

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, D. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company...

Governors' Conference Ends. In what? The best thing for the masher is to mash him.

Jury service for women offers them their very best chance to get even with those horrid men.

It seems that no one realized before how full of congressional timber our Third Nebraska district is.

Senator Bailey's champion on the Houston Post will have a lot to do now that Joseph has decided to quit.

The Cubs should bear up—Chicago Evening Post. Think of making such a bull and so near the home plate, too.

The jingle of French coin has a much more peaceful effect than the rattle of German military demonstrations.

The transcontinental aviators are heading for Omaha from both directions, but it is a little early to begin to stretch our necks.

Pretty soon a public man will be considered low down in the scale in Minnesota unless he has been mentioned for congressman-at-large.

It is feared that R. T. Crane never could be any happier in heaven than he is on earth, should he happen to meet some college boys up there.

Good sports would not be afraid to match either Walker Weston or Era Meeker and his ox team against those cross-the-country aviators.

"To waste and grasp and sin and finally lie cold and conquered, casts a hue of sadness over this mortal career." And that sells at space rates.

King Ak-Sar-Ben is about to hold his last initiation service for the year. The man who forgot to enlist as a loyal knight will regret it ever after.

Does the annual conference of governors betoken a renaissance of state's rights?—Boston Herald. Oh, no, just an easy way of having a good time and getting a lot of free advertising.

Taft on the Wiley Case.

President Taft has, no doubt, disappointed many of his more captious critics by his decision in the Wiley case, which the government's chief pure food expert halls as a "complete vindication."

That ought to be assurance enough for the people, even for the most reasonless Taft antagonists. That is what the country wants—fearless and common sense enforcement of same laws.

Political Advertising Once More. The ethics and obligations of the newspaper with respect to political advertising, especially in connection with the system of nomination by direct primary, continues to be a topic of current discussion.

A Dare Unchallenged. Cleveland Plain Dealer. Up to the present time nobody has dared to rebuke the sugar king by suggesting a reduction in the fudge output.

A Surprise Coming. Wall Street Journal. When the crop movement is in full swing lenders of money will be surprised to learn what a large part of the crop is undamaged.

Good News. Cleveland Plain Dealer. Good news comes from Clara Barton. She isn't ill and death is as far away as ever in the case of the nurse.

Spring Chicken in the Making. Kansas City Times. The Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin recommending beef broth or milk three times a day for fattening chickens.

Ears Attuned to Golden Music. Cleveland Leader. Now Colonel Edward H. Green, heir to half of Hetty Green's many millions, is sorry he spoke. Six thousand, two hundred and forty-two letters proposing marriage have come to him since he testified he was tired of a bachelor life.

Saluting the Latest Republic. Philadelphia Record. It is significant of the trend of opinion at European capitals that notwithstanding the persistent threats of royalist invasion Great Britain, Germany, Austria and Spain have agreed to simultaneously recognize the Republic of Portugal.

Proper Idea to Be Expressed in Proposed Indian Memorial. Denver Republican. Congress has pledged aid to Rodman Wanamaker's campaign for the erection of a great statue of an Indian in New York harbor, but it is to be hoped that any "wild west" feature will be frowned upon when the designs for the memorial are considered.

England and Reciprocity. England's opposition to reciprocity between Canada and the United States is not based on the belief that annexation would logically follow, but rather on the more substantial desire to increase its own trade and diminish ours with the Dominion.

Returning from an Alaskan tour, Omaha's biggest coal operator declares that he would not give 10 cents an acre for all the coal lands up there. What is all this fight about, anyway?

If President Taft could hold his own at the Syracuse fair against an aeroplane exhibitionist and a bunch of automobile racers he ought to be in fair condition to go up against the political enemy.

Captain Hobson has broken the silence at last, predicting that from "this second battle" in Maine a movement will spring up resulting in putting into the federal constitution a prohibition clause. The trouble is a lot of prophets have been hit on the head.

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A Famous Spouter

Periodical Outburst of Mount Etna. Its Sundry Slopes and Crowded Population. Etna's Warning Notes. Every three or four years on an average Mount Etna lifts the lid and with smoke and fire and thunderous sound warns the teeming population on its slopes and foothills that the time to move has come.

The eruption of 1898, which quickly subsided, and again in March, last year, while the tourist season was at its height. The present outbreak is already reaching the railway stations on the north side, the limit of the flow in 1873.

The slopes of Etna, with an area of more than 400 square miles, support a population more dense than that of any other portion of Sicily or Italy. There are sixty-five cities and villages in an entire area, and the number of inhabitants which obtain an excellent agricultural living from the fertile lava beds totals more than 200,000.

About Etna, some distance above its base, runs a railway on which, as in the case of the line about Vesuvius, towns of from 10,000 to 30,000 people, with many of the mountain are roughly a circle of some ninety miles. It covers more than half the area of Rhode Island. Population is dense because Etna lies in the fruit region fronting the east.

"Monte Etna," Catania. Mount Etna towers above the fine city of Catania, now, since the destruction of Messina, the second city of Sicily. The town is at the southeast base of the mountain, and more than once has been overwhelmed by an eruption of the volcano. The earthquake that destroyed Messina two and one-half years ago did little damage at Catania. The city has always been famous for the magnificence of its buildings, and on account of this and the beauty of its situation it is known as "la bella."

It is not the height so much as the tremendous extent of the mountain that has impressed Catania. Its base spreads out almost twenty-five miles, and from there to the summit it is almost a perfect cone. At certain seasons the sides are covered with snow half-way down. The crater is 10,000 feet above sea-level, making Etna the loftiest volcano in Europe, and the highest peak in Italy south of the Alps.

How Etna Spouts Fire. Describe the appearance of Etna in the eruption of 1898, a correspondent from Taormina wrote: "Nothing could have looked more peaceful than Etna on the afternoon of my arrival here. The sun went down behind it out of a clear sky, its outlines becoming blacker and more obscure, until finally swallowed up in darkness. From outward signs it was the same sleeping beauty that it had been since the last eruption in 1869. In the morning-April 28—there was a change. The peak was enveloped in vapor, which it took only a few seconds to observe was smoke, not cloud, but even then I did not realize that there was anything unusual until I noticed the excitement of the Italians.

"Smoke was coming from the crater at the summit, but near the larger part from the east side of the mountain, a considerable way down, while now and then would come a rumble, sounding like cannon far away. Later in the forenoon the vapors from the top cone ceased, and the smoke swirled out black and menacing from lower down, taking the shape of a funnel, and rolling seaward on the wings of a westerly wind.

"The sight was as novel to natives as to visitors, and perhaps more full of meaning. All day long they kept stealing away from their work to run the house-tops or other vantage points to watch the changing aspects on the mountain, but they could not tell by day whether the volcano was in eruption.

"Wait until night," they said. "Then if lava is flowing out, it will show red through the darkness."

"No interest increased toward dark, and as the shadows thickened, word went around the town: 'L'Etna fuma! L'Etna fuma!' True it was, the giant mountain, after ten years' truce with the inhabitants of its fertile and expansive slopes, was again breathing forth lava from the earth's inward, though to what extent or with what disaster, one could only conjecture.

"From Taormina it appeared as would a huge bonfire on a hill perhaps a mile away, which glowed red and yellow and now and then flared up as if some one had thrown on fresh brush. But when one considered that the burning patch in the darkness was not one, but almost twenty miles away, he realized that what he saw was a roaring furnace, and that what to the eye seemed gentle flickers were, in truth, huge masses of molten lava spouted many feet in the air, the result of tremendous convulsions in the depths below."

THE TABLES TURNED. Outraged Husband Sets Authorities on Women Card Players. Washington Post. It was an ancient colored "mammy," who wandered in from the country and saw the ebony-hued "tiger" perched up on the small seat in the rear, while the Caucasian held the line. "Lawd, I knowed it was a comin', but I never 'pected to live to see it!" was her ecstatic cry.

Thus, also, with a recent happening, which evokes, however, emotions of a more somber kind. Whether in Hackensack, Washawken, or the purlieus of Chicago matters not. Place and time are swallowed up and submerged in the great central fact that it occurred. And we knew it would come to pass. After suffering long in silence, the injured husband arose in his wrath, appealed to the authorities, and had the den, raised wherein his wife and other wives were carrying on a little game of bridge.

That a husband should so far forget his sex as to resort to these extreme measures points to the dawning of a better day. In the full clutch of American control, the poor men have suffered much and long. But there comes an end to the conjugal forbearance. It is well and good that he should work meekly all day in the office, and bring home his wage on Saturday night. Quite proper, also, that he should place Willie in the high chair, and get the baby ready for bed. But he has a right—has he not?—to the society of his wife during the long dull evenings? Or, if not, he at least is entitled to call a halt when night after night sees her go out with her pin money and his, only to return without a sou in those mysterious pockets, which he can never find, though only to get a stray nickel that he might purchase a sack of cheap tobacco, and smoke, and forget.

A handicap often comes in handy as an excuse. "Wife is the man who knows just when to laugh." Many a man goes broke in trying to break the speed record. Some things that come to those who wait are badly worth eating. It sometimes happens that when a man loses his reputation he is lucky. The man who makes history must be trying to encourage book agents. The girl who can't cook should keep out of the matrimonial frying pan. A girl may frankly admit that another man played her, but she always adds that it was on the cheek or forehead.—Chicago News.

Flying High. Aviator Garros in France broke all monoplane altitude records by rising to 25,445 feet. It was a useless feat. There is a limit to such ascents. Glaisher in 1862 was unconscious at 29,000 feet, though he went much higher. Tissandier rose only to 27,300 feet in 1875, but his two companions died. Berson and Suring rose above 30,000 feet in 1900, but both were unconscious after passing that height. Aeroplantists are a long way from rivaling the altitude records of the balloons, which reached a height of two miles as early as 1807. But no aviator needs to rise 10,000 feet. To travel 1,200 miles in the levels where people live is a more practical accomplishment.—New York World.

Domestic Pleasuries

Mrs. A.—Is your husband all you thought he was? Mrs. B.—Pretty much; but I've found out he's a whole lot shorter of what he thinks himself to be.—Boston Transcript. "Both those adjoining 'em would have a sort of transposition of 3 of each other."

"How you see, one has a baby grand and the other a grand baby."—Baltimore American. "Johnnie, is you ma, at ion?" "Ye's a party home."

"The 'sain's leamin' cross the sock fence ezbin' with Mrs. Jabber."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "You quarreled," said Maude. "Yes," replied Mamma. "I told him never to speak to me again."

"I don't see why. I didn't say anything about his not writing to me."—Washington Star. "Glourina," faltered the at least youth. "Is this the end?" "Reinhold," she answered, with a world of compassion in her soft, blue eyes. "It is!"

HE CAME BACK. Louisville Courier-Journal. Say! I had a square meal yesterday. There is no need to keep it. And this was not at High's Park. At Hiprice Park I make no crack. But I'm back.

Say! I had a good bath yesterday. I had a bath that was a peach. Now was the same at Boose Beach. You see, I hit the homerun track. And I'm back.

Say! I tipped nobody yesterday. No more I giggle out my pee. I have a little for the cows. Whew! In fact, of coin I have no ink. For I'm back.

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California Colonist Excursions. To Attain Success as a Stenographer. The typewriter operator who thinks one thing and does one thing secures a better result than if her thoughts are divided. A keyboard with a key for every character and the keys arranged in straight lines so simplifies the operation of typewriting that accuracy is secured without mental strain.

Santa Fe California Colonist Excursions. Tickets on sale September 15 to October 15. Fare only \$22 from Omaha. Berthe in tourist sleeper only half usual Pullman charge. Libby and top berth in day-coach. Fred Harvey meals. Samuel Larimer, G. A., Des Moines, Iowa. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, 210 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill., for new book, "San Joaquin Valley."

Low One Way Colonist Rates Offered by the Missouri Pacific Iron Mountain. Tickets on Sale Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, 1911, inclusive, to all the principal points in THE WEST, CALIFORNIA and OLD MEXICO. For further particulars address: Thos. F. Godfrey, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 1423 Farnam Street or Union Station.