

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwigth Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies for the month of September, 1911, was 47,398.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 23 day of October, 1911. (Seal) ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Italy hopes to be able to make Turkey's feathers fly.

Italy might send Gatch to clamp his tooth on the Terrible Turk.

King Ak-Sar-Ben is a merry king, and the clouds will not spoil his fun.

The fair ones might change their luck by wearing the rabbit's foot on their hats.

Dr. Wiley, who at 60 married a young wife, is now preaching on how to keep young.

People who have wondered what Tripoli was intended for, now see that it was for a bone of contention.

The fact that the new comet is under the dipper probably accounts for that "first real rain since May."

In throwing your stone at Big Business, be careful you do not miss him and soak Little Business in the eye.

Blessings sometimes come in triplicate. Omaha had the rain, Ak-Sar-Ben and the president at the same time.

From the facility with which the annexation ghost story worked in Canada, Doc Cook ought to do well there.

Perhaps those European countries are just trying to lure Mr. Carnegie into putting up some fancy peace prizes.

So long as certain magazines remain in business, however, Senator La Follette will continue to be a conspicuous public figure.

Of course, it will be better when we do not have to settle our labor disputes by punishing the public, a non-participating party.

A New York man takes the trouble to remark that "the trusts have a grip on the food." What does he think the trusts organized for?

After all, it turned out that only one team in each base ball league wins the pennant, whereas at the first of the season eight had it cinched.

Mrs. Upple Sinclair says she has a soul like a flying fish. Now, if you have ever seen a flying fish's soul, you know what sort of a soul Mrs. Sinclair has.

The regular season being near its close, all attention will soon be focused on the world's series between the Giants and Athletics and Turks and Italians.

Thus we see in London's treatment of Jack Johnson, that pugilism doesn't amount to much against imperialism, for the crown is greater than even the belt.

President Taft probably understands by this time why Missouri clings so persistently to the mule. No washed-out roadbeds ever retard the mule's progress.

San Francisco papers—one of them—proclaim that "San Francisco Has Redeemed Herself." Good, that puts it in the class of the elect, with Omaha and the rest of 'em.

Having successfully run the gauntlet of that mule parade, President Taft would doubtless be satisfied to go up against any one of Missouri's trio of political products, Champ Clark, "Joe" Folk or "Dave" Francis.

If the government will simply let the people alone, we shall all be prosperous.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Yes, now, Uncle Sam, you stop expending \$69,580,000 in eight years for reclaiming semi-arid and swamp land and let the people be prosperous.

The Manufacturers' Parade.

The manufacturers' parade this afternoon will constitute a new feature in the festival of Ak-Sar-Ben, but it should be a highly successful feature. It is time for Omaha to make a better and more systematic display of its manufactures. They amount to \$200,968,000 a year, which for a city the size of this one, that does not claim distinction as a manufacturing center, is something to advertise. That word, advertise, has not made the impression as yet on the Omaha manufacturers, which it must make. They are achieving progress, but they will achieve better progress when they employ better methods of letting the public know what they are making. This parade, while it is a good thing as far as it goes—it will make a splendid showing to our visitors who witness it—does not go far enough, that is, other and more extensive means of advertising Omaha-made goods are necessary. We should like to call the attention of Omaha people, themselves, to this parade, however, as well as of the people who come from abroad to see it. It will represent, mind you, a factory output of \$200,968,541 for one year, a variety of manufactured articles and a number of establishments far exceeding, no doubt, what most Omaha people have thought of in the year 1910 alone, fifty-six business houses and factories were established in this city. A full list of the factories we have would astonish most of our own people. And yet we may well say Omaha has simply begun to be a manufacturing city. It has everything in its favor—location, railroad facilities, proximity to the raw material, established markets, energy and enterprise. Its progress will be great in the next few years if its business men take advantage of opportunities, as, of course, they will.

Winfield Scott Schley.

Admiral Schley lived long enough to bear his countrymen applaud him as the hero of the Spanish-American war, and not only his countrymen, but Admiral Cervera and Admiral Concas of the Spanish flagship Maria Teresa. Lately Admiral Chadwick, commander of the battleship New York, and Admiral Sampson's chief of staff, joined with Concas and Admiral Dewey in declaring that the loop of the Brooklyn—Schley's flagship—was the consummate strategem which foiled the Spanish plan of battle and destroyed the Spanish navy.

The sudden death of Admiral Schley naturally serves to bring back to mind the thrilling world drama enacted in Santiago harbor with its subsequent train of pleasantness and unpleasantness that took on a tragic aspect in the pathetic passing of Admiral Sampson. Schley endeared himself to the world in his characteristic remark that "there is honor enough for all" when that unfortunate "trial" was reaching its climax. But it was not necessary to disparage the greatness of Admiral Sampson in order to recognize that of Admiral Schley, and had mischievous partisans kept hands off, the two heroes and the country might have been spared the pain of the controversy.

More than a week ago this was written by John Temple Graves and rings now with added feeling out of the silence of death.

It has been said that republics are ungrateful. Let this republic now demonstrate to Admiral Schley that the doubt and the distrust of the past are melted in the applause and admiration of the future, and let our patriotic societies and our histories thereafter give place to Winfield Scott Schley as the hero of the Spanish-American war.

Since "honor's voice" cannot "provoke the silent dust," it is well when such things must be said to say them to the living. Of course, history will accord its just meed of praise to Schley and also to Dewey and Sampson and Evans and the other sturdy men who brought success on the sea to American ships in that war.

During the prime of his fame Admiral Schley visited Omaha, being the guest of General Manderson, who also died suddenly only a few days before the admiral. Admiral Schley is remembered by many in this city as a kind, genial gentleman, as well as a great sea captain, one of the greatest America has produced.

Score One for the Weather Man.

Just to keep the record straight and give credit where credit is due, it might be observed that the weather man at Washington, who really does not make a specialty of long-distance prognostications, hit the bull's-eye when along in August he predicted that Omaha and the immediate vicinity would not have any considerable rain until about the first of October. The rain—the most considerable since May—came just as September was passing on to make room for October.

People are in the habit of joking the weather man, but, as a matter of serious consideration, this country would not care to abolish the weather bureau. It is more than a joke—a good deal more. It is an agency of valuable service in nearly every phase of our life, particularly agriculture and commerce. Its efficiency does not rest upon infallibility, but its daily bulletins are nevertheless welcome visitors to many an office or place of business.

It is doubtful if many people had thought, when the rains of September

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

OCT. 3.

Thirty Years Ago—

The October term of the district court opened, Judge Savage presiding, with a grand jury made up of the following: A. R. Dufrene, W. R. Bartlett, Thomas J. Staley, Thomas McElernick, Eljah Allen, Samuel E. Rogers, E. C. S. Kragskov, Adolph Sieffen, Charles Krug, George Thrall, David E. Hume, Carl Grandpre, Herman Geiseka, Louis Thomas, J. B. Woods and James Stephenson.

Mexico's Opportunity.

Francisco I. Madero was elected president of the republic of Mexico, as the American sportsman would say, "hands down." Madero says it was a fair, open election. If that is true, then he has taught his enemies that Mexico is better than they thought it was—it can hold a legal election. It was the short sightedness of the Diaz machine in not permitting such an election when Madero was the opponent of Diaz that brought things to a head and precipitated the revolution. It certainly would be foolhardy in the new leader, who apparently has vast power, to use it in doing exactly the thing against which he and his people revolted. Yet Reyes predicted that that was what Madero would do and for that reason he, Reyes, would refuse to run for the presidency.

Twenty Years Ago—

The Omaha Independent party nominated its city ticket on a platform of reform with a big "R." This was the ticket: For Mayor, Dr. J. R. Conkils; police judge, Elmer E. Thomas; comptroller, Fred Stretts; treasurer, W. J. Welshans; clerk, Louis J. Ihm; Board of Education, Dr. S. R. Towne, J. W. Evans, A. A. Perry, V. Vodicka; councilmen by wards in order named, V. F. Quinlan, Morrisson, Charles Johnson, Charles Larson, William Mulhall, John Thomas.

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People Talked About

Tripoli is the left shoulder blade of Egypt and carries the least meat of any bone tackled by the dogs of war in this century.

There will be two Obadiah's in the United States senate—Obadiah Gardner of Maine and P. Obadiah Briggs of New Jersey. If given time they may live it down.

Fifty million dollars is the round-number estimate of the cleanup from the recent razzle-dazzle with stocks in Wall street. It was the most successful shearing of lambs since October, 1907.

If the weather man, when the king is gone, knocks out the bottom of the tank, his dagger for a place in the third division of the rain percentage column will be taken under advisement.

The Philadelphia club, having won the pennant three times in succession, gives Manager Connie Mack the right to print his name in full—Cornelius McGillicuddy.

The cute little nightcap for held heads, called the fee for short, is the outward sign of a Turk, and every Turk is expected to do his duty. Fee up!

Around New York

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

Vaudeville in Fredericks.

Several of the big restaurateurs of New York are preparing to hit back at the theaters that last year opened food-serving plants on the side, or in front, rather, for in two of them dinners and suppers were served right in the body of the theater with all the clutter of tableware and the gabble of diners to drown the voices on the stage. Three rival vaudeville performances. They are not going to have these performances given from a mere platform visible to only a few of the food partakers with favored seats, but they are going to put in regular stages and have the performances conducted precisely as they are conducted in regular vaudeville theaters.

Early Head Stops Traffic.

Sitting in the middle of the car tracks at Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue was a little curly haired boy deeply engrossed in making mud pies.

Value of Environment.

The street car conductor was about to be transferred to another line. Not his reason why, but on that occasion he did, and with the chief of the department.

A Thousand More Police.

One thousand additional patrolmen and appropriation of \$2,500,000 larger than last year are the demands of the New York police department for 1912. In the estimate, which has just been submitted to the Board of Estimates, Commissioner Waldo points out that London, with one-third more population than New York, has almost double the number of policemen.

Value of Shade Trees.

The appellate division of the New York supreme court, in deciding the case of a property owner against a contracting company, claiming damages for the destruction of shade trees abutting his property, approved an award of \$60 a tree, with an additional \$100 incidental damage to his estate. This is, perhaps, the highest value which has been set on city shade trees, and intimates that although the value of the tree is not to be computed by its measurement of merchantable timber or its fruit product, there is a utilitarian basis of estimate which increases its value much above its mere ornamental or aesthetic service.

Lines to a Smile.

"Does your new assistant do things with spirit?"

"I must say he does not seem to do anything without it."—Baltimore American.

"Have you any cause to be proud of your ancestry?" she asked.

"I have," he replied, "one of my ancestors was present at the beheading of a British king."—Chicago Tribune.

"Do man dat brag about paintin' de town," said Uncle Eben, "generally ain't got real energy enough to whitewash a gate."—Washington Star.

"I got a great deal of water in my ears," he said, "as he came puffing out of the surf."

"I thought the ocean looked rather low," replied his friend.—Buffalo Express.

THEN AND NOW.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Come seventeen years it was, I think (I'll never forget the day), I took a basket to the store.

And when the clerk had looked me o'er 'Unto him I did say:

"Give me four bits worth of lard, and a quarter's worth of ham.

And ten cents worth of that husky cheese That comes from Rotterdam.

And five cents worth of onions, And a nickel's worth of eggs—"

Well, say, you'd a-thought that blame fool clerk

Would laugh himself off his legs.

"Now, how do you think," says he to me, "with a most offensive air."

"You're goin' to carry all that stuff in that little basket there?"

Yesterday I went to the store with a basket as of yore.

The same old size, the same old kind And when the clerk his ear inclined I named my wishes o'er:

"Give me four bits worth of lard, and a quarter's worth of ham.

And ten cents worth of that husky cheese That comes from Rotterdam.

And five cents worth of onions, And a nickel's worth of eggs—"

Well, say, you'd a-thought that blame fool clerk

Had gone to a laughin' jag.

"Chuck the basket," says he, "you can carry it all in this bare paper bag."

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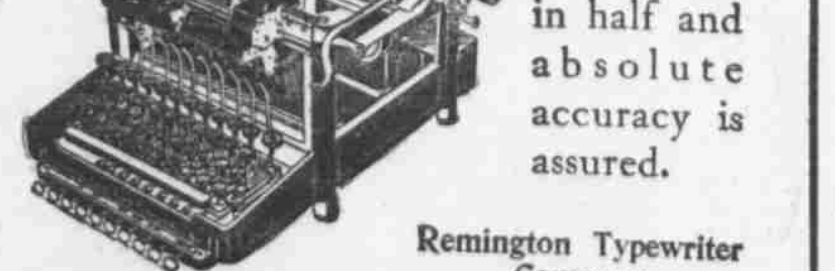
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