

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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The Land show will show you, no matter where you are from.

Next registration day comes Saturday, October 28. And don't you forget it.

Doubtless President Taft is beginning to think "there ain't no enemy's country."

Woman has finally squeezed her way through the Golden Gate of California.

The news will be published as soon as Maine's election returns are in and decided.

Democratic motto: When caught with the goods, try to put it on the other fellow.

The secret is out at last. The mayores of Hunnewell, Kan., is on a lecturing tour.

Some of those base ball stars do not shine so brightly when they turn space rate prophets.

It takes real effort, but Edgar Howard is doing his best to forget and forgive the check book.

A man's disposition can not always be accurately scented from the fragrant bouquet in his buttonhole.

Dr. Wiley has charge, also, of canaling, which must be particularly exasperating to former Solicitor McCabe.

At any rate, the champions of the street fair are neither as numerous nor as noisy as the street fair throngs.

A Cincinnati millionaire bewails that nobody "loves a millionaire, any more." Go around to the stage door and say that.

Leaf Ericson made something of a discovery, himself, enough to be given a half day when Columbus has a whole one.

How would you like to keep the score of one of those Chinese battles, calling out the names of the dead and wounded?

In making life humane for the violator of the law, it is necessary to make it humane, also, for those who obey the law.

Mr. Bryan must be afraid the Nebraska democracy is slipping away from him, and that he has to cultivate it hard to hold his grip on it.

Had we only known that the Frison congress delegates were likewise rain-makers, we might have had them here earlier in the season.

The anti-Manchus boast of having \$2,000,000 in their treasury. It will take a whole lot more than that to push over the ancient throne of China.

Mr. Bryan is convinced of one thing, that no inexperienced candidate should be put up next year by the democrats. Call up Major Minnesmascot.

His eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to whom Americans of all creeds have again paid homage, never stood for narrow lines of thought or action, hence his greatness.

It must be a busy place, that summer White House. The wife and daughter of the president will go to Virginia to seek a recreation before returning to Washington.

As an appeal for votes, an up-state paper prints a portrait of a local candidate for office over the admonition, "Look At This Face." Well, if the election is to be a beauty contest, we will all have to turn suffragettes.

Caught With the Goods.

Caught with the goods, Senator Hitchcock and his democratic World-Herald are overstraining to put the blame for their dilemma on the other fellow. Not only has our august United States senator been compelled to back up on the fake meeting concocted in collaboration with the notorious Van Alstine, but he has also had to backtrack on his juggle of Third ward primary election returns.

Here are the plain and simple facts in this connection: On Tuesday, October 10, Senator Hitchcock's World-Herald published a cartoon displaying a set of figures purporting to be "Third Ward Returns for August Primaries on Candidates for District Judge."

They were not the Third ward returns, as Senator Hitchcock and his artist well knew, but merely the returns of a single precinct, yet the unprincipled senator, presuming on the ignorance of his readers, put them out as returns of the whole ward.

Knowing precisely how the dignified senator would be cornered, The Bee followed up the World-Herald cartoon with one showing the returns on the democratic ticket in certain precincts of the Third ward, labeled them, and they showed just the World-Herald's cartoon had labeled them, and they showed just as creditably, or discreditably, to the democratic nominees as did the senator's figures for the republican nominees.

In this case the expected has happened. Exposed in the very act, the senator and his newspaper dropped their booty, and came out with another cartoon in the nature of a confession, admitting their own juggling, by printing the real Third ward returns and the single precinct returns, side by side, and coupled with a double headed editorial shriek blaming The Bee for the democratic discomfiture. If ever a coon walked into a trap through sheer perverseness, Senator Hitchcock and his newspaper have performed the act.

Now, as to these much mooted Third ward primary returns showing surprising divergence between candidates on the same ballot, there is no special mystery about it. It is no secret that in the Third ward the ruling powers worked for a so-called "slate" in both democratic and republican primaries. Where there was no competition, no attention was paid to those officers, and the voting centered on the places on the two tickets that were being contested. If illegal registration entered into the primary, it was the alleged illegal registration perpetrated a year ago by the democrats in the interest of Mayor "Jim" McCreary for governor and Senator Hitchcock's candidacy for the senate, because it was last year's registration list that governed for this year's primary.

If there was fraudulent voting, the democrats are more responsible than the republicans, because they have had the prosecuting machinery of the county as well as the election machinery. As will be remembered, the colonizing last year was exposed at the time by The Bee, but got no sympathy from Senator Hitchcock's World-Herald or the democratic prosecuting officers, and with their connivance an investigating committee of the democratic legislature undertook to whitewash it. Senator Hitchcock and his newspaper for the democrats now practically plead guilty to what The Bee has charged.

If we can have a cleanup of election evils, well and good. The Bee is and has always been strong for an honest ballot and every one willing to help in the good work will be welcomed. Incidentally, however, the plight of Senator Hitchcock and his World-Herald, self-condemned for their deliberate deception, is truly pitiable.

Undivided Victory for Madero.

Less than one year ago the revolution against the Diaz regime, which had ruled Mexico for a third of a century, assumed a serious aspect. A third of a century of absolute control and authority intrinched any man or set of men securely as was demonstrated in the case of Diaz and his party, of which Diaz was the Alpha and Omega. So when Madero took up his self-imposed task of unhorsing this iron man in Mexico, he found a country honeycombed and cobwebbed with Diazism and it was not all bad, that is, Mexico under Diaz had felt something beside the power of a proud and personally avaricious ruler. Diaz had given Mexico its place among the nations, had developed agriculture and industry to a certain extent, established its credit abroad and maintained peace with other countries. In fact, he had brought it out of a very dark and dismal night of despair into a day of considerable promise. It was that promise in the form of restless energy and social discontent among a part of the people that enabled Madero to win.

And what has Madero done? Theoretically, at least, his victory is undivided, and it is only in theory thus far that it may be viewed, for in practice it is all to come. But in less than a year—the revolution began November 20, 1910—Madero has completely overthrown Diaz and apparently subdued Diazism, conducted a popular and peaceful election by which he and his preferred candidate for the vice-presidency, Senor Suarez, are elevated to the highest seats

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee files OCT 17.

Thirty Years Ago—

Quite a fire broke out in the city steam laundry on Leavenworth street, Wilkins & Evans, proprietors, being losers to the extent of \$1,600 damage.

For the Yorktown centennial celebration, under the auspices of the Emmet Monument association, these are the committees: Arrangements, George M. O'Brien, Michael Lee, Peter O'Malley, Thomas Talon, M. J. McShan, Dan Monahan and James Brophy; floor committee, John Sheahan, John Price, Patrick Healey, James J. Nichol and Pat Carroll; reception committee, Charles McDonald, E. McGinn, Richard Pierce, Patrick Ford and James P. Murphy.

The chairs for the new opera house began to arrive today. The work on the freestone at the entrance attracts much attention from passersby.

A graceful little yawl, with wings spread like a bird, tied up to the landing at the foot of Dodge street, and three or four men, with sun-burned mariners, stepped upon terra firma. They were J. T. Smith of Montana, Fred E. Bunker of Boston and Archibald Potocous of Platon, N. S. They had made the trip by water from Port Benton and were several weeks on the journey, but struck on only three sandbars.

Following up the enforcement of the Slocum law, the barber shops and other lines keeping open on Sunday are getting their Ferdinand Schroeder was released from the Fourth time on charge of keeping his barber shop open on Sunday.

The B. & M. announces a new Lincoln and Omaha train. Coming from Lincoln it is to make the run in two hours and forty minutes, and going the other way in three hours and five minutes.

A pleasant surprise was given to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells at their residence on Twenty-third street by a number of young people, including New, Barklow, Ringwalt and Mrs. Hall, Charles E. Beach and Miss Doana, John Ringwalt and Miss Johnson of Keokuk, Robert Morris and Miss Wakeler, W. B. Scott and Miss Ringwalt, George Savage, Will Wakelley and Guy Doane.

Twenty Years Ago— Mrs. Sol Deagan gave a high five party in honor of Miss Furst and Cora Furst in the afternoon.

Will Brady, while crossing Ninth street and Center avenue at midnight, was stabbed in the face by a "thug" who has not been identified.

George W. Cook returned from a semi-annual trip to the Pacific coast. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morrow returned home from New York and Philadelphia, where they visited friends.

The republicans at their city convention put up this ticket: For mayor, George P. Beary, treasurer, Henry Bollen, controller, Theodore Olson, city clerk, John Groves; police judge, Louis Berka; councilmen by wards in order, P. M. Back, George B. Stryker, Sol Prince, W. F. Bechel, George Munroe, John McLearte, John Steel, H. Jacobson, A. G. Edwards.

The democrats name this city ticket: For mayor, Henry Ostheff, clerk; J. K. A. Lindeah, treasurer, Samuel Cotner, controller, Louis Hamrod; police judge, John Steel, H. Jacobson, A. G. Edwards.

George Thompson died at 1:30 a. m. from the effects of a fall downstairs at the Ivy lodging house, 215 Douglas street.

John Douglas, secretary of the Omaha chapter, returned to Chicago to attend the annual convention of the National Fraternity of the Order of the Sons of the American Revolution, Dr. C. C. Allison and John Schenk, returning from Europe.

Miss Bertha Swensberg was hostess at an Orpheum party in honor of Miss Eastbrook. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barker, Jr.; Misses Edith Smith and Peck and Messrs. Haskell, Fred Nash, Ledington and Creigh. After the theater supper was served at the home of Dan and Mrs. Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hiller entertained in honor of Mrs. A. Polack, who was about to leave for her future home in Chicago.

People Talked About

Meems Initiative, Referendum and Recall, and Miss Suffrage were foremost in the host welcoming President Taft in California.

Stewart Edward White, naturalist and author, just back from a hunting trip in Africa, thinks he shot the largest lion ever killed there. A qualified claim averts the risk of placing Theodore Roosevelt and John T. McCutcheon in the nature faker class.

After being separated for twenty-two years Benjamin Garing, 38 years old, and his father, William Garing of Brooklyn have been reunited. Throughout the years of their separation the elder Garing has been living in Brooklyn, while his son was no farther away than New Suffolk, Long Island.

The world's record for "long distance" pin playing was taken from Charles Wright of Battle Creek, Mich., when Harry A. Bennett of Boston beat the record by one minute and thirty seconds, then almost collapsed from exhaustion. The former record was twenty-seven hours and forty-five minutes.

The Tripoli coast town, Derna, to which the Italian warships sent a few hundred armed shalabk calling cards the other day, is the same old town over which the American flag floated for a whole year nearly a century ago. William Eaton, the American soldier of fortune, during the second war with Tripoli in 1810, collected at Alexandria a force of 200 men—Greeks, Turks, Arab mercenaries and nine Americans, marched 500 miles across the desert, captured Derna and stayed there a year, when the shalabks bought him off. It was a remarkable feat by a remarkable character.

Much Depends on Artillery. Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mohammedans of Tripoli expect the Great Mahdi of the East to come in and lead them in their fight against the Italians. Prophets in whom we have confidence predict that this is going to be a bad season for Mahdi.

Birth Rate of Fools

Get-Rich-Quick Magnate Rives Upward Barnum's Famous Adage.

A lively imagination is needed nowadays in fitting scenery to the words of indignation poured out at a distance by persons so unlucky as to be pulled by the federal authorities for failing to conduct business according to the rules. Invariably the victims accuse the minions of the government of conspiracy, malice, spite-work and minor crimes against "legitimate business," and the full force of the flood of wrath cannot be accurately measured until the heat of the moment subsides. Two weeks ago post-office sleuths fell upon a "get-rich-quick" institution in New York and pinched one Jared Flagg and five associates on the charge of using the mails to defraud. The usual outpouring of indignation followed, but a few days in jail, a look into the scheme operated, and an outline of the evidence, furnished a second line for the dramatic outbreak that helps the reader to a full appreciation of the scene. The promoters of the scheme had an exceptionally good thing, and sudden separation from it caused acute pain.

Mr. Flagg and his associates worked a scheme of doing good for investors willing to take a flier in the stock market on a pledge of profits of less than 10 per cent a week. The present status of the suspended game shows clearly enough that Mr. Flagg did "em good, all right, all right. Out of nearly \$1,000,000 put into the pot there is less than one-tenth of the cash within reach for return to the easy marks. What became of the rest of the money is not apparent.

No direct investment in the stock exchange was made, Flagg and his crowd being excluded as crooks. The weekly dividends were paid out of the deposits, and every dividend check sent out was a boomer. As a possible safeguard against prosecution the sign promoters required each depositor to wire contractors authorizing the investment of the money in certain stocks. By flashing these contracts on the jury when the time comes they expect to blow up the prosecution.

Among the associates of Flagg are two "prominent and respected citizens"—former United States treasurer, who boasted the integrity of the concern in Connecticut, and a retired preacher who worked the church crowd in New Jersey and Pennsylvania on a commission basis.

Flagg remained in the background, contented with the task of resolving the treasury, signing the weekly dividend checks and looking wise. A former experience on the iron coils of a jail caused such physical anguish that, he admitted, sleeping in bed is painful, and suggested the wisdom of keeping the spotlight on less vulnerable boosters of the game. But while he kept behind the curtains on the business side, he shone above the bunch in two specialties—the presiding genius of the Saturday dinners and in his zeal to fill the coffers of widows.

Every Saturday as regularly as the stroke of the clock, after the dividend checks had been mailed, the office staff and the outside boosters of both sexes repaired to a fashionable restaurant and sat down to swell feast of solids and liquids, at the expense of the surplus in the treasury. Usually a merry gathering in the habitments of wool and with a bunch of money ripe for investment, was a great of honor on these joyous occasions. Flagg sat at the head of the table, and waxed merry as the champagne popped and the wine went round.

On one of these festive occasions, a "modest, charming widow" from Caldwell, Ky., supposed to possess \$20,000 in clear life insurance money, managed to be the guest, and the favors and attentions showered upon her at this and subsequent feasts enabled her to get in on the ground floor of the game and supply the government, whose agent she was, with needed information. Flagg was particularly fascinated by the merry widow, and confided in her his plans and opinions. Not a dollar of her money would be taken for investment. "Salt it down in government bonds," he advised. "When this game is played to a finish, we'll 'beat it' to Caldwell. No one would ever think of looking for me in a dump like that," he assured her. He wouldn't put a cent in his own game, but there were fools enough to supply his needs. The merry widow alluded to the adage of a fool being born every minute. "A mistake, my dear," Flagg replied, "there are ten born every minute."

The fact that \$150,000 poured into Flagg's office during the first three weeks of September warrants the revision upward of the Barnum adage. Nearly \$1,000,000 was received since the concern was launched in January, 1908. Every one of the dupes received the promised 1 per cent a week on the investment, but there is no record of any one getting back the principal. The dividends were too juicy to cause anxiety about the investment. As schemes go nowadays Flagg's was fairly successful.

Yet Flagg is a piker in the swindling business when lined up with the largest operations of the Franklin Syndicate Miller of Brooklyn, just twelve years ago. Miller promised 10 per cent a week to Flagg's 1 per cent. Miller scooped in about \$5,000,000 in four years to Flagg's less than \$1,000,000. In twenty-three business days of October and November, 1908, Miller's concern took in \$25,000 in cash and \$125,000 in checks, a total of \$150,000 establishing a record for suckers' coin never approached since. As an actual fact, money came in so fast near the end of the game that it could not be counted and was shoveled into the safe. When the authorities at last pounced upon the shop only \$200 was found, the rest disappeared with the vulgar for whom Miller was the great. Had Flagg inflated his dividend rate to the Miller standard, there is hardly any doubt, with the increased ratio of born fools, that he would have rivalled the record of the Franklin syndicate instead of the humbling sackpot of \$150,000 raked in three weeks.

Tiltman to "Die in the Harness." Springfield Republican.

Senator Tiltman. It seems necessary to say, falls to take the most correct view of public office, especially so important one as his own. He proposes to be a candidate for re-election, even if he should be confined to his bed, unless his disability amounted to complete physical paralysis. The senator has suffered already from two paralytic strokes and while his "wand" excites one's unbounded admiration, his determination to "die in the harness" can be justified by only one thing. If the senator's candidacy is due to a desire to check the political progress of Governor Cole L. Hines, criticism of his course must immediately give way to justified praise.

WORRIES OF SOME PEOPLE.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: One of the indicted trust magnates from Boston declares that he would "rather go to jail with my self-respect than be fined and discharged with my good name tarnished." But how is going to jail going to keep his name untarnished?

Indianapolis News: If, according to one of Senator Stephenson's campaign managers, it costs between \$150,000 and \$200,000 to conduct a senatorial campaign properly in Wisconsin, then Senator Stephenson's campaign must have been decidedly improper. He spent only \$107,750.

Washington Star: Democrats are still waiting for a sad, penetrating wall from the west; a note that will cause the mountain lion to restrain his cry and the coyote to listen in abashed silence; the voice of W. J. Bryan begging his friends not to nominate him.

St. Paul Dispatch: James H. Hill sees hard times ahead and all because of the politicians and newspapers given to political ghost dancing. He says there is uncertainty as to the future on this account rather than on account of the court decision. It is a great consolation to the people to feel sure about what the courts will do.

Washington Times: An examination of the accounts of the Washington navy yard has disclosed a shortage of more than \$3,000,000 in the last twenty-five years. It is a leakage rather than a shortage, for no embezzlement or graft has been discovered, only loose and unbusinesslike methods. The disclosure of such a condition in one great government establishment shows the need of reform in all.

Exception to the Rule. Kansas City Star.

Columbus, it will be recalled, appealed to King John of Portugal to finance his expedition to the Indies. The king couldn't see his proposition and turned him down, after which he sought out Ferdinand and Isabella. The Portuguese historian, Barros, explains the king's refusal. His majesty, he says, saw that Columbus was a great talker and boastful of his abilities and he placed little confidence in him.

This incident is cited merely to show that it doesn't always and necessarily follow that the big talker is all wind.

Expanding Human Power. Baltimore American.

Wireless messages have been exchanged between San Francisco and Japan, this wonderful production of human knowledge and ingenuity establishing communication between points six thousand miles apart and bridging the ocean. Perhaps the next discoverer of the north pole will be enabled to telephone his discovery to Washington and answer identification questions on the spot.

LAUGHING GAS.

"I don't like the woman you made me take out to supper. She has such a way of pinning you down." "That's merely force of habit with her. She's a dressmaker."—Baltimore American.

"Do you expect to leave footprints in the sands of time?" "No," replied the flippant person; "but my dog has left footprints in some fresh paving cement that I bet will puzzle the geologists a few centuries hence."—Washington Star.

Knicker—Are you desecrated from a belted card? "Bocker—No, I think he merely wore a gallus.—New York Sun.

"Do cigarettes annoy you, Miss Kean?" "Not at all. It's the fellows who smoke them that I can't stand for."—Toledo Blade.

"Anybody can run an airship," said the man. "But there was no use trying to contradict him." "That's merely force of habit with the man."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Oldgirl—I wonder why that baby always yells whenever it sees me. "Cruddy Old Bachelor—Because, madam, babies have the privilege denied of other beings, of expressing their feelings as they please."—Baltimore American.

Ethel—Bella told me that you told her that she was fat. I told you not to tell her. "Madge—She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you." "Ethel—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you. You told me—so don't tell her I did."—Chicago News.

Instructor of class in English literature—Why is it said of the poet Dryden that he "is read with frequent astonishment?" "Solemn-Faced Young Man—The astonishment grows out of the fact that the postal authorities allowed his stuff to go through the mails.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DRUG CLERK'S ROMANCE.

Detroit Free Press.

He was poor, yet he was handsome. And his years were twenty-three. And he worked to make his living in a corner pharmacy. There he one day met the widow of an ancient millionaire. She was old and she was scrawny. But she had the coin to spare.

Now, this poor but handsome drug clerk started in to sympathize with this sad and lonely widow. With the wrinkled weepy eyes. She'd be 70 her next birthday. He was only 23. But in drawing soda water. He was graceful as could be.

He smiled upon her sweetly. And he praised her widow's weeds. More ice cream he always gave her. Than the average widow needs. Her postage stamps he noticed. In a drug clerk's graceful way. 'Til the grateful, lonely widow. Asked him up to call one day.

Now the poor but handsome drug clerk. Who was only 23. Isn't drawing soda water. In the corner pharmacy. He was married to the widow. By the parson yesterday. Was it love of her or money? Love of money, I should say.

ROYAL BAKING-POWDER Absolutely Pure MAKES HOME BAKING EASY Light Biscuit Delicious Cake Dainty Pastries Fine Puddings Flaky Crusts The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar "Everybody loves it" Peptomint advertisement with image of a woman and child.

Peptomint is the Finest Chewing Gum in the World. Everybody Loves It. Made from the best materials—flavored with the juice of the natural mint leaves and essence of peppermint combined. Keeps the teeth clean—the breath pure—side digestion. The delicate, delicious flavor lasts as long as you care to chew. The genuine Peptomint is sold in the original trademarked package and should bear this signature. J. F. Larson & Co. CHICAGO, U.S.A.