

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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Making a 13,000 mile trip is going some. Why not employ the boy scouts to drum up base ball recruits?

Funny how a little thing like an snake totally eclipses the short skirt. President Taft shows his contempt for signs by starting his tour on Friday.

Mr. Bryan does not want any harmony in his. He knows what he thrives on. The open season—between congresses—seems to have revived a good many lame ducks.

Some friend of Colonel Astor should advise him not to slip his card under Queen Mary's door. Cur—ses on the luck, the rabid anti-Tafters must exclaim at the president's vindication of Wiley.

Mr. Astor did not have to go to Reno to get married, but he may have to holler for help yet. The St. Louis man's idea of high flying is life in that metropolis during the Velled Prophet's festival.

When Mr. Carnegie starts his International Peace Gazette we fear there will be no job for a sporting editor. The question is now propounded, Is the arbitration treaty constitutional? We pass that up to the supreme court.

If some of this rain could be turned off now we might have a little more of it ten days hence.—Pittsburg Dispatch. Sounds like a voice from the tomb. If Alfred Austin does not commit poetry again soon folks will be in danger of forgetting who is the laureate.

"Harmony means halt," says Mr. Bryan. It certainly does, but it sometimes makes the halt come at the landing place. An exchange remarks that the old shell game is no longer played. No, not since Champ Clark and Underwood adjourned.

Mayor Harrison orders the saloons closed at night, but the whole town will be closed soon unless the Cubs come to life. Not content with printing columns of it when it was news, a Baltimore yellow is now running "Echoes of the Beetle Trial."

It is said that Hetty Green's son received 6,242 proposals of marriage from as many women. What is the man waiting on? The election in Canada takes place next Thursday, and when the votes are in we should know whether reciprocity reciprocates.

England prefers the American typewriter to any other. Sure, so do all countries that know what womanly beauty and winsome ways are. Now they are after President Bear of the Reading for selling bad eggs. Just as if a man with divine right in one thing did not have divine right in all.

Now, if Mayor "Jim" had only lured the executive mansion, he might have commanded attention at the governor's conference by an exhibition of rope-throwing. Those prophets of ill-omen who were predicting the failure of postal savings banks must have taken to their holes without waiting for the groundhog to show them the way.

Chicago boasts of automatic electric megaphones in use at one of its depots for calling out the names of stations of departing trains. Now, here is where we object. If these innovations continue all the pleasure of traveling will be soon destroyed.

The Aerial Promontory Point.

When the links of the first great transcontinental railway were started in opposite directions across the country a spirit of friendly rivalry animated the builders to see who could lay the greatest length of line before the east and west ends met and when the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific came together a golden spike was driven in the mountain at Promontory Point to mark their conjunction.

Now, less than half a century later, another air line of travel is being surveyed from east and west across the entire continent. But if any one of the rival railroad builders in the '60s had ventured to predict that within fifty years men would be flying over the route of these then marvelous bands of steel, he would probably have been put where he could not harm any of his fellow beings.

Everybody hopes that Ward, flying in his aeroplane west from New York and Fowler east from San Francisco, may succeed in completing their strange journeys. The men did not start out simultaneously, but nearly so, nor yet with the specific purpose of racing, though, undoubtedly, the spirit of American sportsmanship is alive enough in each to suggest rivalry before the end is reached.

But whether either man succeeds in his undertaking, the adventure cannot but suggest a new and wonderful era of invention even though, as most people believe, it still leaves us far, very far, from practical aerial navigation. The mere fact, if it be a fact, that men can, by dint of great effort and perseverance, travel above the ground from ocean to ocean, would be a marvel far too remote to the imagination of fifty years ago to have been tolerated.

What stupendous strides forward this country and other countries have made since the Union Pacific and Central Pacific came together on top of that Utah mountain, May 10, 1869! On May 11, 1869, General W. T. Sherman in Washington, wrote to General Grenville M. Dodge:

In common with millions, I sat yesterday and heard the mytic taps of the telegraph battery announce the nailing of the last spike in the great Pacific road.

But what would General Sherman say of the mystic flaps of the 1911 birdman's wings? State-Wide Community of Interest. Real efforts are being exerted by business men of Chicago and out-state cities to break down the "artificial barriers reared by the politician" between Chicago and the rest of the state and build up a substantial structure of mutual interest for the entire state.

The level-headed people of Illinois, without regard to whether they happen to reside in Chicago or Rodom, have grown sick and tired of seeing the business interests of the large and small community suffer at the hands of self-seekers, ready to arraign one part of the state against another whenever it will promote their personal fortunes. The plans of the state-wide harmony movement seem to be sane and comprehensive, calculated to open people's eyes to the fact that to foster such prejudices is simply to sacrifice their interests to personal avarice.

Illinois and Chicago are not alone in this thing. Nebraska and Omaha have felt the effects of such selfishness and prejudice, more formerly than now. In this state, the politician, aided by certain corporations which he served, succeeded in disseminating an anti-Omaha prejudice calculated to harm, not only Omaha, but every community in the state. It acted, therefore, as a boom-erang, and not until its reflex action began to be felt did most up-state people awake to the evil of the thing and lend Omaha their aid toward destroying it. No man can think twice on the subject without admitting, at least to himself, that the interests of Omaha and the state are so wrapped up in each other as to have common misfortunes as well as common fortunes.

Our Commercial club trade excursions and Ak-Sar-Ben have been instruments for overcoming this barrier in Nebraska. They have served as a tie to bind the people of the metropolis and rest of the state together in that mutual relation they should enjoy and must maintain if their state is to advance.

Kansas' Latest Freak. Every now and then Kansas seems to catch itself running short on freak ideas, but it never fails to respond to the demand upon its reputation. Mrs. Ella Wilson, belligerent mayoress of the bustling town of Hunnewell, has done very well of late in holding the boards, but hers is necessarily a too transient chapter to promise much results. Kansas has itself, therefore, stepped into the breach with a novelty that will be hard to cry down or rip up. It is a statewide movement for the teaching of domestic science in the schools to boys, as well as girls.

Now, domestic science in itself is no new departure. Nebraska and other states are doing a good deal in that line, but not as a boy's study. It is all very well for boys and men to know enough about the kitchen and culinary art to be able in the absence of the housewife to fry a slice of bacon, make a cup of coffee and wash dishes when they can not find room in the house to stack them any longer, but it is not probable that boys and men are ever to encounter a practical demand for domestic science; neither is it apparent that boys in school have so much time or genius that they can afford to extend still further the diversity of their studies. The common criticism of our popular system of education is that it includes too many branches and fades, already.

But what care Kansas for common criticism? Beside, that sort of talk applies, possibly, to boys other than those residing in Kansas. Who has a right to say what a Kansas youth shall not do? Or why suggest that if he must devote time to domestic service, he had better do it in a practical way, helping mother in the kitchen at home? The Kansas boy can take care of all such little extras they see fit to load on him. He can get his regular studies, take his manual training, do his gym work, play at his athletics, look out for his literary society pursuits and find ample time for his domestic science and that too, with no danger whatever of falling into the molycoddle class. What's the matter with Kansas, anyway?

Dead Letters. By a sort of paradox one of the liveliest subjects of postoffice administration is the disposition of dead letters. It is reasonable to assume that when Ben Franklin as our first director general of posts supervised the handling and delivery of the mails, the dead letters were not numerous enough to cause him much bother. It is the immense expansion of the country, and its business, and the corresponding increase of the work devolving on the postoffice that has multiplied the number of undeliverable letters and packages posted in the mails, until last year the aggregate footed the colossal total of 12,545,133.

Everyone knows the dire consequences that often follow the loss or misdirection of a letter, and it is the purpose of the postal authorities to spare no effort at prompt delivery to the person for whom the letter or package is intended. To this end, the practice has prevailed, and still prevails, of transmitting undeliverable first class mail matter, after the lapse of a prescribed period, to the dead letter office at Washington, where it is opened, and if possible forwarded to destination or returned to sender.

This process has been found to be not only expensive, but also comparatively ineffective. With the utmost expedition the time lost may nullify the purpose of the message. Despite the skill of long experienced clerks, a large part of the dead letter mail remains unclaimed and unclaimable.

To obviate some of these difficulties it is now proposed to abandon the dead letter office at Washington and have the work done in division offices in different parts of the country or by the postmaster in each separate post-office. The ordinary fourth class post-office may average one dead letter a week, and the postmaster can open and dispose of them and keep the necessary records without much additional labor. The postmaster is bonded and constantly subject to inspection, and the danger of misappropriation would at least be no greater than it now is. The dead letter mail could be held, in the local office a stipulated time awaiting a claimant, and then destroyed if not called for, unless containing articles of value which could be forwarded to the division or central headquarters.

The strange thing is that to accomplish these obvious improvements in the postal service will require congressional legislation, which it is not easy to get. The subject of disposing of dead letters, however, as here outlined, illustrates strikingly the obstacles met by the postmaster general in his efforts to manage the department according to modern business methods.

The School and Home. Much, perhaps too much, is being said these days about the inefficiency of the schools in accomplishing with the children all they should, but too little about the inefficiency of the homes in this same relation. Does the parent who criticizes the school imagine that the child can be educated without his or her help?

An eastern educator recently affirmed the need for closer contact between the school and the home. If the appeal could be made so strong as to reach every parent's ear, it might have the desired effect. The trouble with many parents is that they have the wrong conception of the school's function. They imagine that all they have to do is to send their children to the school. They could not make a graver mistake. The school does well if it teaches the child how to study. It is largely for the home to see that he does study. When a child lags in his books, when notes begin to come from his teacher and finally he misses his grade, the parent generally blames it on the teacher, or the school, when, as a matter of fact, the fault may have been rather with the home and with the parent.

Children in the lower grades may not be expected to do much school work at home, but for those in the higher grades it is not only important, but absolutely essential. In the case of the high school pupils, they go to school only to recite. Their recitation "hour" is forty minutes, as a rule. In that period it is not supposed that they shall study. It is all required for recitation. Therefore, if they have not studied at home before they come to school, where do they land when they come to recite? In boarding school or college, the instructor counts the study hours the most valuable time of the day. It is folly, therefore, to go to the class room the next day without preparation.

It has been well said that "the greatest good to the greatest number" must be the school teacher's guiding rule. The teacher cannot devote time to the apt pupil or to the inert to the exclusion of the other. The laggard must do

his "making-up" out of the class room. And the parent should see to it that he is not on the street when he should be perched up at a table in a quiet room at home, digging out his lessons. It is a gross mistake for any parent not to know the standing of the child in school. It is another gross mistake for the parent to let the child feel that the blame for poor progress is laid on the teacher. That is one good way to prevent the child from getting ahead. The school can guide and present information to the child, but it cannot fully succeed without the faithful cooperation of the home.

Delinquencies of High Society. When taken to task for the misbehavior of the so-called high society set, its devotees usually seek refuge in the reply that the same things are going on in other social classes, although perhaps not so flagrantly, yet do not attract public attention. Whether this assertion be true or false, it cannot be accepted as justification for claiming the right to defy all rules of morality, and scandalizing the community, as a perquisite of wealth or social eminence. It is true that the frivolities and escapades in high society are more conspicuous than they would be if committed on lower levels, but that is all the greater reason why they should be more severely condemned. If the so-called social leaders are to recognize no accountability for their actions, their bad examples are sure to have a pernicious influence, and work damage by imitation in places unexpected. The delinquencies and delinquencies of the high society set of today may be no greater than they have been in times past, but they seem to be more in the spotlight, and the need of a sense of responsibility is much more urgent.

Seizing Opportunities. Theodore P. Shonts, writing in the magazine, Business, under the caption "Be Alive to Your Opportunities," says: If I were to set down a rule of action, the observance of which, more than any other, aside from the Ten Commandments, might lead to success in business, I would say, "Thou shalt not be caught napping." In the present trend of the times when every moment is regulated by a pendulum of value there are thousands of opportunities going to waste for want of people to take them when they come. As a matter of fact the history of reverses in business might be summed up in two words, "Lost Opportunity."

Mr. Shonts, like most other people now, evidently takes no stock in the late John J. Ingall's poetic idea that opportunity knocks only once at every man's door, but rather believes that opportunity has no limit to its knockings. It knocks every day and a good many times every day. It may not offer with each knock to admit one to the embrace of some great achievement. Opportunity does not necessarily mean that. It may mean the chance to do the smaller things, but to do it well. Yet the smaller thing must be done, as a rule, before the larger task can be essayed. Most men of renowned success did not leap at once into their positions of advantage, but got there by dint of applying themselves along a long way and seizing each opportunity as it arose.

These little detailed opportunities that precede the larger one are not to be neglected if the larger one is to be achieved. It is the details of life that compose its success, after all. Heaping the measure to the full, whether it be the measure of success or the measure of meal, means putting in a little at a time. It is the constancy hooked up with the alertness of the effort that brings the reward. Business is a good deal like ball playing in this respect of being caught napping. The runner who goes to sleep at first never scores at the plate.

Another View of Chinese Outbreaks. In all the periodical anti-foreigner outbreaks in China, one seldom, if ever, reads of an enlightened native, one who has been converted to western civilization, lending material or moral influence to the hostilities. Rather, these Chinese, where they take any active hand, are found trying to protect the unoffending American or European and repress the rage of the native mob.

In this fact justification is sought for the presence in the orient of the men and women who have gone there to show the people our way of living. As a rule, once the natives have learned of this new way, they do not want to, and will not if they can avoid it, go back to their old methods of life. It is perfectly natural that a race born, bred and steeped for centuries in worshipping idols believed to be inspired and pursuing all the vague customs which superstition can contrive, should resent the intrusion of anyone daring to offer an improved system of existence. But the veil of oriental density has not been found which the rays of occidental enlightenment could not penetrate. And when they yield, as many do in time, they have no wish to revert to old standards.

It is going to take years and decades thus to awaken the borders of the east, for there are so many hundred millions of them, but real progress is being made and every step forward lessens the difficulty of the next. It is putting precisely the opposite construction on the uprisings, such as is now going on in China, to say that because they seem in part to be aimed at the foreign invasion of church and commerce and education, they indicate a measure of defeat for these forces. These outbreaks usually precede, as well as follow, great advances of civ-

lization and may be regarded as the breaking away from the old regime. This thought has a commercial as well as religious and educational aspect to it. The westerner's platform in the far east, fortunately, has been constructed so broad and big as to enable all interests concerned in pushing forward the outposts of modern civilization, to work shoulder to shoulder upon it.

With a view of reducing the excessive mortality among the Indians, the Indian bureau is to have recourse to moving pictures to show the red man the right and wrong way to live. Moving pictures will doubtless help some toward the desired end, but keeping the bootleggers and land thieves on the reservation moving would help more.

If he wanted to be perfectly frank about it, our democratic United States senator from Nebraska might have told those postmasters that he was not only on record opposed to parcels post, but also could not well recede because he had received much coveted support for his election in consideration of the assurance thus given.

A so-called university in Washington has been exposed in which the degree of Doctor of Philosophy may be had by reading eight prescribed books and paying \$75. The high cost of living must be a myth when such necessities of life as a college diploma can be bought so cheaply.

We poke fun at the slowness of our Canadian friends, but that charge cannot lie against those who robbed the British Columbia bank of \$320,000. That is a better haul than anyone on this side of the boundary has been able to make for some time.

According to the Outlook, reciprocity is a more heated issue in Canada than it has been at any time in the United States. Still, the United States has had enough heat this year to satisfy all reasonable demands.

Senator La Follette must be an impressive man, for he has impressed into his Nebraska following the man known in the Nebraska senate of 1903 as the "general manager" for the railroads and franchised corporations.

Those Mexicans cannot have gotten very far on their presidential campaign as yet or there would be more of them running back and forth across the bridges that span the Rio Grande.

Colonel Roosevelt is reviewing some books under the caption "A Hunter-Naturalist in Europe and Africa." It is at least enlightening to know that it is possible to have the two in one.

When the Calanets Met. Boston Transcript. The two colonels met in the Outlook office and talked of "interesting subjects." What subject could interest both an ex-president and an ex-ex-president candidate?

He Did Things. Brooklyn Eagle. The unveiling of a monument to Edwin McMasters Stanton recalls a period in American history when sand was more useful than sugar. Stanton was no hand-shaker, and no demagogue, but he did things.

Righteous Rudely Jolted. Baltimore American. A prominent railroad president has been shocked and surprised by being summoned to court on the charge of selling bad hen fruit. He doubtless will sadly assert that popular prejudice has egged this charge on.

The Value of a Tree. Chicago Tribune. Foresters are interested in a recent decision of the New York courts sustaining a claim for \$50 for a tree cut down by a construction company. This was upheld as a fair estimate of its "going value." It was not based on sentiment, although it had no relation to the value of the tree as lumber or firewood. The tree, alive, had been a thing of use and profit on the street. When it was cut down the loss was not merely aesthetic. It had been material. Foresters are encouraged to find that the courts take this view of the matter.

People Talked About. O. H. Hell, a prospective New York business man, has asked a court to change his name lest it might attract attention as an exclamation or a resort of summer.

The claim of Arkansas for the record peach weighing twenty-two ounces is disallowed. Omaha can show a crop of peaches, each weighing 100 pounds and up. No superiors in design and flavor.

Fears of a famine of office-seekers in Pittsburgh, Pa., prove to be groundless. A newspaper canvasser shows 20,000 aspirants for half a hundred offices, insuring a reasonable amount of competition in the race.

Sam Harris of Farmersville, Tex., who for six years held the record of being the largest town marshal in the United States, has retired from that office. He is 23 years old and weighs 410 pounds. His weight was no handicap in performing the duties of police officer, but he got tired of the job and is now ready to take other employment.

Two opposing forces in Ohio are pulling R. J. Diegls to and fro. One wants to tighten his muzzle, the other struggles to loosen it. Mr. Diegls is sergeant-at-arms of the state senate, and is believed to know more about the grafting operations of the senators than the dictograph. A three years' sentence, suspended on appeal, has not loosened his tongue at last accounts.

A gleam of humor filters through the fierce battle of factions for the spoils of Philadelphia. Every citizen must go to the designated places and be registered personally. Formerly any individual properly identified by a registration officer could put down as many names as he chose, a custom which made large drafts on the city directory and gravestones.

The oldest woman Alpinist in Switzerland, still on the active list, is Mme. Louise Favre, a widow, aged 81, who lives in a hamlet near Bex, Canton of Valais. The other day she climbed up the Chamossaire, a mountain 9,240 feet high, with one of her grandsons, in order to light a bonfire on the summit in honor of a local festival, which was attended by a number of Alpinists, who cheered the veteran climber.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Thirty Years Ago—A steady rain fell during the greater part of the night, driving all the fair exhibitors, who could get away, off the grounds and seriously inconveniencing the rest. Many of the tents and booths became flooded with water, and the occupants were obliged to get out and seek drier quarters. The sun, however, came out about 10 o'clock and produced a more encouraging aspect. It did not get dry enough until 3 o'clock to admit of the races. The program concluded with the feature of the day, the chariot races. Two chariots were driven, one by a man and the other by a woman (and, by the way, a very pretty woman), four prancing horses hitched to each. They started like a shot at the word and flew around the track at breakneck speed. The woman driver plied her whip dextrously on the homestretch and succeeded in forcing her horses ahead just a neck. The race was almost wild with excitement. Word comes from Denver that the Burlington & Missouri railroad has filed papers of incorporation there for the extension of this line into Colorado, with a capital stock of \$5,000,000. The incorporators are G. B. Harris, T. C. Calvert, A. E. Tounhall, T. M. Marquette and James M. Barr. The object of the corporation is to construct a railroad from some point on the eastern boundary to Denver and it promises to commence work of construction at once.

Hon. J. L. Webster left on a business trip to Falls City. Clara Rosenfelt is visiting friends in Omaha, the guest of Mrs. Mattie Rothschild.

Miss Dora Lehmer is once more numbered among her Omaha friends after a protracted visit in New Hampshire.

Miss Condon of Chicago is in Omaha visiting her cousin, Miss Carrie Condon.

Mrs. Ida E. Lawrence and Mrs. Maggie Shull left for Pennsylvania, their old home, this being their first visit there for twenty years.

Mrs. Frank Shears of Grand Island arrived to visit her sister, Mrs. Nathan Shelton.

Twenty Years Ago—Plans were announced for the marriage of Ed Neal, the murderer of Allan and Dorothy Jones, to a woman of the town known as Josephine Clarke, the nuptials to be solemnized in the county jail, where Neal was incarcerated. It was really in the shadow of the gallows, as Neal had been doomed to die. Neal, 25, and the Clarke woman, 29, had been schoolmates and sweethearts in their childhood days.

The Young Men's Christian association held a reception at the parlors of the building to enable the directors and committeemen to become acquainted with the new general secretary, Frank W. Ober.

Pat McDonough had Pat Ford, sr., arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace. It seems that McDonough, a man who hit a woman over the head with a heavy shovel, passed along the street where Ford was laying a sidewalk and started trouble with Ford, who proceeded to do him up.

Omaha's list of "first-class" hotels was swelled by the addition of the Brunswick, which was opened at Sixteenth and Jackson streets.

Rev. Charles W. Savidge conducted the conference meeting at the North Nebraska Methodists' annual conference. Miss Flora Webster left for New York. Senator R. F. Pettigrew of Sioux Falls, S. D., was at the Paxton.

Herman Kountze took the train for New York. Major J. W. Paddock returned from the east and went at once to his home just outside the city.

Ten Years Ago—W. A. Webster and C. H. Young won in the semi-finals of the singles of the interstate tennis tournament played at the courts of the Omaha Amateur Athletic association.

Old Jack Frost arrives ahead of time, much to the disgust of many involuntary hosts.

Chairman Ed Howell and Secretary L. J. Piatt of the democratic county committee filed the name of James P. Connolly for commissioner from the Second district.

J. P. Nixon, 1019 Harney street, reported to the police he was held up and robbed of \$75 cents during a pocketknife while crossing the Eleventh street viaduct at night.

High school is dismissed because of the sudden drop in the temperature making it too chilly for the students and professors.

John Larson, a bachelor, 63 years old, for thirty-four years a local hackman, was found dead with his scalp torn from his head in the alley back of 223 Dodge street. The circumstances of the death were not then known.

Minneapolis Journal: It is necessary to restore competition, says Mr. Bryan, and that he objects to Governor Harmon's coming into the race.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

New York World: The New Orleans pastor who in twenty-seven years officiated at 10,000 weddings and received over \$50,000 in wedding fees may be said to have started well, but as he christened only 1,000 babies the record is not consistent.

Brooklyn Eagle: The man who thinks the weak churches in a village are petering out only needs to urge unity in Christian effort to start a row that will fill the buildings with advocates of the only simple pure scheme of introducing brotherly love.

Indianapolis News: The Rev. Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, rector of St. John's Episcopal church of Philadelphia, evidently belongs to that class of men who never lose their wholesome self-restraint when success attends their efforts at sparring for an opening.

Chicago Tribune: There is some curiosity to know why the Rev. Mr. Straight, whose secular calling is that of a carpenter, did not perform the Astor marriage ceremony, in accordance with published announcements. Mr. Straight, though a carpenter, may not be a good joiner.

Springfield Republican: Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden has not resigned his pastorate in Columbus, O. The Congregationalist did not wire him for information, and the answer came back: "Haven't resigned or dreamed of it. All newspaper blundering. Dr. Gladden has associated with himself Dr. Carl S. Patton, recently of Ann Arbor, Mich., who is to take his share of the pastorate in Columbus, O. The Congregationalist did not perform the Astor marriage ceremony, in accordance with published announcements. Mr. Straight, though a carpenter, may not be a good joiner.

Pittsburg Dispatch: President Taft has had the bad luck of being defended by Cannon against the assault of Cummins, but there is yet time to rescue him from the irretrievable calamity of being championed by Lorimer.

Sioux City Journal: Mr. Bryan was in New York the other day and made a call at the Roosevelt editorial office. Following the visit, which was not hurried, Colonel Roosevelt said: "Mr. Bryan and I have had quite a talk on interesting subjects. That was all." But one cannot tell from this whether the matter of Mr. Bryan's still pending resignation was considered.

Springfield Republican: Senator La Follette's presidential candidacy has been well under way since headquarters were opened in Washington, under the immediate direction of a Wisconsin politician, and it is therefore somewhat surprising to read that the senator has decided not to announce his candidacy until next winter. The delay in making a formal announcement, however, may signify merely a tactical purpose. By awaiting the development of the president's policies the senator would be able to act with less uncertainty as to the conditions to be faced in the presidential year. Many things may happen in the next six or eight months to alter the political situation.

"Most people," said the boarding house philosopher, "are afraid they are married and safely launched on the stream of life, begin to rock the boat."—Toronto Blade.

"Who (complainingly)—You never praise me up to any one."

"How do you do?" "You should hear me describe you at the intelligence office when I'm trying to hire a cook."—Boston Transcript.

"There is one time only which will convince you of the downfall of the trusts." "What is that?" "When the ice trust is frozen out and the water has had coal to burn."—Baltimore American.

"I don't see how people can ever fall out with a street car conductor." "Why not?" "Narrowly you perceive, he sees everything and everybody in a fare light."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Culshaw—Did you see any of the old masters while you were abroad? Mrs. Newrick—Merely, no! They are all dead.—Boston Transcript.

"That distinguished guest made quite an impression in your community during his brief visit." "Yes," replied Farmer Courtness; "there were moments when he seemed nigh as important as the chairman of the reception committee."—Washington Star.

OVER THE HILLS. Eugene Field. Over the hills and far away. A little boy steals from his morning play, And under the blossoming apple tree He lies and dreams of the things to be; Of battles fought and of victories won, Of wrongs righted and of great deeds of done— Of the valor that he shall prove some day, Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away! It's O for the roll of the living day! But it mattered not to the soul aflame With a love for riches and power and fame! On O for the sun in the high— On to the yonder joys that lie Yonder where blazeth the noon of day! Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away! An old man lingers at close of day; Now that his journey is almost done, His battles fought and his victories won— The old man lingers at close of day, Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away! Home and mother—where are they? Over the hills and far away! Over the hills and far away!

Perfection of service means economy to the guest.

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