

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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AUGUST CIRCULATION. 47,543

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies, for the month of August, 1911, was 47,543.

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

"Our Lady of the Snows" gave your Uncle Sam an icy mitt.

The normal condition of the throne of Spain is to totter, so don't be too easily excited.

Why do they add "of Georgia" in speaking of Hoke Smith? Was there ever another one?

Confession may be good for the soul, but turning from the evil thing confessed is better.

Postponement of the gas case suggests that perhaps the lawyers want time to raise the wind.

Time never drags to the man in the habit of improving it. His problem is to get enough of it.

If France means to go to war with Germany it will pay it not to destroy any more of its battleships.

Mr. Carnegie should give the War department run on his Peace Gazette to the cub reporter, Mr. Hobson.

The gates to the King's highway are open. It is to be noted, too, that Ak-Sar-Ben's gates always swing inward.

If those cross-the-country aviators do not hurry they may be mistaken for geese flying south for the winter and get shot.

Mr. Borden's greatest task, however, is yet before him, namely, of coming up to the Laurier record as premier of Canada.

Perhaps it was the fear of sparing the rod and spoiling the child that impelled Portugal to chase its little king off the throne.

Apparently Judge Grosscup was ready to retire until he found out somebody wanted him to, and then he decided to stick for the big show.

Dan V. Stephens has made a handsome start—World-Herald. Most of all them make handsome starts, but it is the first under the wire that wins.

Lincoln's postal savings depository will be opened next week. The date for accepting postal savings at the Omaha postoffice will be announced later.

Speaking of the "tongueless silence of the dreamless grave," what do you hear out of Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood now about that farmers' free list bill?

An Englishman has just laughed himself to death at a funny story. The man who told it doubtless had time to get out of the country first and avoid trouble.

If an Omaha highwayman really got out of an automobile to relieve a belated pedestrian of \$1, all we can say is that he displayed mighty poor judgment.

It was Edmund Burke, wasn't it, who said he knew not how to draw an indictment against the whole people? Mr. Kipling could supply him with the information.

The trouble with the progressives is that they are not sure whether the La Follette boom is a toadstool or a mushroom.—St. Paul Dispatch. And when did that prodigal return to the fold.

Good for the Ak-Sar-Ben knights who carried Omaha's banner to Fremont! But they should try next time to reach home earlier in the evening if they want to be greeted by those air-piercing sirens.

The new railway mail service division, whose headquarters is to be at Omaha, is to be known as the Fourteenth division. Still, we believe we would gladly have taken it even had it been labeled "Thirteenth."

Consolidation. Consolidation of Omaha and South Omaha into one municipal corporation is being again agitated, and a movement started in South Omaha to resubmit the question at the coming election. As the original advocate of consolidation, The Bee has favored the merger at every promising opportunity. It was almost tempted four years ago to take up with forcible annexation, so obtuse did some of our South Omaha friends seem to be at that time to their own advantage.

Previous failed attempts at consolidation, however, have no necessary bearing on the present effort except in this—that the chief incentive for Omaha, namely, to effect the merger in time to appear as one city in the returns of the federal census, has lapsed, and cannot recur until the new decade is in sight. The proposition, therefore, looks now much more like a one-sided bargain, and it rests with South Omaha as the principal beneficiary to carry the laboring oar. If South Omaha is ready to come in and be one with Omaha in affairs of municipal government, as it is in social, industrial and commercial life, it should make its wishes known, and Omaha will doubtless try to accommodate.

If Free List Bill Were Signed.

It turns out that the wood pulp clause of the reciprocity bill passed by congress and approved by the president is the only part of the measure that becomes operative since Canada's rejection of the proposition. So that the United States stands to gain and not lose by the outcome. John Norris, chairman of the committee on paper of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, says that the zone of free pulp and paper will be widened so as to include all of the favored nations. But as to the general results, they may not be vital one way or the other.

What, though, would have been the condition had President Taft signed, instead of vetoed, the democratic so-called farmers' free list bill? That bill provided for the free admission first of agricultural implements of every kind and description and many other commodities. Under the present tariff law these agricultural implements are admitted free to the United States from such countries as do not discriminate against us, but under the democratic measure the proposition was not for reciprocity, but to give to the other countries discriminating against our markets free and without restriction, while asking and receiving from Canada and the rest, nothing in return. Had the president approved that bill we would not only have been compelled to give tremendous concessions to Canada without any returns, but we might have had to make similar concessions to other nations under the most favored nation clause or put ourselves on bad terms with those nations.

All this was pointed out at the time the democrats brought forward this free list bill. It was conceived in a spirit of antagonism to Mr. Taft and not with a view of improving the condition of the American farmer. And yet democratic organs have the hardihood even now to declare that "Upon the high and statesmanlike ground the democrats met him (Taft) more than half way." The fact is, the president has saved the democrats from themselves. Their farmers' free list bill was a piece of political trickery through and through and the astonishing thing is that they are bold enough to attempt to defend it.

Continuous Politics in Massachusetts

Massachusetts is in the midst of another state election. The democrats have renominated Governor Foss to succeed himself and an exciting campaign is ahead. Rhode Island is the only other state that elects a governor every year. Twenty-four states elect them every four years and twenty-one every two years. The governors of the territories of Arizona, Alaska and New Mexico have held office for terms of four years. It is strange that old conservative states like Massachusetts and Rhode Island should prefer the turmoil and turbulence that go with a general election every year instead of at greater intervals. The officers can scarcely get their seats warm until they have to begin laying plans for another campaign. The ideal, of course, is that the office will seek the man and the man will devote all his time and attention to his office, from the day he enters it until the day he leaves it, but ideals in politics are intangible, if not unknown quantities.

Massachusetts has been in the vortex of a political storm all the past year, at least since Eugene N. Foss became its governor. Perhaps it has experienced more of this sort of thing than usual, owing to the peculiarly aggressive and ambitious character of Mr. Foss. But that argues no mitigation. Every time another man like Mr. Foss comes up the same thing will be done through with again and no matter who the man may be, he is not going to forget when he becomes governor that in another twelve months it will be time to elect him or his successor. They may need such excitement to stir their otherwise sedate life in this grand old New England common-

wealth, but one is bound to believe that it does not make for the best state government; that it does not insure to the most stable political or business conditions. Two years seems quite frequent enough to overturn state administrations. Of course, it is not impossible to imagine how, under certain conditions, two years or even one year, would be too great a period, but these conditions are, after all, up to the people to control.

Air Line Postal Routes.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has suggested in his brief flight with government mail one of the wonderful possibilities of aviation when it is reduced to a practical basis. He, himself, is elated at his test. It requires no elastic imagination to picture the utilitarian advantage of the aeroplane to the government when men learn how to run it without wrecking it and their own lives. Thus far, they have not acquired that secret.

But aviation for mail carrying purposes might be developed safely where it would be less feasible for the transportation of persons. Especially does it seem so for short mail routes. Of course, if this science is ever so developed, we shall probably be running our mail aeroplanes on the short lines for a long time before establishing transcontinental routes. But that has been the history of every other system of travel and transportation, so it would argue nothing, necessarily, against the ultimate complete success of aerial navigation if it had to come that way. And, furthermore, that is also the way in which this very department of the government, the postoffice system, has been and is being developed. It is the way with the rural agencies of the department—free rural delivery, the postal savings bank and it will be so with the parcels post. It is the principle on which any system that is worth while is brought to perfect fruition—"First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain of the ear." Nature, itself, in the beginning of creation adopted the principle.

With what spectacular force the possibilities of mail transportation through the air strikes us. How nicely it will fit into and subserve the demands of this age of anxious rapidity, when everything must be done with the thought of saving time. Why, an aeroplane could start from New York with its load of mail and be in Omaha that same evening. Such rapid transit now might be too much. Very well, then, that gives us the time we need to perfect it.

A New York minister once said that only 39 per cent of all that newspapers printed was worth while, which led the New York World to reply that that made a good case for the press; for if 39 per cent of all the effort of life were worth while, life was far from a failure. That is probably true with the Boston Nationals and St. Louis Browns, which have won fewer than a third of their games this season.

The gentle insinuation is put out by the city comptroller that all some of the councilmen know about their office is what they see once a month when they call to get their pay. Still, that is some improvement, for in older days they used to assign their warrants in advance to warrant brokers or city contractors, and thus avoid the necessity of even calling to get their pay.

An ordinance providing for an occupation tax on dealers in coal and building supplies has made its appearance in the city council. The suggestion that there is any cause and effect relation with the recent organization of local dealers "to protect the public against short weighting," is ruled out of order.

The city council has authorized the employment of a superintendent of gas street lighting at a salary of \$125 per month, "including house hire." What is the matter? Hasn't anyone a second-hand automobile he wants to dispose of?

Ah, ha, now see what you did. By defeating reciprocity in Canada, Mr. Truste, you have got W. R. Hearst on your back with a threat to bring about reciprocity as a universal condition.

CANADA'S GOLD SHOULDER.

New York Tribune. Carry the news to Burwash, England! New York Post. If the Canadians want to annex Champ Clark they can have him. Boston Transcript. In victory the greatest of all Canadians! Philadelphia Press: We shall continue to do business and indulge in pleasant social chat over the old wall—even if it is too high. Chicago Tribune: President Taft and Premier Laurier attempted a piece of constructive statesmanship. It is nothing to their discredit that it failed. History will honor them for it. Chicago Inter Ocean: Apparently it is lucky for us—judging by the way the Canadians talk since reciprocity was snowed under—that we have something like 100,000,000 people and they have only 5,000,000.

Baltimore American: Even his political enemies must sympathize with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who went down to overwhelming defeat in the Canadian election! He has now reached the age of 70 years, and though able to conduct a strenuous campaign as he has just proved, the result has told upon him and he declares that he will now retire from active participation in dominion politics. To him Canada owes a greater debt than to any other man.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES SEPT. 27.

Thirty Years Ago—

A fatal accident occurred on Douglas street at 8:30 this evening when Lord M. Briggs, a boy 15 years old, fell from the corner top window of the Academy of Music to the pavement below and fractured his skull. The injured lad is the son of J. L. Briggs, a cripple. He was taken to his home on Harney street, Fourteenth and Fifteenth and his skull trepanned by Drs. Chadwick and Peck, but without saving him. The fireman had a very ugly run about 10 o'clock to a fire in C. N. Dietz's lumber yard on Thirteenth and California streets. Damage slight.

The financial exhibit of Treasurer Hartman shows that the state faces a loss of nearly \$3,000. The total receipts were \$1,309, with an aggregate of about \$15,000 expenses in sight.

Mrs. Stinson of Des Moines, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Hospe, was badly hurt by being thrown out of a buggy near Wyman's book store.

Mr. Chat Morgan gave a dinner party at the residence of his parents at Twenty-sixth and California streets to the members of the Sans Ceremonie in commemoration of his twentieth birthday, which he has just attained.

The frame building adjoining The Bee office (on lower Farnam street) formerly occupied as a carpenter shop is being moved away.

The apartments of the military headquarters at the barracks are being rapidly transferred to Strang's new building at the corner of Tenth and Farnam streets.

P. C. Backus of the 99-cent store received a telegram that his branch store in Aveca had burned to the ground with its contents.

Miss Woolworth arrived home from Cheyenne. Miss Risdon, daughter of M. R. Risdon, returned from a visit to Grand Island.

J. P. Hulett, formerly of Pueblo, Colo., assumed charge of the books of the Transfer hotel in place of O. B. Ferguson, who has gone to Chicago.

Hal P. Brown, the electric light agent, is back from Denver, but has little to say about the failure of the light at the state fair. A lively law suit is promised.

Twenty Years Ago—

Judge C. C. Cole of Des Moines, a member of the state supreme court, was in the city the guest of Judge J. H. Macomber.

County Attorney Mahoney stated he would file information against all saloon men running "joints" within the two-mile limits.

Mrs. W. E. Creary, son and daughter, were the guests of Mrs. M. R. Crandell, 213 Webster street, prior to their departure for San Antonio, where Major Creary was stationed.

Miss Josephine Koenig of New York City was the guest of Miss Alice Isaacs and Mrs. L. Reynolds.

Overcoats were in demand and snow looked for. Mrs. Crowder and Mrs. Voss gave a dinner party to Mr. and Mrs. Ringwalt, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Miss Yost and Mrs. Garneau.

Mrs. Josiah French Hill returned from Concord, N. H., where she spent most of the summer.

Mrs. M. B. Davenport returned from Newark, Ill., where she spent several weeks visiting her parents.

Ten Years Ago—

The anti in the republican camp, by trades, overturn the regulars' county primary victory and gain control of the county convention, naming the ticket, the principal candidates on which were: Sheriff, George McBride; county judge, J. W. Vinson; county clerk, Charles A. Hunt; treasurer, W. J. Hunter; surveyor, P. A. Edquist; county superintendent, E. J. Bodwell; coroner, E. F. Bralley. The job was completed by electing Charles A. Goss county chairman and W. A. Messick secretary.

John Francis, general passenger agent of the Burlington, returned from Chicago, where the subject of homesteaders' rates was under discussion.

General John C. Bates, commander of the Department of the Missouri, ordered that fifty field artillery recruits be sent from Jefferson Barracks to Vancouver Barracks.

Wallpaper prices were so low as to cause a general complaint among the local jobbers.

George W. Holbrook, who attended the funeral of President McKinley in Buffalo and Canton, returned to Omaha.

After fifty-five minutes of a fierce football struggle time was called between Creighton and Woodbine (la.) Normal school teams, without either side crossing the other's goal. Harry Welch, captain of Creighton, distinguished himself both at tackle and end.

The late Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana had the courage to cling to his whiskers to the end. A deluge of jokes and jeers rained on whiskered senators in the halcyon days of Peffer did not faze Carter, who cultivated his enlarged goatee with the affection of a spinster-stroking a feline.

The wife of Martin B. Madden, known as "Skinny" Madden, the Chicago labor leader, has applied for divorce and a division of the family spoils. The petition recites that Madden was worth \$125,000. His wages as business agent of the Junior Steamfitters' union is \$5 a week. Where Madden got the rest of his wealth, the petition avers, is a mystery. Joachim D. Rickard, 19 years old, of Lynn, Mass. is the youngest shoe-factory director in that state and probably in the world. The young man is a director in a new company, out of which his father is president and treasurer. Under the provisions of the will of Anthony Cupp, a rich farmer who died at Lima, O. recently, his grandchildren, of whom there are several, are to receive a legacy of \$1 each, and in order to secure this legacy they must each read the Bible daily and attend church regularly.

Miss Minnetta Theodore Taylor, of Castle Green, Ind., won the prize of \$100 offered for the best suffrage anthem. Miss Taylor died five years after the anthem was written and before it was announced to whom the prize had been awarded.

Around New York

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

Spotting a Westerner.

A western visitor to New York or to any of the coast cities, is spotted at once, not by his clothes, but by his silver dollars. Paper money is the rule and silver dollars a rarity east of Chicago. "We know a visitor from the far west," says a station agent on the New York elevated. "By the silver dollars he leaves here. Westerners are always loaded with silver and seldom any paper. We've got to take the silver dollars, of course. Our main job is to get rid of them, and that is why we try so hard to pass them on. The golfers won't take them in case they pass in a bill for change. One of them handed over a five-dollar bill the other day and asked for one ticket. I thought I was going to get rid of four of those heavy plunks," but he saw them then he said, "Give me 100 tickets instead."

Novel Scheme of Freighter.

"If some one will give me \$5,000, or even \$2,000, I will equip for Hoboken a resort for lovers which will insure the young couple here against divorce and render their married life happy and content—something that 50 per cent of the marriages now performed are not." This is the statement made by Rev. Joseph D. Peters, pastor of the First Reformed church of Hoboken, N. J., who has been concerning himself a great deal lately with the social welfare of the young people of the New Jersey city. He has found that a large number of divorces annually are attributed to incompatibility of temper and other reasons which, according to Dr. Peters, might just as well have been discovered before marriage as after.

Dr. Peters is firmly convinced of the need of a meeting place for lovers and it will not be his fault if he does not get the funds to carry it through. He intends to solicit the money from citizens of Hoboken; to supervise personally the establishment and management of the first "Resort of the Lovelorn" and, if need be, to give the contemplators of matrimony some healthy practical advice on the art of making one salary do for two people. Dr. Peters has been married almost as long as he has been a minister and he says he is well qualified to lecture on the subject—a clergyman's salary being munificent.

Flashlight for Keyholes.

"If some evening you happen to see a man standing on the sidewalk busily engaged in moving about a tiny light," said a New Yorker quoted by the Sun, "don't think he is some bugologist examining a glow worm. Not at all. He is a busy man of affairs who has happened to think of an important memorandum and is writing it down with the novel electric pencil which illuminates as it writes. And if you are going home late some night and see a man with a flashlight trying to enter a front door, don't think he is a burglar. He is probably a late homecomer from lodge or club, and is carrying one of the new writing sticks which have small electric flashlights inserted in their handles. These save lots of fumbling in the dark for keyholes and the subsequent scratching of doorplates."

The Lady Entertainer.

An old established business house has introduced an innovation in the lady entertainer, who in business hours is her employer's secretary. When the country buyer comes to town with his vigilant wife in tow the secretary takes her in hand, escorts her through the stores, rides with her on the sightseeing wagon, hunts up odd places to dine or takes her to the notable hotels and is her companion at the theater each evening. Meanwhile her husband is having a perfectly good time with the boys and she doesn't realize that the entertainment was largely to leave him free to enjoy himself in his own fashion. It makes a large increase in the entertainments here, but the head of the firm declares that more than pays for itself in orders from the relieved husband.

Famous Hotel to Be Razed.

The Manhattan Beach hotel, for thirty years famous as a summer resort, will be torn down to make room for cottages and bungalows. The ocean will be thrust back 125 feet by a sea wall to give more water frontage. The Manhattan Beach hotel is known to race followers throughout the country, as it was adjacent to three tracks—Brighton Beach, Gravesend Bay and Sheepshead Bay. Gravesend Bay and Brighton Beach—and many lovers of the horse used to live there from early spring until late fall. It is one of the biggest hotels in the east, being 600 feet long and having a veranda on which many thousands of persons at a time have gathered for dinner.

Tips from Hat Checks.

If you should happen to forget to hand a piece of change to the boy who gives you back your hat as you are leaving any of the big Broadway restaurants, don't be awake all night on the supposition that anybody is going to starve to death in consequence of your neglect. Try to one you would be in luck if the positions were reversed, for the coast-room business in hotels and cafes along the great main street is mighty prosperous, according to testimony given in the supreme court last week.

In some of these places as much as \$10,000 a year is paid to the proprietor for the courtroom privilege. It was said that Louis Martin gets \$6,000, Churchill's figure is \$7,000, the Hotel Knickerbocker's \$6,500 and the Cafe Boulevard \$5,000. The Hotel Astor gets only \$3,000, although it is the best paying in this respect in New York city. This is because the concessionaire was formerly employed by the proprietors of the hotel.

Victim of Murderous Faction.

The thought which was expressed in these columns the other day, that the Russian government would not deem it expedient to let the whole truth be revealed about the murder of Mr. Stolypin and the relations of his murderer to the police department, seems likely to be realized to even a greater extent than was expected. It is now declared that, as at first surmised, the prime minister's death was due not so much to revolutionists as to factional rivalries and hatreds within the government circle. That is, unhappily, no new thing in Russian affairs.

Good Precedent.

Washington Post. It cannot be denied that in preferring to develop within her own borders Canada has followed an illustrious example.

SAID IN FEB.

"Foe's celebrated Raven should not have all the weight which is generally attributed to it." "Why not?" "Because according to its own showing it was a bust."—Baltimore American.

"The king had just remarked that Hamlet was fat, and went on to say: 'And nobody loves a fat man.' The queen added in a tone that was heavily charged with bitterness: 'And then the slaughter commenced.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "do you think there's anything at all in this talk about locomotive engines running on wain rail?" "I dunno. If the expense of steel rails is as bad as some people say, maybe they'll have to."—Washington Star.

"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at the church wedding. "I think not," replied the lady addressed. "I'm the mother of the bride."—Yonkers Statesman.

"There are times," remarked the general, "when we do our care to have the army in what is usually considered the best trim." "When is that?" asked the surprised visitor.

"It is not desirable," answered the general, sentimentally, "from a courageous point of view, to have it in good running order."—Baltimore American.

A LONG FELT HANT.

John K. Bangs in the Century. "I would make me glad if we but had a more elastic currency. It stretches not—At least it stretches not for me. Give us a 'bit'—So made that it will be so full of tensile oil That when we allip It is a tip We'll duly rain from the recoli. A rubber dime At luncheon time, It would stretch to a quarter size, Would suit my whim Beneath a grim Head-waiter's avacious eyes. Give us a five That's so alive, So springy and resilient That when we lend it to a friend, It will return whence it has went! A silver ounce So full of bounce That it will make a dollar shy Mount high enough To pay for stuff A silver dollar ought to buy. And so I say, Hip-hip-hurray For him who'd take our treasury, And give us soon That needed boon, A more elastic currency!"

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