THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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DECEMBER CIRCULATION.

50,119

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 December, 1911, was 50,119.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 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.

Mr. Hearst denounces the big stick, but not the bass drum.

Burns challenged Gompers and Gompers accepted, but still no fight.

"Order is Restored in Persia."—Headline. Yes, Russia got all it wanted.

How promptly the coal famine ended after prices were given a jerk or two upward.

No doubt Congressman Berger can "point with pride" these days to the German Reichstag.

The original plea of nearly every crook when trapped is, "I am the victim of a conspiracy."

In the matter of consolidation with Omaha, it looks as if Dundee might beat South Omaha to it.

Why do they cook liver and onions together; as if either without the other were not bad enough?

"Socialism will prevent poverty," says a propagandist. So will lots of other things just as hard to accummulate.

The police board has at last refused two applications for liquor licenses. Evidently something has dropped.

A wealthy Californian sued a novelist for $100,000 damages. Yet Hawthorne says there is no money in literature.

Why worry over the "Godless public school" when the golden opportunity still remains of making the home Godly?

The country will risk, if Senator Lodge will, whatever disaster may befall open discussion of the proposed peace treaties.

If Senator Lorimer comes clear on his own story, it will show how easily the senate is moved by the pathos of a newsboy's life.

Colorado is cackling over the fact that its poultry brought nearly $3,000,000 in 1911. Nebraska has more than that to crow over.

Jim Flynn, who is matched to "fight" Mistah Johnson is being referred to as the "smoke inspector" instead of the white hope. He certainly looks hopeless.

"We have reached the point where competition has ceased," Mr. Carnegie tells. Which others have shown us more forcibly than they could tell us.

With Mr. Carnegie's graphic confession of how he got it before us, we ought to appreciate more keenly his anguish at the thought of dying richer than Rockefeller.

If there was any lingering thought anywhere that Omaha's present Nasby was to have a second term or to hold over indefinitely, it is doubtless dispelled by this time.

The late Ernest Stuht was a picturesque character when he was a member of Omaha's city council. It is fast coming to a point where the roll call of those old city councils will elicit few responses.

With calmer in the west, New York is just now feeling the vortex of a storm between the Times and the World over which is the oldest member of the Ananias club, each paper claiming the distinction.

Nebraska City is the latest to follow Omaha's lead in adopting the commission plan of municipal government. If Nebraska City runs short on commissioners, Omaha may by that time have a surplus few it might spare.

Omaha's New Postmaster.

Announcement that Omaha will have a new postmaster in the person of John C. Wharton will, we believe, be received generally with approval, although the supporters of other candidates will as usual indulge in fault-finding.

Mr. Wharton is a long-time resident of Omaha. He is an attorney in good standing at the bar. He has been active in all sorts of public and charitable undertakings, and he ranks among our substantial and public spirited citizens. Mr. Wharton has also been an energetic and consistent republican, which in no way detracts from his fitness for the office.

Everybody, we believe, will therefore agree that the installation of Mr. Wharton as postmaster will noticeably raise the level of qualification and service, and help lift the local administration of the postoffice to a higher standard. Senator Brown is to be commended for seeking a high class man in this appointment.

It goes without saying that the new postmaster has a man's job in front of him to restore efficiency and discipline in a thoroughly demoralized institution, and make it fully responsive to the growing needs of the community. This task cannot be performed in a week, or a month, yet its accomplishment will measure the success of the postmaster. In working out the problem he will be entitled to the support and assistance of both the employes inside, and the patrons outside, of the office.

Treaty-Making in the Open.

Those eight senators who voted for star-chamber consideration of the proposed peace treaties with France and Great Britain take the sacred functions and traditions of their office too seriously. If the president of the United States can afford to discuss the subject with the people on the public rostrum, the senate may feel perfectly safe in opening its doors.

Probably no treaty affecting this country ever commanded the popular interest that these compacts do. They are essentially popular measures, insofar as compacts between nations can be. They have been discussed pro and con in the press and upon the platform throughout the country and cafry a special weight of interest to every citizen who takes the pains to think seriously upon the affairs of his government. The president, himself, set the example of public discussion of them. How, then, might the senate refuse to follow that example?

Senator Lodge's plea that the "delicacy of the entire subject of foreign relations demands that discussion of it be executive" is not likely to appeal to the majority of people, especially with reference to these particular treaties. After all the mask of senatorial tradition and form is torn away it is the unit of popular interest which is the real vital factor in the whole movement.

Those with Nothing at Stake.

An organ of the special interests, in the course of a discussion of the situation, superciliously observes that "those with nothing at stake are indifferent to business disaster." But who are those in this country with nothing at stake? Not even the politician may be so classified. Certainly the small merchant or manufacturer, or farmer, or sub-contractor, or tradesman, or wage earner, may not. They, who make up the great mass of American people are not "those with nothing at stake and are not indifferent to disaster." If they were we should not have had any such popular demand for certain changes in the government's relation to private industry. It is from these that the demand has come and because they had their all at stake, instead of nothing.

When big business chafes under the rod of correction which a just government, in response to the people's demand, lays upon it, let it not make the mistake of imagining that forcing it to obey the same laws that govern little business is a blow at legitimate industry. Big business is in no danger of disastrous results so long as it yields a ready co-operation to the government in its large task of regulating it and there is no liability, whatever, that it will be run over by the little fellows. Proportionately, the small dealer and even the wage earner has, perhaps, more at stake in this struggle for a more equitable distribution of powers and privileges than the predatory corporation, for his all may be wrapped up in a day's transaction or a week's work. Nor has he the facilities or powers for recuperation in the event of disaster that are enjoyed by the larger ones. No need to carry agitation to the point of injuring any legitimate interest, big or little, but reforms and laws cannot safely be shaped to fit the dimensions of any one interest. Too much care cannot be taken to protect our legitimate organizations of capital, but the same protection must likewise be accorded the small concern if we would arrive at any wholesome readjustment of affairs.

Our amiable democratic contemporary seems to be agitated over "Rosewater's candidacy" to continue a member of the republican national committee, suggesting that it will afford a new and novel experience. Perhaps. But any one reading that paper during any political campaign for years would be led to believe that Rosewater was running for every important office on the ticket, so that as far as being a target for the local democratic organ is concerned, that is no new experience.

A Word with the Governor.

According to a report from Lincoln, Governor Aldrich is nettled over the failure of the Taft forces to include him in the list of Taft delegates to represent Nebraska in the republican national convention to be presented for ratification in the republican primary.

The Bee and its editor have only the friendliest feeling for the governor, yet we see no reason why he, after announcing himself to be opposed to Mr. Taft's nomination, should expect to go on the Taft delegation. If we were having a state convention to name a gubernatorial candidate, and Governor Aldrich and his friends were selecting a delegation from his home county to promote his candidacy, they certainly would put no one on it who was not for him, and ready if they won out to stand on the firing line in his behalf.

It is true governors have heretofore been commissioned to represent this state in national conventions, but so have senators and congressmen, although not all of them, nor even all the governors. The newly enacted primary law, which was put on the statute book by virtue of Governor Aldrich's signature, is plainly calculated to make it difficult, if not impossible, for any one seeking nomination for any other place on the ticket to stand at the same time as a candidate for convention delegate unless there is no contention or contest whatever over the position. If Governor Aldrich is for La Follette, or for any other candidate for president, nothing prevents him from offering himself for delegate under any flag under which he choosen to enroll. But in this respect the governor occupies no different position than Senator Brown or Congressman Norris, or every present elective officer seeking re-election or promotion.

It strikes us that the one thing to be kept in view by all the party leaders in this state is, that to maintain republican ascendancy, all republican elements must be brought together behind the ticket which the people will be called upon to vote in November.

It is suggested that the number of names to be voted on each ballot in the coming municipal primary is in such doubt that a test in court will be required. The doubt seems to be shared chiefly by the professional office seekers, imbued with the fear that if the number is seven, as the law states, instead of fourteen, they may not get under the wire.

Washington advices are to the effect that before designating his choice of a new postmaster for Omaha, Senator Brown was assured by Senator Hitchcock that his selection would be acceptable to him. It remains to be seen whether it is acceptable to Senator Hitchcock's newspaper.

Nebraska populists have put up a slate for convention delegates and presidential electors, although so far as we know no call for a national populist convention has been issued or is in sight. Who will resurrect the old gold democrats as a political party?

The supreme court decision upholding the law prohibiting the drinking of liquor upon trains in Nebraska is likely to incite a demand for faster railway service for passengers who find it hard to wait for arrival at destination.

Overdoing His Philanthropy.
Boston Herald.

Mr. Carnegie intimates that he is overdoing in the effort to get rid of his wealth. What we need is a labor union of multi-millionaire philanthroptsts with an occasional strike for shorter hours and improved condition of labor.

Working on the Wrong Tip.
Chicago Record-Herald.

We believe it was an English scientist who sent word a few months ago that the winters during the next 100 years would be warmer, owing to a periodical tipping of the earth. Somebody must have given the earth the wrong tip.

Same Old Story.
Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Reports that it has been too cold to harvest ice economically and that the increased cost will fall on the consumer only goes to prove once more that there is always something. Is there never a season when ice can be harvested under conditions that will not be extraordinary and require a raise to the buyer?

Playing the Toiling Game.
Boston Transcript.

The son of a western capitalist who went to work on a railroad in a subordinate position complains that a young man doing as he did "is not taken seriously by his fellow workmen." They think, he adds, that he is following some whim. This misapprehension is only natural. When the son of a high official of the road takes to firing, there is a reasonable presumption that, all things being equal, provided the youth is of average intelligence, he will not remain a fireman all his life, nor even an engineer. It is not exactly that the dice are loaded, but that probability are all against the lad remaining an underling forever. This is not a refusal to take him seriously; it is a refusal to blind one's self to the facts. There is such a thing as playing the game.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

JAN. 18.

Thirty Years Ago—

A number of our younger folks enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and George E. Stevens at their elegant residence at corner Burt and Twentieth streets, among those present were, Misses: Grady, Brownson, Calderwood, Kennedy, Wilson, Minnie, Nellie and Fannie Wood. Messrs: Saxe, Goodman, Coons, Daniels, Martin, Wood, France, Foster, and S. Deane.

A private masquerade party was given at Masonic hall by Mr. William Brown with seventy-five couples in attendance in costume.

When the city council decided to locate the pest house on the lot formerly occupied by the old pest house, just west of Creighton college, it raised up a great howl from the neighborhood.

The Land league meeting listened to a report of the treasurer, Michael Donovan, showing that $1,084.75 had been collected from the proceeds of the fair exclusive of the money for tickets, and that the entire amount will approximate $2,000. It was voted to send $2,000 to the Land league fund.

The February jury list drawn by the county commissioners looks like an old-timers society roster. Some who are still here being, George A. Hoagland, T. C. Bruner, Frank Colpetzer, James Walsh, Charles L. Thomas, Charles Witte, Hiram Avery, F. Schroder.

Eight foot of water is reported in the hill reservoirs.

It is probable that the place chosen for the city hall, market house, etc., will be Jefferson square.

President Clark of the board of trade has appointed the following committees to confer with the railroad companies in regard to paving: J. E. Boyd, chairman, Herman Kountze, M. V. Morse, Samuel Burns, Frank Murphy.

Stands for express wagons have been established as follows: Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth north of the north line of Dodge, and south of the south line of Harney street.

The Burns club is preparing to celebrate the 12th birthday of the Scotch poet, January 25.

D. H. Wheeler of Plattsmouth has been elected secretary of the state board of agriculture, while Chris Hartman of Omaha continues as treasurer.

Twenty Years Ago—

W. S. Shoemaker appeared before the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners to urge the police to enforce the ordinance against the distribution and free appearance of obscene literature.

R. B. Howell addressed the Current Topics club at the Young Men's Christian association on the subject of "Restricted Immigration," declaring that "the United States is not the asylum for the offscourings of Europe," referring to the native Europeans who came to America as "offscourings."

Swen P. Nelson announced that he had patented a car coupler for use on railroads.

Mrs. Frank T. Ransom sustained two broken ribs and bad bruises and Mrs. Horton several bruises in a collision of their sleigh with a runaway team. They were driving down Farnam street near Thirty-second in their sleigh, when the runaway horses dashed into them, one horse falling over on Mrs. Ransom. Charles Nelson, a mail man, happened along and assisted the women to the home of E. L. Stone, where a physician was summoned.

A company of young women residing on South Tenth street entertained their young men friends at the home of Miss Mamie Malone, the entire party consisting of Mesdames Mary and Marguerite Murphy, Misses Coffey, Mamie Malone, Jennie Goff, Mamie Kennedy, Holmes, Hanna Brennon, Mary Brennon and Messrs. John Coffey, J. Mahoney, R. Wallace, Tom Balfe, H. Bloom, George Holmes, Ed Connell, Sam Malone, M. S. Hasle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Haney, Eighteenth and Farnam streets, entertained the Fortnightly High Five club. Those playing were Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Deuel, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Feil, Mrs. Edward Rosewater, Miss Rosewater, Mrs. Frank Kennard, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Baker, Mr. and Miss Pundt. Mrs. Baker won the ladies' prize and Miss Rosewater, who played on that side, the gentlemen's.

Ten Years Ago—

Two men walked into Cliff Cole's place, 169 Douglas street, at 3 a. m., and, with drawn revolvers, held up the crowd, while they took a tin cash box and escaped. Officer McCarthy happened to be on the beat that night and a few minutes after the robbery was calling "halt" and firing stray bullets in the air at the two men, only one of whom he saw. He halted not, but in his flight ran into the strong arms of the law in the person of Officer Jorgenson at about Fifteenth and Douglas. A riot call was turned in and a wagonload of the "finest iver" was soon upon the scene. Jorgenson delivered his prey to them and cut out for the other, whom he found in a nearby rooming house. The men gave the names of Frank Williams and Frank Jones and proved to be greenhorns at the business. Between them they had less than $140.

The Omaha club elected Edward Porter Peck president; Luther Drake, vice president; Harry P. Deuel, secretary-treasurer. John L. Kennedy, Ward M. Burgess and W. J. C. Kenyon were elected a board of directors.

Ludim W. Sharer died at the age of 22 at his home, 2612 Harney street.

The Jacksonian club met at its rooms and elected Fred H. Cosgrove, president; E. E. Howell, first vice president; W. H. Kellegar, second vice president; Waldo Wintersteen, third vice president; E. P. Berryman, secretary; C. L. West, financial secretary; John F. Murphy, treasurer.

People Talked About

A progressive judge in Kansas city granted a divorce to a man whose wife wouldn't let him smoke in the house. The misguided woman imagined that smoking hereafter is sufficient for man's needs.

Miss Helen M. Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, runs one of the finest poultry farms in New York state at her Tarrytown estate. She keeps about 2,000 chickens, and the eggs command a premium.

Robert Cauer, the German sculptor, who designed the Siegel monument in Forest park, St. Louis, Mo., is now in that city in connection with the work of modeling the monument to be erected on the Vicksburg battlefield as a memorial to the Missouri soldiers.

Britain's Free Lance

"Stormy Petrel" of British Journalism and Politics Passes in Death of Henry Labouchere.

The stormy petrel of British journalism and politics passes away in the death of Henry Labouchere, member of Parliament, publisher of London Truth, statesman and writer of distinction. "Labby," as he was called by his intimates, had not taken an active part in public affairs for years, the infirmities of age compelling moderation. During the closing quarter of the nineteenth century he was a mighty force in British affairs, a radical of radicals, whose radicalism so much dreaded in those days, compared with the Lloyd-George policies of today, would be classed as hopelessly standpat. Always aligned with the liberal party, his vigorous speech and trenchant pen helped to shape the progressive march of the party of Gladstone, Bannerman, Asquith and Lloyd-George, and laid the foundations on which were builded the recent achievements of representative government in Great Britain.

Mr. Labouchere entered the diplomatic service during the Crimean war, a youth of 23. He managed to see a good deal of life, and must have brought his immediate superiors into a keen sympathy with the frame of mind described in Ecclesiastes "when the grasshopper shall be a burden." After ten years' experience of diplomatic life he retired. But the memories of the period dwelt with him, and furnished him in committee of supply on the civil service estimates with many quaint if occasionally apocryphal stories and illustrations.

One of the best known is of his journey from Dresden to Constantinople, which he quoted as illustrating the inoperative niggardliness which rules at the foreign office in contrast with the wealth lavished on the continental residences of British ambassadors. The young attache not putting in an appearance at Constantinople at the appointed period, formal inquiry was made as to the reason for the delay. After much trouble and considerable expense the missive reached his hand, and in due course a letter arrived at the foreign office stating that as inadequate provision had been made for his traveling expenses, and that as his private means were limited, Mr. Labouchere was walking, and would in due time reach the shores of the Bosphorus.

Another legend of his diplomatic career has its locality fixed at Washington, where he was for some time stationed. One day an aggressive irate countryman with a grievance presented himself at the office, and demanded to see the British minister. He was shown into Mr. Labouchere's room, who, with the suavity which never deserted him in the most pressing moments, explained that his excellency was not in. "Well," said the visitor, evidently suspecting subterfuge, "I must see him and will wait till he comes." "Very good," said Mr. Labouchere, "pray, take a chair," and he resumed his writing. At the end of an hour the Britisher, still fretting and fuming, asked when the minister would be back. "I really cannot say, exactly," the attache answered. "But you expect him back?" the visitor insisted. "Oh, certainly," said Mr. Labouchere, and went on writing, as Madame Defarge, on a famous occasion, went on knitting. At the end of another hour the irate visitor, bouncing up, insisted on knowing what were the habits of the minister at that period of the day. Was he likely to be in in another hour; "I think not," said Mr. Labouchere with increased blandness; "the fact is, he sailed for Europe on Wednesday and can hardly yet have reached Queenstown. But, you know, you said you would wait till he came in, so I offered you a chair."

In the heyday of Mr. Labouchere's strength and influence a London correspondent sketched his activities and traits in these words: "Labby writes the clearest and most workmanlike sort of English, flowing from point to point in a way that lays bare the most hidden details of the most complicated narrative. The style is his case, if it is not the man. Is at least the man's mind. The writer, you feel, is dealing honestly with himself and with his readers; nothing interposes between his brain and yours but print. Mr. Labouchere has the mental taste of a lawyer and a good deal more than the average lawyer's experience. No case is so bewildering that his head cannot hold it or his pen make as clear as day. Through all the intricacies of finance and stock jobbing, as through all the details of the innumerable swindles he has exposed, he moves with comprehending and unclouded certainty. He is a cynic, and yet each year he organizes a gigantic doll show and induces the readers of his paper to dress thousands of dolls for the children in the London hospitals. He is a cynic, and yet he plays the part of universal detective on behalf of the poor and oppressed. He is a cynic, and yet he has spent a fortune in exposing quacks, usurers and swindlers that have preyed upon the public. He is a radical, and yet Truth owes a large proportion of its success to the accuracy of its society news and of its gossip about the royal family. In politics he cultivates strenuously the bias of anti-patriotism. He is anti-everything. He would demolish the House of Lords tomorrow; he is a rampant pro-Boer, a home ruler, the most misguided of little Englanders. Everything, in fact, that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred oppose he favors; everything they have set their hearts on he kicks from him in joyous contempt. He has been called the Puck of English politics. But he is a curious compound, and I have heard more than one man say that there will be nothing on judgment day that will quite equal the examination of Henry Labouchere."

The Harriman Biography.
Springfield Republican.

The biography of the late E. H. Harriman, unfortunately, was still in manuscript form and it is believed to have been destroyed in the Equitable fire, yet all was not lost. The complete record of the celebrated Harriman-Roosevelt correspondence concerning the campaign of 1904 had been stowed away in safety vaults uptown, thanks to Mrs. Harriman's foresight and care. In popular estimation that was worth more than all the rest of the book.

Who Started the Fire?
St. Louis Republic.

No doubt the manuscript biography of Edward H. Harriman, which is said to have been destroyed in the Equitable Life building fire in New York, can be reproduced. If not, we would like to know whom the police authorities suspect as the incendiary.

A Surprise Coming.
Cleveland Leader.

When the people see the high prices on the contents of the democratic congressional pork barrel they will wonder why they growled about the high cost of living.

YEISER.

Fremont Tribune: John O. Yeiser is an expert at inventing ways to keep in the limelight. Exploiting Roosevelt is his favorite method now.

Red Cloud Advertiser: John Yeiser at one time lived in Red Cloud. That is why he is so windy. John's advocacy of Teddy is principally hot air. John is a good fellow and a pusher.

Tekamah Herald: The nomination of Roosevelt for president by John O. Yeiser of Omaha should be taken with considerable salt. John O. has a penchant for getting in the limelight. A little notoriety goes a long way with our friend Yeiser.

Central City Nonpareil: The irrepressible and ubiquitous John O. Yeiser has placed Nebraska in the limelight by filing a petition asking that Theodore Roosevelt's name be placed on the ballots as a candidate for president. And the funny thing about the matter seems to be that Teddy can't help himself.

Falls City Journal: John O. Yeiser has given the politicians a real scare by filing Roosevelt for the presidential primary. If Roosevelt remains silent he will sweep the state like a prairie fire. It will probably be a good plan to elect Roosevelt delegates anyway, so that a representative lot of real republicans are sent to the convention. Nothing could come of sending a bunch of La Follette insurgents but party disruption.

Blue Springs Sentinel: Yeiser of Omaha, John O. by name, is trying to keep himself before the public and has filed a petition to have the name of Theodore Roosevelt upon the primary ballot for president at the April primaries. When you come to know who John is, you will wonder if he really wants a cabinet position or an ambassadorship. There is nothing small about John except his size.

Eloquence of Certified Check.
Springfield Republican.

When Baltimore's representative was able to wave a certified check for $100,000 as that city's bid for the democratic national convention, every onlooker at all experienced in the ways of the politicians knew that the demonstration meant victory. Aside from the $100,000 consideration, Chicago was, of course, the convenient and desirable meeting place for an inclusive national gathering of this kind. But here is a case where the eloquence of money can be seen and read of all men—that check could do more talking than all the rest of the aspiring cities put together.

Right on the Spot.
New York Tribune.

The man who stole a red hot stove has nothing on Wall street, which didn't wait for the ruins to cool before taking out the millions.

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

"As a matter of fact," said the defendant's attorney, trying to be facetious, "you were scared half to death, and don't know whether it was an automobile or something resembling an automobile that hit you."

"It resembled one, all right," the complaining witness made answer: "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."—Chicago Tribune.

"In your sermon this morning you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life.'"

"Quite so; a potical figure."

"Don't you think 'a fresh squall' would have hit the mark better?"—Boston Transcript.

Silas—How ye happen to elect Hi Higgins ex fire chief?

Hank—Natural qualifications. Why, he kin break more windows in less time than any volunteer in this country.—Chicago News.

"What queer ideas of business women have."

"What makes you say that?"

"My wife's been reading the papers, and she asked me to get her a tub suit at one of those wash sales."—Baltimore American.

"Do you speak several languages, father?"

"No, my son," replied Mr. Henpeck, gazing sadly at his wife, "but I do know the mother tongue."—Judge.

"Oh, I hear you are going to marry Mr. Dashaway."

"Yes, just as soon as I get my decree."

"I congratulate you, my dear. He's one of the nicest husbands I ever had."—Philadelphia Record.

The trouble of Whingley is that he mistakes his opinions for established facts."

"I'm afraid nearly everybody has that weakness."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, I never permit an opinion of mine to interfere with my better judgment."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GALLEY BOY'S LAMENT.

By my press I daily stand
Switching the roller from hand to hand;
And as the galleys on that press lie,
Methinks I hear the foreman cry—
"Just ten more proofs."

The correction man a prince is he,
And by his "dump" I long to be;
But, just as a story he starts to tell
We both do hear that foreman yell—
"Hey, take ten more proofs."

And after the edition goes to press,
And I think I will get a rest,
A galley is dug up somewhere
Then with curses through the air
Comes—"Ten more proofs."

Some want ads on my press do lie.
The make-up man is standing by;
He wonders if 'that's all we'll get'—
Gee, I can hear that foreman yet,
"Hey, ten more proofs."

To the stereotypers' room I go,
To see about Desperate Des, you know.
When down through the chute there came a shout,
And then the foreman's voice rang out,
"Ten more proofs."

Omaha. G. W. GUTHRIE.