

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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DWYER WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 21st day of December, 1910. ROBERT HUNTLEY, Notary Public.

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

Butler Ames evidently missed his aim.

This whole headwear question of women is ratty.

Paul Morton was not a native son of Nebraska, but almost.

Who is ahead now in the bomb-throwing contest, Los Angeles or San Francisco?

Who intimated that there was a lumber trust? Let him say it to the Hoo Hoo's face.

The Springfield Republican speaks of "Mr. Bryan on Deck." Indeed, no. He has just been to bat.

It has required no great effort to prevent a stampede at Albany for Charles F. Murphy, himself.

"Lumbermen Ask Better Laws," wherein the lumbermen resemble most other classes of people.

A Philadelphia paper is solicitous about "Fair play for the autocrat." That looks like borrowing trouble.

Fighting "Bob" Evans, now president of a California oil company, pines for the ocean. Are they that close on his trail?

Anyone herabouts eager to have "a good time" without cost should enlist in the Anti-Saloon league's sleuthing department.

Colonel Roosevelt's spirited references to Congressman Ames at least give class to the finish of the Massachusetts senatorial campaign.

Our cold storage friends object to the statement that they have kept any food housed up for five years. Well, release it and escape the charge.

The Washington Star asks who will succeed Norman E. Mack as chairman of the democratic national committee. Oh, why not keep Mack? He suits us.

Shale rock threatens to become an issue in the next Chicago city election. Rocks of even higher specific gravity have cut quite a figure in Illinois politics.

"Soup, soap and salvation," the Kansas City Star says, is the motto over a gospel mission quarters. Doubtless the heaviest demand is made on the soup.

Horace Boles writes to the Des Moines Register and Leader to say that he attributes Iowa's loss in population to anti-saloon legislation. More treason!

Probably Dr. Woodrow Wilson knew what would happen at Baltimore. Maybe he had heard of terrapin dinners before, hence stayed away to save his reputation.

Don't overlook the educational value of the Land show. It will teach more about the physical geography and natural resources of the great west than a whole course of instruction at school.

There must be some mistake somewhere. We look in vain in the account of the proceedings of the democratic house caucus at Washington for the remarks of Congressman-elect Lobeck of this district.

Alien Land Laws.

The author of the measure before the California legislature designed to prevent Japanese from owning land in that state reflects a much more temperate sentiment on the part of the people out there than was apparent in the last similar effort to enact anti-Japanese legislation. He asserts the belief that if the legislature passes a bill conforming with the principle of the treaty between this country and Japan it will not embarrass the federal government, and yet solve the problem with which California is wrestling. If such a way out is found it should be pursued. One essential feature of any such legislation must be impartial treatment of all aliens without regard to race or color.

Arguing in support of his measure, its author, State Senator E. O. Larkin, points out that Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Idaho, Illinois, Kentucky, New York and Oklahoma have laws that prohibit unaturalized citizens from owning land; that even the federal laws themselves, under the act dated March 2, 1897, prohibit all persons not citizens and not declaring their intention to become citizens of the United States from owning land in any of the territories. He finds another restriction to alien land ownership in section 2319 of the revised statutes prohibiting such persons from locating or purchasing mining claims on government land. He declares that while our treaties with Great Britain, Russia, France and Germany particularly mention the right to own real property, our treaty with Japan gives no such right to the orientals. There is no provision in this Japanese treaty for the ownership of land, though there is for the ownership of buildings on land and also for making long leases of land.

Senator Larkin proposes, therefore, that the state of California prohibit unaturalized citizens from land ownership as other states and the federal government have done. Answering the criticism that California seeks to discriminate against only one class of aliens, he retorts that that same class has been excluded by the federal treaty. The problem is a delicate one and should be handled carefully to avoid needless offense to a friendly power and to make sure of this assent of the State department, charged with the conduct of our foreign relations, should be required before such legislation is enacted.

The Winchell Plan.

President Winchell of the Frisco system proposes periodical or more frequent conferences between shippers and railroad officials for redress of grievances as to rates or conditions of transportation. He thinks this plan would lead to a better relation between the railroads and the public, would do away with much friction in the adjustment of business conditions and obviate the necessity of long-drawn and bitter controversies and hearings before the Interstate Commerce commission. If it would do all this or even a part, it would be a good plan. It may anyhow be worth a trial and the first results should be sufficient to determine its permanent value.

Assuming at once President Winchell's sincere desire for what he advocates, this proposal is a hopeful sign. The day of closer and better relations between the railroads and their patrons has been long awaited by shippers and patrons and they will certainly welcome its advent. One needs not to be captious about the matter, though, to believe that the railroads could hasten that day whenever they chose to. Whenever the real heads of these great corporations decide that their highest purpose is public utility, they will do much to work out this problem, to which so much unreal mystery is attached.

Production and Population.

The statistician of the Department of Agriculture announces that the increase in American population is not outstripping the increase in farm production, but that, on the contrary, farm production per acre is beginning to exceed not only the normal increase in population, but really to exceed the actual increase. This is certainly an encouraging assurance to lay over against those dark forebodings that have been drawn by less optimistic painters.

For a long time Mr. Hill and other long-distance prophets have been warning the people against the day when their farms would not produce enough for domestic consumption. Evidently their warning has either struck home or they have overdrawn the situation. Whichever theory is correct, it is gratifying to know from official sources that a better balance between production and population has been attained. We know, then, that our farmers are finally learning the lesson of intensive soil culture, for our population strides have been long and steady. It seems to us that this is the most hopeful note that has been sounded on the subject and it ought to encourage a greater effort than ever toward the perfection of scientific farming.

Immediately after discussing the production and population problem the government's statistician takes up the subject of the cost of living. The two are so intertwined that it is difficult seriously to consider one without advertising to the other. The burden of the whole plea of intensive agriculture, of increasing the acreage yield and improving the crops, has been the relief from the hardship of excessive prices, or rather an equitable adjust-

ment of the laws of supply and demand. It involves all such elements of consideration as robbing and impoverishing the soil, waste of energy and ignorance in tilling it, and the need for greater outlet to the congested streams of urban population. The movement has been systematically promulgated by private and public effort, and that it is yielding such early and vital results is all the inspiration required for continued effort and larger success. It is not to be supposed that a people like ours is going to fail in taking advantage of all the potential benefits the soil offers.

Paul Morton.

The sudden death of Paul Morton, former secretary of the navy and later president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, comes home particularly to the people of this state who had regarded him as a Nebraska contribution to public life. Although born in Michigan, Paul Morton came in his infancy to Nebraska, where he was raised and educated, and which he always looked upon as his home. Naturally, his remarkable success, first in railroading and later in other big enterprises, was watched with interest and pride by Nebraska people generally. The call to a cabinet portfolio under President Roosevelt, after his father had occupied a similar position under President Cleveland, gave him unique distinction, due, however, to his striking personality, winning the friendship and favor of Colonel Roosevelt, rather than to any claims based upon political service. His early taking-off at the zenith of a brilliant career will elicit widespread sorrow and regret.

Overdone Sentimentalism.

While our people are rightly alarmed at the growing prevalence of burglary, thievery and hold-ups in Omaha, they should be reminded that overdone sentimentalism has perhaps had something to do with it. Leniency toward offenders, led astray in spite of themselves, is all right, but the wholesale pardoning and parole of willful criminals cannot fail to be a stimulus to crime. We maintain a police force at great expense and exert ourselves to catch and identify thieves, and then after conviction let them be liberated without punishment if they can put up a plausible story to the judge. Within the past year dozens of convicted criminals have been granted immunity, some of them more than once, to continue to prey upon other victims with reckless disregard to human life. We believe the law vesting this power in a trial judge, if tested, would be declared unconstitutional as transferring the pardoning power belonging exclusively to the governor. But whether it is unconstitutional or not, it ought to be repealed.

Lively Times Ahead.

It is already evident that the next democratic national convention is not to be a one-man affair. If present conditions are a safe indication, it will be of the old-time order, many candidates and many battles and ballots. It will be a return to the days before Mr. Bryan had himself nominated and renominated simply as a matter of form to ratify his automatic selection.

True, Senator Joseph W. Bailey announced, with becoming modesty, at that Baltimore terrapin supper, that "if Champ Clark makes a better speaker than Mr. Harmon makes a governor, we will nominate Mr. Harmon for president." But everybody who knows Mr. Bailey knows that the issue will not be left for settlement between Champ Clark and Governor Harmon. They might not even be the two foremost candidates. Governor Woodrow Wilson, though studiously slighted at that love-feast, is still a possibility. And there are others, several others.

So far then as candidates go, the field will probably be full. Already we hear rumblings of discontent over the cut-and-dried method of Champ Clark's caucus nomination for speaker in the philippic of Representative Dies of Texas. "Frame-up," "fellow worms," "Cattlines incog," "conspirators, who impudently stuck this cut-and-dried slate under the noses of gentlemen," are a few of the choice phrases employed to characterize these methods. Manifestly all is not as serene as the democratic bosses would have us believe. That is further apparent in Bailey's attack on the Champ Clark method of tariff revision and the general conflict in views on this subject.

With a multiplicity of candidates added to a confusion of plans and ideas account must also be taken in this reckoning of Mr. Bryan and future developments. It begins to look as if the party of Jefferson and Jackson and Bryan were, through, for a time, at least, with nominations by default.

The tenacity with which the office-holding habit clings is again illustrated in the case of the disputed railway commissioners' vacancy, to which Governor Shallenberger transferred his private secretary, who now persists in holding on, although the people of Nebraska at the last election gave their votes to another. It is reported that the suit filed to test the rights of the rival claimants cannot possibly be finally adjudicated for more than a year, which would leave the present incumbent in the job for the term of his appointment. It ought

to be easy enough for the parties at interest to agree to a stipulation of fact and secure a ruling on the law in a comparatively short time, but apparently the democratic appointee prefers to rely on the law's delay rather than on the righteousness of his cause.

In politics, as elsewhere, it makes a lot of difference whose ox is gored. The democrats in the Montana legislature have broken into print with a resolution directed at the two Massachusetts democrats who voted for the retention of Senator Lodge, which declares:

"We regard any member of any legislative assembly who votes for one of opposite political faith for United States senator as a traitor to his constituents and a man fit to remain as a member of any legislature."

Yet only this very week the democratic nominee for United States senator in Nebraska was soliciting the votes of republicans, under no express or implied obligation to vote for him, but, on the contrary, morally bound to vote for the nominee of their own party. The Montana democrats' denunciation is so unconditional that it would put the whole Oregon plan off watch along with the backsliders who go over to the political enemy.

The outspokenness of Judge Wilbur F. Bryant must be extremely trying to his old friend, William J. Bryan. This is what he now says:

"The people who laud William J. Bryan beyond his merits are his worst enemies. They have caused him to attribute his triple defeat to every reason but the true one, which was that the American people did not wish to try the experiment of electing him."

Treason! Less Majesty! Conspiracy!

Although elected on a people-rule platform, Judge Shoemaker has undertaken to sponsor a bill repealing the municipal initiative and referendum law written on the statute books by John O. Yeiser, the pioneer in the initiative and referendum business in this state. How's that for democratic consistency?

Champ Clark is regarded as a somewhat funny man. His latest joke is thanking that democratic caucus for "this honor you have bestowed upon me," when he and his friends had it all out and dried for months.

Without taking into account his desire or ability, we now have assurance as to any necessity of Mr. Jeffries' coming back. The official count estimates his wealth at \$300,000.

The Hague tribunal forbids firing on an unfortified canal—Peace Advocate.

But suppose somebody should fire, anyway, then what? Laws of all sorts have been violated.

The county optionists of the Nebraska legislature seem to be gradually unting on a measure and a program. The anti-optionists have been together for some time.

Is it the Real Thing? St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Now that some of the democratic leaders in congress have feasted at Baltimore, they are prepared to state if canvas-back duck with insouciant sauce tastes like the real thing.

Risky Industry for Women. New York World.

In the bribery cases in Adams county, O., a woman 80 years of age came into court and confessed she had sold the votes of her husband and her son. This is a strict novelty in bribery and opens a new industry for women.

A Paralleled Case. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The attempt to assassinate Premier Briand of France was happily without political significance. It was exactly parallel to the shooting of Mayor Gaynor by a discharged employe, except for the fortunate feature that the Frenchman was the poorest shot.

Good Bill to Best. Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sulloway bill should be defeated because it is thoroughly bad in itself. Furthermore, it would establish a bad precedent and encourage an even worse injustice in the future. To oppose it is not to evince a desire to throw a straw in the old soldier's way, and any intimation that its opponents are copperheads has no bearing whatever upon the fact.

Political Drift

A farmer yields the gravel in the Illinois house of representatives, but the lawyers have the floor.

Senator-Elect Kern of Indiana clung to his whiskers throughout the campaign, and with equal nerve paraded them with the pictures of the victor.

It was "Billy" Sheehan who raised \$500,000 to finance the last New York democratic campaign. Now they have him hoisted on the senatorship.

About 7,000 building and blooming statesmen are now grinding out laws in the several state legislatures. The literary list in Massachusetts already contains 1,500 bills. Nebraska's file is about 50, with a host of members to hear from.

Every man who has convorced on a banana peel and felt the resistance of a concrete walk will appreciate the jolt given the public by the reports of voting graft in the hallowed district of Uncle Joe Cannon, Danville, the pure, the loyal, the unshakable, let the Danville bond be a dirge.

Representative William Dickman, missing his customary hot biscuits and the open grate fire, became homesick soon after reaching the Illinois legislature at Springfield. He has arranged to return to his home at Edwardsville, seventy miles away, every night, and gets up at 8 a. m. to make the return trip.

When the Baltimore feasters had disposed of 7,000 Lynnhaven oysters, seven-fifty gallons of diamondback terrapin, 5 1/2 canvasback ducks and forty-five Smithfield hams, smothered with 1600 cockades, four quarts of champagne and 1600 200 things it was too late to stop. The great degree of silence while the "democratic messengers" were being delivered. The festive combination is as noisy as a water factory.

In Other Lands

Side Lights on What is Transpiring Among the Near and Far Nations of the Earth.

The British critic who stigmatized the sultan of Turkey, now exiled, as "Abdull the Damned," did not emphasize his indignation more than history warranted. Most of the crimes attributed to the sultan, and they are countless, were committed at his instigation. Few if any were then known to have been committed by the sultan's own hand. But his own people now in charge of the government, have unearthed among the archives of the Yildik Kiosk details of a cowardly assassination of a child committed by the sultan in person. Two members of the commission which examined and indexed the archives gives this precise account of the crime in the Fortnightly Review: "One day he entered the harem sadder and more anxious than ever, placed his revolver on a small table, sat down in an arm chair and called the little one to him. She was fortunate enough to amuse this Turk with her laughter and merriment. But in an unhappy moment the child went up to the table, and perceiving the revolver with its shining barrel took it for some sort of plaything, and seizing it ran to the sultan to ask what it was. With one bound Abdull Hamid sprang on the child, exclaiming: 'You want to kill me. You are the instrument of my enemies.' And the mother began to strike and kick the child. As he struck his fury increased. He seized a stick and set upon the poor little thing. When they carried her away she was dead."

The defeated leader of a forlorn hope must ever bear the brunt of the kicks and cuffs of those who failed to connect, as well as the heartless ribes of the victors. The Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the British Tories, is made to feel "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," hurled by political friends in his own camp. All the Tory organs have been busy in attacking him and his followers in merciless fashion. A flood of letters from defeated soreheads are published, and not a defender among them. The character of the criticism as well as the nature of the pain is indicated by the noted Tory standpater J. L. Maxse, editor of the National Review. He says: "We have long been of opinion which it has been useless to disguise and which successive events confirm, that under Mr. Balfour there is little or no hope of the Unionist party regaining its influence in the state."

"We have lost three general elections under the present regime, and even more serious than defeat is the general lack of opinion which follow each defeat. Organization is regarded as beneath the dignity of our leader. It is as though commissariat were beneath the dignity of a general." It is not apparent that Mr. Balfour is grieving overmuch. At last accounts he was enjoying himself on the golf links.

The abandoned American practice of putting labels on home-made goods as a bogus sign of superiority has reversed and applied to bogus American goods in Prague, Bohemia. American Consul Britain reports that stationers in that city handle large quantities of French-made paper, the quality of which it has been useless to disguise and which successive events confirm, that under Mr. Balfour there is little or no hope of the Unionist party regaining its influence in the state. "We have lost three general elections under the present regime, and even more serious than defeat is the general lack of opinion which follow each defeat. Organization is regarded as beneath the dignity of our leader. It is as though commissariat were beneath the dignity of a general." It is not apparent that Mr. Balfour is grieving overmuch. At last accounts he was enjoying himself on the golf links.

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Des Moines Register and Leader: So the people who turned their ears toward Baltimore expecting to hear glaron voices sounding splendidly for the rallying cry of democracy were disappointed. There came from the banquet hall only the clatter of dishes, the popping of corks, the babel of feasters and the noises of revelry. It is as though one listened through the night for the stirring call to arms and then heard only the braying of a donkey.

A National Matter.

Kansas City Times. An extraordinary thing happened when the democratic members of the South Dakota legislature voted Governor Hill of New York that the election of a New York senator was a national affair, and that the election of Sheehan would cost the democratic party at large a million votes.

Another American invader is knocking for admission to the legislative halls of France, and is likely to be welcome. There is no "leave to print" without delivery the offerings of windjammers, such as obtains in the American congress, consequently the legislative machinery of the French chamber is clogged by the desire of almost every member to speak on the pending budget. The Paris Temps sees no prospect of early action unless the deputies are persuaded to forego the strain on the lungs and submit their remarks for publication in the Official Journal. As an alternative plan the Temps reminds the deputies loaded with hot air that the most glorious days of the French tribune were those in which "the orators contented themselves with a two-minute speech."

Reports of the death of King Menelik have been frequent enough to confuse the world. Last summer a series of world-wide outbreaks announced his passing, and were followed by less sympathetic contradictions, which placed the editor of newspaper morgues in a state of painful uncertainty. However, they considered him dead enough for burial and pronounced the eulogy. But New York has a very much alive King Menelik for the Paris Figaro announces that his New Year present to the president of France consisted of a lion, a lioness, a giraffe and a zebra.

Opportunity Pays Abundant.

Mr. Pomereone, Ohio's next senator, worked his way through Pinckney, then administering another blow to the man who insists that opportunity died ages ago.

The Bee's Letter Box

Contributions on Timely Subjects Not Exceeding Two Hundred Words Are Invited from Our Readers.

Take Down the "Dead One." OMAHA, Jan. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Let me endorse the "kick" made on the disfigurement of our streets by covering telegraph poles and fences with advertising posters. The police seem to pay no attention to the nuisance, although forbidden by law. Three posters bearing portraits of candidates who ran for office a year ago last November stare me in the face on my block every time I go out. I should think it was high time at least to bury these dead ones. I agree with the statement that it is foolish to invite strangers to see our city and then show them such things as would be expected only in a small village. C. E. JOHNSON.

A Plea for More Pensions.

COLUMBIUS, O., Jan. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: I enclose a cutting about the bill increasing pensions for old soldiers. I am an old soldier and 74 years old and cannot see anything wrong with a raise of this kind, for it will not be lost and the money thus distributed will be an advantage to the country while the doubling of salaries for nearly all officials is harmful. JAMES MICKLE.

Home Rule and Clean Streets.

OMAHA, Jan. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Whatever charter making rights the legislature may grant to the city of Omaha this winter, let us hope it gives us the power to take care of our streets. Under present arrangements the city is unable to keep its thoroughfares in a respectable condition. They are unsightly and uncomfortable. It is the fault of withholding from cities in our state the right of local self-government, one of the most serious obstacles to well rounded growth and progress we have to encounter. Has the time not come when our friends out in the state will recognize the injustice and unbusiness-like principle of such a proceeding? Omaha is making steady and encouraging advances, but she will make much greater headway when she is given the right to govern herself as our citizens know best how to govern. This street situation is the cause of much harsh criticism from our visitors and yet no criticism could be more unreasonable if the obstacles to improvement are considered. We have good streets; more paved streets than any other city of similar size in the country, but we are unable to keep them clean as they should be kept for the simple reason that our charter does not enable us to take the work out of politics and appropriate sufficient money for that purpose. The legislature has never given us a charter that would let us clean our streets. We have been like a 15-year-old boy wearing a 10-year-old boy's clothes. They neither look nor feel well and subject the boy to a good deal of unjust ridicule. D. R. G.

FILLING A LONG-FELT WANT.

Cleveland Leader: Anyway, Bryan will not have to do any explaining to the western farmers, later, about terrapin, canvasback duck and champagne.

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HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

At first glance this looks like Impertinent and neglected. It is not. Senators are national officers. They are elected by the states, but to serve the nation at large, and as national officers enjoy some immunities that are not enjoyed by state officers.

THE BENCHING OF SMITH.

Senator Cummins and the Promotion of the Congressman. It is announced that Senator Cummins will not oppose the confirmation of Judge Smith. It is said that the senator did not urge the president to make the appointment, but now that it has been made he will not fight it. This is said to be something of a disappointment to Senators La Follette and Bristow, who make the point that the president had opportunity to exhibit his sympathy with the progressives and neglected it. The banking senators do not seem to have taken a full view of the case. The Iowa senator did what he could last year to oust Judge Smith from his congressional seat. In his appointment to the circuit bench the senator is getting what he wanted. For another thing, Judge Smith might become a formidable candidate for the senate. Senators La Follette and Bristow ought to see that the path of duty for Senator Cummins is in loyalty to his state.

LINE TO A SMILE.

The big stone had rolled to the bottom of the hill again, and the bystanders were cheering at Slayphus. "Boys," he groaned, tacking it once more, "if you can't boost, don't knock."—Chicago Tribune.

"Is your play realistic?" asked the manager. "Realistic!" exclaimed the playwright. "I should say it is. I've got a cab driver in one scene who can swear to the queen's taste."—Detroit Free Press.

Decorator—"Don't you think we had better have a frieze in this room?" Overseer—"I have a frieze in any room. Got them steam heaters all through the house."—Buffalo Express.

"What would you do if you woke up some morning and found yourself a millionaire?" asked Meandering Mike. "I'd do like a lot of these other get-rich-quickers," replied Flooding Pete. "I'd hunt up an expert on inequity right off."—Washington Star.

"Shoes come awfully high!" sighed the father of the family. "That reminds me, papa," said his 65-year-old daughter, "that I want a pair reaching nearly to the knees. All the other girls are wearing that kind."—Chicago Tribune.

"I think this plan to make married men wear a ring on their thumb is a great scheme." "Why?" "Why, if you want to know if a man is married or not just look at his thumb." "I have an easier way than that." "I'd like to know what it is." "I just look at the man."—Houston Post.

MY OLD SHAKER BONNET.

Lurand Sheldon in New York Times. Today, as I stood on the street for a moment, I observed the new-fangled headgear going by.

I noticed one hat with a girl's head within it. That carried me back to the past with a pang. I thought of my childhood's inordinate passion for wearing the latest in bonnet and gown.

How, month after month, just to be in the fashion I stuck on an old Shaker bonnet of brown. A tight-fitting bonnet with nothing upon it that covered my head from the nose up to the crown.

Today it is a "stovepipe," a "bow," or a "basket." Hauled over to rest on the bridge of her nose. A few yards of yelling to soften or masquerade it.

A jeweled hairpin, a feather or rose. It covers her forehead, her hair, and her forehead. It smother her ears like that bonnet of yore. Which now in the old cedar trunk lies a relic of styles that I used to adore. The old Shaker bonnet with nothing upon it. I bought for a dime at the grocery store.