THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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NELSON B. UPDIKE, PRESIDENT

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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. A Pipe Line from the Wyoming Oil Fields to Omaha.
3. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
4. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.

LOVING BY LETTER.

There is a market, it seems, for tender epistles that express the divine emotion which, like the sap in the trees, rises in the spring. People buy publications which direct them in the art of giving absent treatment in love to those they adore. The book sellers admit it.

Can it be that there has been a change in the tactics of courtship during the past 30 years? In our youth the presence of the charmer was the thing most assiduously sought. We wanted nearness, propinquity, contiguity—to be frank, actual contact, at least to the extent of being permitted to hold a soft white hand. However (just one moment for a sigh in memory of divers and sundry hands), there are people who love to express themselves on perfumed paper to those with whom they are enamoured. Alas! that such delicate missives should ever be opened to excite ribald laughter in unfeeling courts. But that's another story; let us pass on.

We separated from a quarter yesterday at a book stand for a treatise on "How to Write Love Letters." Not that we need assistance in that sort of cardiac performance, but that our readers may glimpse one phase of belles-lettres not in general circulation. Here is a paragraph from a model proposal:

Ever since I have had the felicity of becoming acquainted with you, the remembrance of your charms and accomplishments has been continually present to my mind, and though I dread the painful thought of my suit being rejected, I can no longer conceal the passion which has preyed on my spirits these few months past.

Isn't that perfectly beautiful? And the favorable response is no less so. It follows:

I need say no more than that your proposals, if made in proper form to my parents, will find a warm and not uninterested advocate in one to whom the acceptance of them will be happiness—their rejection a misfortune.

Just one more quotation, this from a model letter to a lady from her intended husband:

If there is anything that can console me for my unavoidable absence from your side, it is the pleasure of anticipating in imagination the blissful time when I shall bask in the sunshine of your smile, and revel in the placid delights of a home made happy by the genial presence of a lovely and loving companion.

One can but wonder how long an ordinary man could maintain himself on so high a plane of expression—after the honeymoon. There is another form letter in the book we would like to quote, but perhaps 'twill be better to omit it. It is from "a widower professing attachment to a widow," but suggestions to widowers, or to widows either, along matters "appertainin' to an' touchin' on" courtship are absurdly superfluous.

We are disappointed in but one thing in our review of this little book. It contains no forms suitable for leap year proposals. They would be really worth while just now.

A Lost Opportunity.

One of the felicitous enterprises conducted by our ideal national administration was the publication of a periodical to "convert teachers to the idea of a league of nations and to urge them to teach that doctrine to their school children." It cost the taxpayers $135,000 a year.

We are unable to understand why Mr. Creel's war committee on public information, organized presumably because the administration distrusted the democratic press, neglected to put out free text books for the schools and colleges of the countries, with the Wilsonian doctrines as subject matter.

But the great and unpardonable oversight of the irrepressible Mr. Creel was his incomprehensible failure at a time when money resources were unlimited, to revise the Scriptures to conform with the political utterances of the second savior of the world, the immaculate prince of peace who kept us out of war—in 1916. His testament, which is the new covenant, and all his speeches, diplomatic notes, letters to his prophet Hitchcock, and other literary remains (we believe remains is the right word), should have been incorporated with other Holy Writ, and would have been if Creel had known how to grasp a real opportunity. Then we should have read passages like this:

With thee will I, W. W., establish my covenant, and thou shalt come into my ark of internationalism; thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives, and all of voting age whose minds run along with mine.

But all in whose nostrils is the breath of life, who speak despitefully of Me, shall die the political death, including Jim Reed of Missouri and Bill Bryan of Nebraska, and all the giants of republicanism in the earth in these days, because they are corrupt in My eyes.

And soon and so on, by whackey!

Puncture of the Plumb Plan.

The changed attitude of the great railroad brotherhoods towards the so-called Plumb plan is not to be marvelled at. That the sensible men who make up those organizations would come to understand the impractical and unworkable character of the visionary scheme for controlling the great transportation industry of the country was foregone. But the railroad men see something more now, a phase of the plan that was obscured as far as possible from the workers by the crafty promoters. This is its connection with the radical movement. Its elements of danger were discerned long ago by the experienced labor leaders, in spite of the fact that the Plumb adherents have boldly and untruthfully proclaimed that his plan has the full endorsement of the American Federation of Labor. It did not receive such endorsement at any time. That it is being used by the extreme radicals to further their unsavory cause is no more to be wondered at than that the conservative railroad workers have repudiated it at last. The Plumb plan is considerably punctured by this time.

Give Your Common Sense a Chance.

Of all the dangerous features of a political campaign nothing is more difficult to combat than innuendo. This is the most potent weapon in the arsenal for a skilled manager. Generally it does not appear until the last moment, when it is used to strike a treacherous blow from which recovery is not early, and against which there is no guard.

Such a blow has been struck at General John J. Pershing in Nebraska. Supporters of one of his opponents deliberately but covertly have undertaken to set up that Pershing is a militarist. They know that Nebraskans are opposed to military domination, and hope by creating a false impresssion to lure votes away from Nebraska's candidate by insinuating that his victory will be an endorsement of brute force in government.

Voters, use your common sense, and you will see how far from the truth this suggestion is. John J. Pershing is a soldier, and a mighty good one. He has risen to the highest possible position in the military service of the United States, and through his merit only. The record he has made will bear the closest scrutiny. He has never struck a blow, save for liberty and justice. His private life as well justifies the confidence of his advocates in his integrity, his probity, and his devotion to all that Americans hold dear and sacred.

To suggest that there is danger in such a man is the shameless trick of a political manipulator who hopes to secure by deception what can not be openly obtained.

Forty thousand Nebraska men wore the khaki from 1917 to 1919. Many thousands of them crossed the ocean to serve directly under John J. Pershing. Ask any of them if they think the uniform is a danger signal to anything but the forces of anarchy and the enemies of America.

Give your reason a chance, and do not be misled by clamor from the outside. A vote for Pershing is not alone an honor to a man who has been tried and proven, but to perpetuate all our government stands for.

Push the Pipe Line Plan.

The Journal of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce records, anent the activities of the committee on waterways and oil pipe line:

This committee has had several meetings and has discussed the oil pipe line proposed from Wyoming to Omaha. A complete survey is to be made so that when the committee makes a recommendation in the matter it will be based on facts and figures. The output of oil of the Wyoming fields, its ownership and the need of a pipe line are to be fully investigated.

It will be good news to the public that when the committee is ready to report that it will have facts and figures to support its recommendations. But better news will be that the committee has verified what most outsiders believe, that the project is not only feasible, but commercially and industrially a necessity, soon to become an accomplished fact. Push the pipe line plan, and let Omaha have definite information regarding the time for its construction.

The Truth Not Noisy.

The truth does not need an angry voice nor violent gesticulations to carry conviction to those who hear it. In politics, as in business and the professions, courteous language and knidly inflection wield more influence and make more friends than noisy wrangling. The art of gentleness is very seductive.

Men who speak good naturedly and with quiet dignity in their discussions of disputed political opinions almost always have truth on their side. The man who can talk firmly in gentle tones is seldom beaten in an argument; it is the fellow who feels himself slippnig who is likely to get red in the face and shout his opinions.

A Weapon Burglars Fear.

The Mexican gentleman who emerged from an Omaha alley at 2 o'clock Friday morning with a twelve-inch knife on his person had the one sure weapon for attack or defense. The man with a knife is exceedingly dangerous to the health of his antagonist. A bullet hole here or there may heal up in time. A ten or twelve-inch thrust of a knife in the body starts a lot of complications not easily overcome.

The inoffensive citizen whose home is invaded in the darkness of night by a felonious intruder has only to say audibly to his wife: "Mary, hand me my bowie-knife!" and the visitor will go while the going is good.

No primary campaign in Nebraska ever held the nation's attention as this one does. A full vote and a fair count is coming, and voters should remember that the world is watching the result.

Hold on to your Liberty bonds. Uncle Sam will give you 100 cents for every dollar of them when they are due, and interest in the meantime.

The president seems to have hit a snag in his effort to pick a railroad labor board. Its personnel is due for a checking up.

The outlaw strike is costing Uncle Sam several million dollars a day, but this does not appear to worry Washington.

Saturday night's record of automobile mishaps is imposing proof that the rule of safety first has been flagrantly ignored.

Delaware is lining up for ratification of woman suffrage. Better late than never.

Carranza is about as popular in Arizona as Hindenberg would be in Paris.

The Easter Sunday tradition is being nobly supported by the weatherman.

Last call for campaign roorbacks

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the gulps fall where they may.

THE question that has always puzzled Mr. Keith Preston (he says) is, How did the old-school ghost keep his sheet so white? Absence of soft-coal smoke, we should guess. A Gloucester ghost, for example, or a La Jolla ghost, could keep his shroud immaculate indefinitely, whereas a Chicago ghost would be invisible after twenty-four hours.

THAT English is the universal language, in the widest sense of the world universal, is shown by the psychic messages to Mrs. Lane from "a spirit that has never been on earth."

HOAG AND HOAG.

[From a Bridgeport, Conn., paper.]

As my wife, Matilda Hoag, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I will pay no bills of her contracting on and after this date. Miles D. Hoag.

As Miles Hoag has never been able to pay his own bills it would be absolutely impossible for him to pay mine. Matilda Hoag.

PROFESSIONAL humorists the world over agitate their wits to devise the side-splitting. And, with no effort whatever, the Associated Press reports the forming of an Irish soviet!

The Gashed Infinitive.

Sir: Concerning the split infinitive, let me mention that Professor Canby, in "English Composition in Theory and Practice," adduces this specimen: "All actors find it tedious to, night after night, through a whole season, act and react the same roles." But I doubt whether you can beat the following, noted last spring on a banner hung up in a grammar school in Cleveland:

"O Liberty, we pldege thee well,
To do our best to thrift-stamps sell."

You will observe that this differs from the ordinary split infinitive in that it inserts the direct object in medias res, whereas the usual way is to insert a mere adverbial element.

ACADEMICUS.

THEY SEEM TO GO TOGETHER.

Sir: Why is it that every one who rides a motor cycle has a large Adam's apple?

D. C. W.

"GET A HORN."

[From the Charlotte, Ia., Record.]

Cornelius Paulsen presented a communication asking that his salary be raised to $40 a month. The request was granted with the proviso that whenever it was necessary to hire a man in his place, the pay for same will be deducted from his salary.

THERE is one kind of bet which we do not object to deciding—the bet between two amateur brewers as to which makes the best beer. Sometimes the brews are so closely matched that it is necessary for us to go very slowly in reaching a decision.

Wouldn't This Horripilate You?

[Ad in the Oil City Blizzard.]

Man or woman (professional spiritualist medium excepted) wanted to sleep all night alone in graveyard. $25 per night to white man; $35 per night to colored man; $35 per night to white woman; $50 per night to colored woman. An easy night's rest with good pay for someone who has nerve and is not afraid of spirits. Applicant will be taken to cemetery in auto, provided with warm, comfortable bed, but must submit to being chained and locked in bed, which is being placed right amongst graves. Representative of The Blizzard will unlock the person at dawn and take his or her experience with spirits during the night and publish the story in the newspapers.

The person must spend the night absolutely alone without even a dog for company, but may provide himself with a gun or pistol to drive away any human disturbers. This is a bonafide offer, made in the interest of science.

TRADE CLASSIC.

Sir: A noted horsethief and gunman slipped into town one day, and, being recognized, led the whole police force a merry chase up streets, down alleys and across lots to the country beyond where, behind a rail fence, he made a stand to recover his wind. Two of the police crept behind a convenient stump, over which one pointed a gun at the bad man, who called out, "You shoot at me and I'll beat hell out of you." The policeman, handing his gun to his companion, said, "Here, you shoot him; he won't let me."

DUBLIN'S hunger strikers have been released, as every one expected. The English are incurably sentimental.

TO A SEA-GLUL.

O lone sea-gull against the skies
Created by the waves at play,
You rise to fall, and fall to rise;
My spirit swirls the selfsame way.
But, lone sea-gull, had I your wing,
I'd follow June about the world,
My heart with Springtime fluttering,
My breast with soft sea waves be-pearled.

B. H. J.

"GOMPERS Blames High Prices for Outlaw Strikes."

Sam'l counts that day lost on which he fails to blame somebody for something. He has blamed pretty nearly everybody and everything except himself.

CONSIDERABLE VAMPIRE.

[From the New York Evening World.]

He opened the fingers which he had kept clenched together, and he felt the hot grip of her hand, holding his passionately, drawing it towards her until the fingers of her other hand, too, fell upon it. So she sat for several months.

"PERSHING Meets Friend; Kisses Her Going, Coming."—Minneapolis Tribune.

There's a good political campaigner. He gets 'em c. and g.

Reverie of an Educator.

Sir: As I was dragging my emaciated body from the classroom to the flat which by the grace of God and the terms of the lease I call "Home," I evolved the following: If money is the root of all evil, a college professor should possess a character of such purity as to make Ivory Soap's boasted percentage look like a German mark. Class is dismissed.

INDIGENT PROFESSOR.

"THE president was in a jovial mood . . ." Reminding one of a wet day in October.

IN THE INSTITUTE CAFETERIA.

Sir: Hungry female advances, reading signs to herself: "Hash, 15 cents." "Beans, 15 cents." "Minimum check, 15 cents." Speaks: "Some minimum check, please." H. E. A.

GOVERNMENT by horn is a purely American institution. B. L. T.

The VELVET HAMMER

By Arthur Brooks Baker

CHARLES J. LANE.

The shipment of commodities in this productive state requires a heavy head of brains for managing the freight. The fruit of farm and factory, the yield of mill and range, must do a lot of travel to facilitate exchange; and when it's not delivered on the minute and the spot, expressions of impulsive rage are copious and hot.

To save its honest patrons such embarrassment and pain, the U. P. railway can rely on Mr. Charles J. Lane. He does not let potatoes sprout on sidings lone and far, nor chickens change to tough old hens while waiting for a car. He struggles to alleviate industrial distress by making prompt deliveries—succeeding more or less.

He has a fund of homely wit, effulgent and refined, the evidence and product of a neat, well-ordered mind. The stories he remembers would, as one may truly say, provide the plot and detatil for a Mary Pickford play. And since he knows a lot of folks and travels far and wide, he entertains and elevates the grateful countryside.

A statement of his merits and a census of his coin provide the combination which a lady loves to join, and many maids of rarest charm, our city's finest growth, would hasten to associate with either or with both; but though he's seen the promised land (a promise or a threat), he hangs around outside the fence and hasn't entered yet.

Next Subject: W. S. Dahlman.

How to Keep Well

By Dr. W. A. EVANS

SUPPLY THE VITAMINES.

There is more to nutrition than furnishing the necessary number of calories and the proper amount of minerals. In feeding experiments animals are sometimes fed a full allowance of protein as meat, of starch as bread and sugar, of fat as butter, and plenty of minerals, and still they do not thrive. Some of them develop scurvy; others a form of neuritis known as beri-beri. Others emaciate and in some instances young animals stop growing.

Scientists hold that there are in certain foods certain necessary chemicals which they term water soluble vitamines. The most frequent trouble due to deficiency in in this element from which people suffer in this section is mild scurvy. In the spring many people find themselves with a little tendency to have bleeding gums, roughening of the skin and spring eruptions.

A fair number of children will have marked scurvy. Our food supply is so ample and varied, there are so many cold storage houses, refrigerator cars as well as root cellars, that well marked scurvy is never seen except occasionally among men who work in construction gangs, bridge gangs and other kinds of construction camps.

Osborne and Mendel report on an investigation of the amount of this, let us call it antiscurvy, principle in certain dried vegetables. They fed test rats plenty of nutritious food and added enough butter to supply the fat soluble vitamines. They then tested out various vegetables to discover how much water soluble vitamines they contained. They found plenty of it in tomatoes.

This recalls the frequent observation that the juice of canned tomatoes is about as good as orange juice for a baby. It is good for adults as well. Spinach, cabbage, turnips, and carrots had an abundance of it. Beets (the roots) were not equal to carrots and turnips. White potatoes had a fair supply, though not equal to that contained in tomatoes, alfalfa or clover. Young fresh vegetables were better than older ones. Peeling did not lessen the proportion of the element in potatoes, and while drying lessened the effectiveness of the agent somewhat the effect was not so great.

From this standpoint desiccated vegetables were almost as effective as the undried product. A quick, short drying at a higher temperature was less destructive to it than drying slowly at a lower temperature. Of more importance was the quality of the vegetable. Young, fresh, juicy vegetables were best. None other were so good as the tender vegetables which come on early in the spring.

Homemade Hair Dyes.

A Subscriber writes: "Is walnut tea made from hulls dangerous to use on the hair? I have a friend who uses sage tea to keep her hair dark and she always puts in a few walnut hulls to make it darker."

REPLY.

Home made walnut tea and home made sage tea are harmless dyes.

For Chapped Hands.

T. P. P. writes: "I enclose the Rural New Yorker's recipe for an ointment (quick drying) for preventing chapped hands, etc. Am still using it successfully. Melt slowly in an earthen dish 1-2 ounce white wax, 1-2 ounce spermaceti and 1 ounce mutton tallow. Pour into a bowl, slowly adding a mixture of 2 ounces almond oil and 2 ounces glycerine, beating slowly with fork until smooth. While still warm pour into a dish fitted with a cover for keeping until used. Add perfume, if desired, before the cream sets."

Exercise Back Muscles.

L. B. writes: "1. Is there any cure for round shoulders?

"2. Is there any cure for cross-eyes?

"3. Will having the tonsils cut out change a person's singing voice? I have heard of many people having a better singing voice after their tonsils were removed."

REPLY.

1. Persistent exercising kept up for years will cure round shoulders, if the treatment is taken during youth. The exercises should be those which develope the great muscles of the back and neck—such as rowing, climbing, work on parallel bars, poles and ladders.

2. Sometimes cross eyes are cured by properly fitting glasses. Many cases require operation.

3. Removing the tonsils sometimes changes the tone of the voice somewhat. In most cases there is no change.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Bachelor—Are you in favor of home rule?

Married—Yes, but you see the wife is also.—Yale Record.

Mother—Georgie, Georgie, fighting with your little visitor! For shame!

George (panting)—He said—he said I was like father!—London Tit-Bits.

"How's this, waiter? You've charged me two dollars and a half for planked steak."

"Sorry, sir; but lumber's gone up again."—The Home Sector.

"A husband leads a dog's life," said Mr. Gabb.

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Gabb. He growls all day and snores all night."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

"Do go to sleep, Willie" urged the exasperated nurse. "Remember there's an angel watching over you."

"Don't be so conceited," answered the hopeless child.—London Answers.

"I intend to marry for love," said the girl with the dreamy eyes.

"You are wise, my dear," replied her dearest friend. "Men with money are often so hard to please."—Stray Stories.

Willie—This Englishman says he can't understand our legislative modus operandi at Washington.

Gillis—It is very simple; The president selects, the house objects and the senate rejects.—Life.

"Pa," what's it mean about it's being better to give than to receive?"

"It means, my son, that your mother finds more pleasure in lecturing me than I do in listening to her."—Boston Transcript.

"Why does your wife wear the threatening visage?"

"I didn't want to come to this tea. But she says I'm to have a good time or she'll know the reason why."—Louisville Courier-Journal.