

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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AUGUST CIRCULATION.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight 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 47,343.

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. Uppie 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. Latterly 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

20 came down all day, that it was keeping the schedule of the national weather bureau at Washington. That is a longer distance over which our government service is in the habit of throwing its prophecies, but the success it has achieved might encourage it to take up the habit more.

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.

Americans who have watched the course of Madero will scarcely credit this estimate of him. They will be inclined to regard him as a clearer sighted man than that. What ever he expected to accomplish for himself or Mexico could not be accomplished that way. Mexico's opportunity is now before it. It lies in a willing recognition of Madero as its chief executive and a cohesion of all the forces that make for power. By such a course peace and prosperity are possible to Mexico. To be sure, Madero will be expected to evolve order and industry out of the chaos now existing and will be blamed if this transition fails to take place. But, of course, it would be foolish to suppose that Madero could do anything of the kind without the united support and sympathy of all the elements within the republic.

It is really Mexico that is on trial, not so much Madero. General Bernardo Reyes, who many believe to have returned to Mexico as the personal agent of Diaz, will do well either to retire from activity or lend his powerful influence to the new regime.

The condition of the state banks of Nebraska as shown by the report of the secretary of the banking board is a most flattering indication of the prosperous condition of the state. With nearly \$76,000,000 on deposit, and an average reserve of 34 per cent, the banks are as firm and healthy as could well be asked. That this condition was attained without the "beneficent" effects of the guaranty law, is also a matter for congratulation.

The esteemed World-Herald is frantically apologizing for, and defending, the democratic candidate for police judge, but so far it has not answered the question as to why this reformed reformer's conscience was so suddenly stung into violent activity. His attitude would have been more graceful if it had been adopted several months ago.

As long as the strike had to come, Omaha will perhaps be the best place from which to direct its movements. With the leaders of both sides located here, it ought not to take very long to reach an adjustment of the difficulty, and the sooner they get together the better it will be for everybody.

The reception given President Mohler by the business men is a renewed assurance of the friendly feeling that has always existed for him and the great railroad he controls. The Union Pacific and Omaha have been closely allied since the very beginning.

Maine shows, however, in sending Obadiah Gardner to the senate to fill out the late Senator Frye's term, that it has not entirely left its conservative moorings, at least if there be anything in a name.

The soldier boys at Camp Mickey have had a little taste of what makes soldiering real serious business. It isn't the din of battle, but camping in the mud, that really tries a man's quality.

Outgrown the Reach.

Wall street will note that there are times when it can take snuff without causing the rest of the country to sneeze.

Is There a Kick Coming?

Brooklyn Eagle. If the motor truck supplants the army mule, more societies will sleep on post. The motor truck only groans when it is working, and is of no use as an instrument of the dead watches of the night.

What Will the Future Do?

Indianapolis News. The time may be coming when we must depend on the aeroplane for carrying mail, as Mr. Hitchcock says, but judging from the headway made by the cross-continent aviators we needn't expect its arrival very soon.

Perils of High Heels.

Baltimore American. A street railway in Pennsylvania has found on investigation that in seventy-three cases of feminine injuries reported to their claims department the injuries were caused by high heels and hobble skirts. The railway authorities resigned but ungalantly comment on this report that nothing can be done to prevent such accidents, as women in all time follow fashions dangerous to life and limb. The fair patrons may put in additional claims at this for added injury to their feelings.

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.

The Ministerial association meeting arranged a program for a revival next week under the leadership of White and McGrath. The pastors taking chief part are Rev. J. W. Shank and Rev. J. W. Stewart.

A special hotel car, with the letters "P. P." curiously entwined on the outside was attached to the Union Pacific today. It proved to be Pullman's private car and contained California's Junior United States senator, Mr. Miller, and his family of six persons.

The Roman Catholic mission in the Holy Family church closed with papal benediction, the instruction having been given by Rev. Dr. Duesman and colleagues.

Fred Shinrock, the oldest employe at the Glencoe mills, 2313 Isard street, was caught in the shafting and his right forearm broken in two places and otherwise badly lacerated.

St. Joseph's hospital has at present twenty-four patients, which makes 120 cared for since January 1.

Cabbage is retailing at the very high price, even at that price.

A number of bad boys are in the habit of throwing stones at the African Methodist Episcopal church, Eighteenth and Webster streets during the service. They are warned to be on the lookout for the police.

Chief Galligan left for St. Louis to purchase three new hose carts. Possibly before another year Omaha may have its glittering hose carriages for dress parade.

Complaint is made of the prevalence of pin eye among local horses.

Dr. H. S. Lowrey, a prominent dentist from Seneca, O., is the guest of his uncle, Captain Hama, clerk of the district court. The doctor may decide to locate in this city.

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. Conkili; police judge, Elmer E. Thomas; comptroller, Fred Stretz; 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.

Mrs. Harriet Porter of Hudson, Wis., is visiting Mrs. H. F. Jaynes of Kountze place.

Mrs. R. F. Bradford of Pontiac, Ill., was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Burgess.

Ex-Policeman Linde telephoned in from Walnut Hill that his young son had been burned by a fallen motor.

Fire was discovered in the rear of Rev. A. C. Fredeen's house, 311 North Nineteenth street, but was extinguished with 13 damage.

H. K. Burket announced himself a candidate for coroner on the republican ticket.

Ten Years Ago—

Mrs. Victor Caldwell entertained a small white party in the evening for her guest, Mrs. King of Watkins, N. Y. These women were present: Mesdames Clapp, Yost, Warren Rogers, Cudahy, Barker, J. E. Baum, Ogden, Davis, Barlow and Pritchett.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morsman of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Morsman, Jr. were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Henry W. Yates at the Hillside. These other guests were present: Miss Helen Millard, Mr. Earl Gannett, Mr. Frank Hamilton and Mr. Ezra Millard.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Gulou returned from Buffalo.

Jacob Fisher shot and killed his son, John, during a drunken brawl at Child's Point, South Omaha, during the night. It was the end of a camping jaunt and was provoked by a playful remark by the boy.

Arthur B. Smith resigned his position as assistant general passenger agent of the B. & M. under John Francis, general passenger agent, to take charge of a new concern in Boston manufacturing pneumatic vehicle tires.

J. M. Boyd of Halgler, Neb., was robbed of his roll of long green by two affable fellows with whom he became chummy and sipped Third ward liquor.

The Douglas county democracy had a ratification meeting at its rooms, these orators being the principal ratifiers: Dick O'Keefe, J. H. Grossman, Harry Deuel, Harry C. Miller, Dr. Crowley, Fred Eisasser, John Power, Patrick Ford and John Endres.

Georgiana Cross, wife of Bandmaster Frederick D. Cross of Fort Crook, brought suit for divorce on the ground that the bandmaster was cruel.

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 Obadias 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.

The first of these establishments will be ready by November 15 and the others will follow along shortly after that date. One wonders how the plan will work out. It is certain that the theaters that started eating plants did not make a go of it.

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.

"Hey, get out of there!" yelled the motorman of a Third avenue car which was rapidly approaching. But the child, 34 years old, had his back turned and paid no attention. The motorman slammed down his brakes hard and brought his car to a stop within a few feet of the pie maker.

The child looked with wondering eyes at the car man, as he told him forcibly what would happen if he didn't "can" the mud pie industry forthwith.

In the meantime other cars came along behind this one and had to stop. Likewise the Thirty-fourth street cross-town line had to suspend operations. A crowd quickly assembled and grew larger and larger. All gazed at the small lad making his mud pies.

A policeman shouldered his way through the onlookers, lifted the youngster on his shoulder and carried him to the Thirty-fifth street station house. Later the boy's father claimed him.

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

"I don't like that line!" he said.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the chief.

"It's commonplace," said the conductor. "I will lose my good manners if I go down there. The line I am on now is a well dressed line and a liberal education for the railway employe. I am not the same man I was when I was moved up there two years ago from a downtown line. I am more polite, my voice is lower and I have spruced up in general appearance. It is that way with every man in the business. Put him on a line patronized by well dressed people and he will fix up to fit his surroundings. If I go back on that other line I will lose politeness."

All the chief said then was "Well, well"; but the conductor was not transferred.

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.

A large share of the increased appropriation is sought for raises in salaries and wages. Among other increases, the commissioner suggests that his own salary be advanced from \$7,500 to \$10,000.

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 \$600 a tree, with an additional \$1,000 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 Would laugh himself off his legs.

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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