent it. It would not only tie up commerce and trade, it would jeopardize life, itself. It will not do for either side to assert that such a crisis cannot or should not be averted.

With the election off our hands, the people generally will be disposed to get down to business, and they will be in no humor for a strike of such magnitude as this might become. Nor will they then stop to consider what the wages or conditions of employment of the men on the one side may be, or what the rates or earnings of the railroads on the other side are. They will be driven to the point of viewing the situation from their own larger interest, just as the disputants see it from their narrow viewpoint.

The Pension Increase.

With the steady thinning out of the ranks of the civil war veteran, the average individual pension increases and Uncle Sam loses none of his sense of obligation to these grand old heroes. In the last fiscal year the number of pensioners has decreased 25,000, but the average annual value of each pension has increased more than \$2 over what it was the previous year. The aggregate amount paid out for pensions, naturally, is less.

This government has always set a fine example in its treatment of the men who have offered their lives in its defense. It has never failed to do for them all that within the bounds of reason it could do, and now as the dependence of these old soldiers and their widows increases with age the federal government is steadily increasing its pensions to them. The amount of its pension roll at the close of the last fiscal year was \$158,332,391. Of course, not all the pension roll is for soldiers of the civil war, for dependent Spanish-American war veterans are being taken care of, but the greater portion goes to the civil war heroes and their families. This government has paid out hundreds of millions of dollars for pensions. Besides thus acknowledging a debt of gratitude it owed the men of the various wars that have been necessary to preserve the nation's integrity, it teaches a strong lesson in the virtues of patriotism which has its own influence on the lives of the young generations who are to be the patriots of the future. It is not placing a premium on war except as war becomes the last recourse in the righteous struggle for national honor and credit.

Pettifogging.

Although not very material to the issues, the answer given by Mr. Bryan in his Auditorium address when interrupted by an awkward question illustrates the kind of pettifogging that great man sometimes indulges in. "Who carried the electoral vote of Nebraska to Washington in 1896?" was the interrogation. "It was the democratic father of a republican brewer," yelled Mr. Bryan.

When he said this, however, Mr. Bryan knew that the democratic father was the founder of the brewery and the active head of the brewery at the time Mr. Bryan procured for him the honor of becoming the electoral messenger for Nebraska. He knew further that he was the democratic father of several sons, also democrats, who had succeeded to the parental business and that all of the sons were at that very moment enlisted for the democratic candidate for governor. Why not have given an honest answer when the straightforward answer would have served the purpose just as well?

No Politics in Tariff Board.

The man who applied to the president for a position on the tariff board because of his service to the party probably is convinced that President Taft was in earnest when he originally announced that this board was to be entirely divorced from politics. His answer to the applicant is that party politics, service or preference is not an element of consideration in connection with the tariff board and that under no circumstances will he permit it to become such. It is possible to give offense by plain, emphatic speaking sometimes, but offense had better be given if necessary in such a case. The one object at which the whole plan of the tariff board aims would be defeated by making any appointment upon a political basis. The president's action ought to go far toward winning new friends for his principle and inspiring general confidence in it. Much practical good may be accomplished

through the agency of a non-political tariff board, made up of men with expert knowledge of such work. It is one place in which above all others nothing but efficiency has any right to be considered as an element of membership.

The opponents to the tariff board idea have urged that the experience of the members during the summer in failing to get as close to the actual records of some large business interests as they would have liked is an argument against it as compared with the old system of gathering data for tariff legislation. But is it? The charge has been made that it has been suspiciously easy for certain politicians to get at these records, but how do we know that the data they got is the data we wanted? That is just the trouble, and where much of the mischief in tariff tinkering comes in—certain interests are only too accessible to certain politicians. These experts will probably get the information, in time, and it will be information that congress probably never had laid down to it before.

Campaign Ginger.

After the candidates were nominated on the various tickets the campaign in Nebraska lagged for several weeks. Old-timers shook their heads ominously and declared that politics were no longer what they used to be, coupling the remark with regrets that the proceedings were proving so tame. But when the political pot once reached the boiling point, it boiled all over, and there was no longer complaint about apathy and lack of ginger.

The California Spirit.

Californians are putting their native spirit to good effect in their effort to obtain the official Panama exposition. Apparently every man, woman and child in the state is engaged in the movement. Private correspondence contains a word of boost for it; business houses have letter heads, post cards or advertising matter bearing upon it and the big fruit and raisin packing industries send out similar matter to every corner of the country. Here is a great state united for one object. That alone, to say nothing of the argument offered, had its effect. All petty jealousies and rivalries are forgotten while this fight is on. Los Angeles has entirely lost sight of its determination to wrest from San Francisco the honor of being the state metropolis while San Francisco is struggling with New Orleans for this great prize.

Here is a wholesome example for other states to follow. In older states where country communities are arrayed against the large city or cities, the example might be taken home. In states where it is anything to down the metropolis, the California spirit should be emulated. Does anyone imagine that the benefits accruing from this exposition, if it goes to the Golden Gate, can possibly be confined to San Francisco? Does anyone presume that they will not overflow into every portion of the state? And just so the benefits or advantages that come to the metropolis of any state like those of the middle west or far west—they are bound to be felt in some proportion all over the state. What helps the city cannot but help the town or country and vice versa. It is sheerest folly, the most shortsighted policy, for people to imagine otherwise. It is not worth while to stop and try to weigh the relative good that comes to the city from the country. Intelligent people know that their prosperity is mutual, that the way to build up one is to build up the other.

Our Birthday Book

November 9, 1910. King Edward VII, late king of England, was born November 9, 1841, and succeeded his mother, Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901. He married the eldest daughter of the king of Norway and died about a year ago. General Frederick Punton, United States Army, is 45 years old today. He was born at New Carlisle, O., and went into the military service with the volunteers from Kansas during the Spanish-American war. John Temple Graves, now one of Mr. Hearst's political editors, was born November 9, 1838. He is a native of South Carolina and was a member of congress from Georgia, and made his reputation as editor of one of the Atlanta papers. James H. Macomber, lawyer, officiating in the First National bank building, is celebrating his 95th birthday. He was born at Mills, Mo., and was admitted to practice thirty-five years ago. Before locating in Omaha he was district judge in Iowa, on the next turn be sending to Bryan for help? Governor Shallenberger has appointed his private secretary to fill the vacancy on the State Railway commission. The governor seems to be obsessed with the idea that all the public patronage now at his disposal is his own private property to be distributed to relatives and personal friends.

Around New York

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

Uncle Sam's vigilance in chasing his custom house toll is the wonder if not the humiliation of returning tourists who dislike the rules of the game. Naturally one would suppose your uncle would be equally eager to make amends for wrongs done by his agents. Usually he does in case of excess duties. But when a dutiable article is lost, strayed or stolen while in his custody, there seems to be no redress except through consular. The case of Mabel Clark of Morristown, N. J., is in point. Among the articles brought by Miss Clark and mother recently was an Etruscan bracelet which had cost \$50 in a town in southern Italy. It was claimed the jewel was more than 100 years old and possessed artistic merit entitling it to admission duty free. When the inspectors looked at the article they could not decide of its genuineness, and sent it to the appraiser office for examination. A month afterward Miss Clark was informed that her jewelry was not really of ancient workmanship, and therefore was liable to duty. The appraisal included all the articles she brought from abroad except the rare bracelet. This, she was told, had been lost in some manner that could not be accounted for by the officials.

Miss Clark paid all the duties demanded upon her trinkets, and then asked that she be compensated for the loss of the bracelet. It was a startling discovery for her to learn that the government did not hold itself responsible for the carelessness of its employes. (Goods proved unaccounted for) she left in its care, although placed there by federal demand, involved no risk on the part of the government, the deputy surveyor informed her.

Edgar Selwyn, the actor-playwright, was dining at the Cafe Madrid the other day when the proprietor came to his table, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. "I want to thank you for having referred to my restaurant in your latest play," said George Rector. "In what manner can I reciprocate, Mr. Selwyn?" Mr. Selwyn said that he might name a cocktail for Mrs. Selwyn—who is Margaret Mayo in playwriting ranks. "Not being an expert on cocktails," said he, "I'll send my brother Mike in to sample it."

So Mr. Rector devoted his skilled attention to the work of building a new garage. Mr. Simon-Selwyn's name was Simon before he went on the stage—proved unaccountably hard to suit. Mr. Rector would toss together a new collection of acids and Mr. Simon would come in, drink the mixture wisely, head on one side. "Let me try another," he would say. "I don't quite make that." So the patient Mr. Rector would scramble some more liquor, and Mr. Simon, after painstakingly investigating, would finally go out signaling to himself, but declaring that Rector had not precisely caught the knack of it yet. Until the other night Mr. Simon came in jauntily. Mr. Rector halted him. "I have got it at last, Mike," said he. "This is the most wonderful cocktail that was ever put together. Try it." Mr. Simon, at a moment later, Mr. Simon robbed a water glass of all its ice and went about with his mouth open, panting for fresh air. By and by he sat down and watched Broadway through the window with eyes dull and glazed. His hand went to an aching forehead. "Try another, Mike," said the malicious Mr. Rector. "Maybe you didn't get the full flavor." "The devil it didn't," said Mr. Simon, the finishing touch.

"Unusual thirst in business hours seems to be the result of this wretched family," said the superintendent of a large office employing many clerks. "We've always made it a rule to have spring water on tap for drinking purposes, and under normal conditions found it was used about as we'd naturally expect. But now it's very different. Evidently our employees save up their morning's thirst until they reach the office, where they can have bottled water. It seems as if every one of them drank at least two glasses soon after arrival. They also quench their evening thirst out of our bottles the last thing before going home. I notice it more than troubles the quantity of water used. The other morning I saw two of our women clerks coming out of their dressing room each with a toothbrush and a glass. I thought that was crossly, as he went out.

Every now and then Judge Mulqueen makes a pertinent comment on the advisability of those having eyes and using them to see with, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He especially directs his attention toward the magistrates on the city bench, most of them are so bound with the throngs of custom that all the will in the world is dead just they often make serious mistakes. "I had a colored woman before me today as a complaining witness," said Judge Mulqueen. "She had a man held for trial by a city magistrate, on the charge that he had attacked her with a pair of slippers. 'He most of my goods, ma' she out, judge," she said to me. 'Joe came at me like a lion, he did, a-roarin' suth. He poked me in de face wid dem scisors, judge, not once, four or five times. He jes' cut up my face lak it was a yald of ribbon, judge. The magistrate what held him to dis haiter court say he never did hear tell of no more dangerous man.' 'Well, I looked her over. She had a wide, smooth, yellow face that didn't have a mark on it. I told her to repeat her story, and she went all over it again, telling how the man had dashed her face with that pair of scisors. 'But, madam,' I said, 'there isn't a mark on your face.' ' 'Marks,' she said indignantly. 'Mark! I got witnesses, I tell you.'"

Last Sunday was a great day for the boys who happened to live near a police station house. Commissioner Crosey sent out the order on Saturday for the policemen to discard their helmets for caps. That is one order that in some strange way seems to reach the boys as soon as the policemen. Long before the 2 o'clock roll call on Sunday the street in front of every station was filled with youngsters. Scores of the policemen looked over their helmets, found them hardly worth storing until spring, gave them a twist out the dormitory window and they sailed down to the eager crowd below. The appearance of every helmet was the signal for a fierce scramble. Sunday evening there were hundreds of miniature policemen patrolling beats all over the city.

The woman who uses poor spices hasn't realized the possibilities in cooking. TONE BROS SPICES add the proper, snappy, fresh flavor to all your baking. Packed fresh in 1/2 oz. light cartons—ginger, pepper, mustard, cloves, etc. Groceries, etc. TONE BROS, Des Moines, Ia.

Specialized Profession a Loss to Society.

Woodrow Wilson in North American Review. Constitutional lawyers have fallen into the background. We have relegated them to the supreme court, without asking ourselves where we are to find them when vacancies occur in that great tribunal. A new type of lawyer has been created; and that new type has come to be the prevailing type. Lawyers have been sucked into the maelstrom of the new business system of the country. That system is highly technical and highly specialized. It is divided into distinct sections and provinces, each with particular legal problems of its own. Lawyers, therefore, everywhere that business has thickened and had a large development, have become experts in some special technical field. They do not practice law. They do not handle the general, miscellaneous interests of society. They are not general counselors of right and obligation. They do not bear the relation to the business of their neighborhoods that the family doctor bears to the health of the community in which he lives. They do not concern themselves with the universal aspects of society. The family doctor is himself giving place to a score of specialists; and so is also what one might call the family solicitor. Lawyers are specialists, like all other men around them.

And so society has lost something or is losing it—something which it is very serious to lose in an age of law, when society depends more than ever before upon the lawyer and the courts for its structural steel, the harmony and co-ordination of its parts, its convenience, its permanency and its facility. In gaining new functions, in being drawn into modern business instead of standing outside of it, in becoming identified with particular interests instead of holding aloof and impartially advising all interests, the lawyer has lost his old function, is looked askance at in politics, must disavow special engagements if he would have his counsel heeded in matters of common concern. Society has suffered a corresponding loss—at least American society has. It has lost its one-time feeling for law as the basis of its peace, its progress, its prosperity. Lawyers are not now regarded as the mediators of progress.

One Ray of Hope. Philadelphia Record. There is one ray of hope for us. Only a few days after choice bacon touched 40 cents in Omaha, the price of hogs in Cleveland dropped 70 cents on account of the bumper of the corn crop, upon which the weather cannot now have any perceptible effect. If the delicacies remain high, those fundamentals of the simple life, hog and hominy, will be within our reach for the remainder of the crop year.

SCATTERING SMILES. "Hello, Grimes! Neighbor of yours got a new dog, eh?" "Don't know. Why?" "Saw that boy Bobbie of yours going home with an old tin can and a string?" "Browning's Magazine."

"Why don't you go to the polls to vote?" "Well," replied Farmer Cornsossel, "after listenin' careful to what the candidates had to say about each other, I concluded neither of 'em was worth hitchin' up a hoss fur."—Washington Star.

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"How did that stevens man make such a terrific display of tempestuous emotion on the first night?" "I aroused her by a little ruse of my own," replied the manager. "I keyed her up to the highest pitch of excitement by getting into an argument with her." "About her act?" "No. About her salary."—Chicago Post.

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Preference in Finance. These jokes about the sudden rich are funny, to be sure. But I'd rather be a sudden rich than be a sudden poor!—Puck.

PUZZLEDOM.

I know not if my absent friends are in all things sincere, Their actions are beyond my ken, Their words I cannot hear. I know not if more written words are truer or deceiving, But God, who gave these friends is true, And here's the blessing.

I know not if the plans I make will come to glad fruition; I know not if each step I take will better my condition; And, therefore, I in doubt and pain Go blindly, feebly groping; But God can see and God is love, An here's the hoping.

This world is like a forest dense Where, as poor mortals may Get puzzled on directions And sometimes lose our way, But near the path that leads aright, An unseen hand keeps steering, Some kindly spirit for us to do, So here's the doing.

OMAHA. BAYOLL NE TROLES.



"The use of alum and salts of alumina in food should be prohibited."—Prof. Wood, Harvard Univ.

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LAWYER AND COMMUNITY.

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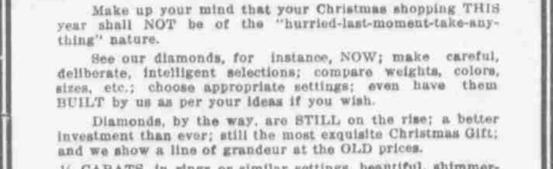
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Make up your mind that your Christmas shopping THIS year shall NOT be of the "hurried-last-moment-take-anything" nature. See our diamonds, for instance, NOW; make careful, deliberate, intelligent selections; compare weights, colors, sizes, etc.; choose appropriate settings; even have them BUILT by us as per your ideas if you wish. Diamonds, by the way, are STILL on the rise; a better investment than ever; still the most exquisite Christmas Gift; and we show a line of grandeur at the OLD prices. 1/2 CARATS, in rings or similar settings, beautiful, shimmering white, at \$60. 3/4 CARATS, same select white, in most any usual gold setting, at only \$45. STUDS, diamond mounted, low as \$15. EARRINGS, diamond mounted, low as \$15. CUFF BUTTONS, diamond mounted, low as \$10. LA VALIERES, diamond, at as low as \$35.

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