

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company...

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Yes, but will our Water board boss put his back?

This mysterious disappearance trick is a great game.

This ought to be a good time to get fresh hot tomatoes in Mexico.

King Ak-Sar-Ben is coming down the home stretch without regard to the speed limit.

Worrying in hot weather only increases the evil of worrying without reducing the temperature.

Tammany may not favor fusion, but it is strong for con-fusion, with the emphasis on the "con."

Seven governors have written to Sulzer, commending him. But they are not the same "seven governors" of 1912 fame.

"Thaw Has a Day of Joy and Depression." Well, it takes the ups and downs to make life even outside of prison walls.

If Mr. Hearst can find nothing else to admire in President Wilson, he certainly should applaud his love for yellow-back novels.

The "hanjo" signal system plays altogether too many funeral dirges on the New Haven road, which has its third bad wreck in a year.

What, Mr. Attorney General, a civil suit merely to dissolve the Coal trust? We thought the democratic trust remedy was to put trust magnates behind the bars.

After all, Thaw seems to have made Canada his debtor to this extent, that his coming has suggested needed improvement in Canadian laws to dispose of such cases as his in the future.

One of our esteemed hydrographic scouts at Washington has sighted a flotilla of icebergs, numbering 200, in the Transatlantic lane. But here is a case where distance does not lend enchantment.

Secretary Bryan has published a signed statement in the Commoner explaining what he meant when he said he could not live on \$12,000 a year. So those who fall to get a Commoner may never know.

Because a street railway extension raises the value of all the lots thus made more accessible and incidentally helps real estate dealers to market their wares is no argument against it. Every public improvement does that.

Looks as if the Water board were going to do the same old thing—wait till just before the cold season to tear up the streets, and then keep them torn up indefinitely, because they can be restored in freezing weather, cannot be restored in freezing weather.

The lawyers in convention at Montreal are considering a suggestion for inquiry into the moral character of applicants for licenses to practice. To be effective the code of ethics should teach by example as well as precept.

The judge says it's all wrong to use public money for junketing joy rides, and we agree with him. But is it any more right for the judge's influence to put his son on the public pay roll in order to augment the family income?

Assistant City Attorney Lambert is quoted as saying that "it really makes no difference whether the gas rate case is decided six months earlier or later." Well, that depends. Some of us may be dead before the final decree winds up that piece of litigation.

Junkets and Joy Rides.

By judicial edict of a learned judge the use of public funds to pay the expenses of officials commissioned to represent the city at conventions of national organizations devoted to the study and discussion of municipal affairs is put under the ban...

So far, so good—and yet. The real question is whether the danger of abuse is so great that the door must be absolutely shut. The Bee will not be accused of partiality for our Water board boss, and yet we see that money spent to send him to attend meetings of practical water works managers and real hydraulic experts...

Then it gets down, finally, to drawing the line that separates the junket and the joy ride from the public mission—that distinguishes the vacation tour from the business trip. If it pays a private corporation to send an officer or employe to a trade convention, it might pay a city or a water board to keep in touch through its officers with what other up-to-date cities are doing.

The Army of Unmarried. According to census bureau information, 17,000,000 of our population are unmarried, which means thirty-nine of every one hundred men. The number divides thus: Men of 20 years of age and upward, 8,102,000; women 15 and upward, 9,000,000. At least 5,000,000 of these men are capable of assuming the responsibilities of matrimony. It is argued that married men live longer and better lives than unmarried, on the whole, and surely any woman in the land will tell you that the fair are always fairer if wedded.

Since the married state is the normal condition of life, perhaps it may not be necessary to resort to statistics to prove that the married man as a rule lives more evenly, more soberly and, therefore, better than the unmarried. When the census bureau official attempts, however, to lure men into marriage with the argument that "there was never a time when the comforts and luxuries of life were so easily within reach of all as now," he must take his own case and fight it out.

In all seriousness, as most people realize, this very question of the ease with which the comforts and luxuries of life are reached enters into the economy of the matrimonially-inclined man. Seventeen million unmarried men and women may be too many for our nation, and there is small doubt that the number would be less if more men could only see the practical side of that sweet old theory that "two can live as cheap as one."

The Records Must Be Broken. Four killed and several injured in one holiday's auto races! Too bad for the necks, but the records must be broken, new speed limits fixed. Plenty of drivers and even the costly machines can be replaced. Turn in the next group of autos. Clear the tracks for another heat. The crowds are wild for excitement. It is a great day. See them lunge forward for a hair-breadth's advantage in the reviewing stand.

"Two cars with their drivers and mechanics crash through the tangled wreckage of broken cars and maimed bodies at a speed of sixty miles an hour, escaping injury." Hurrah! Wonderful achievement! And see that dying chauffeur writhing in the dust and wake of the last machine that whisked over him. Quick, drag those other bodies and debris out of the way. What will you spoil this race, too, and cheat us of another new speed record? Give us our money's worth.

And the story runs that in time the Roman populace turned on old Nero, who fiddled as Rome burned. And let us hope public sentiment will soon turn on this twentieth century spirit of Nero, and put an end to the criminal lust for speed records.

Knocking on a Habit. Springfield Republican. It is hard to please. A congressman now attacks Attorney General McKeen for the part he played in effecting the final dissolution of the Harriman Pacific railroad merger.

Exaggerated Shadows. St. Louis Republic. Against Dr. Miller's shadowings as to the doom of civilization we place the fact that there was never a time in the history of this country when more people were taking thought of the welfare of other people than right now.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee files. SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

Thirty Years Ago—Will A. Redick and Miss Mamie Wood will be married next week Wednesday at the residence of Ruben Wood on Farnam street, according to invitations that are sent out.

The mayor advised the city council that he had appointed the following special policemen for fair service: James E. Taylor, Charles Ashman, Frank Kieffner, F. A. Fuller, J. Murphy, Frank Daugherty and John Hockinson.

James F. McCartney, former city clerk of Omaha, died at Denver, aged 29 years. Charles P. Patter, the efficient shorthand reporter of the district court, is the happy father of a boy.

Charles L. Whitney of Oakland, Cal., and Miss Liane McAusland were married yesterday by Rev. Mr. Sevidge at the residence of G. W. Harris on Capitol avenue.

J. Rumsey & Co. have leased the Grand Pacific, formerly known as the Cosmos house, and restored to it the latter name. Addison Jones is asking permission of the city to run two lemonade stands on Jefferson square during state fair week.

Hon. A. S. Paddock, formerly United States senator from Nebraska, now member of the Utah commission, is in the city and discusses the Mormon problem at length.

J. H. Spetman and Miss Kathinka Marx were married at the residence of the bride's brother, Anton Gantler.

Twenty Years Ago—The first day of the Douglas county fair and races was signalled by a big turnout of people. Many union labor men were on hand. There were all kinds of races, but those by the horses attracted most attention.

Great excitement was created when the Milwaukee displayed a placard in its ticket office window announcing passenger rates from Omaha to Chicago at \$12.50, whereas the regular fare was \$14.00.

Mrs. Arthur Wakeley left for Baltimore. J. J. Dickey, John T. Smith, John L. Noelle, wife and family, A. Davida, Dr. Hooge and A. H. Horton were in Chicago.

Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Durvee returned from a six-weeks' trip in the east, while there preaching in his old church in Brooklyn.

Ten Years Ago—President James E. Lynch of the International Typographical union; Secretary Bramwood and E. C. Shepherd, all trustees of the Printers' home at Colorado Springs, were in Omaha on their way to the home for their annual inspection.

Miss T. Swobe, an Omaha boy, passed through the city en route to Wyoming to join his father, Captain Swobe, in a hunting expedition. Young Swobe was displaying one of the inland diamond watches given by the New York Life Insurance company, by which he was employed as a selector, as a prize in a thirty-day selling contest.

The figures from the building inspector's office showed that August was a banner building month, the construction authorized amounting to \$107,000. The two largest structures were Chambers' academy, \$20,000, and the fire engine house at Eleventh and Jackson streets, \$87,000.

Political Jobs. A doughbag carrying \$50,000,000 for good roads is about to be opened up in the Empire state. Control of the distribution means considerable cake for the machine managers.

Twice Told Tales

The Darker and the Mule. An old negro went into a drug store in Highland and said: "Boss, will you please, sah, call de colonel on de telephone?"

"Yes," and he called the colonel. The old darky said: "Colonel, dat ar mule done stall right in de main street right out here in front of de store."

"What's dat? What's dat? Yes, sah, I build a fire under him, but it didn't do nuthin' but scorch de harness."

The Way It Sounded. A south side man who isn't ashamed of telling the joke on himself was one day approached, by his young wife, who said to him: "No, John, dear, you know I wouldn't offend you for the world, but I do wish you would not sing so much while you are home."

Anything to Escape Joe. "A good politician, a successful politician," said Charles F. Murphy, at a Tammany luncheon in New York, "has the persistency of poor Joe Blackburn."

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Statistical Notes. Bank deposits in Missouri aggregate \$66,000,000 of \$41 per capita. The year 1912 was a favorable one for trade in foreign commerce, the total trade amounting to \$281,286,000, a gain of \$22,747,000 over 1911.

People Talked About. A passing show of a still ailed quered the beginning game of a bogus blind man in Kansas City and caused his arrest as a faker.

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The Bees Letter Box

Plenty of High School Room. OMAHA, Sept. 3.—To the Editor of The Bee: The president of the school board, returning from an inspection tour of eastern cities, the taxpayers of the district paying his expenses, tells the people of Omaha that they must vote for another mortgage upon the taxable property of the city in the shape of bonds amounting to \$1,200,000.

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WITH THE FRUNNY PHELLOWS.

"That old proverb was wrong," said the base ball umpire, bitterly. "How so?" "It should have been that you can't touch a pitcher without being reviled."—Baltimore American.

The Caller—Who is that singing? The Hostess—That's our new maid. She always sings at her work. The Caller—What a happy disposition. Mercy, how loud she sings. The Hostess—Yes. When she sings loud she's breaking something.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That Stix ferry business was fine," said one manager. "How so?" "It's ferryman had a way of making all the deadheads pay their way."—Baltimore American.

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THE PARTED WAYS

E. E. Kiser, in Record-Herald. SHE. Dear Mabel: Since we live apart, Old memories fondly treasure; I wear your picture near my heart, And wish you joy in greatest measure; I bid you a blissed three a day. Of you and what you may be doing; I hope the way is a rosy way, And peaceful that you are pursuing; I hope that joy is in your glance, And that you mourn no deprivation; That you, too, bless the lucky change Which brought about our separation. SHE.

Dear Billy: Thank you for your kind And very, very tender letter; Day after day I seem to find That life grows fatter, sweeter, better; Since we agreed to disagree My cares have steadily grown lighter; The sun, it even seems to me, Has learned to shine a little brighter; Permitting anger to demean us; With you I bless the chance which brought The present barrier between us. SHE.

Dear Mabel: It is clear that you And I were both mistaken sadly; The good that we may thus receive The friendship that turned out so badly All might have been so different; But we, alas, are young and silly; Still there is nothing to prevent Another start, dear, is there?—Billy. SHE.

My Dearest: Yes, we were unwise. The way is best that we have taken; Still we are bound by sacred ties, My faith in you remains unshaken; How good it was in those dear days To look at you across the table; And hear your earnest, boyish prattle; I'll be up, waiting for you—Mabel. SHE.



10 Carloads of Silver Dollars

Ten carloads of silver dollars, each car loaded to capacity (50 tons) will give you an idea of the vast sum we spent for improving the Chicago Great Western.

Why not take advantage of these improvements by using the Chicago Great Western from Omaha to Des Moines, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Trains leave Omaha 7:44 a. m. and 8:10 p. m. E. F. BONORDEN, C. P. & T. A. 1522 Farnam Street Omaha, Neb. Phone Douglas 260.



Parcel Post ADVERTISEMENTS

The parcel post makes it easy to reach country buyers. The city merchant can send small orders so fast that distance no longer hinders trade with the people out in the state. Let them know what you can send them by parcel post and you will improve your business. Small Bee want ads will effect the desired results. See Want Ad Department

Tyler 1000 The Bee Engraving Department will make a drawing and cut like this for \$1.50.