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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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OCTOBER CIRCULATION
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State of Nebraska, County of Dougias, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of October, 1912, was 51,898. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of November, 1912. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.
(Seal.)

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

Also, do not forget to shop early.

That man Lobeck was always a lucky fellow.

Governor Aldrich is mad; that's very evident.

Somehow or other the sun seems to shine as it did before.

The world is always ready for ideas, but not for excuses.

If the Golden Rule were absolutely enforced, where would ye lawyers get off?

Dr. Wilson asked the voters to give him a team. They did. Then, play ball.

Mr. Debs predicted his party would elect twelve congressmen. What are their names?

The last Thursday in November will be observed as Thanksgiving day, just the same.

The coal men's explanation for advancing the price is that they can do it and "get away with it."

"Bryan for 1916," says someone already. Good! Republican luck is bound to return some time.

Governor Aldrich is sure he knows who is to blame for his defeat. Better take a slant at the looking glass.

It seems that the legal profession not only furnishes most of our public officials, but also gets them back again.

What's this about the teachers using a steam roller? We thought their favorite weapon was a hickory switch.

"I'll lick someone two years from now," says an also-ran. "Let the people rule, provided they rule the way I want them to."

Inasmuch as so many have already picked President-elect Wilson's cabinet for him, he will not have to bother about that task.

Mr. Bryan has had unkind things said of him before, and may, therefore, be expected to weather successfully the latest eruptions.

That manicure girl who refused to marry because she was "to fond of my customers" must have some good angels among them.

There is some gratification, anyway, in knowing that other states also have trouble in keeping their election returns on straight.

Mahmout, the Turk wrestler, has left the sultan to save Constantinople while he gathers up a few more of those good old American dollars.

Those Turks and Balkans chose the very worst time of the year to pull off their little stunt. If they will repeat the performance now they may command attention.

It is a high privilege for Omaha to entertain the Nebraska teachers. Why not Omaha join with Council Bluffs to get the Iowa teachers to hold a meeting in our neighboring city across the river?

"We will sing a Te Deum of thanksgiving in the Mosque of St. Sophia next Sunday," boast Bulgarian leaders. A very wise man once said that "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For State Superintendent Delzell to be re-elected as a republican in a democratic landslide, and then made president of the Nebraska Teachers' association, all in the same week, is like piling Ossa on Pelion. A good man can't be kept down, Shake.

The South Still Solid.

It is still "the solid south," and from surface indications more solid than ever. In the whole row of states south of Mason's and Dixon's line the only gleam of light comes from Tennessee, where a republican governor has been re-elected. But so far as the presidential lineup is concerned the democratic candidate could count every southern state certain for him from the day of nomination without further attention.

The big talk of a new party breaking the solid south is proved without foundation. If the republican party, trying laboriously for more than forty years to build up around a staunch and loyal nucleus, could make comparatively little headway, it would be foolish to expect a newborn party to rally dominant strength in the south over night, even though its slogan of social justice should there be modified to reduce the negro again to subjection. The south has remained solid through all the long series of republican presidents, and nothing short of a political miracle will break its solidity with a democrat in the White House.

Clean Streets Before Snow.

For the sake of sanitation and appearances, every street in the city should be put in as clean condition as possible before the snow flies. There is no special complaint about downtown streets, but there is a good deal about many thoroughfares in resident sections, some of which have been badly neglected by the cleaning department. Now that the leaves have all fallen and a complete job can be made of it, they should all be cleared of the trash before the precipitation of winter comes to pack it down into an ugly, unhealthful mass. But this is not a matter for question or debate, it is simply one for action.

Our Overworked Election Boards.

Fault is being found with election boards for keeping the outcome in suspense by delayed returns. There may be, and doubtless is, warrant for complaint in some cases, but on the whole our election officers are entitled to credit and commiseration. They are entitled to credit for doing a difficult job in a fairly efficient manner, and they are entitled to commiseration for the mistreatment they have to endure because of our barbarous election laws.

An eight-foot ballot, with eighty-eight places on it to be counted, and many candidates for each place, is enough to try the patience of a Job. The election officers, moreover, are compelled to serve in a stuffy, ill-ventilated booth, constantly crowded with voters coming and going, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, and then to buckle down without intermission to the task of counting, tabulating and certifying for a stretch of from twelve to thirty-six hours more.

Our election laws sadly need revision for the relief of the overworked election officers. Let us have, as in eastern states, an extra corps of counters, beginning their work, say, at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, so that the returns may be in within a few hours after the polls are closed and no hardship put upon anyone.

As to Meat Prices.

The American farmer and the American city man naturally view the matter of meat prices from opposite angles. The farmer being the producer, is content to let well enough alone and the city man being the consumer, demands lower prices.

But there is little ground to hope for a material drop in meat prices soon. The causes entering into the meat problem have been thoroughly gone over and pretty well accepted. Everybody realizes that the evolutionary changes wrought in the division of the great ranges of the west, together with the insistent demand for young meat, are two prime factors in forcing prices up. Only time will work a relief by letting the country catch up on the supply of finished beef product.

To the suggestion of reciprocity, the reply comes that Canada is in much the same position as we and this minimizes the likelihood of that contingency. It must be said for Canada, though, that it is taking more systematic means than the United States to replenish its meat supply by reserving ranches in the west. In this we might learn something to our advantage from our northern neighbor.

State university students are being scolded for not attending the classical numbers in the convocation program. We fear that classical exhibit is not being put up on the right lines. Try a moving picture show depicting the "Wooden Horse at Troy," or "Horatius at the Bridge," or a Roman gladiators' carnival, and we guarantee there will be something doing.

Well, if you had an eight-foot ballot cast by about 500 voters to count and tally in a poll book between dusk and daylight, what do you think you would do?

The colonel and some of his satellites say they will stick to Armageddon. Will Bosses Perkins, Flinn, Hanna and Munsey continue to furnish the mucilage?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

NOV. 9.

Thirty Years Ago—

In the election the democrats carried both senators and five of the eight representatives on the legislative ticket, also Parke Goodwin for district attorney, and Dick O'Keefe for county commissioner.

Judge Neville made a record by granting three divorces at one sitting of the court.

The city physician's report shows thirty-eight deaths and eighty-three births, among them two pairs of twins, for October.

Hon. Arthur L. Thomas, territorial secretary of Utah, passed through Omaha on his way from the east.

The Bee comes valiantly to the rescue editorially of G. M. Hitchcock against the vicious onslaughts on him by Phoebe Couzins.

William Hagedorn, one of the old timers of the German colony of Omaha, and proprietor of the Palace meat market on Fifteenth near Farnam, died.

The Unitarian conference has been in session with devotional meetings and addresses. This is the first Unitarian conference ever held in Nebraska.

Twenty Years Ago—

Later returns show Crounse, republican, elected governor over Van Wyck, fusionist, by more than 10,000. A. T. Cady, republican state chairman claimed the election of the entire republican state ticket.

Douglas county, later returns showed, disappointed the democrats, who counted on 2,000 plurality for Weaver. All they saved was one senator—W. N. Babcock, manager of the South Omaha stock yards; two state representatives, Ames and Morrow; two county commissioners and five or six councilmen. Republicans got Lobeck and either Clarke or Noyes for state senate and these representatives: Goss, Sutton, Crane, Kyner, Lockner, Nason, Ricketts.

Telegraphic news brought the almost certainty of Cleveland's election over President Harrison in the nation at large.

Dr. George L. Miller changed his offices, leaving those of the New York Life Insurance company, of which he had been the local manager, for rooms in the park board's quarters in the city hall.

Colonel Corwin of the Chicago Tribune left Omaha for his home.

R. A. L. Dick returned from a republican campaigning tour in West Virginia and Maryland, where he was kept on the go all the time.

Captain William H. Ijams left for Ohio in response to the news of a sister's illness.

Assistant Chief J. J. Barnes of the fire department left for Pine Bluff, Ark., on a ten-day leave of absence.

Ten Years Ago—

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Woman's Relief Corps and Knights of Pythias united in honoring their old friend and comrade, William Rawitzer, at the grave. Services were held at the residence of his son, A. H. Rawitzer of the Omaha Tent and Awning company, and Rabbi Simon of Temple Israel made a short address. Burial was in Forest Lawn.

George Munro was laid up with a broken leg.

It was announced that the general committee of telegraph operators representing the craft on the Union Pacific had reached satisfactory terms for the keymen after a prolonged conference with officials of that road in Omaha. The committee was headed by D. C. Leach of Junction City, Colo.

Rev. D. K. Tindall of Trinity Methodist church said there was a divine law governing revivals and they did not come by chance. He took his text from Habakkuk, 3:2, "O, Lord, revive thy work."

It developed from the canvassing board's count of the election returns that J. A. C. Kennedy was the only democrat in Douglas county to break into the lower house of legislature, and John Wallace the only republican to lose out.

People Talked About

Pressure for admission to the Ananias club has diminished sufficiently to permit charter members to fraternize with the founder.

Old Uncle Joe Cannon is numbered among the dead. "Ye that have tears prepare to shed them now."

Odds of 100 to 1 can be had on the proposition that the Bulgars will camp at Armageddon first. No takers.

There are still a few political surgeons who disagree with Dr. Abbott on the value of a third cup of coffee as a nerve tonic.

Chicago invested $1,000,000 in voting machines which were tried out last Tuesday. Two-thirds of the voters passed up the machines, preferring to mark a blanket ballot.

The men and women voters of the state of Washington didn't do a thing to the bull moose candidate for governor. Simply tossed him into the tureen. From which it may be inferred that a bull moose hale does not gild wife desertion with righteousness.

The boy farmers of Long Island are being urged to organize clubs for growing corn, potatoes and cauliflower. In opposition to this movement is the boy scout idea, which is more deeply concerned with the science of fun. Fun gets most of the recruits.

Signora Pflster, the American wife of a retired Italian naval officer who committed suicide in Rome last Tuesday, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Laughlin of St. Louis and was the first to receive the honor of being the Veiled Prophet's queen. Her death is ascribed to prolonged neurasthenia.

Hiram Johnson of California is retreating from Armageddon to the Pacific, taking along a package of souvenirs contributed by admirers. Among the souvenirs is a fountain pen with which he is to "sign your first official document at Washington," and a device for measuring the pressure of caloric wasted on the stump.

Canton, N. Y., and Freeport, N. Y., are two up-to-date villages that call patrolmen day and night to the telephone boxes by flashing red lights in the street. A man was recently caught fourteen minutes after he had stabbed another in a Freeport saloon, and Mayor Hanse of that village is receiving the warm congratulations of his fellow townsmen for the splendid use he is making of the lighting department as an auxiliary of his small police force.

IN OTHER LANDS THAN OURS

Stirring Events Featured in the Theater of War in Turkey.

Co-operative Strategy.

The vigor and dash of the Balkan allies in their advance upon Turkey affords a striking lesson on the value not only of preparedness, but of co-operative strategy in attacking the enemy while partially crippled. Asia Minor is the army recruiting camp of the Ottoman empire. The menace of Russia on the Persian border caused a concentration of two Turkish army corps in that vicinity. The fear of Russia, the war over Tripoli and political discords at the capital vitalized the opportunity which the Balkan states embraced with an irresistible ardish that in five weeks has startled Europe, dazed the powers and brought from Turkey a request for mediation. "On to Constantinople" is the slogan of the victorious Bulgars. In the last war with France the Germans, having cooped up in Metz General Bazaine and his army corps, struck directly for Paris, the heart of the enemy. Similarly the Bulgarians block the exits nople is 137 miles from Adrianople. Re-Constantinople. The Greeks are striking at Saloniki from two sides and have cut the lines of communication with Monastir, the headquarters of the army of western Turkey. Scutari has not yet fallen into the hands of the Montenegrins, but the surrounding country to the shores of the Adriatic is theirs. The capture of Uskub by the Servians practically clears their frontier and enables the latter to rush strong reinforcements to the Bulgarian fighting lines. Every day's advance carries the allied armies farther from their several bases, necessarily increasing the burden on the commissariat, the moving of artillery and essential munitions. Progress, therefore, cannot be as rapid as in the earlier days. Constantinople is 137 miles from Adrinaopie. Reports indicate that the Bulgarian advance has covered two-thirds of the distance, driving the shattered Turkish army from place to place. Fifteen miles outside of Constantinople are the Tchatalja heights, where the Turks are expected to make their last stand in defense of the capital and the empire.

Will the Allies Get the Prize?

Forty-five years ago the Russian army reached the Tchatalja line of defenses extending across the neck of the peninsula from the Black to the Marmora sea. Here the Turks had their backs to the wall, a sea beyond the wall and Russian bayonets on three sides. The capital was doomed. Rather than witness the profanation of the temples of Osmanli by hated heretics the Porte agreed to the treaty of San Stefano, so-called in honor of the town, a suburb of Constantinople, where the treaty makers deliberated. Before the ink was fairly dry Disraeli and Bismarck objected to the size of the Russian prize, tore up the treaty of San Stefano and evolved what is known as the Berlin treaty. At present none of the powers show a disposition to intervene in Turkey's behalf as they did in 1878. The reason is obvious. The lines of self-interest are different and the spur of envy is pointless. Russia, England and France are allies now. Germany and Austria, especially the latter, are more directly concerned than the other powers. What they will do later on remains to be seen. The time is not quite ripe for action. Should the allies succeed in shattering the last line of Turkish defenses, and the Porte sues for peace direct, the terms exacted by the victors may be too great to be tolerated by the powers. The probability of territorial acquisitions on the Adriatic by the victors has already brought a warning note from Austria. The latter, backed by Germany, for years has directed its energies and schemed for an outlet to the Aegean sea at Saloniki. In furtherance of that scheme the Berlin treaty created the Sanjak of Novipazar, a narrow strip of Turkish territory separating Servia and Montenegro and joining Austria on the north. By means of this Turkish wedge Austria kept these pugnacious states apart and maintained an outlet for promoting its designs on the port of Saloniki. Should the war eventuate in imperiling Austria's cherished plans, the concert of the powers is likely to experience a jar before the victors get away with the spoils.

The Terrible Turk.

What has become of the "terrible Turk?" His reputation as a fighting unit is not by any means a fiction. Too many battlefields attest his bravery and dogged determination to do or die. Doubtless the adjective sprang from uncounted massacres of unarmed Christians, a trait so commonly practiced as to leave the Turk without a friend in Europe or Asia. The demoralization and decay of the nation necessarily permeates the army. A military establishment cannot rise above its source, and the source of Turkish power for years past has been honeycombed with graft, plunder and mercenary selfishness. So notorious are these conditions, even under the so-called reform administration of the Young Turks party, that the French banks, in financing the latest Turkish loan, apointed agents to disburse the money for the objects stated in the agreement. Most of this loan went to pay off the army, which had not seen a piaster for two years. What must be the condition of the equipment of the army and of the military storehouses may be inferred from the neglect and shabby treatment of the soldiers. It is not surprising that the demoralization and neglect in the past became painfully apparent in the disastrous rout of the Turks at all points. Properly equipped and wisely led the Turkish soldier fights to the end. He lacks the smartness and the initiative of the European soldier, but he is doggedly fearless, for he is taught that death for his country and creed wins the favor of Allah. How they can fight was shown at Plevna when the famous Osman Pasha led them in a forlorn hope sortie against the Russian lines. The Russians fled before their terrible vengeance, and General Skobeloff began to fear for his besieging army. "They are born soldiers, these Turks," he exclaimed, as he dashed to the front of a battalion which was wavering in the face of the killing. "Never was a sortie more skillfully prepared. How I should like to be in command of it and have my name remembered in connection with it." This was the estimate of the enemy—it always has been the estimate of the neutral who looks upon war merely as a science. It was not, however, successful. The Turks tore holes in the Russian lines. They cut to pieces battalion after battalion—these men who had gone hungry for six weeks and whose clothing had been half soaked off by the rains and snows. The Russian shell fire plowed lanes through their ranks and the Russian rifle fire mowed them down as with a sythe. The slaughter might have been so much felling of trees in a forest as for its influence upon the bravery of Osman Pasha's men. They threw themselves upon a section held by a Siberian regiment, swept over their parapets, slaughtered their defenders to the last man in a momentary hand-to-hand conflict, carried with a rush the battery in the rear, bayoneted the Russian artillerymen and with demon fury slew on as if determined to cut their way through the whole Russian force. The sortie failed, but failed with heroism. Six thousand Turks perished in the attack. Plevna cost Russia 40,000 men.

DEFEATED, BUT VERY MUCH ALIVE

Some Wholesome Truths for Pessimistic Republicans.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat (rep.).

The attention of pessimistic republicans is invited to an episode in the career of the party which swept the country Tuesday. There was a far more dangerous rupture in the democratic party in 1860 than the republican party has encountered in 1912. With rival tickets, headed by Douglas and Breckinridge, respectively, in the field in 1860, the democratic party was split on a sectional line, and the feud which was started in the rival factions of the party precipitated the rebellion which convulsed the country for four years, and which covered the democracy with a load of discredit from which it did not emerge for a quarter of a century.

In 1864 the democratic party carried only three states. Its presidential candidate, McClellan, won only twenty-one electoral votes, as compared with 212 for Lincoln. In 1868 and 1872 its vote was so small that that party was never really in the contest at all. It rallied in 1876, under the lead of its most adroit chieftain, Tilden, a member of Van Buren's old Albany regency, but it did not gain the presidency. In 1880 it was beaten once more. In half a century it has elected only one man to the presidency, and that man, in his second term, split his party in such a way that it has been in the minority for twenty years, or until the election Tuesday.

Let republicans remember that most of the men who abandoned the party in the campaign which has just closed will probably be back in the ranks long before 1916. The progressive party has no elements of persistency. Its platform is too vague, and too much of it is based on platitudes which nobody combats. As Horace Greeley said of the Knownothings when in the height of their power in 1855, the progressives would seem to be as destitute of chances of permanence as an anti-cholera or an anti-potato rot party would be. It has no inspiring creed to hold it together. Like the liberal republicans, who, as allies of the democrats, fought the republican party with great enthusiasm in 1872, and who were all back in the old camp before 1876, the bolters of 1912 will be in the republican ranks again in two or three years. Thus they will follow the example of the mugwumps of 1884 and the silver republicans of 1896. The republican party will make a new stride forward in the congressional campaign of 1914, and in 1916 it will be decidedly and emphatically at the front with its old-time vigor.

The Bee's Letter Box

An Educational Feature.

NEW YORK CITY, Columbia University, Nov. 5.—To the Editor of The Bee: Have read your Nebraska Development number and believe that it is the best educational combination of information regarding Nebraska that has ever been published. The cover design is a whole feature in itself. Several New York students here at Columbia have borrowed my copy of the edition to read. Although there is Broadway and an endless host of skyscrapers here, we cannot boast of $43,000,000 in poultry resources.

EDWARD B. PERKINS.

A Lot of Fun Spoiled.

OMAHA, Nov. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: If the majority of the democrats instead of republicans had been elected to the legislature from Douglas county, there might have been some fun when the time came for electing a United States senator, provided the vote was at all close. For some of these Douglas county democrats, being intimate with the powers that claim to have been double-crossed by Shallenberger as governor, bear a very deep and abiding resentment for him and might have been influenced by that feeling in voting for a senator regardless of any ante-election pledge.

"Had I been elected," one of the democrats running for senator in this county is quoted as saying, "I doubt if I would have voted for Shallenberger, no matter what previous pledges had been made. I think I could not have overcome my resentment for the man who double-crossed us whenever he got the chance."

Of course, there is the "if," but it is believed by many that the defeat of these democrats spoils a lot of fun at Lincoln this winter. But it is just as well that way.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

In Behalf of Nebraska City Boys.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nov. 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: I beg to state that I deplore the spirit that causes the reporter of a foot ball game to deride a town, as it is so clearly shown in your account of the game at South Omaha last Sunday. It is not proper, it is not right. I feel that it is not the intention of The Bee to endorse or encourage such a spirit, and it is surely not the Omaha spirit to do anything other than praise and encourage the various towns of Nebraska.

Regarding the team and its manner of playing your account is unjust. Personally I am acquainted with all of the boys and can vouch for their sterling worth and manhood. They have mastered the game of foot ball in such a brilliant manner that they are entitled to commendation. Surely as lovers of good sport they deserve better than they have received.

The police of South Omaha should be censured rather than endorsed in their action on that day. The writer was present and was the recipient of some of the abuse from the police for merely trying to straighten out the trouble of the police and the negro, that was without sufficient cause arrested. They handled our team's coach in a shameful manner, and your reporter's statement of the occurrence was absolutely wrong.

JOHN W. STEINHART.

SUNNY GEMS.

"A great many women want the name of my dressmaker," wheezed the blonde lady, "but I won't give it to any of them."

"Your dressmaker? I had always supposed you patronized an upholsterer," responded the brunette dame.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why did she divorce her first husband?"

"He couldn't keep his money."

"And why is she suing her present husband for divorce?"

"He's such a tightwad."—Chicago News.

"There must be a good deal of sameness about a hosiery manufactory."

"Why so?"

"Because it can have nothing but stocking departments." — Baltimore American.

"There are two sides to every argument," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person; "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There are two sides to a piece of fly-paper."—Washington Star.

Regstaff—Sometimes I lie awake half the night. Are you never troubled with insomnia?

Percollum—Never. When I'm wakeful I begin to repeat to myself some of my early poems, and I fall asleep in no time.—Chicago Tribune.

"It is queer that what is extremely reprehensible in the city is highly commendable in the country."

"What's that?"

"Watering the stock."—Baltimore American.

"Next thing I knew he hit his father with an ax; the old man chased him for miles, firing at him with a blunderbuss all the while. Then the neighbors joined in——"

"Hold on. Are you telling me about a nightmare or a moving picture show?"—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, I was once engaged to a duke."

"And what obstacle came between two loving hearts?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He just let the option expire."—Judge.

Judge (sternly)—To what do you attribute your downfall?

Culprit—The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote.—Puck.

Mrs. Hardin—Can you lend me a cup of sugar, an egg, a piece of butter and a——.

Mrs. Testy—Yes, and it's too bad you can't take home some of our gas to cook things with.—Kansas City Journal.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

Denver Republican.
(With due amends to the Most Parodied Author.)

I went into a city 'all when 'lection day was o'er—
The politician up an' sez: "You rummies make me sore."
The men be'ind the desks all grinned—I thought they sure would die;
I turns again unto the street and to myself says I:

O it's Voter this and Voter that, and Voter douse your pipe,
But it's "Thank you Mister Voter" when the ballot crop is ripe,
The ballot crop is ripe, my boys, the ballot crop is ripe,
O it's "Thank you Mister Voter," when the ballot crop is ripe.

I walked into a capitol and asked 'em fer a job;
They said: "You stew, git out o' here before we nick your nob."
They threw me down the polished stairs, and finished me with a club,
But when it comes to votin', Lord! I ain't a pesky dub.

For it's Voter this and Voter that, and Voter wait without,
But it's honey for the voter when the candidate's about,
The candidate's about, my boys, the candidate's about,
It's honey for the voter when the candidate's about.

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Prof. Prescott, of the University of Michigan, explains why Royal Baking Powder adds healthful qualities to the food.

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