

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.50
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, South Omaha—218 N. St.

JULY CIRCULATION.
51,109

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 July, 1912, was 51,109.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 28 day of August, 1912.
ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Only a few more dog days left, so enjoy them while you may.

La Follette says he wants to know all about the campaign subscriptions of 1914. This makes it unanimous.

When Ohio adopts its new constitution next week, it will have a state charter almost as good as Nebraska's.

Two months gone since the Water board took possession and the big main still awaits the starting. Why this delay?

Mr. Hearst says if the others don't tell the whole story and the truth, he will. Just for fun, why not give him the floor first?

Chicago wisecracks, having determined that a woman is no longer young at 25, will they please tell us when she is getting old?

Mary Ellen Lease has come to the surface again as a lady bull moose. This ought to aid in determining the destiny of the party.

Considering the reputed eagerness of money to talk, that bankers' convention was decidedly tame and devoid of oratorical fireworks.

The "city beautiful" will never arrive until the bill board nuisance is banished from the most conspicuous corners of our main thoroughfares.

Neither of the local yellow journals seems to like the new police appointments, which ought to commend the selections made by the commissioner.

Nebraska bankers will be commended for holding that if any deposits are to be guaranteed, all should be. This determination is both logical and just.

"Silly and stingy" is the way Representative Mann sums up the work of the democratic house during the long session, and Mann is an authority on its work, for he was there all the time.

A preacher says readers of the Outlook are in danger of "theological meningitis, sociological neuritis, and political gastritis." Aside from that, Dr. Abbott's paper is fairly readable at times.

Maine is getting the first big dose of campaign oratory. After the election up there, the democrats and bull mooseers may not be so sure of their combined ability to beat the republicans in the country.

It looks as if our great hydraulic engineer water commissioner were up against something that makes it necessary for him to find a goat. This is The Bee's diagnosis of the water main tangle.

If our Congressman Charles Otto does not hurry back, he will be too late to share the vegetables grown from the free government seeds he so generously sent on to us in the spring.

Omaha has never doubted Lincoln's hospitality, nor the welcome that awaits there, so Mayor Armstrong's assurance comes only as a matter of form. The invitation will be accepted by all Omahans in spirit and by many in letter.

From the date of its first appearance, The Bee has been steadfastly advocating the beautifying of Omaha, and much has been accomplished in this direction while converting Omaha from a straggling and scrawny village into a bustling metropolitan city, yet there is still much room for improvement. Let the good work go on.

Borah and the Bull Moose.
None will accuse Senator William E. Borah of being a reactionary his fight for Roosevelt at Chicago was one of the features before and during the convention, but when that convention had acted, he recognized its legality and accepted the result. His present attitude is therefore of interest. At Chicago on his way home from Washington, he gave an interview in which he declared himself for President Taft in the present campaign, saying:

The progressive party offers me nothing new. I fought for the eight-hour law, direct election of senators and the children's bureau in the senate, and we progressive republicans put it through. It seems to me that on those three important planks the progressive party is putting forth something rather blinding to the public. They are already laws. The progressive party leaders talk about eliminating bosses. That can't be done as long as the present system remains. The progressive party will have just as many bosses as any other party. Direct election makes it harder for the bosses, but it doesn't correct the evil.

The puncturing of bull moose pretensions by a man who is truly a progressive republican ought to open the eyes of some well meaning citizens misled by the clamor of self-seeking politicians, who have purposely muddled the issues.

Chief of Police Dunn.
The promotion of Captain Henry W. Dunn to succeed the late Chief of Police Donahue will, we believe, evoke the hearty approval of every law-abiding person in the community except a few nursing grievances or with irons of their own in the fire. It is natural and proper in officering a metropolitan police department to recognize experience and faithful service of subordinates according to merit. Assuming that the head of a police force should have police training, the new chief is pre-eminently entitled to the position, which, of course, must be merely an opportunity to make good—an opportunity we feel confident he will measure up to.

Light from the Inside.
The just printed report of the Nebraska state oil inspector seems to shed some inside light on the paradoxical rise of Standard Oil stocks in spite of dissolution into constituent corporations. Remembering that the Nebraska law makes no distinction between fuel and illuminating oils subject to inspection, the comparative figures by years of the amount of oil passed in this one state alone is significant:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Barrels, Increase.
1906.....222,712.....
1907.....262,495.....29,783
1908.....368,792.....1,067
1909.....322,545.....68,763
1910.....412,733.....89,207
1911.....501,251.....88,499

In five years the consumption of oil in Nebraska has fully doubled, and the absolute increase from year to year has grown larger. That this is due to the automobile, and the larger use of power machinery driven by oil engines is self-evident, but nothing could testify more strikingly to the growth and prosperity of Nebraska and her people. The same influences and tendencies are probably at work in other states also, but we doubt whether any of them can make a more graphic or creditable exhibit.

Economy and Public Service.
About the cheapest bit of politics the democratic house was guilty of during its sitting of almost nine months was accomplished in the last moments of the session. It was aimed at the Economy commission of President Taft, and while not destroying the usefulness of that body, it aimed at undoing much of its work.

In his message to congress when he first asked for money to defray the necessary expenses of a commission to investigate and provide needed reform in the government's business methods, President Taft pointed out many opportunities for increasing efficiency and reducing cost by the abolition of duplication of work, and in other ways. Not a change was suggested but would have been quickly adopted by a business house as prudent and desirable. In a special message to the congress last winter the president called attention to the reforms accomplished as a result of the Economy commission's inquiry. The money saved, and the betterment of the service achieved, and asked that the work be continued. He also suggested that in the future the budget system for making up the big appropriation bills be adopted.

These steps were in the interest of true economy. It is one of the best evidences of Mr. Taft's thoroughness as an executive that he set them on foot, his purpose being to accomplish directly what the democrats were bluffing at, economy in the administration of the government.

It now turns out that the appropriation for the commission has been cut to a figure that may result in its destruction, and that the budget plan is forbidden by law. The only reasonable conclusion is that the democrats in congress are not in favor of economy, unless it be of the cheese-paring variety they are so fond of practicing. Reasonable and progressive reforms in methods of transacting public business have no attractions for them; they are hopelessly joined to antiquated methods.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
AUGUST 29.

Thirty Years Ago—
At the council meeting Mayor Boyd recommended the granting of a petition of the electric lighting company. A resolution was adopted to shut up the soap factory at 105 Harney street as a nuisance, and an ordinance passed to bring Tenth street between Douglas and Farnam to an established grade.

A night blooming cereus, with two blossoms unfolding their petals at the same time, was a remarkable exhibit last night at the home of ex-Captain and Mrs. Rustin.

The finder of a bunch of keys lost on the way to Fort Omaha is invited to return the same to Lucien Stephens, general freight office, Union Pacific headquarters.

Manager Sells of the Union Pacific baseball club has just completed arrangements with A. G. Spaulding & Co. of Chicago for the manufacture of new uniforms for his men. They will be white with scarlet caps and stockings.

Fred Pabst, president of the famous Ph. Best's Brewing company in Milwaukee, accompanied by his son, Gustav, and two daughters, Elsie and Maria, is in the city.

Mr. Charles B. Allen of Richmond, Ind., for several days the guest of his friend, R. W. Breckenridge, returned home.

Judge E. M. Stenberg and Miss Mary Mitekuff were married at the residence of the bride's parents on Sherman avenue by Pastor Gyeddon of the Lutheran church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Mitekuff, while G. A. Lindquist was best man.

Twenty Years Ago—
Jeppe Paulson, a carpenter employed at the Union Pacific shops, dropped dead in a Walnut Hill street car at 7 a. m. while on the way to work. He was 41 years old and resided at 3219 Seward street. He left a wife and one child.

The directors of the Omaha club were considering architects' bids for plans and specifications for the new club house to be erected at Twentieth and Douglas streets. Four sets were submitted by Van Brunt & Howe of Kansas City, by John Latenser, by Fisher & Lawrie and by Charles F. Beindorff of Omaha.

J. J. Gibson entered suit against the city to recover \$1,000 to pay him for injuries to a fine driving horse, which fell into a bad place in the street at Twentieth and Grace.

Chris Olson of Wisner was a visitor at The Bee office. He was a passenger on the steamer City of Chicago when it was wrecked near Queenstown. He laid the blame on the captain, who, he thought, was drunk.

Ten Years Ago—
News came of the death in Colorado Springs of Sam P. Reynolds, formerly with the Mutualite Trust and Mortgage company in Omaha, was received. Mr. Reynolds had moved to Colorado Springs early in the year and was identified with the El Paso Lumber company.

Reports from Madison, Wis., said that Miss Margaret A. O'Brien of the Omaha public library, who was there attending a meeting of librarians, had fallen and sprained her ankle.

A reception to Fred H. Barnes, retiring physical director of the Young Men's Christian association, at the building was largely attended. Combined with a parting greeting to Mr. Barnes was a welcoming of his successor, J. C. Pentland, and F. M. Brockman, the new educational director.

Mayor Frank E. Moore proclaimed Monday, September 1, as Labor day. Miss Pauline Schenck entertained a company of about twenty-five young people in the afternoon. The refreshment tables were trimmed in college colors.

Mrs. S. M. Somers of Chicago was visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hamilton.

People Talked About
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease, the Kansas spellbinder of populist days, is now doing her talking stunt in the New York end of the bull moose circuit. Reports indicate that Mary is delighted with the exercise.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather in Pennsylvania native soloists merely mumble the words of the stirring song: "You may smash, you may bury the can, if you will, but the scent of the oil will linger there still!"

Lowell, Mass., is under the commission form of government, but the automobile of its street department has cost \$600 to maintain since the first of the year, and the machine is to be insured against fires and accidents.

Charles M. Manly's book describing the work undertaken by the late Dr. Langley of the Smithsonian institution, in the realm of aerodynamics, has just been published by the institution. Langley died a prophet without honor in his own country.

Mrs. John Cummins of Woburn, Mass., is the owner and manager of one of the largest farms in New England. She cultivates 400 acres, disposes of the milk from twenty-six cows, keeps two stails in the Boston market and raises 2,000 hogs a year. Next to pig raising Mrs. Cummins finds that market gardening pays best.

JOKER IN DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM
Conservation of Alaskan Mineral Lands on Looting Conditions.
New York Financial World.

The Financial World desires to call attention to what appears to be a little "joker" in the Baltimore platform, which if literally followed would result in undoing all the work that has been done to conserve the resources of Alaska to the people. On conservation the democratic platform adopted at Baltimore says:

"The coal and other natural resources of Alaska should be opened to development also. They are owned by the people of the United States and are safe from monopoly, waste or destruction, only while so owned. We demand that they shall neither be sold nor given away except under the homestead law, but while held in government ownership shall be opened to use promptly upon liberal terms requiring immediate development."

The "joker" lies in the sentence "we demand that they (the coal and other natural resources of Alaska) shall neither be sold nor given away except under the homestead law." It is well known that the homestead law now gives complete ownership to 160 acres to any person who occupies the land for three years, out of which five months is deducted. Now if the rich coal lands of Alaska are to be given away under the homestead law they most certainly cannot be "safe from monopoly." It would take less than three years under the operations of the democratic plan to transfer to a group of capitalists all the richest coal lands of Alaska by the entry of the lands by their employees, who would become owners at the end of the period named in the law, and then would be free to transfer their holdings to the men who employed them. Under the homestead law every acre of coal land now owned by the people would quickly get into the hands of monopolists.

There is in existence a law drawn expressly for the purpose of treating coal and mineral lands on a different basis from that used in allotting farming lands, and this is done so as to assure the government of an adequate return for the season of such rich lands to private individuals, but the clauses we have cited in the democratic platform expressly provide for an entering wedge which monopolists would be quick to drive home. The writers of the platform and the convention that adopted it should explain.

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION
By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

The eruption of Krakatoa, down in the Sunda straits, which took place twenty-nine years ago—August 25, 1883—still ranks first among the appalling convulsions of nature.

Krakatoa was a volcanic mountain midway between Sumatra and Java, but it had been inactive since 1680. In the spring of 1883 it began to show signs of activity. On August 26 loud explosions were heard, and on the 28th came the eruption that fairly shook the planet.

The eruption was followed by an appalling darkness, with a downpour of mud and sand. Then came a tremendous tidal movement, the water receding and then returning and overwhelming the people on the shores. The tidal wave was fifty feet high.

When investigation became possible it was found that Krakatoa had burst, throwing one part completely over Lang island, seven miles to the northwest.

The great mountain was literally torn up by the roots, as was shown by the fact that over the spot where the exploded volcano had stood the sounding line found a depth of 160 fathoms, or 900 feet. Other soundings showed that the bottom of the ocean for miles around had never been seen before appeared and others entirely disappeared.

The damage to human life, done chiefly by the monster tidal waves, has never been definitely estimated, but it is known that at least 100,000 perished. The loss was probably far in excess of that number.

Some idea of the force of the explosion may be had from the fact that the waves that were started by it traveled across the oceans and met on the other side of the globe. Indeed, it was proven that these waves crossed at the Antipodes and encircled the earth no less than four times before they got back to normal.

Strange as it may seem, the detonation accompanying the explosion was felt 3,000 miles away, while from its very immensity, it was almost inaudible to the dwellers in the immediate vicinity.

Wonderful, too, were the meteorological phenomena following the dread calamity. The sun did not rise or set in the old familiar way for more than a year after the explosion. The clouds appeared to be touched with strange lurid tints and the blue of the heavens did not look as it had looked before. The superstitious in all lands felt that the very laws of nature were changing, and some imagined that the world was nearing its end.

The explanation, later on given, was that the queer phenomena were due to the fact that the awful explosion had filled the whole upper atmosphere with thousands of tons of fine dust, which encircled the entire earth and changed the aspect of the heavens.

AT LAST A PARCELS POST
Zone System of Rates and Eleven Pounds the Limit.
New York World.

The parcels post act as finally passed by congress follows the zone plan of Senators Bourne and Bristow.

For varying rates running rather high over long distances there is more reason in a country 3,000 miles wide than there is in compact Britain, Germany or France, either of which is smaller than Texas.

Under this bill an eleven-pound package can be sent over a first-zone distance of fifty miles for 35 cents, or 150 miles for 45 cents, or from New York to San Francisco for \$1.32, the same rate that is charged in the international parcels post service. To send eleven pounds of merchandise even ten miles by post now we must divide it into three parcels and pay \$1.75 postage.

The Bourne bill carries the service only part way along the path of progress which other nations have traversed. In Germany the post carries eleven pounds of unsealed merchandise forty-six miles for 6 cents and 110 pounds for 60 cents, with cheap facilities for insurance. France carries twenty-two pound parcels for 25 cents. Even Russia admits a weight limit of 105 pounds and will take thirty-six pounds overland from St. Petersburg to Peking for 10 cents a pound above local rates.

But the bill is a boon. It may or it may not go far enough. The zone system may or may not be abandoned; it is at least common in other countries. The weight limit needs to be raised to make the service what it should be. The prices are too high. The discretionary power of the postmaster general to modify rates and zones is dubious wisdom. But never mind! It is a fair beginning. That congress has at last been goaded to pass a parcels post bill of any kind is a splendid victory for public opinion over the forces of privilege.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

Mrs. Boston—Did you bring any light fiction reading with you this summer? Mrs. Manhattan—No, it wasn't necessary. You see, I get a letter from my husband every day.—Judge.

Snakely (reminds)—I remember that when I was a boy my great desire was to possess a bugle. His Wife—Yes, and now from taking too many horses you have a bugle that you don't want.—Boston Transcript.

"I tell you, Mr. Becker, you're awful poplar with our hired girl." "How is that Tommy?" "Why, whenever you send flowers to sis, she always gives 'em to Jane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Arthur—Ah! Madeline, how do I know you love me truly? Madeline—Arthur, nothing but love could make a girl ride behind her fiance on a motorcycle.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"All men look alike," simpered the fluffy young thing. "To you?" queried the mere man. "No, at me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I put an ad in the paper for a husband last week." "Any answers?" "Answers! I got 75 letters from different women begging me to take them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Marion—At Harold's wedding are they going to stretch the ribbons? Edna—No, Harold was a ribbon clerk and he doesn't want to be reminded of his work.—Chicago News.

The senator's Wife (in Washington)—You are sure they are nice people, Augusta? The Senator's Daughter—Yes, mamma. Their father is owned by the same trust that owns papa.—Puck.

"What do you think of dis government ownership thing, Weary?" "My experience makes me ain't it." "Your experience?" "Yes; de government runs the jails, don't dey? Well, de way dey does it don't make no hit wit me."—Boston Transcript.

"I understand you're saving your money now." "Yes." "That's right. Economy is the road to wealth. You'll be rich some day, if you keep on." "No chance. I won't be able to keep on. I'm just saving up to get married."—Detroit Free Press.

LABOR.

God worked and made this mundane world, Which in the realms of space He tried, And to the other spheres unfurled Its banner in the skies. His nature toils from day to day, Protecting life from the decay Of forces that would take away A perfect paradise.

There is no course on labor fair, Except the one established there: By man's unlawful hope to slay The fruit of others' toil. Without the proper compensation, The history of every nation, Of forces that would take away A perfect paradise.

These ask of law a special grant Of right to things they do not plant. Thus reaping, by the law's command, Where other men have sown. Not slavery, but labor true, Not giving to every man his due; Not tyranny, with mind askew, And heart as hard as stone.

Which works just for 'a own reward, And others' profits to retard, Is worthy of a man's regard. Between the two extremes, Of cringing serf and cruel king, There saves the man of whom I sing. The leader of toil's ransoming, The acme of our dreams.

His measure is not only just, But he goes further and will trust The victim of toil's ransoming, For money of another; And, though a stranger to his sense, He asks him not for recompense, But looks to good for his defense, And calls that man his brother.

"What thank have we?" he asks of just, "If we trust only those who trust us? Does not the mercy given thrust us Up higher in asset? A fruit of toil, the acme of a class, A lover of not sounding brass, He trusts to truth to bring to pass The payment of the debt.

This three in one and one in three, This plain and simple trinity, This practical humanity Of friendship, love and truth, Denotes work's highest masterpiece; It bids all poverty and sadness cease, And would from fear our souls release, Exchanging bliss for ruth. WILLIS HUDSPETH. Omaha, Neb., Aug. 28, 1912.

INDIA TEA

Iced or Hot Unexcelled in Delicate Flavor and Refreshing Quality

ONE TEASPOONFUL MAKES TWO CUPS. Published by the Growers of India Tea.

Have Your Tickets Read "Burlington"

Low Rates To The Coast

Daily September 25 to October 10

ONE WAY RATES \$30 Omaha to California, Oregon Washington, British Columbia \$25 Omaha to Utah, Central Montana, Eastern Idaho

ROUND TRIP RATES \$55 To California August 29th to September 5th Inc. \$55 To Portland AND SEATTLE, ETC. October 12, 14 and 15. \$60 To California PORTLAND, SEATTLE. Daily until September 30th.

THROUGH SERVICE TO THE COAST FROM OMAHA, 4:10 p. m.—DENVER EXPRESS, with standard and tourist sleepers to California, via Denver, Scenic Colorado, Salt Lake. PUGET SOUND LIMITED, Omaha to Seattle in 66 hours.

FROM OMAHA, 11:35 p. m.—COLORADO LIMITED, arriving Denver at 1 p. m. GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS, with all classes of equipment for Spokane, Seattle, Portland.

Make your reservations early as there will be a heavy movement during this fifteen day period of colonist rates to the West. Let us help you get in comfort over the interesting, scenic way to the Coast. Booklets free, "California Excursions," "Pacific Coast Tours," "To the Great Northwest," "Special Low Fares to the Pacific Coast."

CITY TICKET OFFICE 1502 FARNAM ST.

Chicago-Nebraska Limited 6:08 p. m. Rocky Mountain Limited 12:38 a. m. Chicago Express 4:10 p. m. Day Express 6:45 a. m.

DAILY TO CHICAGO via Rock Island Lines Automatic Block Signals Tickets and reservations 14th and Farnam Streets Phone: Douglas 428-Nebraska 4428-Independent

DR. BRADBURY, DENTIST 1506 Farnam St. Phone Doug. 1750. Extracting 25c Up Fillings 50c Up Crowns \$2.50 Up Bridges \$2.50 Up Plates \$2.00 Up

NO PAIN Missing Teeth supplied without Plates or Bridge-work. Nerves removed without pain. Work guaranteed ten years.

The Bee's Letter Box

Republicans Want to Know. BURWELL, Neb., Aug. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Myself and many more of the republicans of Garfield county wish to know just where Governor Aldrich and George W. Norris stand politically. If they are for Roosevelt and the third party, they cannot be republicans. If they are not republicans they should not masquerade as such.

The majority of the people don't like masqueraders and straddlers. The great Master made it plain where he stood on this principle nearly 2,000 years ago when he said, "He that is not for me is against me." If these gentlemen undertake to ride two horses during the campaign this fall they need not be surprised if they are rolled in the dust of the political arena.

We need more men like Judge Kenyon of Iowa. J. L. JENKINS.

Third Term Progressive. BRADSHAW, Neb., Aug. 28.—To the Editor of The Bee: For a long time we have been racking our brains trying to discover what "progressive republicanism" really meant. For a time it has loomed up before us as that of leaving tried republican principles and flirting with untried democratic ideas. This conclusion was reached by giving close attention to the actions and arguments of Congressman Norris, but now, thanks to Colonel Bryan, the republican progressive idea is perfectly clear to our mind, and it is Colonel Roosevelt who is the embodiment of that much mooted political phrase "progressive," and it has become, or is to become, if Roosevelt is to have his way, a mighty force in the destruction of a national precedent—a precedent established by Washington, followed by Jefferson and was held over General Grant. It is certainly a great satisfaction to an old-time republican to find the straight and narrow path called "progressive republicanism," and to get out of the wool-gathered dilemma of not knowing just where the path is leading. Of course, the republican party has always been progressive. If has furnished and put into practice a complete line of progress and prosperity since the days of the great civil war, but until this year 1912 it has never tried to make a slogan of the word in order to hoodwink the voters into nominating a candidate for president for the third term. Is not such a line dangerous? Can the grand old republican party, or even a part of the

party afford to lend its influence to such an end simply to gratify the ambition of Roosevelt or any other designing politician? We answer, never!

The republican party is the party of progress along all legitimate lines—all lines where the best interests of the American people are to be conserved. Has not its record absolutely correct? Say, my republican brother, are you ready to allow this cry, "progressive," coming from the lips of demagogues and designing politicians and office seekers to carry you off your feet and cause you to strike a blow at a precedent established by America's first president? If you do, you will do so at the peril of yourself and that of coming generations. Think soberly; think justly; think righteously and be sure that when you vote you vote for the good of your country. JOHN B. DEY.

"Uncle Dave" is Indignant. SOUTH OMAHA, August 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Governor Aldrich's latest escapade in an attempt to emulate his bull moose leader and constitute himself the mightiest of all, has sprung a challenge for public debate before the Nebraska people on political questions on Lieutenant Governor J. H. Morehead, who is now the democratic candidate for Aldrich's position, but Mr. Morehead, with commendable sagacity and wisdom, being well versed with Aldrich's egotistical ideas and tactics, has modestly, but firmly ignored his request, thus preventing the worst state executive Nebraska has ever been afflicted with from obtaining more publicity and greater notoriety, for he certainly already has enough of the latter.

His anxiety to keep himself prominently before the voters and obtain larger audiences to listen to a political discussion in his present effort to completely annihilate the G. O. P. has been frustrated by Mr. Morehead's decision. Only for the large number of appointees, some of whom I have known for many years to have been active, worthy, loyal republicans, but who now feel obligated to support him, he would receive a meager support. In years to come these same men will deeply regret having left the republican party to progress, advancement and prosperity, to follow a lot of professional office seekers and false reformers like Roosevelt, Aldrich and Norris. I earnestly and sincerely would ask how a true republican can desert his party and follow such political renegades whom I believe on next November 4 will be consigned to political oblivion. DAVID ANDERSON.

New Campaign Song. New York Sun. And now let us join in the grand old hymn, "Everybody Lies but Teddy!"