

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, as Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1913, was 50,142.

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

Hush! 'Tis the eve of September morn.

Who's been boosting those mid-summer water bills so sky-high?

Nothing hurts Tammany so much as to see good money getting away from it.

An extra session of congress has come to mean an extra long session of congress.

Some men who are spirited lag terribly when it comes to being public-spirited.

Mr. Hearst supports the head of the fusion ticket in New York by repudiating the tail.

Banana consumers are warned against slipping up on that democratic tariff pooling.

Ho, there, down in Panama: Isn't that coming perilously close to the brink of nepotism?

Huerta didn't pen an ultimatum," says the Baltimore American. No, he just scratched it off.

Old King Caucus is a merry old soul, who is as much at home in one political party as in another.

To reach The Bee's business offices in its new location, take the main entrance of the Bee building.

Folks judge the coming of cold and warm weather by the way the geese fly, just as if they were not geese.

An Omaha man captures the presidency of the National Organization of Retail Jewelers. We should sparkle.

Note how carefully our democratic United States senator is to keep the gate open for an early return to the reservation?

September morn and September corn rhyme all right, but that is about as close as they get to one another this year.

Talk about the cost of living coming down, when the price of a seat on the New York Stock exchange has gone up \$15,000.

Perhaps the colonel could be prevailed on to stop off in Mexico on his way to South America and settle the thing for all concerned.

Somewhat or other, the food at home tastes mighty good after a protracted period of eating in summer boarding houses, hotels and dining cars.

The lord high chancellor of England favors suffrage, but not the militant variety. He is down in the books as a young bachelor of not yet 50 years.

The lord high chancellor of Great Britain on his five days' visit to America comes just in time to find two governors in New York and Thaw in Canada.

With all due respect to prevailing journalistic etiquette in Oklahoma, we nevertheless protest that it is a breach of the professional code to shoot an editor dead as an alternative to him eating a copy of his own paper.

You have the word of Nebraska's senior senator that the democratic caucus is "a machine within a machine," just an old-fashioned steam roller, as it were, like the one on which the senator sat when it flattened out Mr. Bryan that day in Grand Island.

The New Farmer.

Nineteen years ago the cornfields of Nebraska were swept one day by a simoon, and the growing corn was withered as by a furnace blast. The result was untold distress and suffering, with great financial loss.

Nebraska's present prosperity is due to the "new" farmer. He has learned, and is learning, how to get the best out of his soil at the least expense to his fertility, and is applying his knowledge with wonderful results.

Nebraska has long been in the front ranks of food-producing states, but the new farmer of Nebraska is going to set the mark far above that of any of its rivals.

The Nagging British Press.

It is hard for the British press to find anything good in the United States, which it seems to regard as a Nazareth out of which good cannot come.

We fully understand that President Wilson's message is born of the travail of his soul. He is a good and devout man, earnestly desirous of furthering the ideals of peace and justice.

Continuing in this vein of biting sarcasm, the Gazette ridicules the president's policies, referring to the "Golden dreamers of the Hague and the Capitol," adding, "We shall see what Mexico has to teach them."

Deplored that in America diplomacy is now left to a group of politicians who in foreign affairs are the most amateurish of amateurs.

It would be interesting to know which represents the British public opinion in this instance, the London newspapers, characteristically steeped in anti-American prejudice, or the officials of the British government.

Is it Poor Lo's Fault?

The white man boasts, not wholly without warrant, of civilizing the Indian, who, we say, is now handsomely assimilating our styles and customs.

Let us see. The Indian loves things gaudy. His friendship was bought by the early settlers with glittering beads and jewels and cloth of many colors and hues.

But how about the pale-faced fellow citizen? Do some of them paint their cheeks and plume their heads with gaudy feathers and other wild creations and bedeck their bodies in weird, fantastic styles and colors?

The formation of plans by the National Negro Bankers' association at Philadelphia for the establishment of a bank in Liberia, and more negro banks in the United States, invites attention to the fact, not generally known, that negroes own and conduct sixty-two banks in this country.

While Mexico and the Balkans are raving around, the affable old Laird of Skibo slips another across in the dedication of The Hague palace of peace.

Other state—twelve. It is noteworthy that a woman is president of one of these banks in Richmond, Alabama comes next, with eight; then Mississippi and North Carolina, with six each, and Texas with five.

Word Coinage.

Attention has been attracted by the prospectus of a new dictionary publication setting out how many new words it contains that are not to be found in its previous editions.

It is only an incident that of these new words the introduction of some thirty is credited to Colonel Roosevelt and of about 200 to Gifford Pinchot, the latter being for the most part merely the registration of terms long in common use among foresters and lumbermen.

The transformation of the language is going on all the time; should this evolution cease, it would before long become like more ancient tongues found only in library tomes or monument inscriptions.

Why Not American Fashions?

It might be well if every American woman read Edward Bok's striking article on "Remedy for the Wave of Indecent Dressing," in which he purports to show that the latest of our dress styles, which admittedly come from Paris, are not patronized by "any Frenchwoman of the slightest refinement."

It is beside the mark to parry over the reliability of Mr. Bok's statements, so long as we have before our eyes so much tangible evidence in these freak creations, and know that thus far nothing that Paris—if Paris is responsible for it—has dumped over here has been too bad for us.

But European women are not patronizing the Parisian degeneracy, Mr. Bok says; they are rebuking it by inventing their own distinctive schools of style. Italian cultivates fashions for Italian, Spanish for Spanish and so on.

And if the bosses eventually fix up a compromise and give him enough of the appointive patronage to satisfy him, the wonderful fight of our democratic senator against King Caucus will turn out to be mere repetition of the Don Quixote battle with the windmills.

"I determined this, that I would not come again to you in heaviness," the Apostle Paul wrote the Corinthians. He had been in trouble and thought best not to visit them until he felt brighter.

Public Money for Campaign Funds.

Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, who renews agitation at the governor's conference for payment out of the public treasury of the expenses of all candidates for office, rests his argument on the point that such a plan would enable poor men, virtually barred if compelled to pay their own way, to run for office.

The chief argument offered to support this proposal has been that the offices belong to the state or the people, and the state should have men to fill them who owe nobody for their campaign expenses, which is not the case, it is contended, when a candidacy is promoted by private interests, or even a political organization, sure to assert claims upon him if elected.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." That is a man's advice to men, simply pointing out the wrong without a threat of punishment, appealing, therefore, to the boy's or man's best sense.

The pugilist who dealt the blow in that fatal fight at Los Angeles is "cleared," and the accessories escape, which clears the boards for the next fight.

Governor O'Neal of Alabama pleads for more frequent sessions of the legislature. It takes the best most states can do to recover between times as it is.

That sweet, gentle theme of universal disarmament ought to wax strong on inspiration from events now transpiring between the United States and Mexico.

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Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee files. AUGUST 31, 1913.

Thirty Years Ago—According to dispatches from Des Moines, the U. P.'s did it again by a score of 8 to 6.

Another evidence of Omaha's increasing prosperity is noted in the establishment of another firm, composed of Messrs. John L. and William McCague, who are to transact a banking business in their offices opposite the postoffice, beginning September 1.

It turns out that while the Vesting-house party was making a visit in Omaha, they were also looking after contracts with the Union Pacific to install their new air brakes on freight trains.

Meadames Lawrence, Elliott and Jones entertained their Sunday school scholars yesterday afternoon at the former's residence, those present being the Misses Florence Heffley, Anna Thompson, Anna Traylor, Clara Pierce, Thelma Lisenberg, Mabel Pratt, Anna Elliott, Lulu and Minnie Thompson.

Peter Gooz, proprietor of Hotel de Gooz, returned from his European tour, bringing with him about forty settlers to swell the population of Nebraska.

Mr. Paul Morton and a hunting party went west in a special car of the Burlington.

B. E. B. Kennedy and wife, D. M. Welty and wife and family, C. J. Barber, wife and daughter, T. C. Brunner and wife and R. N. Withnell and wife are a party of Omaha people back from Spirit Lake, reporting having had a grand time.

George Francis Train, who was making nightly speeches at the Boyd theater, said, "Prohibition never prohibits, reforms never reform. They always have an axe to grind and so-called reforms are only schemes of the few to further their political or financial purposes."

Dick Smith started a brick yard at Twenty-fourth and Dorcas streets, furnishing employment to ninety men. He said he would burn 1,000,000 brick, all of which had been sold beforehand to the government.

George Whitlock, ex-building inspector, tied his horse in front of the old Shilvertick building on Farnam street and a swarm of bees lit on the animal.

Carroll G. Pearce of Beatrice, president of the State Teachers' association, was in town stirring up interest in the next meeting of that association.

Mr. Max Haretzek, who came to take charge of the Omaha Opera Festival school, arrived and put up at the Madison.

The Board of Education at its meeting brought up the report, which it authenticated, that liquor was being sold at business and social clubs without a license, and called the matter to the attention of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, which with Chief Donahue, the school board, commended for trying to break up the illicit sale of liquor by drug stores.

Harry B. Zimman, as president of the city council and mayor pro tem, made a speech from a box at the opening of the new Krug theater, in which he besought the friendly feeling of the citizens of Omaha for the new lessees, Messrs. Einar & Havlin and Hudson & Judah.

The remains of Oliver P. Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Moore, 848 South Twenty-third street, arrived from Manila to be interred at Forest Lawn.

Charles S. Eigguter filed his announced candidacy for nomination for county judge on the republican ticket.

Arnold E. Envy, Washington Post.

The only investigating committee that ever excited our envy was the one that passed on the merits of a half-century bottle of apple Jack recently unearthed in Iowa.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Philadelphia Ledger: Thousands of experts have been hammering at parts of the Bible with unusual assiduity and scholarship, disproving the flood, hectoring poor old Jonah, muckraking David and showing alleged errors. But all of them put together are read by only a few thousand among the 1,000,000 people on earth, while the Bible remains more than ever the great Book of the world.

The American Bible society is nearing 100,000,000 copies issued since it began, in 1815. But even that would not tell the whole story, for the British and Foreign Bible society since 1804 has distributed more than 240,000,000 volumes.

Atlantic Monthly: The country minister is paid when the money comes in, that is, if it is enough to balance all accounts; otherwise his claim waits until the rest are paid.

Baltimore American: There is a strong degree of sublimity surrounding the basis of opposition to making the office of senior bishop of the Episcopal church elective, as voiced by Bishop Tuttle of St. Louis, the incumbent of that exalted position, who is retiring.

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MUFFLED KNOCKS.

The world may be growing better, but there are still too many photograph galleries.

A girl thinks men are all kings. An old married woman thinks they are all deuces.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who wanted to fight when you called him a liar?

Man may be the noblest work of God, but you can never make a married woman believe it.

A man always says he would rather have a clear conscience than \$1,000,000 because he hasn't the \$1,000,000.

A man always gets mad when he pays \$2 for a straw hat and a month later sees the same one marked down to 40 cents.

The only people who can afford to tell the truth all the time are those who don't care whether they have any friends or not.

In the good old days a fat woman just naturally had to be fat. But nowadays she can wear a straight front and say she is stout.

A girl clerk in a dry goods store doesn't get to say much, but she does a lot of mental cussing every time she has to wait on a fussy woman.

A girl who doesn't know how to boil water likes to don a big apron and roll up her sleeves and look like a real housekeeper when she expects a young man to call.

When mother was a girl she used to have to tie four strings around her waist before she donned an outer skirt. But daughter wears so little that she can give a fireman a hard race when it comes to dressing fast.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Last spring," said Mrs. Crosslote, "that next-door neighbor of ours planted large quantities of sweet corn and peas and potatoes that nobody has seen since."

"Perhaps," replied her husband, "but I'm too busy a man to follow up any of these things about buried treasures."—Washington Star.

A man entered a store and bought three cigars and lit one.

"My, this is a rotten cigar!" he exclaimed.

"What man what are you complaining about?" replied the dealer. "You have only three of those cigars and I have 1,000. Be reasonable!"—Kansas City Star.

"Bothering me again about that bill, say, didn't I tell you three weeks ago that I was short?"

"Yes, but you are short too confounded long."—Boston Transcript.

"What's the baby crying for?" asked the head of the house from the dept of his baby.

SUNDAY SMILES.

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"He wants his own way," answered the mother.

And with his mind on the latest stock quotation hubbly replied, "Well, if it's his, why don't you let him have it?"—Lippincott's.

"The inn which has the reputation of being haunted is doing a big business with the theatrical folks, I wonder why?"

"Perhaps they are anxious to see the ghost walk."—Baltimore American.

"Isn't Buggy the kind-hearted chap who built the luxurious patent kennel for striped dogs?"

"How did it work?"

"After he had been bitten seven times while he was in the street, he entered the humane society, locked him up for cruelty to animals."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An absent-minded scientist, in the employ of the government at Washington, recently met his physician in the street.

"I don't know what the matter with me, doctor," said the man of science, "I am limping badly today. Do you think it's locomotor ataxia?"

"Scarcely that," replied the physician. "On the whole, you have one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Wisdom of age is vanquished, and generous hopes of youth.

People and Events

Hay fever is now diagnosed as "a million little ants running up and down inside your nostrils." Only the immune imagine hay fever is a thing to be sneezed at.

Several thousand pounds of spring chicken in cold storage since 1906 formed part of fifty tons of storage food products destroyed in Philadelphia last week. Speculators sacrificed the food rather than "break the market price."

Liberty E. Holden, proprietor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, is dead at his home in Cleveland, aged 81. He was a distinguished figure in the newspaper life of Ohio, achieved marked success as a publisher and backed public enterprises with pen and means.

By a new law in Pennsylvania, applicable to Pittsburgh, taxation on improved real estate is to be decreased one-tenth every three years until one-half the assessed value of the improvements is cut off. The value thus shaved off is to be placed on unimproved real estate. The purpose of these steps toward single tax is to make landholders disgorge some of the profits derived from the enterprise of neighbors.

"Roll!" exclaimed Health Commissioner Young of Chicago, replying to the assertions of anemic reformers that kissing is unhealthy. "Kissing," he declared, "is only unhealthy when indulged in to such an extent that father and mother notice it. What are the benches in the parks for? Why are the gas fixed so that it can be turned low? There's a reason. Go ahead—kiss if you get a chance." Dr. Young is as shrewd as he is wise in arguing along lines of least resistance.

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"Now My Woolens Will Be Safe" Luger "Cedar-Line" Dressers and Chiffoniers. Luger Furniture Company Minneapolis, Minn.



swarm of bees lit on the animal. Whitlock hastily freed him and drove to another hitching post. Somebody in the crowd gathered, caught the queen bee and put her in a nail keg, when the rest of the swarm flew away.