THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	By Carrier per month.	By Mail per year
Daily and Sunday	65c	$6.00
Daily without Sunday	45c	4.00
Evening and Sunday	40c	5.00
Evening without Sunday	25c	4.00
Sunday Bee only	20c	2.00

Daily and Sunday Bee, three years in advance, $16.00. Send notice of change of address or irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE.

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only 2-cent stamps taken in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building.
South Omaha—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—526 Little Building.
Chicago—818 People's Gas Building.
New York—Room 803, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—503 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—725 Fourteenth street, N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

OCTOBER CIRCULATION

53,818 Daily—Sunday 50,252

Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of October, 1916, was 53,818 daily, and 50,252 Sunday.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, 1916.

C. W. CARLSON, Notary Public.

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

The fortunes of war bring the Servian capital again to Servian soil, but Belgium is still an exile from its native land.

The most unendurable concomitant of the high cost of living is now the threatened higher collar on the glass of lager.

It is too bad George Francis Train is no longer here to spread the gospel of his peanut diet as a true cure for high-living-cost evils.

Eastern financiers view the golden flood with pessimistic glasses. Still they show no desire to turn the flood westward and banish the gloom.

The speed and efficiency of Germany in clapping in jail the authors and beneficiaries of food corners goes to show that monarchial governments possess some admirable features.

Before Omaha tackles the good roads proposition again, the whole subject should have thorough investigation and study. Let us agree first upon what we want and then go after it.

The territory coveted for Greater Lincoln consolidation includes the domicile of a distinguished democrat for whom "no government without the consent of the governed" has several times been the slogan. What will he do if Lincoln tries forcible annexation?

In this year and the preceding five years Omaha added nine hotels for transients and one family hotel to its list, and capitalists see a profitable future for another. No other development so clearly proves Omaha's advance as a mecca for visitors on business or pleasure.

Harken, ye reckless speeders, to the tragic fate of the Denver autoist. "I can hit anything on the road," he remarked cheerily to his companions. Instantly action made good the words. The car hit a bridge, careened into the ditch and landed on the haughty driver. Tears, flowers and slow music.

That federal court of appeals vacancy is not being pulled down so fast for the Missouri claimant as the Missourians expected. There is at least one other state in this judicial circuit that has never had anyone on the federal bench ranking higher than district judge and which is quite able to fill the requisition.

Organized suffragists and anti-suffragists are already fully officered for next year's preliminaries for the decisive round in 1918. No doubt the prospective battle will take high rank as a political sporting event. Still, if mere man is as wise as he imagines, he will scoot for tall timber when the referee calls "time."

Accepting accounts as fairly accurate, the world war far out-Herods Herod in its slaughter of innocents. What has happened in Poland, ravaged by opposing armies, has been duplicated in Asiatic Turkey, in the Balkans, in France and Belgium. The innocent are the chief victims of all wars, more so in this than ever before.

Mecca, the sacred city of Islam, where repose the bones and beard of the prophet, is named as the new capital of the kingdom of Arabia. The designation implies the opening of the city to others than the devout followers of Mahomet. Hitherto the Mahommedans have not knowingly permitted non-believers to enter the city.

The Man Who Made Mars

—Philadelphia Ledger.—

The plays and novels that deal with the supposed mythical or actual inhabitants of Mars would have had small vogue with the public had not the late Percival Lowell, the astronomer, who comes of as distinguished a family as this country has ever produced, made the planet and the possibilities of life on it a household word. When one remembers that the old-fashioned descriptive astronomy by most astronomers was made slightly more attractive than the recondite mathematical astronomy, a closed book to all except the specialists, and also that the fascination of astrophysical, by which the remotest bounds of the universe are sensed, as it were, and analyzed, is of recent development, the fact that Percival Lowell interested two continents in what he divined might be going on in Mars, bringing the planet home to us as a sort of sister state, is a tribute to his captivating way of stating dry telescopic fact and physical theories.

Moreover, the great discoveries in solar physics and in the constitution of the universe, as represented by the fixed stars themselves, blazing centers of planetary systems of their own, had rather directed the popular mind away from our own relatively insignificant solar system. But Lowell kept the public mind interested in the planet whose glowing ruddy disk was a feature of the familiar heavens. An even if his theories that life existed on the planet and that the inhabitants had become the greatest irrigation experts known to science are not accepted, he did stir up the whole astronomical world. And, again, in the "good seeing" of the clear skies of Arizona, at Flagstaff, he was in a way, almost able to prove that the "canals" or huge irrigation ditches, thousands of miles in length and miles across, were reallies and indicated possibilities that would make the Martians not so different from ourselves.

Nothing to Take Back.

"In Omaha, as in Lincoln, the newspaper campaign against Senator Hitchcock was such as to disgust intelligent readers. It was such as to win for the targets of the unfair newspapers the sympathy of fair-minded men."—World-Herald.

Although The Bee was disposed to draw the curtain on the campaign, so far as it concerned the individual candidates, Senator Hitchcock's organ does not seem satisfied with the senator's victory, for which it shuddered up to the close of the voting in the cold sweat of scare and despair, and with the supreme essence of gall it tries to tell opposing papers how misdirected was their drive, although knowing full well that the senator was saved only by his successful feat of coat-tail hanging upon Wilson.

So far as The Bee is concerned, our campaign against the return of a democratic senator from Nebraska was straightforward and strictly confined to matters properly at issue. The Bee did not go back of the official record which Senator Hitchcock had made in his six years as senator—the record upon which he was seeking endorsement. We pointed out how, in his tariff votes, he had sacrificed all the products of Nebraska. We repeated the charges publicly preferred against him by President Wilson's secretary of state—charges that branded him a tool of Wall street and a traitor to the president and his party. We recalled how he sought to "tickle the Germans" by big promise but not performance, and we showed up his alliance with the "wets," whose help he took, but did not reciprocate. We also emphasized the numerous losses of federal activities Omaha had sustained since we had to depend upon democratic representatives at Washington. The Bee deliberately refrained, however, from taking up the personal, as distinguished from the official, character of the candidate or going into certain decidedly unsavory phases of the official record prior to his elevation to the senate.

Wherein was this campaign "disgusting to fair-minded men?" What different campaign should have been waged to keep within the lines of fairness? Was this campaign ineffective? We think not. We admit it was ineffective in the Third ward in Omaha, where, with the help of slathers of "wet" money, Hitchcock distanced his competitor nearly three to one; but proof that it was effective here in Douglas county lies in reducing the last Hitchcock majority of over 9,000 to less than one-half of that figure. Proof that it was effective in the state is seen in cutting down the Hitchcock majority of six years ago more than a third and in keeping the senator, with all his "wet" money, bank backing and German support, down to little over one-fourth the plurality rolled up by Wilson.

While accepting the verdict of the ballot box in the spirit that every patriotic citizen should accept it, The Bee has nothing to take back and no apologies to offer.

Woman Leads in Air Flight.

The feat of Miss Anna Law, who has just established a new world record for long distance continuous flight in an aeroplane, is not the least among woman's achievements in her new relation as man's competitor. Aside from the serious considerations of skill and endurance required to accomplish this arduous undertaking, the flight record is of great importance to aviation. Each new step adds to the total of knowledge on which must be based the success of the future, and affords also an incentive to greater endeavor, which in turn will make more certain the utilization of flying machines. The present activity in aerial navigation may lead to a restoration of supremacy in the air to the United States, where the secret of flight was discovered. In Europe the adaptability of the airship as a weapon of war is being demonstrated, but surely the science has other uses, and these Americans should discover. Woman now leads in the long distance flight record, but she may be sure that man will pursue her in the air as eagerly as he does on earth.

Closing Act of the Farce.

The "conference" between commissioners of the United States and Mexico over a joint policy to be pursued with reference to the control of our southern border, is about to end. No real progress has been made and the blame for failure is inferentially placed on the Mexicans, who resolutely decline to concede the main point demanded by President Wilson's representatives. This ending was foreshadowed weeks ago, but was held back, pending the election, that the peace plea might not be made the less efficient through the effect of the last act of this farce now waiting for the final curtain.

Administration adherents admit Carranza's failure as a pacificator of his people, but weakly say they do not see the alternative. Those who have soberly warned against the muddling methods of the president from the beginning can descry one possible alternative, made imperative, if we are to be assured of quiet along the border, and the Mexicans are to have order restored. That course is active, but friendly intervention.

If Mr. Wilson will make good on any one of four solemn warnings sent to the Mexicans within the last eighteen months, we may look for peace and safety where now we have an army on watch to protect our people from murderous bands who have prospered under "watchful waiting."

Turkey and the Thanksgiving Basket.

In his formal proclamation setting aside the last Thursday in this month as a day for thanksgiving and prayer, the president adjured his fellow citizens to give of their abundance to victims in the war-stricken lands of the Old World. This advice is seasonable, but in other ways we are reminded that nearer home we have those who will also silently prefer a demand on the bounty of prosperous America. The announcement from the head of the local charity organization that dinner baskets given out this year will not contain turkey is but another way of saying that, however noisy our abundance may be in one way, it is remarkable for its silence in another. It will not be the destitute alone who will go without turkey in the United States this year, unless some unexpected change comes over the spirit that now prevails.

The immediate future holds in its dark depths events of world-wide moment. Reconstructing the map of Europe is one, furling the gory battle flags is another, punctured price bubbles is a third. But these are insignificant beside the approaching crusade for the salvation of the democratic party and substituting the water wagon for the donkey as a party emblem.

As "Marse Henry" Sees It

—Louisville Courier-Journal.—

Now that all is over—even the shouting—of a quadrennial convulsion showing curiously the eccentricities of our party politics and the imperfection of our electoral machinery, let us for a moment survey the field we have just traversed.

In the late campaign there was but one paramount issue: the overthrow of the existing government of the country in the face of a world crisis; the substitution of a pilot having the vessel well in hand for a pilot untried, if not unskilled; in short, the swapping of horses in the middle of the stream. Though this had brought a flash of joy to the republicans, along with the official spoil, personally interesting only to a few, the joy would have been fitful and illusory. Bitter disappointment would have quickly ensued.

The conglomerate elements behind Mr. Hughes could never have mixed and mingled in the work of forming a successful administration. Mr. Hughes has shown himself in many ways disqualified for successful party leadership. A man of high integrity and fixed beliefs—an old-line New England federalist, crossed on a modern Pennsylvania republican—conscientious, unyielding and tactless—he would inevitably have broken down as president of the United States even as he broke down as governor of the state of New York.

The re-election of Mr. Wilson may bring in dangers of another sort, not yet visible to the naked eye, but it averts many dangers which are both real and visible. We owe our escape, not to the boasted wisdom and culture of the east, but to the robust common sense of the west and south. That means much. It means that Wall street—and by Wall street we designate the aggregate wealth of organized capital—does not govern the country and that a popular party may elect a president without the vote of New York. We are thus emancipated from the money madness which possesses the trade centers. For a time, at least, the Money Devil has been made to go way back and sit down. On the other hand vast responsibilities for good or evil are piled upon the democratic party, and these, of course, will be largely, maybe altogether, determined by the man to whom credit for the achievement must be wholly ascribed.

Mr. Wilson, another Carnot, was the organizer of victory. He drew the plan of every battle. He was his own strategist, his own tactician, his own architect, his own campaign manager, the best, and easily the best, of the campaign orators. To him with the rewards will come the accountabilities, and, although as a scholar and man of letters he may think he fully understands himself and comprehends the situation, the muse of history may nevertheless whisper in his ear loud enough to be heard above the din of the cheering: "Have a care, Woodrow, oh, my son, have a care!"

Jefferson was right. That is the best government which governs least. In framing the federal constitution the wise and patriotic men, led by Madison, the republican, and Hamilton, the imperialist, sought to keep between them the Scylla of centralized monarchism and the Charybdis of pure democracy. They constructed a representative system, of limited powers, gird round by definite checks and balances which they believed would protect the people against despotic enroachment upon the one hand and mob passion upon the other.

Measurably this has been the result. But it has been qualified of late by a demand for reforms which have in some quarters risen to a kind of hysteria. As a consequence two dangers have come to pass; a disregard for precedents inevitable to a craving after the experimental; and the complication, not to say the confusion, of orderly governmental procedure incident to an annual flood of legislation, state and federal.

The country is honeycombed with commissions. Though state rights survived the war of sections the home rule principle was put to serious strain. Now whatever happens to be wapted anywhere, the word is "On to Washington." Woodrow Wilson calls this the new freedom; Theodore Roosevelt calls it progressiveism; the Duluth Herald calls it social justice; the cheap perodicals call it the uplift.

Whatever it is, or aims at, it is a departure from the simple and benign in government and a menace to the country; an outgrowth not of freedom but of slavery; a survival of the age of theologic controversises of the inquisition and the conventicle; a return to the era of church and state beneath whose tyrannous rule men and women were to believe what the prelates told them and to be made good by law.

That Woodrow Wilson, an academic dogmatist, and Theodore Roosevelt, a spectacular politician—both more or less bent on power—should agree about such functions of government is not surprising; but, now that Woodrow Wilson has crossed the Rubicon of a re-election and is about to enter his second and final term as president, it becomes a matter of moment, and of supreme moment, how far he may be able to outlive the ill-digested notions of the doctrinaire and to surmount the peculiar infirmities of the schoolmaster and to address his experience in office and undoubted abilities to the working out of a problem, not in human ethics, but in actual, practical government.

Unless the people can be brought back to the simple rescripts of Thomas Jefferson as distinguished from the half-baked sentimentalisms of Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, the abnormal conditions which made the Reign of Terror possible in France may be brought round in America, the crowded centers hot-beds of insurrectionary spirit; labor, supported by the rule of numbers, but misadvised of its rights, wildly loose in the land; capital, driven into a corner, the rule of force no longer able to come to the rescue of property, as helpless as the Regime Ancien.

Surely such a surmise is not toryism. Nor is it profanation to suggest that Woodrow Wilson cannot improve Thomas Jefferson. Nor yet inimical to add that he may with profit mend some of his ways.

In saying that he makes common cause with no one the Courier-Journal has not intended to imply that he should wear his heart upon his sleeve, or that he should not in every case be the final judge. By common cause it has meant intellectual and patriotic community of interest. Neither has it spoken without advisement. The charge is made at Washington by those competent to know who are not hostile that he has cultivated as president an isolation not merely abhorrent to republican ideals, but personally unwise and absurd, and has surrounded himself not with counselors, but with servants, repelling men of his own caliber.

Yet in these despites he has made an excellent president. His handling of our European relations has been admirable. His domestic policies have been fruitful. His fiscal reforms have lifted our banking system out of an intolerable rut. If he survives the allurements of a dangerous talent for phrase-making when he takes up his appointed task again he will remember that the White House is not a classroom, nor the people a huddle of schoolboys—they showed that they are not pretty clearly—he may not indeed supplant our venerated Jeffersonian democracy with a modern, new-fangled Wilsonian democracy, but he will save his party and his country from many pitfalls and perils in the years to come.

People and Events

King Albert of the Belgians is said to be the only expert mechanic among the monarchs of Europe.

Sir Douglas Haig, commander of the British forces in France and Flanders, is one of the best polo players in the army.

Robert E. Spear, one of America's most widely known religious workers, has just completed twenty-five years of service as secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

TODAY

Thought Nugget for the Day.

Seek the company of those who stimulate you to continue in your chosen life work and give you added strength. Avoid as you would poison those who leave in you a sense of emptiness and debility.

—Ernest von Feuchtersleben.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Serbian troops began to cross into Montenegro.

Rome reported furious Italian assaults in Gorizia.

British advanced along Tigris river to within eighteen miles of Bagdad.

Germans occupied Novipazar, Serbia, and claimed capture of 80,000 prisoners in the campaign.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago Today.

Andrew Peacock, employed in the Union Pacific shops, while on his way to work, slipped and fell at the corner of Sixteenth and Douglas. He was picked up by Policeman Matza and removed to his home, 2215 Harney.

In the jail two large bottles are now kept constantly filled with two different medicines—one for delirium tremens and the other for fits.

Frank Mittauer has accepted the challenge of T. F. Blackmore. The terms and time of the race have not yet been settled, but Blackmore's friends are confident he can down the bike champion of Nebraska, while Mittauer's friends are equally confident.

The following pupils took part in a Thanksgiving entertainment given by Miss Ida K. Greenlee's seventh grade at Leavenworth school: Lula Hornberger, Mabel Eaton, Luther Leisenring, Inez Alvison, Stella Harmon, Lida Loring, Louis Treitschke, Charlie Bullock, Julia Davis, Maggie O'Toole and Frank Templeton.

The icemen are preparing for a rich harvest this year.

William F. Heins, ex-county treasurer, has returned with his wife and family after a four-months' trip to Europe.

The sad news has been received in this city of the accidental death of Herman Blickensderfer, the youngest son of Chief Engineer Blickensderfer of the Union Pacific. He was killed in Idaho by the accidental discharge of a gun.

This Day in History.

1694—Voltaire, the greatest literary man of his time, born in Paris. Died there May 30, 1787.

1790—Bryan Walter Proctor, who won fame as a poet and dramatist under the name of Barry Cornwall, born at Leeds, England. Died in London October 4, 1874.

1806—Napoleon I. issued the Berlin decree, declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade.

1810—George Frederick Cooke, a celebrated English tragedian, made his first American appearance in New York.

1840—Empress Frederick, daughter of Queen Victoria of England and mother of the present German Emperor, born. Died at Cronberg August 5, 1901.

1891—Thomas Hill, former president of Harvard college, died at Waltham, Mass. Born at New Brunswick, N. J., January 7, 1818.

1893—The supreme court of the United States decided the Great Lakes to be high seas.

1899—Garret A. Hobart, vice president of the United States, died at Paterson, N. J. Born at Long Branch, N. J., June 3, 1844.

The Day We Celebrate.

Mark Leon, with Leon the hatter, is today celebrating his twenty-ninth birthday, and promises to be one of Omaha's coming business men.

John R. Webster, general manager of the Omaha Bridge and Terminal company, was born November 21, 1851, at Detroit. He is a lawyer by profession and has lived in Omaha since 1886.

His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, born at Pegli, near Genoa, sixty-two years ago today.

Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's heroic prelate, born on the site of the battle of Waterloo sixty-five years ago today.

Manuel Estrada Cabrera, president of the Republic of Guatemala, born fifty-nine years ago today.

Mary Johnston, popular novelist, born in Botecourt county, Virginia, forty-six years ago today.

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, popular English novelist, born in Cornwall fifty-three years ago today.

William H. Murray ("Alfalfa Bill"), representative in congress of the Fourth Oklahoma district, born at Collinsville, Tex., forty-seven years ago today.

Rev. Henry M. Couden, chaplain of the United States house of representatives, born in Marshall county, Indiana, seventy-four years ago today.

Frank L. Kramer, world's champion bicycle racer, born at Evansville, Ind., thirty-seven years ago today.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington American league base ball team, born at Nevada, Mo., forty-eight years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders.

The federal farm loan board holds a hearing today at Amarillo, Tex.

Quincy, Mass., holds its first election today under the non-partisan plan of city government.

The Farmers' Educational and Cooperative union, the largest and most influential body of farmers in the country, begins its national convention today at Palatka, Fla.

A uniform code of state laws to govern the assessment life insurance business is to be considered at the annual convention of the National Association of Mutual Life Underwriters, which meets today at Chicago.

All modern appliances used in hotels from kitchen to roof garden are to be shown at the big exposition of the National Hotel Men's congress, opening today in the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

Storyette of the Day.

Macklin was once lecturing on literature and the stage, and in discussing the education of memory boasted that he could repeat any formula after hearing it.

Samuel Foote, the sardonic comedian, who was one of Macklin's auditors, wrote out and sent to the platform the rigamarole that has ever since been famous:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie. At the same time a great she bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop.

"'What! No soap?'

"So he died, and she very impudently married the barber; and there were present the Pickaninnies, the Jobililies and the Gayrullies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the tip; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

Macklin failed, and so does everybody that tries orally to repeat the confusing arrangement of words.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bee's Letter Box

Reducing the Living Cost.

Walnut, Ia., Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Omaha is to be commended upon the fact that it has a reducer for the high cost of living in the person of A. B. Mickle. If I were a resident of Omaha I would recommend him to Douglas county as an excellent candidate for overseer of the county farm. Just think of all the money he could save the county. After a short time the county would have no expense at all, except a few undertakers' bills. Read conversation between Mr. Bumble and Mr. Sowerberry in chapter four of Oliver Twist by Dickens.

Why couldn't Mr. Mickle make the cheese last even longer? He could cut up the pound in seven parts and then divide each seventh part into seven parts again, making forty-nine pieces of cheese. Then eat one piece per night himself, consequently making a pound last seven weeks instead of one. Substitute fresh water for cheese for the rest of the family, and save on the cheese bill.

As for the weevils, they are good for chickens, so why not for human beings? Therefore a saving is made by buying weevil oatmeal, a combination of meat and cereal.

C. C. SCHACK.

Why the Scarcity of Mechanical Labor

Omaha, Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read a statement from Grant Parsons in reference to the building laborers, in which he would like to know what has become of the experienced laborers that were in town previous to the strike of last spring. I would say for his enlightenment a good many of the experienced laborers are working for building contractors here and elsewhere and are paid the union scale of wages. Take Chicago, for instance, a bona fide building laborer receives from 42½ cents per hour to 70 cents per hour, and here in our great and properous city of Omaha the building and street contractors pay from 20 to 40 cents per hour.

Any man with an ounce of sense knows he can't get experienced laborers for 20 or 25 cents per hour. Have you ever heard or read of a city the size of Omaha furnishing prisoners to a contractor to do street work which the property owners are paying for. The unfortunate prisoner receives 10 cents per hour and the city 15 cents per hour. Fine doings for the rich contractor who has accumulated his "pile" at the expense of the bona fide laborer and mechanic.

Think it over, Mr. Parsons, and you can readily discern the cause of the scarcity of mechanical laborers, and in their stead you have here a bunch of "strike breakers" and spineless human derelicts.

STRAIGHTWIRE.

Disfranchisement in the South.

Omaha, Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: I cannot doubt that all intelligent readers of your excellent paper have been equally interested with myself in noting the editorial remarks in reference to the effect of the "solid south's" vote in the last presidential election. In spite of oft-repeated demonstrations of the fact that this government is the merest travesty on genuine democracy, we shall probably have a continuation of this condition for years to come.

There are lots of us left yet who retain a vivid recollection of the time something more than a half century ago, when the question, "What shall we do with the negro?" became the most hackneyed phrase that appeared in print, with the possible exception of: "All quiet on the Potomac." In spite of the predetermination and promise of Mr. Lincoln to have nothing to do with slavery—frankly and fully disavowing any constitutional right or personal inclination to interfere with it—he, at the very outset of his administration, inevitably ran afoul of the unsolvable problem of avoiding a mixup with the south's "peculiar institution." At last he was almost driven to the issuance of the emancipation proclamation, and later, but with apparently hardly less reluctance, endorsed the movement for organizing, arming and mobilizing the freed men. Still later came the constitutional amendments, eventuating in the elective franchise. But the confederate brigadiers have made good their threat that the ballot in the hand of the negro should prove a boomerang to his friends, at least so far as the south is concerned.

It is well remembered that when it was first decided to enlist colored men as soldiers in the national army during the civil war, a number of prominent confederates declared their satisfaction in view of it, for, as they said, this would afford them an easy source for replenishing their supplies of arms and ammunition. But authentic history affords ample warrant for the assertion that they have met with much better luck in dealing with the black man in respect to his ballot than with his gun.

Let us at least indulge the hope that something may be done, and soon, that shall put an end to the miserable burlesque on fair and honest government such as has always obtained here.

CYRUS D. BELL.

Warming up Mickle.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: In his letter A. B. Mickle (more suitably named A. Big Miser) shows how low so-called man can sink beneath the standard of true manhood, by boasting of "laying up money" on $60 a month wages, by denying his "slave" he calls "wife" not only the privilege of handling at least her half of the money, but of even being allowed to buy or choose the food she is compelled to cook for the family. He is "boss" he says, and after winning her through pretended "love" now proves himself beneath the low of wild beasts of the forest, who without vowing before God and man to "love, honor, protect and provide for" their mates, do all in their power, even at the cost of life, to provide for their comfort and protection, while he denies them not only comforts but refuses to furnish meat, sugar, potatoes, butter or eggs, or anything else his shriveled nature deems unnecessary in order to "exist," and considers it a manly and wise deal to buy oatmeal full of weevils at 1 cent a pound, instead of good oat meal at 5 cents, comforting himself with the thought that cooking kills the weevils or worms, boasting of thus managing to feed (or starve) a family of seven on $1.96 a week at present high prices. She whom God says to "give honor unto as unto the weaker vessel" and "love as his own body" is fit to bear his children (and on such rations) as well as train and care for them and consume her strength and very life in faithfully filling a wife's place (all unappreciated) and make a home for him and her and board him, but unworthy of choosing or buying even staple, palatable eatables, handling any part of the $60 a month she does more to earn than he.

True men of this "land of the free and the home of the brave" are disgraced by such creatures bearing the same name. There are multitudes in this great country where all should have equal rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"), who love and provide for her they chose as an equal, and such heathenism as A. B. Mickle manifests, has its proper place on some cannibal island, not among an enlightened, civilized people, or amid those in whose breasts manly hearts beat. From one "opposed to cruelty to animals."

M. W.—A READER.

High Cost Through Over-Eating.

Omaha, Nov. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: I saw an article in The Bee, "High Cost of Living," by Dr. Robinson. Regarding the cost of living at 50 cents a day, will say I have had a little experience myself and will give you my expenses for a day.

For my Sunday morning breakfast I take one teacupful of pancake flour which makes four pancakes about the size of a saucer. That costs 4 cents, including gas and butter. Three slices eggs at 6 2-3 cents makes 16 2-3 of bacon at 2 cents a slice and two cents. No coffee, no sugar, nothing but hot water. How's that for high cost of living?

Will say that when we marched to the sea with Sherman and arrived at Savannah we had nothing to eat. My company camped on a rice plantation and my squad gave an old negro $5 to shell enough rice to do until we got rations from Uncle Sam. We lived on boiled rice for twelve days and we did not lose any flesh.

75-YEAR-OLD CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

SUNNY GEMS.

He (ingratiatingly)—I was belated a bit last night, my dear.

Wife (coolly)—Belated minus the bi—Judge.

Simmons—Blowpop thinks his boy is the smartest in the world.

Kimmons—Well, why shouldn't he? His boy seems to be of the same opinion.—Judge.

There is a Real Difference

Cream of tartar, derived from grapes, is used in Royal Baking Powder because it is the best and most healthful ingredient known for the purpose.

Phosphate and alum, which are derived from mineral sources, are used in some baking powders, instead of cream of tartar, because they are cheaper.

If you have been induced to use baking powders made from alum or phosphate, use Royal Baking Powder instead. You will be pleased with the results and the difference in the quality of the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
New York

Mason & Hamlin

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