THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Sunday bee, one year.....$2.50
Saturday Bee, one year.....1.50
Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year. 4.00
Daily Bee and Sunday, one year..... 6.00

DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Evening Bee (with Sunday), per month..25c
Daily Bee (including Sunday), per mo..65c
Daily Bee (without Sunday), per mo....45c

Address all complaints of irregularities in delivery to City Circulation Dept.

REMITTANCES.

Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing company. Only 2-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N St.
Council Bluffs—15 Scott St.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—1548 Marquette Building.
Kansas City—Reliance Building.
New York—24 West Thirty-third.
Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

47,398

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 47,398.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30 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.

It is "out again, in again" for friend Mabray, all right.

Why do they call it Indian summer? Because it used to be.

Evidently Mr. Hearst took a rain check when he left the democratic party.

Wild geese are going south. The democrats will be likewise after election.

Joseph Pulitzer's life is another argument against anti-immigration legislation.

"Ten Below in Montana." Yes, but wait till the fuzzy style strikes Medicine Hat.

Perhaps they do not have spikes in the game of politics, but they have steam rollers.

That California duck that swallowed gold nuggets really has something to quack about.

"Tammany will be beaten, unless all signs fail," says Hearst. And in dry weather, all signs frequently fail.

The author of "Sweet Marie" is now an indigent patient in a Boston hospital. Still, we are sorry for him.

Jack Johnson was arrested and fined $37 for breaking up his London landlady's furniture. Breaking into print again.

Dr. Cook used gum drops to charm the north pole natives, but he probably borrowed the idea from some of our gumshoe politicians.

It is just as well that, even in these piping times of peace, we line out our navy now and then in review before the head of the nation.

President Taft has still another supreme court appointment to make and no matter whom he names probably make it without pleasing Mr. Bryan.

No, we do not believe the people of Omaha are quite ready to give "Charley" Fanning's bookkeeper a commission as police magistrate for the next two years.

Our old friend, Edgar Howard, calls it "mud-splashing." For a fine example of it all he has to do is to watch the local democratic organ in Douglas county.

The way to stop the raids on the county treasury is to take the control of county affairs away from the odious democratic combine running the county board.

Jacob M. Dickinson drew the complaint for the government in the Steel trust suit. Evidently his retirement as war secretary did not mean his complete retreat.

Murphy Bullies and Butchers the Bronx.—Headline.

Now, if his name were only Mike, they might have said: "Mean, Measly Mike Murphy Bullies and Butchers the Bronx."

Look out for roorbachs and fakes sprung by our two yellow journals. They started in early this season with their political fiction factories, and have been repeatedly caught with the goods, but the habit is so strong that they keep right at it, and their lies are fleet-footed.

A fatal wreck on the Union Pacific, in spite of all its splendid system of life-saving and accident-preventing devices, goes only to show that there is something in the theory of President Bush of the Missouri Pacific after all—the theory of "human fallibility" as the explanation of many such disasters.

Joseph Pulitzer.

With Joseph Pulitzer has passed one of the giants of American journalism. Historians will place him in the very front rank of the brilliant galaxy of men who have made the newspaper what it is today in this country. He has impressed his personality on the type of modern journalism as has no other one person and his influence upon its future is sure to be potent and lasting.

As usual in the case of truly great men, there are apparent paradoxes in Mr. Pulitzer's life work. Acclaimed as the originator and sponsor of so-called "yellow journalism," his newspapers today are counted among the strong factors for stability and steady progress. Starting out as a republican, the protege of Carl Schurz, he joined the democratic forces behind Tilden and later became one of Cleveland's most active supporters, but refused to accept the nomination of Bryan and stood out strong for honest money and business integrity.

In many points, the career of Joseph Pulitzer of the World closely resembles that of Edward Rosewater, founder and during his lifetime editor of The Bee. Both came to this country from Europe as poor boys and were thrown upon their own resources. Both volunteered in the service of their adopted country for liberty and against disunion. Both were of Jewish parentage and both built up great newspapers after laborious efforts to gain a foothold. Both achieved success in journalism in an acquired language and also retained the same facility in their native tongues. After his triumph in St. Louis Mr. Pulitzer launched into the limitless newspaper field at New York, while Mr. Rosewater, despite tempting offers, staid to his death with Omaha to which he was rooted and with The Bee to which he was inseparably devoted. Both died at approximately the same age with a monumental life work completed.

Bringing Russia to Time.

An aroused public conscience calls upon the United States government to denounce and abrogate the Russo-American treaty of 1832 or finally compel Russia to observe it, as this country has always done. Senator Penrose has declared that soon after congress convenes in December he will take up the matter with the president and secretary of state and urge immediate action. Congressman Sulzer, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs, went so far as to introduce a bill at the last session to terminate the treaty.

Under this treaty the United States and Russia agree to admit without discrimination the citizens of each country having passports. The United States has invariably complied with these terms, while Russia has never done so with respect to American citizens who happened to be Jews. No matter how eminently respectable, or how conspicuous, the traveler, if a Jew, is denied the rights this treaty vouchsafed to him and enjoyed by every other American citizen. Our inaction has been defended on the ground that it is better to retain certain other advantages this treaty gave than to abrogate it on this one account. This argument no longer sounds tenable.

A great mass meeting is to be held in Washington soon to give expression to America's determined feeling upon this important matter and procure definite and decisive action by our government this winter. We owe nothing to Russia and need not tolerate insults at its hands. We owe everything to our own citizens and we cannot afford to permit any foreign nation to discriminate against them.

Checking Danger of Fire.

New York now has a law that gives the fire commissioner of New York City authority to close up factories in which imminent peril of fire exists, so that the commissioner becomes responsible for bad conditions. After the commissioner has acted an appeal goes to a board of survey and if that board sustains the commissioner the place must be vacated until that official decides it may reopen.

This law, which is the outcome of the Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire, in which so many working girls lost their lives, may appear at first glance as stringent, but as a matter of fact, the New York authorities regard it as but the beginning of restrictive legislation. Governor Dix, himself, in signing the bill, stated that, while it was good so far as it went, it did not go far enough and that he will demand still larger powers reposed in the fire inspectors.

Nebraska's law enables the state labor commissioner to order places such as moving picture shows, closed where they are not complying with the laws governing fire risk, but he is given no such latitude as the New York fire commissioner enjoys. Of course, the need of such a law is nowhere near as urgent in a state like Nebraska or a city like Omaha as in New York, yet there is room and reason for much improvement and strengthening of our fire protection measures. At the very bottom of all must lie the very best building laws and, what is more, their rigid enforcement.

Legislation like this in New York, especially as backed by the public officials, is another unerring indication of our growing concern for those unable to protect themselves. Fire protection laws logically and properly follow sanitary legislation and all go to show how much is being done to improve the lot of the toiler, man and woman, and this ought to make for a better feeling between the classes.

Money Value of Smoke.

Cincinnati, one of the cities wrestling with the smoke nuisance or problem, has a smoke inspector who states that the smoke that escapes from the stacks throughout the country in one year is worth $1,100,000,000. In other words, that much gas or fuel waste goes out through the industrial chimneys of the country every year. In Cleveland the smoke committee of the Chamber of Commerce recently reported that the direct financial loss from smoke waste every year in that city amounted to $12 per capita of its population, if not twice that amount. The report went on to show what, if this waste was avoided, it would mean in the matter, for instance, of taxation.

These figures are very large and possibly more or less speculative, nevertheless they go to show what shocking waste there is in smoke, de shocking waste there is in smoke, detories and other big buildings already have in use some sort of smoke consumers. Cities, on the other hand, have their smoke ordinances, yet the smoke nuisance or problem, as the viewpoint may be, continues unabated, and for two reasons, chiefly, first, the smoke consumers that have been devised are not effectual and, second, this is another one of those problems not susceptible to solution by city ordinance or legislative statute. When it is solved it will be because of the economic waste.

No one, who has given the matter any thought doubts that tremendous waste goes out in smoke and with our keen economic sense the wonder is that somebody has not overcome it by a definite method long ago. If the waste is what this Cincinnati expert estimates it to be, there is one of the first places for us to begin the work of economic reform. Dr. Tesla says that the gases given off annually by the great steel plants, if harnessed, would produce from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 horsepower, worth about $450,000,000. These authorities are serious and reliable enough to force this matter upon the attention of business men. Not only financial savings might be effected, but sanitary improvement could be accomplished as well. The benefits would be felt by everybody, no matter whether he had to do with a large industrial plant or not.

Down in Plattsmouth, E. O. Mayfield, who has taken over the News-Herald of that town, devotes a column to telling "What I Crow For," and among other things "I am crowing for people who do not go to Omaha to trade." It's a good slogan, but it won't stop Plattsmouth people from trading in Omaha any more than would The Bee's buzzing stop Omaha people from trading in Chicago when they think it is to their advantage to do so. It is for us to convince home folks that it is not to their advantage to go elsewhere to trade and to persuade people outside that it is to their advantage to come here. Let the good work go on.

Senator Hitchcock calls on all decent republicans to repudiate a bad School board nomination, but our "high-minded" senator still clasps to his bosom an equally immoral misfit on the democratic ticket. With Senator Hitchcock, the democratic label covers all moral delinquencies.

Governor Aldrich is for La Follette for the presidential nomination and says he doesn't care who knows it. But he does not see how any Nebraska insurgent republican can help La Follette by voting to put democrats into power in the state house.

That Union Pacific wreck was also due to the "fallibility of man," which accounts for most such casualities.

People Talked About

Mrs. Howard A. Colby of Plainfield, N. J., is said to be the first woman to use colored photography in the Maine woods. She has made five pictures of a pair of wild moose.

The wine of joy leaves some dregs in the glass. By a ruling of the attorney general of California, women must tell their real ages when they ask to be registered as voters.

A railroad passenger in Long Island has won a legal victory in a suit brought because he practically proclaimed the principle of "No seat, no fare." There is yet hope for the urban straphanger.

The king of Italy is an impassioned automobilist. Moreover, he is, perhaps, the only one among great rulers that has passed a thorough examination in driving and repairing. He is a skilled mechanic and can repair his car readily whenever trouble comes.

August Wilcox, the oldest resident of Shiawassee county, Michigan, who for nearly seventy years has been trying to collect $5.01 from the United States, has at last succeeded—minus the interest. Mr. Wilcox was postmaster at Bridgewater, Mich., under President Tyler, and some time after he was succeeded in the position he learned he had some money coming to him.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

OCT. 31.

Thirty Years Ago—

In an interview Captain Boyton explains his hurry to complete his floating down the Missouri as due to desire to escape the approaching cold weather and the closing of navigation. He resumed his trip today expecting to complete it in three weeks, with but two landings, one at St. Joseph and the other at Kansas City. In order to give every one a chance to see the start without missing work or school hours, he was to leave the foot of Farnam street at 12:30 noon, Tuesday. Incidently while in Omaha Captain Boyton was presented with an elegant brandy flask by Captain Inglehart of the Monster Whale party.

At 9:30 a. m. the first steamer of the season from the upper Missouri, the C. K. Peck, landed at the foot of Farnam street, having left Yankton Friday. The C. K. Peck is in charge of Captain W. Fisher, with Captain W. R. Massey as pilot, John R. McLane as engineer and "Grandpop" Sims as steward. The steamer is the biggest boat on the river except the Dakota.

A. Cruickshank & Co. advertise that on and after November 1, "we will close our store evenings at 6:30 except Saturdays, and respectfully invite our lady friends to assist us in this new movement."

The carpenters at work on the Millard hotel have received an advance of 25 cents on wages, and now get $3 a day.

One of Omaha's modest belles failed to see Boyton in the water Sunday, refusing to accompany her escort past Gray's yard "because the lumber wasn't dressed."

Attention is called to the absence of a crossing on the intersection of Nineteenth street and Capitol avenue, where the 400 school children who attend Central school have to flounder through the mud.

Superintendent Ed Dickinson of the Union Pacific left for Laramie for his headquarters. "The same announcement has been made every day for a week, but he always got left. This time it is a fact."

Twenty Years Ago—

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rothschild celebrated their silver wedding at their home, 404 North Twenty-third street. During the evening Mr. Martin Cahn rendered several choice musical selections and Miss Carrie Goldsmith sang beautifully. Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild were assisted in entertained by their children, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson and their daughters, Misses Nettie, Flora and Elmer. Mrs. Haas came from Chicago. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cahn, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Grotte, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. S. Degan, Mr. George Becker, Mrs. Anspacher, Mrs. C. Haas of Chicago, Mrs. J. Haas of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hass, Mr. and Mrs. A. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lobman, Mrs. B. Freauman of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Freedy Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dreifus, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Sampson, Miss Bettie Haas, Miss Carrie Goldsmith, Mr. Frank, Rabbi Rosenau, Mr. A. Rosenau, Miss Cora Becker, Miss Newman, Mr. Jake Rothschild, Mr. J. Newman, Mr. L. Becker, Mr. H. Anspacher, Miss F. Anspacher and Mr. Nathan Rothschild.

The marriage of Mrs. Alice Page and Mr. Wallace Croxson was solemnized at 1707 Cass street by Rev. W. J. Harsha. The groom was employed by W. S. Balduff.

Democracy was given a parting broadside for the campaign by some big guns of the republican ranks at the Grand Opera house, where standing room was scarce. Among the orators were W. J. Connell, John M. Thurston, John L. Webster, George P. Bemis (candidate for mayor and elected), Cunningham R. Scott and Edward Rosewater. Smaller fires were sent in by Frank E. Moores, J. W. Eller and George R. Bennet. Dave Mercer, county chairman, presided.

Pauline, 2-year old daughter of Paul and Amelia Broveleit, First street and Woolworth avenue, died at home.

City Attorney A. J. Poppleton gave an official opinion to the effect that women could not vote at the school board election.

Ten Years Ago—

A preliminary meeting called for help in securing the missionary convention of the Christian church in Omaha was held at the Commercial club. Among the citizens invited to address was Edward Rosewater. Short talks were also made by John E. Utt, secretary of the Commercial club; Sumner T. Martin, W. T. Hilton, B. B. Tyler of Denver and I. W. Carpenter.

In preparation for Senator Millard's absence from the bank during his term at Washington, the directors elected William Wallace first vice president; C. F. McGrew, national bank examiner, second vice president; C. B. Anderson of Crete, cashier to succeed Mr. Wallace.

The Auditorium directors authorized the building and ground committee to sign a contract with John Latenser as the architect of the Auditorium, which was to cost not more than $150,000, and to advertise for bids for the excavation.

Captain Josiah B. Redfield, 72, died at his home, 1725 Ontario street, at 4:45 p. m. from a stroke of paralysis that came on early in the morning. It was at Captain Redfield's office, in 1871, that the initial edition of The Bee was printed.

Mrs. Mary Kelkenny, 78, died at the family home, 2210 Capitol avenue. The end had been hastened from an accident sustained some months before in a runaway.

Congressman William Neville of the Sixth district stopped in Omaha on his return from Hot Springs, Ark. He was much improved in health.

Daniel Burris, was another witness to identify Jim Callahan as one of the Cudahy kidnapers.

Mrs. William E. Guthrie was hostess at a 5 o'clock tea, given in honor of her guests, Mrs. Silas Guthrie and Mrs. Hewitt of Denver and Mrs. Charles Hewitt of Des Moines. Mesdames Jordan, Lindsay, Davis, Dempster, Potter, Ogden, Bunker, Clapp and Allen assisted the hostess.

Victims of Short Memories.

Sioux City Journal.

The insurgents, including Mr. Bryan, are trying to make it appear that the appointments of Mr. Taft to the supreme court, of democrats and republicans, have been political—Mr. Bryan says in the interest of the trusts. But all the insurgents, including Mr. Bryan, overflow with praise of the late Justice Harlan. When President Hayes appointed Mr. Harlan to the court it was bitterly charged by the friends of Mr. Tilden that the appointment was a political reward for service on the Louisiana commission.

Around New York

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

Moving Scene of Mac's and Mc's.

As fine a bunch of Mac's and Mc's as ever sailed on salt water hove to in New York from Londonderry, Ireland, last Saturday. There were thirty-seven of them, young and old, and they had enough baggage to attract the inquisitive eyes and fingers of Collector Loeb's show me's. Just as the party was lined up and the baggage opened for inspection a nearby water pipe burst and shot a shower of spray into the Mac's and Mc's. This is what happened on the spot as sketched by the Sun:

Then there was cursin' by McPherson and McCaul let out a bawl, and McGonigal through his monocle a glancin' began prancin' round McCracken, who said he'd blacken the eye of Bill McCurtin if he did not stop the spurtin' and McIntyre said there was no fire burning, and he could not see the use of turning on the hose, and McNamee said we got enough of that at sea, and McSwivel said ye can all go to the——

And just then somebody cut off the water. McAllister said he did not care so much about his baggage in general, but why should the water be turned on just as his bagpipe was being examined by an inspector. He feared that the instrument had been ruined. After the Mac's and Mc's had been separated the business of the customs men proceeded.

Going Out of Fashion.

The old-time ferry-boat, so long a familiar object in New York harbor, is going out of fashion. With the opening of the tubes beneath the rivers, and new bridges above them, has come a revolution in the harbor traffic. Scores of ferry-boats have lost their usefulness in the passenger-carrying traffic. The disposal of these craft, many of which are very valuable, is a serious problem. They are not worn out and their machinery is efficient, and yet even in this busy harbor it is difficult to find use for them. Several of these ferry-boats are now doing service as hospitals. Equipped with beds and kitchens, they prove very roomy and inviting. Another use is to tear out the partitions and use them for ferrying cattle about the harbor. Several of the boats, again are used for excursions up and down the river. In a number of cases, ferry-boats for which no use can be found have been sent to the junk heap on the shore of Long Island Sound.

Making a Law Ridiculous.

The new concealed weapon law in New York state is causing many complications. Perhaps the most unusual of them has just came to light in the arrest in West Chester, a suburban town, of Raymond T. Ditmars, curator of the Bronx Zoological gardens and a well-known scientist. He was taken into custody by a county constable, while returning from an automobile trip. Trailing behind his machine was a truck, upon which was mounted a small cannon, nearly a hundred years old, which he was taking to the zoological gardens to be used to decorate a lawn there. The cannon was covered with a piece of canvas.

"What is that thing you've got along behind?" asked the constable, after halting Mr. Ditmars.

Mr. Ditmars promptly explained that it was an ancient cannon.

"It's a concealed weapon," declared the constable, "and you are violating the law."

Mr. Ditmars accompanied the constable to the nearest village and obtained his release after a long series of arguments before the local authorities.

Explanation and Apology.

One hundred and Twenty-fifth stret at Seventh avenue was jammed out to the car tracks with fans watching a bulletin board for the play of one of the world's series games. A big touring car with a big man and a pretty little woman in the front seat halted in the car track. The bulletin board interested the pair and the automobile stood till warned to move on by the clang of a trolley car gong behind.

An effort to start the machine showed that the engine was dead. The big man was shame-faced and annoyed as the pretty little woman got out and cranked the engine and the crowd gave her a rousing cheer. Then as she mounted the step and the car started she turned to the crowd and cried out:

"Don't blame my husband; he's crippled and has to be lifted in and out of the car."

Thousands of Accidents.

Figures given out by the Public Service commission showed that in August there were 5,884 accidents of all kinds on the rapid transit lines of the city, against 5,040 and 5,195 in the same month of 1909 and 1910 respectively. In these accidents 2,484 passengers were injured, against 2,310 and 2,386 in 1909 and 1910, and 628 employes, against 494 and 564 in 1909 and 1910. In addition 644 other persons were injured, as compared with 523 and 534. Last August there were 24 persons killed, against 31 and 35 in August, 1909 and 1910, and 320 killed or seriously injured, against 204 and 278 in the last two years.

Record of Dog Bites.

Twenty-five hundred persons were bitten by dogs in New York City during the first eight months of the present year, according to returns made by the Department of Health. Of the persons bitten 1,850 were males and 650 females. Children were the greatest sufferers—1,800 as against 700 adults. Twenty-five persons were bitten more than once. Examination of those animals which were killed and sent to the department, showed 192 rabid dogs. The net result was seven fatal cases of human rabies.

Immune to Stagnation.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

America is the most discontented nation on the globe, says a foreign editor. That's it—that's it. The divine discontent is what keeps us ahead of the smug and satisfied nations—and they can't see it.

No Cause for Fear.

Minneapolis Journal.

If you are ever worried about an income tax, remember that the census shows that 75 per cent of the adult males in the United States have an income of less than $600 a year. Most of us are immune.

Good Card in Close Game.

Brooklyn Eagle.

For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the rebel Chinese are peculiar. Their careful protection of foreign missionaries was a mighty good card to play in a close game.

The Bee's Letter Box

Welcome Words of Appreciation.

BYRON, Neb., Oct. 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: Permit me to commend you upon the part your paper has taken in the exposure of the fake perpetrated upon the poor and suffering humanity by one "Dr." Veno. To prey upon a suffering humanity as is done in this instance is little short of criminal.

I have been reading The Bee ever since I became a citizen of Nebraska now nearly four years ago, and I am pleased to say that your paper has been singularly free from objectionable medical advertising. Were more of our better papers to take the same stand such parties as "Dr." Veno would not be able to ply their nefarious trade much longer. This letter is not written for publication and you will please consider it as private. I just wish to take this means of showing my appreciation and to commend you upon the stand you have taken in regard to this matter.

RUDOLPH F. DECKER.

A Plea for the Old Men.

OMAHA, Oct. 29.—To the Editor of The Bee: Why is it that our street railways and our United States congress and senate have combined to kill off the old men. The street car company by freezing us to death and congress by not passing a retirement civil service bill and letting the old men out so that the may have a few years longer on a little something rather than turn them out to go to the poorhouse, as the wages paid is not even sufficient to live on and lay up anything for old age?

AN OLD EMPLOYE.

A Real Educator.

OMAHA, Oct. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee. The Land show has in my estimation been a great educator, and to the careful observer it must be evident that much of the praises and songs we hear of the great and wonderful Pacific west find their permanent echoes in our own fair state.

It was a matter of satisfaction to me to go from the western exhibits to that of our own Douglas county and find as good and as great variety in vegetables and apples as any other exhibit. Furthermore, our apples have the flavor that many of the irrigated varieties lack, and I believe if our fruit growers went about it as systematically and as thoroughly as do the western growers we would not be shipping in the great quantity of western fruit that we now do.

FRED K. HERMAN,
3319 Cuming Street.

Mania for Morbid Souvenirs.

Baltimore American.

It is difficult to understand the mania for souvenirs of a morbid incident such as the death of Aviator Ely. One callous fiend, it is said, even unbuttoned the collar of the dying man and pocketed it. Policemen should be unsparing in their use of clubs against souvenir hunters who have no reverence nor respect for the dead.

EDITORIAL PENCIL POINTS.

Kansas City Times: Mr. "Big Six" Mathewson now assumes the proportions of a two-cylinder runabout.

Wall Street Journal: Chinese imperial army at Hankow fired cannon balls made of wood. No wonder the progressives want something a bit more up to date.

Baltimore American: A street railroad in Philadelphia will lower its car steps to accommodate the hobble skirt. Being a thing feminine, the hobble skirt has borne sneers and jeers, but it won its point.

Boston Transcript: Colonel Roosevelt's decision to refrain from speaking during the next campaign will probably not debar him from writing things calculated to insure passionate eloquence on the part of others.

Houston Post: One of the chief elbow crookers of the Sons of Rest tells us he would rather be Baker of the Athletics than president of the United States. But Baker is not permitted to take the free drinks that are at his disposal.

New York Tribune: The challenging of a juror simply because he had listened to a funeral sermon by Rev. Robert J. Burdette is a tribute to the preacher which might well have formed the theme of one of the genial "Bob's" best humorous essays.

SMILING REMARKS.

Bacon—Why, according to the plans the architect has prepared that house will cost you $15,000.

Egbert—Well, I want something I can get a good mortgage on when I do buy an automobile, don't I?—Yonkers Statesman.

In honor of Aunt Ann's birthday Uncle Jerry Peebles had just bought a bunch of American beauties.

Her Spouse—Why do you choose to lunch so often at your club?

Mrs. Leeder—You don't know how much enjoyment there is in bossing and hectoring a man cook!—Chicago Tribune.

"I would like to engage your choir soloist—not the tenor—for our local nine."

"What makes you think he would be a good player?"

"He has such a strong bass bawl delivery."—Baltimore American.

BALLADE OF QUEER CRONIES.

One with the smile that is joy to see,
One with the sneer that is friendship's foe;
One with the clasp that is sympathy,
One with the fist of the furtive blow.
Both on their fateful journey go,
Always together whate'er betide,
Partners the strangest for weal or woe—
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

One with the hail that is melody,
One with the hiss of the viper low;
One with the love that would virgin be,
One with the lust that the vultures know.
Both in the daylight and darkness go,
Bound to each other while life abide.
Cronies the queerest the world can show—
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

One in the dream and the ecstacy,
One on the dunghill to reap and sow,
One like the lark with his song set free;
One like the hawk with his loot in tow.
Both in the shadow and sunshine go,
Soulful and sordid, and side by side.
Weirdest of wayfarers, to and fro,—
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

L'ENVOI.

One like the hawk with his loot in tow,
One like the lark with his song flung wide;
Cronies the queerest the world can show—
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Chicago. JAMES C. M'NALLY.