THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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George B. Tzschuck, treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily, Morning, Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of March, 1910, was as follows:

1	45,770	16	42,870
2	42,810	17	43,110
3	42,760	18	43,030
4	42,820	19	42,090
5	42,860	20	41,800
6	41,500	21	43,140
7	42,940	22	42,820
8	43,700	23	42,490
9	42,710	24	42,900
10	42,160	25	42,890
11	42,810	26	42,030
12	42,960	27	41,400
13	41,700	28	42,610
14	42,120	29	42,770
15	42,090	30	42,410
		31	42,750

Total	1,326,408
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Net total	1,315,620
Daily average	42,441

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 31st day of March, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
Notary Public.

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

Mr. Taft will succeed in spite of Hearst's endorsement.

Dare those Egyptian nationalists to go over to Paris and shout "Down with Roosevelt?"

Does not the fact that Mark Twain died a millionaire argue that it pays to be cheerful?

"Colonel Roosevelt spoke with enthusiasm."—News item. Why add the word, enthusiasm?

Those persons who have aspired in vain to get into the blue book will find the census open to them.

It may seem ironical to say it, but Captain Alfred Dreyfus now spends his leisure studying social problems.

Hetty Green's son says the reason he does not marry is he fears money and not love attract the girl. Probably he is right.

Mr. Hearst is just walking around the fence to spy a loose plank that might afford an opening into the big arena of public attention.

If Lincoln doesn't prosper and remain beautiful, it will not be for lack of guardian angels. Sometimes too many cooks spoil the broth.

Nebraska farmers are to have a demonstration of a new hog cholera remedy. What is most needed in Nebraska at present is the hogs.

Bwana Tumbo in Africa, Herr Roosenvelten in Germany, M. Rosevelt in France, Sir Theodore in England and plain T. R. at home, he is a man of the world.

A Texas paper prays to heaven to keep the democratic party from making a dunce of itself and losing a chance it claims to have this year. Better address that prayer to Lincoln, Neb.

Iowa prohibitionists are not satisfied with Mr. Bryan's attitude on the liquor question. On this point they are in line with the democrats of Nebraska, who are also discouraged by the dual position of the peerless leader.

The reunion of the Spanish War Veterans serves as a reminder that there actually was a war with Spain. If it were not for these occasional gatherings of the men who made up the army at that time, people could easily forget the episode.

Those hypercritical persons who have charged that Uncle Joe is branded should note with interest that he rushed from his private room into the house "without his collar on" to vote, "for there was no time to lose in making his toilet." Free and untrammelled.

The city council is wrestling with the question of the cost of the automobile to be bought for the boss street commissioner. It certainly must be "swell," for it wouldn't do to put "Tom" in such a position that he couldn't present an impressive front when he greets the gang.

What if the democratic party should get control of the next house? It would be a most interesting spectacle with Mr. Bryan and his forces, Champ Clark and his, the eastern and southern conservative and the west radical pulling and hauling. One thing would be certain, the insurgents in congress would be still there.

Conserving Human Life.

Congress is having a difficult time deciding whether Senator Owen's bill providing for a Department of Health is just what the country needs or not, but there seems to be no difference of opinion that the country has reached the time in its national life when it must look to more organized, systematic means of conserving public health as well as natural resources. President Taft has consistently urged the necessity of this, as former President Roosevelt did.

Already the government is doing much actual work along this line, but it has not yet concentrated its efforts, or centralized its agencies as it must to secure the best results. The mortality statistics are enough in themselves to convince one that this need is imperative. Experts have figured out that 3,000,000 persons are seriously sick all the time in the United States from preventable diseases, and that one-third of this number are in the working period of life, and then they bring this down to a monetary basis and show that three-quarters of a million actual workers are losing on an average of $700 per annum, an approximate loss from illness of $500,000,000, to say nothing of the expense of attending them, which may be estimated at an equal sum. Six hundred thousand deaths occur in one year from preventable causes, Senator Owen asserts.

If we may regard these figures as anywhere near accurate, they are appalling and serve only more clearly to point out the government's duty in this direction. We are expending millions to save our forests, to increase our wealth-producing powers, and this is right, but we must look with even more solicitude to the conservation of human life, avoiding waste and destruction there also.

Those Indiana Democrats.

Mr. Bryan and the rest of his party must feel elated at the peace and harmony animating the Indiana democrats as they go into their state convention. No wonder they are so arrogant in their assurance of success this fall. If this convention, the first to be held, may be regarded as a criterion, then we may confidently look for a season of old-fashioned Bourbon hilarity.

Here is Colonel Bryan telling the Indianians what he wants them to do. They listen attentively and then go and do as they please, most of them slipping a blue chip bearing a Pluto sign into their pockets as a lucky stone, thus showing once more Mr. Bryan's complete hold on his party in the state where Lick Springs are located.

Governor Marshall as the state leader suggests a convention endorsement of a senatorial candidate. This is received with the same enthusiasm that greeted Mr. Bryan's proposals and Mr. Tom Taggart candidate for the United States senate forthwith denounces the governor's suggestion as a bit of impudence and declares against the convention and for the primary plan. Thereupon John E. Lamb, vice chairman of the democratic national committee, another senatorial aspirant, mounts the highest available eminence and denounces Brother Taggart as an undesirable boss and commits himself to the Marshall plan. Just as things are reaching the boiling point, Senator Shively, chosen as the peacemaker, comes into the fray with an olive branch in his teeth and a chip on each shoulder, denouncing both convention and primary and insisting that the choice of senator shall be left to the legislature.

It is difficult to view this situation with a straight face. After all the noise we have heard about insurgents in congress, the hurrahing over by-elections in Massachusetts and New York, the loud boasts of a "united democracy," this first state convention reveals the democrats divided into more factions, really, than it has candidates, and with no earthly hope of anything approaching united action. It is but a forerunner of factional fights brewing in other states, Mr. Bryan's among them, that shows again the obvious fact that the chief reason why the democratic party has never been able to govern the nation is that it cannot govern itself.

The Paving Campaign.

The check that has been put on the local paving campaign may develop into something of a blessing, not that the paving asked for is not needed, nor that the property owners are not anxious for the improvement. The growth of Omaha has been exemplified in no direction better than in the attention that has been given to its thoroughfares. Citizens have been more than enterprising in providing for the surfacing of streets, and in other construction necessary to bring the city up to a high point, but sometimes it is well to make haste slowly.

A score of years ago Omaha underwent an experience in the paving line that was both costly and unpleasant. The zeal that led to the putting down of many miles of wooden block pavement, that subsequently rotted, was commendable because of the spirit, but unfortunate because of the result. Another unpleasant experience of Omaha in the matter of public improvement came in connection with the levying of the tax to pay for the same. This was hastily done, and, as events proved, was carelessly done, as the city was defeated in suit after suit and large losses to the public were sustained as the result of misdirected enterprise and undue haste. Such an experience is desired but once by a city.

While there is no evidence at hand to indicate that a similar condition may exist in connection with the present paving campaign, there is ample evidence that many of the petitions have been hurriedly prepared, that property owners are not entirely agreed as to the material to be used, and that in other details a little more deliberation will do good rather than harm.

The city is able to pay for a considerable amount of street paving during the current year, but that which is delayed to another season will be the better done because of the fact that it has been approached more conservatively.

Buchanan and Homesteads.

In the course of a recent speech in the house advocating rigid adherence to the original principle that homestead rights belong only to actual settlers, Congressman J. Warren Keifer of Ohio brought to light a point of history as to homestead legislation that should not be lost sight of in this day when the country is enjoying to such unbounded extent the emoluments of territorial expansion in the vast empire stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific. That point of history is that the republican party not only shaped and perfected the laws by which homesteads were obtained in the west, but that it originated and pushed to passage the first law bearing on the subject in spite of the veto of a democratic president.

Through the influence of the republicans, in congress chiefly, a homestead measure was passed by congress in 1859. Agitation for such a measure had gone on for several years and the people had already come to regard it as not only necessary, but entirely warranted by organic law. President Buchanan was a strict constructionist and assumed to be a great constitutional lawyer, and when the bill came to him for his approval he vetoed it on the ground that it was "invidious, agrarian and preferred the farmer class to the professional," and was therefore unconstitutional.

This remarkable position of the president was sufficient to defeat the legislation and for a time check the popular sentiment that was rapidly gaining ground that the country needed a homestead law. Not until 1862 were the republicans able to bring the matter again to the front in congress. Then the first homestead law was enacted, notwithstanding the fact that the country was in the throes of the great civil war and men's minds were as a rule not absorbed in the pursuit of so peaceful a policy as homestead legislation. And the point should be impressed on every mind today that this original law was based upon the central idea of actual settlement on the land. It is unfortunate that in the intervening years this fundamental principle has been too often circumvented by those engaged in speculation and not home-seeking, but that does not militate in the remotest degree against the enduring benefits that have accrued under this legislation.

When this first measure passed congress and came up to President Lincoln he, unlike his predecessor, saw no conflict between it and the constitution and promptly approved the bill with his signature, making it the law that led really to the organized settlement of the west which today forms so large and important a part of the United States' producing powers.

Reward the Sacrifice.

Governor Hughes made a personal sacrifice in accepting a place on the supreme bench which the president feared and the people felt he might not be able to make. Now, let congress reward the sacrifice by passing the bill providing for an increase in the salaries of members of the supreme court.

The paltry estate of the late Justice Brewer should be a rebuke to the American people and a prod to congress. Why should the richest nation in the world not have the best material there is for the highest tribunal in the land? It is not a question of paying such sums as big corporations pay for legal talent, but it is a question of paying a man enough money to enable him and his family to live with becoming dignity at the seat of government, where the expense of living is high, and to enjoy to some extent the common right of laying up something for the future. Shut off from the advantage of most investments, a justice has only his salary on which to depend. It should, therefore, be more than it is now.

No member of congress should dare oppose the bill on the ground of economy, for that would be parsimony, if not cheap politics. Dignity and honor have always had their market value in this country and should always have, but there should be no watered stock in the capitalization.

The dedication of the peace palace erected at Washington as the gift of Andrew Carnegie to seal the bond of amity between the twenty-one American republics is another certain sign of the universal peace to which all good nations look, and the world will applaud this monument, but it would have more timely force if it were not that Peru and Ecuador are just now sparring for an opening at each other, with Chile only awaiting the chance to swat Peru, and Nicaragua still without a government that is recognized in the United States and a few other of those twenty-one republics.

Congressman Hitchcock's campaign manager is trying to secure a definite statement from the "great commoner" as to his purpose in connection with the senatorial race. No public announcement of Mr. Bryan's exact intention has yet been made, but Mr. Hitchcock might as well prepare to receive another sting of ingratitude.

The state of Colorado is trying to establish the legal residence of a dead millionaire, not so much because it honors his name, but for the $85,000 inheritance tax that is involved. It might be well occasionally to determine these matters by an ante-mortem statement.

Regulating the storage of combustibles is to be commended, but it only partly meets the requirements. The fire limits should be extended, and more rigid provisions for building should be enacted. The city council still has plenty of work along this line before it.

The fact that the Indiana democrats are not paying very much attention to advice from Colonel Bryan doesn't seem to interest the democratic papers. A great deal depends on which side the insurgency is located.

The court might widen the scope of the Hyde trial a little more so as to permit an investigation that will force "Doctor" Chessing Hatred Chase Jordon to tell where he got that name.

Signs of the Uplift.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Talk about abridgement of personal liberty! Waterloo, Neb., has just passed an ordinance forbidding barbers to eat onions! Might as well try to stop dentists joking while they're performing their fiendish work.

Content with Less.

Indianapolis News.

But of course Australian beef which is sold in this country for 6 cents a pound less than the domestic product doesn't expect to make a profit that will yield dividends of 35 per cent and a neat addition to the surplus every year.

What Did They Expect?

Washington Herald.

Paris evidences surprise that Mr. Roosevelt reached out of his car window and lifted Baron Takahira from the ground. What did Paris expect? That the colonel would jump out of the window and hand the baron a couple of swift punches in the jaw?

Cheap Cuts Made Dear.

Springfield Republican.

It is the last blow to have the 35 per cent increase in the price of the cheaper cuts of meat ascribed by Chicago to the recent campaign for educating the American people to eat tough meat. For it was but the other day that the spokesmen for the packing houses were ascribing the high price of beefsteak to the unwillingness of Americans to take anything but choice cuts. Thanks to the Department of Agriculture and its cookbook, the cheap cuts have been made dear, but has any one noticed any markdown sales of porterhouse steak?

Boom in Pardon Industry.

New York Tribune.

The Nashville Tennessean publishes a tabulation of the pardons issued by Governor Patterson since January, 1907, showing that he has set free 152 murderers and 356 criminals of all classes. That is an astonishing record—an average, practically, of one murderer and six criminals of all sorts turned loose on the community every week. No wonder the Tennessean speaks of the "pardon industry" conducted at the state capitol. It might almost be imagined that the main purpose of the administration of criminal justice in the state was to furnish that industry with raw material in abundance.

JOE FOLK IN THE RUNNING.

Missourian Lines Up with Harmon, Marshall, and ?

Chicago Post.

So, former Governor Joseph W. Folk is "out for" the democratic nomination for the presidency. The dispatches carelessly have it that he is "out for the presidency," but this, of course, is a far different matter. Still, we are glad that he is "out." He made a tremendously fine start for his political career in the St. Louis district attorneyship. Do you remember, for instance, how the corrupt police chief sent insolent word to young Folk that he would communicate with him only in writing, and how young Folk calmly sent back word that he would communicate with the chief only through indictments? And, although there has been somewhat of a halt in this career of late, although it has not moved forward from the governorship to the senatorship, yet we feel that there is good material there for further progress. We can see no reason why Folk of Missouri should not be well in the running with Marshall of Indiana and Harmon of Ohio. But—once more, and yet again—how about Bryan of Nebraska?

Our Birthday Book

April 28, 1910

Palmer Cox, the Brownie man, was born April 28, 1840, in Quebec. His specialty is original humorous pictures illustrating his own verse.

General James Grant Wilson, author, is 77 today. He was born in New York, and served through the war in the union army with distinction, since which time he has been devoted to literary pursuits.

Herman Beal, civil engineer, is 48 years old today. He was born in Germany, and came to this country when he was 15 years old. He started out as a railway engineer, working for the Burlington and Union Pacific. He became city engineer of South Omaha, and then was elected county surveyor for two terms, retiring with the beginning of this year.

Around New York

Ripples on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

Mayor Gaynor's vetoes of aldermanic appropriations and of the demands of privilege seekers are compounded of equal proportions of sound common sense, good advice and extract of the simple life. In turning down a resolution appropriating $1,800 for the purchase of an automobile for the coroner of Richmond county, the mayor expressed the opinion that the coroner of Richmond county does not need an automobile any more than the mayor does. "The transportation facilities are adequate in Richmond county," the mayor wrote, "and I can say also from actual experience that the walking there is fine."

About the same time he found himself obliged to veto several aldermanic permits authorizing various parties to drive advertising wagons about the streets; but he softened refusal by giving them wise advice. He told them to "advertise in the newspapers." The rarity of such wisdom in public station deserves gratifying acknowledgment.

A record-breaking skyscraper was going up in New York, to a tremendous tune of creaking derricks and clanging iron, mingled with the sharp staccato of pneumatic hammers and the hiss of white-hot bolts, tossed streaking through the air, from story to story, in as nervous and reckless a game as catch-as-catch-can as ever was played with an innocent handball.

The iron foreman—a serious faced, bull necked young man—stood below for a moment, bawling up a savage warning at two daring fellows, relates Munsey's. They were riding upon a huge iron beam that sailed up from the street, swayed ponderously in mid-air and then swung rapidly into its lofty anchorage in the maze of columns, posts and girders. He made a quick grimace of relief and answered a question, his eyes all the time darting anxiously over the great iron cage above him.

"Yep! Story of iron a day—that's my orders; and, what's more, we'll make it! But I got other orders, too—got 'em straight, and they're what keep me guessin.' They told me not to kill any men on this job!"

He spoke of it as stolidly as one would mention a waste of materials, and abruptly concluded the interview by sliding down a ladder to yell at a derrick tender.

Thirty minutes later an ambulance rang its way into the narrow, truck-congested street. Then, in rapid succession, another came, and yet another. Three accidents had happened and the foreman was cursing the day for a "blue Monday."

One of his best "pushers," or assistant foremen, had a leg stripped to the bone by a sliding fifteen ton column. Another man had a hand clipped off at the wrist. A third—the same derrick tender whom he had but recently admonished, an old bridge worker who in different accidents on other jobs had suffered fractures of both legs and several ribs—had been whirled over the derrick drum, and now lay helpless on a hospital cot, groaning with the pain of a dislocated shoulder.

Only two gangs, of seven men each, were disturbed—and they merely for a few minutes—by these disasters. The rattling dare devil work went swiftly and remorselessly on. Three iron workers out of a waiting line of a dozen eager applicants got the places of the injured men. The others, standing there patiently, with their overalls in little newspaper bundles tucked under their arms, looked disappointed, but hopeful. There was scarcely a word of comment on the accidents.

Down on the New York water front there is an unprecedented demand for ocean-going excursion boats for June 18, when Theodore Roosevelt returns from Europe. Shipping men expect a harvest twice as big as that reaped by the various steamboat owners during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The price of tickets is likely to mount to $10 a head.

Nearly every big organization—patriotic, political or social—in the city, and scores from other cities, have engaged or expect to engage steamboats for June 18, and there is a good chance that there will not be boats enough to go around at any price. Some of the greeting parties plan to go far to sea and it is expected that there will be a race to be the first to meet Colonel Roosevelt's steamship. Most of the ships will be equipped with wireless and some of the welcoming organizations are planning to distinguish themselves by the addition to their equipment of unique noise-making instruments. While it is not yet known whether any war vessels will come here to take part in the naval parade, a movement is already on foot to have the forts at the harbor entrance salute the home-comer as he steams up the bay.

The census enumerator is a person who attends strictly to his business, although as it happens this business is to pry into the intimate affairs of other people. Under the law the census employes are bound to secrecy, but if the enumerators could tell the things they hear—if they should reveal the romances, tragedies and comedies that develop under their observation, what wonderful revelations their would be!

From time to time, however, hints trickle out from the offices of the census officials that excite interest. For instance, it is told by a New York newspaper that a man who was once one of the foremost diplomats of the United States is now hidden away in a bowery boarding house, where his identity has been successfully concealed for years. But this diplomat was not the only interesting "find" of a single day's enumeration. Tucked securely away from the world in these East side boarding houses are scores of men who once occupied high places in official life, in literature, finance and science. In fact, the lower East side of New York seems to be the Sargossa sea, where the human derlicts drift to find a secure resting place far from the activities of a forgetful world.

John O. Nelson of No. 414 Stuart avenue, Brooklyn Hills, has a daughter who has two well-developed heads, he says. She is 6 years of age and is unable to walk or sit up, but her father says she is as bright as any child he ever saw. When the child was born the doctors told the parents that she could not live, but Nelson employed the best specialists and succeeded in keeping his little one not only alive, but in giving her comparative health. This cost him all he owned, he says, about $33,000, and he and his wife now are poor. The Nelsons do all possible to prevent strangers seeing their child and wrap her up to get her out of doors without attracting attention. The child speaks English and German with equal fluency, using both mouths when she speaks, her father says.

Important and True.

Chicago News.

Says Mr. Roosevelt: "The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republic is to succeed." This is not only important, but true.

PERSONAL NOTES.

While the late H. H. Rogers left only $35,000,000, it must be remembered that a man has to be mighty saving of his pay to accumulate even this sum.

Pittsburg grafters may have to go away from home to be tried, owing to the difficulty of assembling twelve citizens in whom both sides have confidence.

The greatest oil well in the world is reported to have recently begun gushing in California. California never could be satisfied with anything that doesn't gush.

Emil Biorn and Dr. Niles T. Quales, leaders in the Chicago Norwegian colony, have been decorated by King Haakon VII with the Order of St. Olaf. Both were appointed to the grade of "knight." The decoration consists of a gold and enamel star bearing the coat of arms of Norway and attached to a red, white and blue ribbon.

Judge Goodman of Salt Lake City, an associate and lifelong friend of the late Mark Twain, declares that the author died in his eightieth instead of his seventy-fifth year, as commonly believed. Judge Goodman bases his allegation on the fact that he is 78 himself and that while he and Mark Twain worked together in Nevada as young men, Twain was the older of the two. The judge also quotes from an early biography in which the birth of his friend has been set down as an event of 1835, and not 1835.

SMILING LINES.

Old Rooster (with some irritation)—What are you doing all that strutting and cackling about?

Old Hen—My eldest pullet has just hatched out her first brood of chicks, you mean old thing!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Blobs is down on the temperance movement, isn't he?"

"So much so that he wouldn't read a book I lent him because somebody told him it was full of dry humor."—Baltimore American.

"Waiter, this chuck steak I ordered is like wood."

"Yes, sah. Dat am wood-chuck steak."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Was it a good game yesterday?"

"Part of the time. When the home team was scoring its runs the play was exceptionally fine."—Chicago Post.

"I suppose you will be too rich to take in summer boarders this year?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "we'll take 'em jes' the same. Mandy an' the two gals want somebody to show off their good clothes and jewelry to."—Washington Star.

She—April, beautiful April! I wish it would last forever.

He—So do I.

She—You, too, are fond of nature then?

He—Not especially, but I have a note coming due the first day of May.—Boston Transcript.

"Gee! Isn't he done with that speech yet?"

"Yes, he's been done for twenty minutes, but heaven only knows when he'll stop talking."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Lapsling was expressing her regret that she had been unable, on account of illness, to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel,' she said, "that I ought to attend the obsequies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

I see a boy who hugs a well-thumbed book,
Wherein are the companions of his heart—
This is his monument; one would not look
For any greater homage born of Art.

* * *

So Laughter stands with silent lips today
The while the word goes pulsing round the earth,
And tears course down the dimpled cheeks of Play,
And sighs rise from the heavy heart of Mirth,
For he is gone who brought them all to life—
This master with the sure and patient hand,
Who minded not the fretting stress and strife,
But saw the joy with which the world is planned.

So heavy-lidded Grief must stand apart,
Nor yet may Sorrow come with glooming face;
Death has not stilled the throbbing of his heart,
It times the song of gladness in some place.
And he has found the sunshine that he gave
To all of us when clouds bent o'er his head—
It seems his hand gives us a farewell wave
From every word of his we ever read.

What graven bronze or stately shaft of stone
May ever be sufficiently sublime?
What may men write of him who wrote his own
Fair tribute that endures throughout all time?
Nay, but the row of books upon the shelf,
All peopled with the human folk he drew,
Memorialize for aye his human self—
The blitheness ever old and ever new.

* * *

This is his monument; one would not look
For any greater homage born of Art.
I see a boy who hugs a well-thumbed book,
Wherein dwell the companions of his heart.