

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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50,703
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 October, 1911, was 50,703.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of November, 1911. ROBERT W. HENNING, Notary Public.

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

My, those turkeys are roosting high!

Do your shopping early. Same argument as last year.

It was only natural that the horse blanket should follow the pony coat.

"Oh, Promise Me," is the favorite song of the office-seeking candidate.

A California town is to hold an olive exposition. It should be peaceful.

The foot ball season is over, except for those forty-seven on the injured list.

Marty O'Toole and Marty Littleton are our most prominent Martyes just at present.

The folks further east will get theirs as soon as our cold wave can reach them.

That reminds us, what has become of Jerome, one time district attorney in New York?

"What does the socialist party stand for?" asks a correspondent. Most everything.

Speaking of Champ Clark's humor, Mr. Bryan seems to think he is the joker in the democratic deck.

It is to be hoped that John Bigelow, at 84, called on Dr. Oiler on his recent visit to London.

As long as Periala slept, Russia had nothing to say, but now that the little lamb is rousing, the bear growls.

Who put the joker in the Albert law to save violators from its penalties? How about it, Judge Albert? Did someone catch the author napping?

Sam Blythe declares that next to Bryan, "Jim" Dahlman is the biggest democrat in Nebraska. What about our democratic United States senator?

It is to be noted that the leaders of the anti-Taft crowd in Nebraska today were for the most part also leaders of the anti-Taft crowd in Nebraska four years ago.

It looks as if that Water board promise of a new supply main to Florence to be laid before the ground froze was a campaign roorbach for bond election purposes only.

Coming events cast their shadows before. Even if there were no other premonitory signs, the renewed activity of "Ig" Dunn is positive evidence of the approach of a municipal election.

Our old friend, Edgar Howard, must have had a wireless from Fairview when he struck Champ Clark's name off the list. Either that or the Fairview statesman got his hunch from Edgar.

The expose of the cresote paving block combine may help folks to understand the noticeable eagerness to get best to paving contractors who use so much sand, lime, crushed rock, brick and other building materials.

Of course, it is no "outrage" for the democratic county board to throw \$50,000 worth of voting machines, paid for with taxpayers' money, into the junk heap. That would be an "outrage" only if perpetrated by republicans.

Criticizing President Roosevelt for not consulting Secretary of War Taft on that steel merger deal, an exchange asks, "Where was Secretary Taft, that he was not consulted?" The record will show that Secretary Taft was in Japan at that moment.

The Canal and Freight Rates.

Of course the country will endorse the recommendation of the Isthmian Canal commission that "every legitimate means of increasing the revenue from the canal) should be adopted." The canal will have cost when completed something like \$400,000,000. While it has been said that heavy net profits need not be immediately looked for to justify the enterprise, yet no time should be lost in putting the canal upon an actually paying basis.

But, in spite of all this, the canal would not come up to the objects set forth for it if it failed to bring about an equalization of our transcontinental freight rates. From the earliest canal agitation this has been one of the arguments held out—that it would tend by competitive influence to level the cost of transportation in this country.

It is no wonder, therefore, that such interest has been aroused over the reputed causes of the failure of Bernard N. Baker's scheme for an independent Atlantic and Pacific steamship line on the canal. Just as interest in the venture reaches from New York to San Francisco, and the \$15,000,000 project was apparently getting on its feet, it is suddenly and completely wrecked and reports are flying thick and fast to the effect that the money magnates in combination with the railroads blocked it. At any rate, it is charged that banks declined to favor the proposed plans and, therefore, they failed for want of financial support.

There is a possibility that this explanation may not be entirely sound and that the banks, just at this time, have plenty of other reasons for not wishing to underwrite the proposition. But, at all events, shippers must be counted in as among the beneficiaries of this canal and it must be so operated as to benefit them in the matter of cheaper rail rates. Unless competition is allowed to have its natural way this cannot be done and that would be a great mistake in connection with the canal. But it is a mistake with which people need not concern themselves too seriously as yet. The government owns this canal and the territory through which it runs and it has sole power to regulate its operation and it is hardly likely that the government is going to conduct it in the interest of any private business enterprise, no matter what efforts may be exerted to that end.

Clogging the Wheels.

Above every other interest and consideration at stake in the McNamara case is that of justice. If this aggravating delay in drawing a jury is occasioned by a mutual determination to facilitate justice, then it may be pardonable, but if it is done by one side or the other to hamper justice, it is intolerable.

Powerful interests, we are told, are actively concerned in this court proceeding at Los Angeles. It begins to look so. It is a misfortune for both sides that such a thing is believable. Too much has been said of the large sums of money available, of the combination of influences at work, to inspire implicit faith in the simple effort of getting down to a speedy hearing of this remarkable case. It may be that, owing to the bitterness of feeling engendered, prosecution and defense suffer more or less from the eliminations of one another. But what the public is interested in is a fair trial that will produce justice. The wheels of the law's machinery should not be clogged by these extraneous impediments.

The view has been expressed that the newspapers have published too much about the dynamiting, that thereby it is impossible to find twelve men without opinions on it. That entirely misses the mark. The best jury service is not done these days by men without opinions and sooner or later we shall come to act upon that in choosing our juries. One thing is certain, the newspapers have published no more than the public demanded. It places the premium on the wrong side to search for the ignorant juror. The chances are that nearly any twelve men of all those rejected in this case would make as good a jury as those who will ultimately be selected.

Littleton on the Warpath.

The house steel investigation committee wants all the light that can possibly be shed upon the case. It should comply with Congressman Littleton's demand for proof of the charge that he is the Steel trust's agent in the committee. Chairman Stanley and the other members will be derelict in their duty if they fail to summon witnesses designated by Littleton in connection with this charge.

If the Steel trust has the power to control the actions of a member of congress on this committee, the truth had better be made public. If, on the other hand, Congressman Littleton has been maligned, as he alleges, by a certain clique from Wall street, then that should be determined. Littleton lays the whole thing to the National Anti-Trust league, whose representatives, he affirms, have run a pipe line of information from the investigation committee to Wall street for use by the "bear" operators at work on steel stock. That is

another charge too serious to go unchallenged.

Mr. Littleton threatens to carry his fight to the floor of the house this winter if the Stanley committee turns him down. If he does we are assured some fancy fireworks, for when Martin W. takes to the war-path things are sure to happen. It will be very strange, though, if the democratic leaders risk such a condition. No matter what was proved or which way the verdict went, it would tend to disrupt their political organization and mar plans for the future. Just now Littleton appears to be ruffled at personal attacks, but the chances are that he will be calmed long before time comes to precipitate a riot on the floor of the house.

The Stay-at-Homes.

In the recent election held in Nebraska the total vote cast throughout the state was 235,380, according to the official canvass. In 1908, being the last presidential election, the total vote polled in Nebraska was 271,491. In the three years elapsed since that high-water mark the number of qualified voters entitled to participate in the election in Nebraska has unquestionably increased, so that it is conservative to figure the stay-at-homes at 50,000, or almost 20 per cent.

This situation is no different, perhaps, in 1911 than it has been in other off years—in reality the total is, we believe, a little higher than usual. But that does not alter the stubborn fact that approximately one voter out of five in Nebraska refuses to exercise his right of suffrage in the old election years.

The general opinion is that a large stay-at-home vote is an evil that should be remedied, but the remedy has not yet been proposed. One of our lawmakers advocates a law to penalize nonvoters by imposing a \$10 poll tax, of which \$8 is to be refunded on presentation of a certificate attesting participation in all regular and special elections held during the preceding year. The negative of this would be to pay a man a premium of \$8 a year for voting, which might look more attractive. Another suggestion is that the stay-at-home be disqualified to vote when he fails to perform his duty and to make reinstatement to the voting list an onerous proceeding. Still another way to eliminate the stay-at-home vote would be to change our method of balloting and let the election officers gather up the tickets like a census taker instead of making the voter go to the polling place.

The stay-at-home problem is not a new one, yet seems to be becoming more acute and perplexing, or rather its consequences are becoming more serious. A workable solution of it would make a reputation over night for the man presenting it.

The so-called competitive bids for cresote block paving on which contracts were let in Omaha and South Omaha last year proved to be nothing but a frameup, the contractors simply fixing their own price, and supporting it by collusive bids. Still, as long as taxpayers stand for it meekly the same performance will be repeated at every opportunity.

A member of Senator Hitchcock's editorial staff starts a yarn about a long distance telephonic banquet demonstration for Colonel Roosevelt, and then Senator Hitchcock's newspaper credits it to the editor of The Bee. Can you beat it?

Edna Goodrich's share of her former husband's wealth is \$65,000, so the court decides. Gee, if each of the girls get that much, Nat will not have more than \$3,000,000 left.

Underneath all the mush of the sob squad "covering" the Beattie murder case, is to be found the fact that Virginia still holds to the old-fashioned idea of speedy justice.

St. Paul boasts of "an old lady of 102" who recently danced a jig and calls on Minneapolis to "beat this, will you." St. Paul always was considered an old lady's town.

It seems that among other local blessings befalling Mayor-Elect Blankenbush of Philadelphia is a \$4,000,000 deficit, which ought to round out his thankfulness.

A Sob, from the Cellar. Emporia Gazette. The fact that Nebraska won't foot ball game from Kansas is something we can live down if we try.

Troubles to Settle at Home. Washington Herald. Colonel Roosevelt has been suggested as the head of The Hague peace tribunal, just now he is having trouble keeping his own peace.

Comrades for Loot. Pittsburg Dispatch. Persia being advised by Great Britain to yield to Russia has done so. There really did not seem to be anything else to do, seeing the jury was packed against it. But the injustice is none the less glaring that Great Britain, as well as Russia, is responsible for it.

Peaceful Persuasion and Bricks. Philadelphia Bulletin. Coincident with the resumption of militant tactics by the suffragettes in London, their sisters on this side of the Atlantic are going ahead with lectures, talks, teas and inoffensive bill posting. Of the two methods, the American has at least the advantage of not running about of police regulations or becoming a public nuisance.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES NOV. 29.

Thirty Years Ago—

The first of a series of four parties was given by the Terpsichoreans at Standard hall. The gentlemen in charge were Frank Hurley, Edward Murphy, Joseph McCafferty, Edward Shelby and Henry Bushman.

The city council meeting was full of business. Addison Jones, superintendent of the Omaha Boys' Industrial school, wanted a contract with the city to keep certain street crossings clear; Mrs. Mollie Freeman asked payment for a cow killed on the grade between Douglas and Dodge streets; the services of B. F. Baker as sewer inspector were dispensed with; Jim O'Brien was reinstated as driver of Pioneer hook and ladder truck; the street commissioner was ordered to put Douglas and Thirtieth street crossing in proper condition.

George A. Custer post, No. 7, held memorial services on Colonel Watson B. Smith.

One of the James boys is thought to be hovering around this neighborhood with a brace of revolvers.

The Nebraska Rendering and Drying company has been incorporated by Thomas Gibson, Oberndorf, Meyer & Co., W. J. Broatch, H. C. Crane, A. Polack and C. F. Goodman.

Stanley Felch, the high kicker in "The Jollities," landed one of his rubber shoes on the top of the chandelier on the east side of the stage, where it took fire and filled that part of the theater with a very unsavory odor. Mr. Boyd knocked it down to the parquet, from which a gentleman carried it down to the door and threw it into the street.

W. Winslet, the contractor, is recovering, as his friends will be glad to know. George W. Frost left for Montana. Edna C., young child of William M. Dwyer, died of diphtheria at the residence of her parents, 2408 Capitol avenue.

Twenty Years Ago—

J. W. Deweese of Lincoln was at the Easton.

W. A. Parks of Chicago, formerly of Omaha, spent the day in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Calkins and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Downing and Miss Leta Harlock of Kearney spent the day in Omaha at the art exhibit.

Mr. and Mrs. Patton of Albright were horrified to find on waking in the morning that their little child was lying between them in bed dead. They had been in the habit of taking it to sleep with them during the cold nights and the little one smothered to death. The parents were overcome with grief.

Fire did much damage to the one-story frame building at 170 South Tenth street, occupied by the Omaha Compressed Yeast company.

Dr. E. T. Allen spoke on "Life as the Physician Sees It," at the afternoon men's meeting at the Young Men's Christian association.

Ten Years Ago—

Medames Ben Newman and Sam Frank were hostesses at an afternoon affair given in honor of several out-of-town women and their hostesses. Prizes were won by Mrs. M. Degan of Sioux City and Mrs. Leon Kline and Mrs. Wertheimer of Pittsburgh.

Miss Caldwell of Chicago was the guest of Mildred Lomas.

General Manager Bidwell of the Elkhorn railroad announced the line would at last be extended from Verdigris to Niobrara.

The Unity club met at the office of City Electrician E. F. Shurig and listened to two papers on modern science, one by Mr. Shurig on "Modern Methods of Producing Light," and one on "Modern Chemistry," by W. H. Lowe.

Arthur Crittenden Smith and Ward Burgess, president and vice president, respectively of the M. E. Smith company, returned from San Francisco, where they establish a branch house.

The threatened extinction of the entire smelter at Bigview park by consumption, was announced by the park board. The first to die was a cow buffalo and a pair of bisons loaned to the board by Buffalo Bill.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts spent his day in getting elected to a \$300 office. Successful democracy is such a rarity in the Bay State that only a plutocrat can break into the state house.

"What's the matter with Kansas?" Shady Bend. Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson of New York, claimant for the throne of Mary Baker Eddy, is planning a campaign for restoration in her home city which promises to keep Virgil O' Strickler, late of Omaha, quite warm during the winter season.

New York is so particular about its emudges that a railroad company convicted of burning soft coal within the city limits was fined \$500. If Chicago did likewise the town would have money to burn.

In Chicago groceries cold storage eggs packed in paper cartons, tied with blue ribbons and labeled, "Chickens Refrigerated Eggs," are said to look as sweetly innocent and free from guile as though hot from the nest. The birth dates are not blown on the shells.

The oldest practicing physician in Maine, sixty years on the circuit, is Dr. Amos B. Dunlap of Ripley, 98 years old. Though his pencil wobbles a bit, he can wash off a prescription as confidently as yesterday's graduate.

Why This Notice. A good stout kick always makes a deeper impression than a boost. Editor Roosevelt is, of course, well aware of this, and realizes the value of a loudly uttered knock to help himself and his publication in the limelight.

Bankers Know the Route. St. Paul Dispatch. The American Bankers' association is strongly in favor of the back to the farm movement. They know where the money crop comes from.

Around New York

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

Thrilled to a Turn.

A pair of plain clothes men of the police department Harry Halliwell and James O'Mara, last week were given the greatest thrill in all their experience by an auto-lifting chauffeur. The latter was caught with the stolen car in New York and was ordered to drive to the police station, the detectives in the rear seat. As the car neared the station the chauffeur turned the throttle full open and shot by the jug at a sixty-mile clip, heading out on the Boston post road.

"Turn around, I tell you!" shouted O'Mara. "Stop your damn speeding!" No reply; only the throttle was clicked a notch further open.

"It'll blow your head off!" called the detective, drawing his revolver. "The car'll be in the air in five dead then," answered the chauffeur.

O'Mara put his revolver near Chase's ear and fired. The powder singed the chauffeur's hair, but the machine did not stop.

"The next shot will go through you," shouted O'Mara. "Let her go," replied the man. "There's a gully out there and we're headed for it."

O'Mara was leaning over the back of the seat trying to steady the wheel of the swerving, skidding automobile as it shot along the city streets. He was almost to the city limits. Ahead the detectives knew there was a turn in the road and a thirty-foot excavation. It would be impossible to make the turn at the rate of speed the machine was making and Halliwell was leaning over the seat of the careening machine trying to put his hands on the throttle.

"See where we're going," said the chauffeur, looking toward the turn ahead. Halliwell's eye lighted on a black rubber contrivance at the front. He gave a shout, lurched over the front seat and jerked out the spark plug.

The engine stopped humming. The big machine went slower. It stopped not many feet from the turn, beyond which was the excavation.

The \$5,000,000 Baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hopkins have chartered the houseboat, Minnie W, for their baby, John Randolph Hopkins, known as the "\$5,000,000 baby." The parents of this bouncing, lucky youngster want him to have a winter which will not subject him to cold or dangers of croup and the other ailments that come to little ones in a northern city.

The Minnie W will start for Florida today and later Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, with a number of guests, will board the boat and spend the winter in a trip through Florida rivers and inlets. For the amusement of their son a zoo will be fitted up on the upper deck of the houseboat.

The bouncing pet of the family is coming in for \$5,000,000 when he grows up, and there is no financial reason for his failure to get what he wants now.

Cosmopolitan Life.

Secretary of State Lazzansky recently refused to incorporate the Hell cafe of New York.

"New York's cafes are singular enough," said Mr. Lazzansky the other day. "Without the addition of such a queerly named institution as the Hell."

He smiled and added: "Is there anything quite so queerly cosmopolitan as a New York cafe? The last one I visited, I saw a Portuguese, a German and an Italian, dressed in English clothes and seated at a table of Spanish walnut, lurching on Russian caviar, French rolls, Scotch salmon, Welsh rarebit, Swiss cheese, Dutch cake and Malaga raisins. They drank China tea and Irish whiskey."

Trip for Campaign Spotters.

"It is a lot easier to speak and hold your audience in a district where the people are frequenters of moving picture shows than in one where they seldom see the films," remarked a political speaker quoted by the Sun. "At first I wondered why this should be so, but after a little thought and investigation I found the reason."

"Every one who goes to a moving picture show gets into the habit unconsciously of watching intently the faces of the actors, so that a guess can be made as to what the actor on the canvas is talking about. After a little attention the picture show patron finds that it is not hard to follow most of the conversation, even if he can't hear a sound. The habit of concentration and attention to a speaker's face is carried to the political meeting or anywhere else somebody speaks, and it helps both the listener and the speaker. I have mentioned this to several other folks who made addresses during the last campaign and they all tell me their experience is the same as mine."

Banished From Broadway.

Judge Swann, in general sessions, in putting on probation a young clerk convicted of forgery, requires him to keep away from the "City White Way." If he approaches within a mile of Broadway and Forty-second street he will be liable to a five years' term in prison.

The conditions ought not to be difficult to observe, says the New York World. The hardship of being forty or four minutes from Broadway is more imaginary than real. There is in fact no greater popular misconception on that than of Broadway as a region of sheer delights and pleasures are so dull and its lights have a cheerless glitter to those who look at them with unemotional view. There is more true radiance to a single Argand burner, where companionship and good-fellowship are, than in all their million-candle power.

Broadway, as respects its characteristic attractions, is a fiction of the imagination, a myth created by long exploitation. It is only necessary to scratch the surface of its elegance to show the tawdriness below. To a youth who has been feeding on his husks it may seem hard to have to give it up. But there is nothing cruel in the court's sentence and no occasion for sympathy for the one on whom it is imposed. Exile from Broadway should have a salutary effect on him, as it would on many others who do not require it as the alternative of a prison term.

Just Watch 'Em Go.

Louisville Courier-Journal. Speaking of progress, twenty years ago there was no mail service in China, and there were but four newspapers printed in native dialects. Now the Chinese have a mail service, telegraph, newspapers, talking machines, ice cream soda, hotwater bags, American cigarettes, a modernized army, a tremendous revolution and a good sized famine.

LAUGHING LINES.

"I suppose you will have a Thanksgiving turkey?" "Don't know," replied the timid man. "We'll have the turkey all right. But I'll have to carve and the amount of thankfulness will depend on the luck that I have."—Washington Star.

"I don't like these modern sermons much." "Why not?" "They're over before a man fairly gets to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

"Before I was married life was one continual round of pleasure." "And isn't it now?" "No! It's one continual round of economy now."—Detroit Free Press.

"Allice—I got a hat at such a bargain this morning I just feel like hugging myself. Dick—Had n't you better have it done by proxy?"—Boston Transcript.

"Why are you so sore on that eminent millionaire? He has done some good things." "I was one of them."—Washington Herald.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble, he's sure to find it." "Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Oh, the fool and his money are soon parted," said Ethel, sentimentally. "That's all right," said Blotus, "but the thing that I can't make out is where in thunder the fools get all the money they are parted from."—Harper's Weekly.

Color Scheme for November. November is here—the trees stand out bare. Gaiest the sky-line at eve—a great yellow glare. And somehow this rich hue appeals to my eye. Like a vast pumpkin pie.

Thro' my window, too, soon comes the daylight a-streaking. And I gaze where rose tints all the pale moonlight a-sneaking. And the hue of that sky, I declare, suits me well— Just like cranberry jelly.

Yes, November has come, as sure as your life; There's an edge to the air—it's as keen as a knife; The bright moon like a cycle is cleaving the sky— And the turkey roasts high. Omaha. BAYOLL NE TRELE.

More Home Baking, Better every way than the ready made foods Dr. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder A pure Cream of Tartar Powder No Alum No Lime Phosphate Made from Grapes

First see sunny California It's U.S.A.—Your own country The Sierras outclass the Alps. Europe has no giant redwoods and no Yosemite. The shores of the blue Pacific rival the Mediterranean. And where can you find finer resort hotels than in California? A Santa Fe train will take you there. The only railroad under one management Chicago to California. The only railroad to Grand Canyon of Arizona. Double-tracked half-way; block-signal safeguards all the way. Fred Harvey dining-car, dining-room and station-hotel service. The California Limited—King of the limiteds—exclusively for first-class travel—runs every day—sleeper for Grand Canyon. Santa Fe de-Luxe—the only extra-fare train, Chicago to Los Angeles—once a week this winter—every travel luxury—saves several hours' time. California Fast Mail—also the Los Angeles Express and San Francisco Express—three daily trains—they carry standard Pullmans, tourist sleepers and chair cars—all classes of tickets honored. Say which train you prefer. Will mail booklet. Samuel Larimer, Gen. Agt., 812 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

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