

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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AUGUST CIRCULATION.
50,229

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, deposes that the average daily circulation for the month of August, 1912, was 50,229. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 14th day of September, 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.

Now just a little drying weather for the windup.

As campaign angel Mr. Perkins may not have wings, but he has the eagles.

"Perkins Contributes \$15,000," says a headline. Another \$15,000, it means.

As one of the early campaign slogans how will "Remember the Maine" do?

J. Bruce Iamay is now telling how to build accident proof ocean liners, and J. Bruce ought to know.

An aviator has fallen from his airship without being killed. Another triumph for aerial navigation.

Every school teacher owes it to herself and her pupils to know each one of the youngsters personally.

Latest reports indicate that the Spanish queen is pleased with her new palace. What a gratifying relief.

Uncle Sam is so busy getting ready to open the canal that he cannot hear Johnny Bylli's howling complaint.

It is a good thing to remember that the world has no time to fling life preservers to a man who won't try to swim.

The Seattle man who bought a \$10,000 gold brick and refused to "holier" must have been overlooked by our Colonel Mabray.

Secretary Fisher says he cannot find a man among the aspirants for governor in Hawaii who is not controlled by the sugar interests. Sweet mess.

A capitol building janitor in St. Paul has developed a new potato he calls "Eberhart," after Minnesota's governor. Surely it is not an Irish potato.

The university professor who says pie is as good and wholesome today as ever it was will find a host of hungry democrats to second the motion.

Colonel Bryan has finally decided to hit the trail of the bull moose, but he will have to hurry or Adam Bede and Judge Harlan will have all the game.

A New York judge orders the Great White Way closed by the bell promptly at midnight and next they will be singing along Broadway. "The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

Talking about hiring an expert for city planning, it may be noted that Omaha could not have been originally laid out by an expert any better than it was by the amateur who did the job.

Omaha's downtown pavements are again being cut up for gas, electric light and sewer trenches. We suggest that no more permits to mutilate pavements be issued until after our Ak-Sar-Ben visitors come and go.

Omaha retailers may as well make up their minds that they cannot draw out-of-town trade without taking it away from merchants in other towns. In business as elsewhere the rule of the survival of the fittest prevails.

Notice that the water main fight is to be continued merely means that with two separate and distinct bodies like the city council and the Water board bossing one and the same job, there is bound to be a continuous conflict.

Convention Delegates Wanted.
Under this heading the Omaha Commercial club calls for volunteers to represent the organization at the different meetings, congresses and conventions to which it is invited to send delegates.

Not a week passes but what the club is urged to commission some one to speak for it in some assembly called together to discuss and promote this or that project in which the business men of all the important cities of the country are supposed to be vitally interested. Many of these conventions, in fact, do deal with subjects which are of real concern to all of us, and are to enlist our active participation.

But it is asking a whole lot of a busy business man to lay off for a week or more, to the neglect of his own affairs, and pay his own railroad fare and traveling expenses, to go as a delegate to some convention in which he has no more personal interest than the rest of us. The result is that the volunteers too often either have an axe of their own to grind or are not truly representative of the business community.

We must say the Commercial club has been generally fortunate in the matter of delegates commissioned to represent it abroad, but as the demand for delegates increases, the difficulty of meeting this demand must likewise increase. We have not reached the point of having professional delegates, and it is extremely doubtful whether a professional delegate would fill the bill, but some more satisfactory solution of the problem is certainly desirable.

**Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha**
COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
SEPT. 14.

Thirty Years Ago—
The democratic state convention in Boyd's opera house was called to order by J. Sterling Morton as state chairman, and presided over by General Montgomery as chairman and N. W. Smalles as secretary. The ticket nominated was headed with J. Sterling Morton for governor.

The American Woman Suffrage national convention adjourned after a few days' session, with a lengthy address by Hon. E. M. Correl for the benediction. The state fair is in progress, the side shows and gambling fairs doing a fine business.

A double wedding was consummated by Rev. W. J. Harsha of the First Presbyterian church, tying duplex knots for Mr. W. H. Corney, proprietor of the famous Rock Springs dairy, and Miss Ruth Huberman, and Mr. W. E. Lausenheit, formerly a well known Sixteenth street grocer, and Miss Miranda Hutton. Both brides were richly attired. Miss Huberman in a dress of dark blue satin with wide lace collar and cuffs, and steel ornaments in her hair, and Miss Hutton in a wine colored satin gown.

Professor Walker delighted state fair visitors by an exhibition of skill as a pianist on a piano in Floral hall.

Harry New, son of Hon. John C. New of Indianapolis, and city editor of the Indianapolis Journal, was in Omaha en route to Colorado.

Hon. Thomas F. Hall is reported very sick with brain fever.

W. Lyle Dickey has returned from Wyoming.

IN OTHER LANDS THAN OURS
Happenings of International Interest in the Old World.

Divided Democracy.
Divided democracy is the hope of plutocracy. The democracy of Great Britain is deliberately undermining its power in Parliament through factional greed. The laborite division of the liberal party, in pursuance of the declared policy of contesting Parliamentary seats where the party holds the balance of power, has caused the loss of five of the nine seats lost to the liberals in the bye elections since the last general election. The latest instance of the political folly of the Midlothian division elected the unionist candidate by a plurality of 33 votes. The liberals polled 5,983 votes, the laborites 2,413 votes. United as formerly they would have swept with a normal majority the division so long represented by England's grand old man, William E. Gladstone. Meanwhile, democracy's enemy chukles, cheers on the factionists, and presses onward to the eventual rout of a divided household. In this connection it is worth noting that the Midlothian contest was occasioned by the retirement of the master of Ellbank, a title borne by a man named Murray, the eldest son of Viscount Ellbank. He held the most important political office of the ministerial party, that of liberal party "whip." The office corresponds in some measure with that of chairman of a national committee in the United States, but carries vastly greater influence in directing party affairs and in the distribution of political favors. The retiring Master of Ellbank distinguished himself as a gumshoe warrior, smooth, noiseless and secretive, qualities that endeared him as an ideal party manager. The test of his ability is to be seen in successive liberal victories in the general elections of the last ten years. At all times the party treasury was loaded for the fray, and the subsequent distribution of titles and honors and emoluments, generally endorsed by the party whip, attested his tactful reach for the sinews of campaigns. The office is a stepping stone to the peerage, carries a salary of \$10,000 a year, and a gorgeous uniform.

Italy and Turkey Near Peace.
The fact that negotiations for peace between Italy and Turkey have been proceeding in neutral Switzerland for two weeks justified expectations of the warring powers finding a satisfactory basis of settlement. Unofficial reports indicate that a tentative agreement has been reached by the delegates, subject to revision and approval by the respective powers. The Corriere d'Italia of Rome announces with some evidence of authority that the basis for a treaty of peace would be the occupation of Tripoli and the cession of Italian Cyrenaica and Ottoman Cyrenaica and the withdrawal of Ottoman troops, without formal recognition of Italian sovereignty. Italy will recognize the caliph's religious jurisdiction in the Libyan provinces and all the privileges pertaining thereto. Furthermore, Italy will grant Turkey an unredemable loan of \$10,000,000. To insure payment of interest on the loan Italy will hold twelve islands in the Aegean sea, which have already been captured and occupied. These terms substantially are what the Italian government at the outset expressed a willingness to grant. An "unredemable loan" corresponds to the money compensation Italy offered Turkey, while the absence of formal recognition of Italian sovereignty saves the face of Turkish rulers at home.

Lucky Strike for Portugal.
A few days after the republic of Portugal was born, while the doctors and nurses were chasing out of the country or putting in prison all doubters of the legitimacy of the offspring, all of the foreign correspondents on the ground none was as blistering in criticizing the new order, the official outlaws and the press censorship as Francis McCullagh, correspondent of the New York Post. Mr. McCullagh returned to Portugal recently to inquire into the futile monarchist uprising in the north and note the after effects, both of which are described in letters to the London Contemporary Review and the New York Sun. The monarchist commander, Captain Couceiro, Mr. McCullagh explains, had every reason to believe that the north was ready for the rising, and omisseries of the cause, mostly disaffected priests, led him to expect a force of 50,000 men would rally to the monarchist standard.

There's many a hamlet of six hundred that sends one citizen and yet the home paper doesn't make headlines out of the event.

LAUGHING GAS.
Mrs. Riggs—While we were gazing at the beautiful sunset last evening Jack said it reminded him of me.
Miss Ryval—He probably meant because it was swiftly fading, dear.—Baltimore American.
Mrs. Githorn—Do you mean to say you smoke the nasty little things in your own house?
Mrs. Leader—Only when we are doing amateur theatricals. You can't present a society drama, you know, without them.—Chicago Tribune.
Very Meek Husband—I just finished writing your speech for the club, Mariah. His Wife (not so meek)—What's the subject?
Very Meek Husband—The Lady Who Will Strike Her Husband Is No Man.—Squire.
Filkins—Thought you intended to sell your suburban home?
Wilkins—I did, until I read the alluring story my advertising man wrote; then I decided to keep it myself.—Judge.
Customer—I want to order a new suit for myself. Please measure my son.
Tailor—Your son?
Customer—Yes. You see he wears my castoff clothes, and the rascal always complains they do not fit him.—Leslie's Weekly.
"Madam, you wear too much false hair. It injures the nerve centers and fatigues the blood cells of the brain."
"Young woman, what do you mean by such impertinence?"
"Holy, toby, now. I'm the welfare inspector for the idle rich."—Louisville Courier Journal.
Blobs—If you were going in for music, which instrument would you choose?
Slobbs—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.—Philadelphia Record.
The indignant Georgian clenched his fists, and his eyes flashed fire.
"What's the matter?" queried the bystanders.
"That blooming guy from Indiana," he snorted, "is putting salt on his watermelon."—Chicago Tribune.

The Training Ranks.

That is a very sensible recommendation in Surgeon General Hanrahan's report to the Grand Army at the Los Angeles encampment for the shortening of annual parades. The ranks of the nation's venerable heroes are thinning fast enough without unnecessary depletion. It is a grand spectacle to see soldiers marching through city streets, but somehow the grandeur is lost in the melancholy picture of bent and enfeebled men parading for miles upon such occasions, exhausting strength they need to conserve. Yet at this very Los Angeles gathering a ten-mile semi-marathon is run by a few veterans. Doubtless the surgeon general would have condemned that, too, had he known of it before compiling his report.

Not so very many more of these splendid conclaves will be held. Every succeeding roll call discloses new hosts of fallen heroes. We should do all that can be done to preserve the lines just as long as possible. No need to test again the endurance of these old gray warriors; they have proved their prowess, have won their laurels, and can never be deprived of their meed of praise.

Just a Trifle Hasty.

Upon the news of William T. Haines' election as governor of Maine Colonel Roosevelt exultantly exclaimed that he had "come out for the progressive-national ticket." Since the governor-elect has had time to speak for himself on the subject, we get a different statement.

"I have never yet indicated," says Mr. Haines, "whether I shall support Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft in the coming contest. I have had the support of both factions in my contest for the governorship and I feel under great obligations to what I call both wings of the republican party. I shall not be able to take any part in the November contest on account of my health. I shall not attempt to exert any influence on one faction or the other. They will have to fight it out without me."

Colonel Roosevelt may be keen enough to read out of that statement a promise of support, but it is doubtful how anyone else can.

Avoiding Appearance of Evil.

If appearances determined, Governor Wilson might be said to have spurned the aid of Boss Murphy in the present campaign, but surface indications are not always accurate indices to conditions within. So when the democratic nominee for president "steers a cautious course" in meeting and shaking hands, but holding no conference with the Tammany chieftain at the New York state fair, the public is left to decide for itself whether there is more behind the scenes that is not exhibited outside.

Mr. Bryan, it will be remembered, took no such pains to apply the axiom that "evil communications corrupt good manners" to the helpful Mr. Murphy when he was where Mr. Wilson is now. In 1903 the Nebraskan extended a glad hand to greet Murphy on his return from the Denver convention. Yet, of course, the results of Mr. Bryan's severe campaigns may hardly be enforced as precedents upon succeeding democratic presidential aspirants against their will and judgment. Governor Wilson may be able to show that his plan of dealing with Mr. Murphy is better than the more candid one pursued by Mr. Bryan.

In the meantime it is interesting to note how patiently "Boss" Murphy endures all these public "slights."

Twenty Years Ago—

Members of the United States military telegraph corps and Old Timers' association met for a national gathering in Omaha. Governor Boyd and Mayor Benson welcomed them to the city. Edward Rosewater, who was one of "the boys" at the key, made a principal address. On the walls of the meeting place hung pictures of Cyrus W. Field, Thomas Edison, Edward Creighton, R. C. Clower, Colonel Thomas T. Eckert, Anson Stacey, all connected with the early development and use of the telegraph in this country.

Mrs. Anna P. Kistler of Ottawa, Ill., was visiting her brother, Dr. S. R. Patton.

D. E. Chapin, bookkeeper for Blake, Bruce & Co., with his wife, left for Crete to spend ten days with friends.

The Walnut Hill Republican club held a rousing meeting at Fortieth and Hamilton streets and listened to Dave Mercer, Judge Macomber and Henry D. Estabrook.

J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska City, democratic candidate for governor, and A. J. Sawyer of Lincoln came to Omaha to meet with the democratic state executive committee.

Ten Years Ago—

Dr. W. R. Lavender, pathologist and coroner's physician, determined that Earl Caldwell, the strike breaker killed near the Union Pacific shops, came to his death from a burst blood vessel, produced by heavy blows on the head. Several arrests were made of suspects.

The churches observe the day as a memorial to the late President McKinley and many sermons are preached with his life and character as the theme.

Omaha wins a double-header from St. Joseph at Vinton street ball park, with Frank Owen and Miner Brown doing the pitching.

Dr. James Carter of Rawlins, Wyo., father of Mrs. George Haynes, sustained injuries in a fall from a street car at Twenty-fifth and Leavenworth streets.

Omaha friends of Robert Major, a Grand Army veteran, received news of his death at Cloudford, N. C., where he went for his health. Mr. Major was for years janitor at the postoffice building.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Campbell left for a trip through the east.

People Talked About

Mary Elisabeth Evans is the real name of the girl, who, beginning in Syracuse, N. Y., six years ago, has built up the candy business known to candy lovers as Mary Elisabeth. According to Miss Evans her beginning was so small that she couldn't afford to hire more than a counter in a small store in Syracuse.

Senator Cummins of Iowa is going abroad for a two months' tour of investigation. Former Senator Lafayette Young is already on the other side of the Atlantic. Both statesmen view with alarm the perplexities of home life, which are expected to improve as distance drops a fog on the view.

A bunch of innocents in Trenton, N. J., anticipating great economies from the commission form of government in operation there for a year, are screaming to know why it cost \$300,000 more than the preceding year. "Who got the money?" The commission mouthpiece answers, "Search me."

Jim O'Leary, a boss gambler, put out of business in Chicago, promises to make partial restitution of his gains by building and operating a monster public market at Fifty-second and Halsted streets.

"We propose," says the new philanthropist, "to bring producer and consumer together and put the middleman and his cold cock out of business."

Washington lawyers are getting together on the proposition to abolish interest payments on all checking accounts and charge 80 cents a month for taking care of accounts balancing less than \$100.

Antracite coal barons and the local coal dealers managed to work the famine scare into many New Yorkers and are pulling down a premium of 50 cents a ton for immediate filling of orders.

Henry Yoder, who is a member of the Mennonite religious clan at Centralia, Mo., has been requested by a committee of the sect to have the telephone removed from the house, otherwise he will be excommunicated. The church people contend that a telephone is of the world and should be discarded. Yoder says that the telephone is a necessity. The decision will be left to the church committee.

"Suspender-Jack" McGee, stamper of the New York bull moose convention, was an army scout and guide on the western plains when Indian fighting was popular and quick shooting the rule. He rode the cattle trails from the Texas Panhandle to Montana and was a proponent of Buffalo Bill at the organization of the Wild West show. Down in New York City McGee is known as the "cow-boy cop," being a member of the High-Bridge squad of mounted policemen.

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The Bee's Letter Box

Those Fancy Meat Prices.
SOUTH OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: The press dispatches carried the news from Chicago that beef on the hoof there had reached the present price of \$10.50 per hundredweight, and that stock buyers predicted that \$11 beef is in sight. The only purpose apparent in the spreading of this news is to accustom the consumer to the high price being charged for meat.

The fact is that one bunch of fancy-bred Hereford steers, fifteen in number and averaging 1,700 pounds in weight, sold at \$10.50 per hundredweight. An examination of the market reports published in the Chicago Live Stock World for that day shows that the average price paid by packers for killing cattle, exclusive of "canners" and calves, was \$8.36 per hundredweight, and this includes all the fancy beef steers sold that day, the meat of which is never sold in the public markets of America, being disposed of privately to the high priced hotels and restaurants or exported to Europe, under the heading of "Prime Beef Steers." The Live Stock World reports sales as follows:

No. of Sales.	No. of Cattle.	Average Price.
Below \$9.....	35	\$ 7.42
Between \$9.....	28	8.12
Above \$9.....	21	10.23

Under the head of "Butchers' Cattle" the World reports these sales:

No. of Sales.	No. of Average Cattle.	Price.
Cows.....	46	\$ 6.35
Heifers.....	33	6.15
Bulls.....	42	5.86

A little further examination of the figures shows the average weight of the cows sold to be 1,238 pounds; heifers, 714 pounds, and the bulls, 1,180 pounds; of the steers, those selling under \$9 per hundredweight averaged 977 pounds in weight; those selling over \$10 averaged 1,181 and those selling over \$10 averaged 1,221 pounds. This gives the basis for an estimate as to the packers' purchases for the day:

Kind.	Total Lbs.	Total Cost.
Bulls.....	74,160	\$ 437,208
Cows.....	158,440	1,114,917
Heifers.....	129,264	794,125
Steers under \$9.....	516,772	4,088,448
Steers under \$10.....	703,296	6,419,500
Steers over \$10.....	745,253	7,992,530
Totals.....	2,596,587	\$21,000,330

Average price per hundredweight, \$8.26.

If the fancy grades of beef steers, selling for above \$10, are omitted, and they might well be, for that meat is not sold to the householder, the average price per hundredweight drops to \$7.56, while on the butchers' grades the average price is \$5.52. On Wednesday in The Bee was published a report from Washington, which said the average price of cattle on the farms was \$5.35, as against \$4.29 a year ago, an advance of but 99 cents per hundredweight, or 9-10 cent per pound.

How are we to account for the cost of meat at the markets, unless it be that the butchers are selling us \$9 beef on a \$11 basis?

Ready for Big Crops.
Wall Street Journal.
Judge Lovett says the railroads will be able to handle the big crops—and has the sense to wait for a car shortage till he sees one.

Some Consolation.
Washington Post.
One consolation about the trying up of the mails on Sunday is that if there should be a letter for you with a check in it you will have the cash on Monday.

Aldrich is showing a better political spirit than that, and has challenged his opponent to a discussion, each to predicate their claims upon the records they have made and not simply upon promises of what they expect to do. We are rather inclined to commend the governor's course, for it is written "every tree shall be known by its fruit." Ex-President Roosevelt most certainly has a record. Will he discuss it? From all indications he will not, unless he wakes up to the fact that his effort to dodge his record of seven or more years in the presidential chair is being taken note of.

Some have apparently forgotten and some have never known just the kind of fruit the Roosevelt presidential tree did actually produce. Roosevelt proclaims with no little gusto, "I stand for" this or that policy. Now how are the voters to know what he will stand for and make an effort to accomplish if elected, except as they judge him by his past record?

Four years ago he professed to stand for Taft with grim determination, and less than two years ago when he returned from his great African hunt and slaughter of big game he expressed himself pleased with Taft and his administration. Where do we find him now?

Again he gave the Taft reciprocity treaty with Canada his most hearty endorsement. What is he doing now? Judging by these fruits, what is the voter to expect when the colonel says, "I stand for?"

A gentleman said to the writer a few days ago that the present political situation reminded one of the campaign of 1896, but how vastly different the conditions. Then the medium of circulation was very low. Now it is just per capita was very low. Then there was a great business and commercial depression. Laboring men were thrown into enforced idleness. Soup houses were necessary that life might be sustained. There were no labor strikes then, and the average farmer did not then enjoy the luxury of a \$2,000 or \$3,000 automobile, but a Coxie army and roving bands of tramps were in evidence the whole country over. There was then ample reason for a restless and dissatisfied state of the mind, but who can point out one single good reason for all this restlessness and discontent at this time? There can be but one solution to the whole matter. The whole country has become so absolutely drunken on prosperity that many are actually suffering from political delirium tremens.

But, thank fortune, notwithstanding all this political hubbub, the business world is moving right along, not a tremor, not a jolt. Dun's and Bradstreet's reports show the business and financial affairs of the United States perfectly sound, and they make pleasing reading for the sober thinking public. Money is easy and plenty. Prices for all kinds of farm products are good. Then what's the matter with the average voter—will some one tell?

JOHN B. DEY.



Figure your shoe bill by the year—not by the month. That is the Stetson way.

Figure comfort and style for 365 days. Figure to have shoes look well from the day they're bought 'til they are thrown aside. If you do this, you will find that you get more in Stetsons for what you pay, than any other shoe will give.

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We do not make "milk products"—Skim Milk, Condensed Milk, etc.

But the Original-Genuine
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
Made from pure, full-cream milk and the extract of select malted grain, reduced to powder form, soluble in water. Best food-drink for all ages.

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The Frost and Carbon Proof Oil.

"It is the best automobile oil we know how to make."

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