

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND ITHA

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Sunday Bee, one year, \$1.50
Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50
Daily Bee (without Sunday), one year, \$1.00

REMITTANCES
Remit by draft, express or postal order, payable to The Bee Publishing Company.

OFFICES
Omaha—The Bee building, 218 N. 9th St.
Council Bluffs—75 Scott St.
Lincoln—28 Little building.

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

MAY CIRCULATION
50,421

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 for the month of May, 1911, was 50,421.

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

What about Armageddon?
Now let's talk about the corn.
The convention delegate, has had his day.

Champ, Champ, Champ, the boys are marching—back to old Missouri.
Setting off the political fireworks will not be confined to a single day.

Back to your dandelions, men of the hour! Down with the yellow peril!
Everybody's doing it, Doing what? Why, celebrating the Fourth.

Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these Nebraska corn fields.

How about those fellows who threw Bryan over the transom at Grand Island?

While, of course, the weather is hot, it is not unusual at this season of the year.

Tom Lawson is finding it more difficult to get his advertising free this time than before.

It will be interesting to try to keep track in history of that New York gent named Stanchfield.

The bull moose, the Tammany tiger and the houn' dawg came out tied. And that is no joke.

Let Texas proceed with its onion exhibition now that the air is purged of most other noxious odors.

Some one recalls that Woodrow Wilson is Virginia born. Oh, pawaw, President Taft is Ohio born.

It passes comprehension how a man blessed with an abiding place in Nebraska can ever be unhappy.

Bryan called his last convention speech his valedictory. Of course, he meant for the time being only.

That prolific rain, was a God-send to our afflicted water supply inadequate to the crying needs of thirty laws.

When a man asks, "What's the score?" we may now know that he means of the ball game and not of the convention.

See how many of the old front page friends can come back now—the Shaw case, the Darrow trial, and the latest aviation tragedies.

There have been new parties in this country started on discontent and disappointment. Where are those parties now?—Philadelphia Press.

A voice from the tomb: "Present but not voting."

It seems that while Boss Murphy was slipping the Tammany tiger's collar around the houn' dawg's neck, Mr. Bryan was trying a can't to the Missouri canine's tail.

Senator Gumshoe Stone desires to have it understood that Speaker Clark declined the nomination for second place out of no spirit of pique. Who would ever have accused him of it?

Champ Clark was "the people's choice" in the Nebraska democratic primaries. Are the democratic presidential electors instructed to vote for Champ? The very suggestion refutes itself.

The Bee has in season and out denounced the theft of the populist party label by democratic candidates. The theft of the republican label by the candidates of any other party would be even more indefensible.

Patriotism Above Noise.

The keynote of the Fourth of July is too often drowned out by the clamor of dangerous and destructive fireworks, which really have no significant relation to the day. Many a youth grows up with far less notion of the Fourth as the anniversary of the nation's independence than of the day that gives vent to a peculiar genius for noise-making and potential tragedy in these late years highly commercialized. Celebrations are all very well, but the day will come, no doubt, when Americans shall wonder that they ever indulged in or permitted the kind of so-called celebrations long observed though, happily, being done away with.

For the peace of mind and the safety of life and limb, to say nothing of the pocketbook, of all people alike, it is to be hoped the advent is near of a rational form of Independence day observance that will save our sons from entirely forgetting what the Fourth of July means, while at the same time accomplishing all the other beneficial purposes that go with a patriotic celebration.

Unbossed.

Thomas Taggart and the Indiana delegation had started the real move to Wilson the night before. Roger Sullivan and the Illinois delegation fell captive to its charm early in the day, then a very little later Virginia, led by Senators Swanson and Martin, and with Thomas F. Ryan as one of its delegates, fell gracefully into line. As soon as released the Underwood delegates went as one man to Woodrow Wilson. And then speaking for the New York delegation, Congressman Fitzgerald moved that Wilson's nomination be made unanimous—World-Herald editor's personal account.

And so it was that the "unbossed" nomination was consummated in the "unbossable" convention.

Our amiable democratic contemporary does not even give "Boss" Bryan the credit of having brought the other bosses to time. Whether inspired, or forced against their will, the business had to be done by the bosses, and the very same bosses constantly held up by Boss Bryan to public odium.

Let the people rule!

Let's Make the Best of It.

After purchase proceedings covering more than nine years Omaha has finally come into possession of the water works at a price which, if suggested at the outset, would have stifled all desire to buy. To an unprejudiced observer the result would seem to be much more of a triumph for the water company than for the city. Whether or not there is any cause for public jubilation, however, it seems to us that the keynote must be for the city to make the best of its bargain, which, despite all efforts of the Water board, has proved unescapable.

What is now imperative is to bring the plant as soon as possible up to present requirements. For ten years no improvements or extensions have been made beyond those necessary for upkeep in first-class condition. Omaha is a growing city whose increasing demands must be met along all lines of public service if it is to progress as it should. Only broad-visioned foresight and good management can solve the problems ahead, and it goes without saying that we want no repetition of costly blunders.

Now for Better Business.

Now that both national conventions are out of the way, the political sky, so far as business is concerned, is necessarily clearer than it has been for several months of uncertainty. There should be a decided quickening of the pulse of trade now and, in the opinion of experts, there will be. Already the bond market is said to have shown new activity, much buying going on. One of the large New York bond houses reports that investors, who have been holding back, have accumulated large idle funds, which will now be flowing into channels of investment.

While room still remains for improvement, the general business tone throughout the country, according to the Financial World, is most encouraging. Business has stemmed the tide of a surfeit of politics with great success and, having come through safely thus far, may be relied on not only to hold its own, but to make more gains from now on. With good new crops to help, conditions are quite large with hope.

Troubles Now in Congress.

As soon as the democratic lawmakers get back into their seats after their tempestuous time at Baltimore, the fireworks will begin anew in congress and the tension of excitement created by two national conventions will be moderately maintained for a few days.

Pending in congress are the cases of Judge Archbald, up for impeachment, the findings on Lorimer and the action on the salary appropriations, which should have been made before this and could not for lack of quorum. The Archbald case is the first impeachment brought up in congress for many years and is expected to furnish many thrills of excitement before it is over. Lorimer, the consensus of opinion is, will be down and out when the vote is reached, and yet not without some more excitement.

So, in any event, the country's nerves are not to have a complete rest.

THE FOURTHS OF BYGONE YEARS

Old-Time Picnics, Parades and Orators of the Day.

The Fourth of July orator and the Fourth of July picnic, twin joys of former years, have lost much of their popularity. Distinctively town and village institutions, they have gone into the discard in cities, more's the pity, because unwieldy crowds rob them of their orderly simplicity. In many cities today celebrations minus the picnic are scheduled. Reading the Declaration of Independence and the customary oration, flanked with parades and pageantry, for the most part constitute the observance, but even these are largely neighborhood affairs and are wholly lacking in rustic simplicity and scenery. In the one case the impulse of patriotism is restrained and oratory artificial. Amid rural surroundings the eagle is free to flap its wings in any old way without risk of shattering the rules of social convention.

In the town era of Omaha the Fourth of July picnic celebration was an event in the calendar second only to Christmas. The most favored spot for turning loose the patriotic exuberance of young and old was Saunders' grove, a tract of land lying south of Farnam and west of Twentieth street. The picnic proper was only a part of the celebration, the climax of a series of cleverly staged events. First of all came the parade, winding around the streets and over the hills to the sheltered retreat of oratory, lemonade and the dance. All the formalities of the day parades were observed then. The band and its drum major performed with all the vigor and volubility the occasion demanded. The orator of the day rode in the first carriage with the reception committee and looked as cheery as the leader of the band, his arms crossed over his heaving bosom and his corded brow holding in leash the surging thoughts within. Then came the volunteer fire department, every member dressed in his best, challenging Old Sol with solid leather headgear, the old machines and hand pumps decked with fluttering flags and ribbons trailing behind each company. Fierce as had been the rivalry among the companies in fighting fires, it wasn't a marker to the eagerness for distinction in dress on these patriotic occasions. For days before the Fourth the combined muscular and mental energies of the volunteers were exerted in burnishing and decorating apparatus and brushing up individual togas. As each company paraded past admiring multitudes on the walks the cheers of rival champions brought forth a greater volume of gladsome noise than now greets the triumphant march of King Ak-Sar-Ben.

Then came the hour of the distinguished orator of the day. He was conscious that all eyes were upon him; he noted with satisfaction his central seat on the platform, and the people in eager anticipation crowded up to the platform; he observed the fingers of wonderment pointed at him, and strived to appear wholly unconcerned as though the affair was a commonplace occurrence. If the day happened to be a hot one as July days usually are the orator prepares for the worst by doffing his coat and sometimes his collar, before the first blow, "Fellow C-i-t-i-z-e-n-s," and then sailed into dead and living tyrants. As if by common consent Omaha suspended the collective Fourth of July picnic in 1911 and the people distributed themselves over the surrounding territory. One picnic party went to Glen-

wood, Ia., one to Bellevue, another to Blair, while the greatest crowd was drawn to Hickhorn where Allen Root expounded the gospel of general inactivity of those days. This was Mr. Root's first appearance as a Fourth of July orator. For weeks preceding the event, unwieldy crowds robed them of their orderly simplicity. In many cities today celebrations minus the picnic are scheduled. Reading the Declaration of Independence and the customary oration, flanked with parades and pageantry, for the most part constitute the observance, but even these are largely neighborhood affairs and are wholly lacking in rustic simplicity and scenery. In the one case the impulse of patriotism is restrained and oratory artificial. Amid rural surroundings the eagle is free to flap its wings in any old way without risk of shattering the rules of social convention.

A year or two later all Omahans who could dig up the price joined the Union Pacific shophmen in celebrating the day at Fremont. A beardless young man, fresh from college, who later joined the construction force on the Oregon Short Line and perished of mountain fever, was orator of the day. His address was a typical Fourth of July outpouring of stock stuff done up in college colors. It was a notable test of the staying qualities of an audience, but the shophmen nobly stood up to the task while the orator introduced them to Cicero and Caesar and Augustus and Nero and polished up the wise saws current in their day. Eventually he returned to the land of the living and uncorked the spirit of the occasion with a peroration in words to this effect: And so, my countrymen, this is your country's natal day. Keep it as a heritage for your children and your children's children—aye, even unto the third and fourth generation. That proud bird that soars on eagle's wings watches with flaunting eye the land of the free and the home of the brave. Old Glory's every silken tassel that marks the milky halo of the skies flutters the golden music of liberty. Freedom perches on her banner, and never will it descend. Never, never, never will it descend as long as the gallant yeomanry and proud knighthood of this grand commonwealth have a heart to feel and a tongue to praise. Truth is immortal. This mighty song of independence buried by Thomas Jefferson in the teeth of George the Third, was a message thundering down the ages to the ears of all tyrants of the world that America must, aye, shall be free. No eastern potentate dare set his foot upon that soil where blooms the fair, white flower of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. No autocrat of the effete monarchies of Europe may send his minions north to enslave a race of freemen, than whom there is none nobler, grander, freer under the vault of heaven's blue dome. And so, fellow countrymen, I leave you. Secure in faith, exultant in the hope, into your unswerving hands I give my country, my country and yours. The land of fair women and brave men; the land of song and history, the land whose morning star is honor and whose evening star, thank God, is lost in the bright radiance of a dawning day. Take this country, the grandest God's sun ever shone upon, and keep it and preserve it as bequeathed to you by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and the other fathers whose spirit know no east and west, no south and north, and smile their benediction alike on the blue and the gray. I thank you.

Have you not heard the like of this? Sure! Back in memory's dark corners are echoes of the old time exordium, and their awakening swells the sob of regret over the passing of the Fourth of July picnic and its justly esteemed Orator of the Day.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES JULY 4.

Thirty Years Ago—The glorious Fourth is described as a day of Sabbath-like stillness in Omaha every body having scattered to suburban cities.

Among Fourth of July accidents Albert McVittie, son of A. J. McVittie, the grocer, was accidentally shot in the hand; Mr. Tom Casey, the well known Union Pacific flagman, was struck by a ball from an air gun at the Hascall park picnic, which lodged in the vicinity of the lower rib; Mrs. William Knot, another picnicer, residing on Douglas between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, broke her arm, and the fire department put a small blaze in an old Union Pacific pump house.

It was Omaha's day on the base ball diamond, the B. & M.'s defeating the Athletics by 9 to 1 and the Union Pacifics beating the Drednaughts of Chicago by the same score.

A small tribe of squaws and papposes celebrated the Fourth in Omaha. A silver wedding was celebrated yesterday in grand old Swedish style in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sandin at their new and elegant residence on Harvey street.

Mr. Guydon and Captain C. B. Rustin left for Idaho. Miss Emma Whitmore has gone east to spend her summer vacation.

A party of Omaha women, including Mrs. C. K. Coutant, Mrs. Sam Jones and Mrs. Miss Julia Wright and Mrs. C. E. Yost and daughter left for Salt Lake City. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nye are back from Washington.

Twenty Years Ago—With General Secretary John W. Hayes of the Knight of Labor and other advocates of Walter G. Gresham pressing their choice to the last, against Gresham's will and instruction, the people's party convention named General James B. Weaver of Iowa as its presidential nominee on the first ballot.

George Washburne of Massachusetts, manager for Senator Kyle of South Dakota, claimed up to the last that his man would be named. The vote stood: Weaver, 98; Kyle, 255, scattering 3. Kyle had, like Gesham, telegraphed that his name must not be presented to the convention, as he was not a candidate, but his wish was ignored. General James Field of Virginia was nominated for vice president.

Rev. A. J. Turkin left for New York to attend the international convention of the Christian Endeavor.

Mrs. Faddock, wife of Senator Faddock, left the city for Washington, having fully recovered from an attack of illness.

Omaha celebrated the Fourth of July on a grand scale. Fireworks went up from human pile of oratory and every kind of mechanical explosive as well. A grand parade marched through the downtown streets, lined by 100,000 persons, and the exercises of the day were held in Jefferson square. Here, in the northwest corner, Richard Smith, presided, and John C. Wharton in stentorian tones read the Declaration of Independence and T. J. Mahoney, the orator of the day, orated. At the southeast corner, Z. T. Lindsey was chairman; D. H. Mercer read the Declaration of Independence and C. J. Smyth and Prof. Fitzgerald, city superintendent of school, were speakers.

Ten Years Ago—Postmaster Joseph Crow, 69 South 10th street, had the bridge and left side of his nose badly cut. He had helped a neighbor carry some fireworks into the street for children and on going back into his house in the dark, he walked into the full-length glass door, which he thought was open.

George Dresner, 161 South Fourteenth street, being a good sprinter, escaped robbery at the hands of two men who held him with a gun at night on South Thirtieth street.

Judge D. M. Vinsonhale went to Maryville, Mo., to spend the Fourth with Mrs. Vinsonhale at the old Ellison home.

Miss Sadie Mudge of Milwaukee arrived to visit Mrs. Roy Scott, 321 Leavenworth street.

Mrs. J. C. Root had recovered from the injuries sustained in a runaway sufficiently to be taken from the Her Grand hotel to her home on South Thirtieth street. She was still in a very painful condition.

Ed Lundgren, 2922 Dupont street, improvised a cannon with his own hands, invited some friends to see it go off. It did not fall him. He survived, but left a large hole in the rear of Chris Nelson's grocery store in that neighborhood, which remained as proof that the home-made cannon worked.

People Talked About

A safe and sane observance of the day cuts out needless expense. The houn' dawg's tag will be found in Baltimore's political sausage.

On the natal day as well as other days the real love of his country is not the one who makes the most noise.

Among the sweet chunks of consolation solution treasured by the receding warriors of the Ozarks, the brace of kicks registered on the person of an offensive Wilson booster at Baltimore constitute exhibit No. 1.

After an investigation of the disaster at Grand Island, near Buffalo, New York, which cost the lives of 39 persons, an assistant district attorney says no one will be held criminally responsible for the collapse of the pier that plunged the victims into the Niagara river. The pier went down, he says, because it had rotted and because there were too many people on it. "The law does not impose on anyone the duty of keeping these piers in repair." Can you beat it?

There's no mystery about the Killenny aspect of the affair at all, at all, when one considers the emerald hue of the names—Bryan, Ryan, Murphy, Sullivan, Taggart, et al. The mystery appears in linking Charles Murphy with the plutes who prey upon the plain people. Charley is a poet, loaded with the divine music. Bryan is a vocalist of renown. Yet while the peerless was thundering at Murphy and his associate plutes, Murphy strummed his guitar and wailed melodious verse to the girls, pitched in this wilying key: No gallant knight whose heart was right And fully did his duty, Would fail to sing their sterling worth. And praise them for their beauty, With cheeks so fresh and eyes so bright, And teeth like shining pearls, We love the belles of Baltimore; We dearly love your kind.

EDITORIAL SIDE LINES.

Houston Post. If the president hasn't definitely decided on his campaign manager, he might seriously consider William J. Bryan as eligible. Mr. Bryan can make more republican votes than anybody we know.

New York World: If Chinese stew-aways are paying \$5,000 each to be smuggled into the United States they are holding the privilege of living in this country at a valuation which could be recommended for imitation by disgruntled citizens who got it for nothing.

Indianapolis News: The harvest-trust is to have another month in which to file its answer to the government's anti-trust suit. You see Mr. Perkins has been so busy lately arranging for the people to rule that he hasn't had the usual opportunity to look after his trust interests.

Brooklyn Eagle: The tongue of a bull moose is considered a rare delicacy by epicures. The bull moose party will furnish tongue enough to make the next election look like a delicatessen store. In honor of the party's success is it too early to talk about changing the name of Washington, D. C., to Moose Jaw?

Pittsburgh Dispatch: This is the crucial stab of adverse fortune! The New York Globe, a hot Roosevelt advocate during the late unpleasantness, now proposes that in the third party the colonial shall be the candidate for vice president! La Follette and Roosevelt would be poetic justice. Let the Globe send the proposal around to the Outlook office and give a verbatim report of its reception.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Some men are lucky. I know a man who cleaned out a bank and yet they never did a thing to him." "I suppose he had considerable influence."

"He hadn't any." "He was the janitor."—Baltimore American.

"You don't seem to regret the fact that a number of people speak unkindly of you." "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "the

only kind words that ever secure unanimous indorsement are those that compose an epitaph.—Washington Star.

She—Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet. He—Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"Brown volunteered to lend me money." "Did you take it?" "No. That sort of friendship is too good to lose."—Detroit Free Press.

"George is always looking for opportunities to show his devotion." "Yes?" "He said if I telegraphed him he wanted me to be sure to send a night message. Dear boy. He wants to sit up all night to get it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It's quite clear to me, young man, that you will have to give up your irregular habits." "I guess you're right, doc; I'll have to go back to bumping around till about 2 o'clock in the morning, same as I used to. I fit I sleep more than four or five hours a night I wake up next morning with a headache."—Chicago Tribune.

OLD GLORY.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. Run up Old Glory! Let it blaze In red and white against the sky And tell the story of the days

When hearts were stout and hopes were high. Forget the daily fights of greed, Forget the struggle, the dismay, Of facing cruelty and need— Run up Old Glory for the day!

Run up Old Glory! Think of all The old flag means to you and me. Of how the blast of freedom's call Shook out its folds from sea to sea; Red with the blood that it has cost, White with the souls of them that died.

Today by laughing bosses tossed It whippers of a nation's pride. Run up Old Glory! Fling it forth And feel anew the country-call That thrills east, west and south and north

And has its words for one and all. Run up Old Glory—fling it far Across the blue of heaven's dome, And feel that every stripe and star Is warder of your hearth and home.

Ford advertisement featuring the Ford logo and text: Steam rollers may have their purpose—but excessive weight means discomfort in an automobile—or a man. He alone is sure that the heavy car rides easiest who has never ridden in the light, Vanadium-built Ford. A demonstration is a revelation.

United States National Bank of Omaha, Nebraska advertisement. Deposits made on or before July 10th in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT of the UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK will draw interest from July 1st. THREE PER CENT interest is paid on savings deposits and COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY. Funds may be withdrawn at any time without notice.

Low Summer Fares advertisement for the North Western Line. Spend your vacation back east and see that your tickets read via THE NORTH WESTERN LINE. Round trip tickets on sale to points east daily until September 30th, among the important being as follows: \$25.00 and \$30.00 Detroit, \$43.00 and \$44.25 Atlantic City, \$32.00 and \$34.00 Buffalo, \$40.00 and \$45.00 Boston, \$32.00 and \$4.00 Niagara Falls, \$28.00, \$29.00 and \$34.00 Toronto, \$42.00 and \$45.00 New York, \$50.00, \$57.35 and \$58.85 Montreal, \$42.35 and \$43.35 Portland. Direct connections in Chicago with all lines east. Liberal stop-overs. Favorable return limits. 12 Daily Trains between Omaha and Chicago. For printed matter and full particulars call on or address Chicago and North Western Railway 1401-1403 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.