THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NELSON B. UPDIKE, Publisher.

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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
3. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

GEORGE L. MILLER, PIONEER.

To a great majority of Omaha's many thousands Dr. George L. Miller is but a name. Infirmity due to advancing years forced him long ago to withdraw from active participation in the affairs of the city he did so much to create and foster, and he has been lost sight of by all but the older residents, who knew him when in possession of his strength and vigor, and when he daily, hourly, unselfishly exerted all his powers and genius for the common weal. He is almost the last of that little group of devoted enthusiasts who as pioneers laid the foundation of the city, and builded far better than they knew. It is a remarkable and gratifying fact that most of these lived to see their utmost vision more than realized, and even to share in some measure in the great rewards that came from their earlier labors.

Dr. Miller came here to practice medicine, but soon gave up that honorable profession to engage in frontier journalism. In this he found his true calling, and whatever distinction he might have gained in the way of his ability as a healer was forgotten long ago in the greater honor that came to him as a leader of public thought, a champion of public morals, and a sturdy, courageous champion of what to him seemed right. It is not possible here to record all that Dr. Miller did for the city of his adoption and his pride. We may, however, with propriety mention the great share he had in securing the location of the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific road and its crossing of the Missouri at Omaha; his part in developing the public school systems, and his monumental service in securing the public parks, now a reality but to him only a dream when he began his active effort to make them possible.

When misfortune came to him in his later years, he met the blows with high courage. His last days were passed in honorable seclusion, a faithful niece ministering with loving, tender care to his needs, and friends who did not forget extending whatever of comfort they might. Those who were privileged to know him in his active days will cherish memories of a man of genial optimism, loved and trusted for his strength of character, his probity and honorable espousal of high ideals. Omaha itself is his monument and memorial.

Uniformity of State Laws.

The American Bar association at its St. Louis convention last week again considered the question of establishing uniformity of legislation between the states. This is one of the perennial questions, and perhaps will remain so for a long time. Foreigners, unfamiliar with our form of government, are occasionally bewildered and not infrequently perplexed by the variance of state laws. They can not understand why what is permitted in Maine is forbidden in Louisiana, or why Iowa should view a matter from one angle and Nebraska from another. In no other way is the federal aspect of the United States made more clear. It has an advantage, too. The difference between Maine and Louisiana, for example, is not entirely comprehended by geography. Habits of thought vary, and the laws of the several states are reckoned with as embodying the common sense of most, not of the nation as a whole, but of the people of that particular state. On points of uniform concern, in which all the people of the nation are equally interested, the federal law is of service; matters that belong exclusively to the citizens of any of the forty-eight states rightfully are left to them for adjustment, and out of the variety of views held in relation to subjects for statutory regulation is bound to arise a certain divergence of laws. To secure a happy correspondence in this regard, and so do away with confusion and misunderstandings, it will be necessary to get all the people of all the states to agree, and that is likely to subvert much that now serves to make our nation really great and strong.

Hanan's Shoes.

John Hanan, who died in New York last week, made good shoes, as everybody who ever wore a pair of them knows. It was because of this fact that he became wealthy. Good work, and good work only, is what is wanted in this country—in every trade, industry and profession. And those who do good work get along, building up business and reputation together.

Every city in the country suffers from slipshod, shabby and dishonest work of a part of its population, done by men whose thoughts are all on getting extravagant prices for their product and not on its quality. This very fact should encourage all men who do their work right, for they soon become marked men—marked for prosperity and public confidence. The demand for their service grows, and with its growth come riches, just as naturally as fall sunshine ripens good apples.

A Pig on an Airplane.

We have had pigs in clover, in the parlor, on ice, and other strange and unexpected places. People have found them in cabbage patches as well as in pens, although the swinish mind is not given to wide ranging or to strenuous endeavor, being content as a rule to live in whatever of peace and comfort may be offered by immediate surroundings. However, the adventure may be brought to the pig, and that has now happened. One of prize dimensions and highly esteemed qualities has just been conveyed from Lincoln to Milwaukee by airplane, that the people of Wisconsin may be given an idea of what a real porker is like. It is not so very remarkable that these monarchs of the drove should be so treated. Their high breeding and genuine aristocracy entitle them to some sort of recognition. "Pigs is pigs" only when it comes to dealing with the humbler sort. The real honest-to-goodness ham and bacon factory is a different breed, and there's nothing too good for him.

Vagaries of Long Ago.

James Wilson of Iowa, secretary of agriculture under McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, has passed away at an advanced age. He followed Morton in the office he held under four administrations, if memory serves us, and his name recalls to us amusing agricultural department incidents running back 30 years.

Morton's first report recommended that his department be abolished, but President Cleveland persuaded him to reconsider his suggestion. The reckless expenditures of the department fretted Morton, who had no exalted opinion of the army of scientists, professors, and bugologists snugly fixed where they could experiment freely at public expense. He did not hesitate to expose publicly their wastefulness, and we remember two stories he told with much fertility of invective.

One of them was about a rare bug then missing from the multitude of specimens pinned in glass cases in the agricultural bughouse. An expedition of salaried bug-hunters went to the Rocky Mountains to capture the missing one. It had winged its way into the far north. Alaska then became the scene of the party's activities. Meanwhile the season changed and with it the bug's habitat. The party then hastened to the Isthmus of Panama, and when there received a message that a fine specimen had been captured in the District of Columbia! That bug, Morton said, cost the people $20,000.

One day the secretary got a report of 2,500 words to the effect that no weather report had been received from Baker City, Ore., for four days. It recommended sending a western agent of the department to investigate the delinquency, at an expense of not over $300. Morton dictated a telegram to the weather sharp at Baker City, and in four hours learned the failure to report was caused by broken wires just repaired. The bill was 75 cents.

When Wilson, affectionately dubbed "Tama Jim," got into Morton's shoes, the agricultural experts were still at it, one of their stunts in his administration being an attempt to Burbank chickens and hatch them featherless. It raised a great laugh all over the country. But the prize experiment of Wilson's time by the department was the attempted regeneration of the hog. What came of it never was revealed, but its purpose was announced in the press at the beginning.

A litter of 12 pigs from a Poland-China sow was put into luxurious quarters, there to be regularly bathed, scientifically fed, and kept immaculately clean for one year. At the close of the year they were to be led from their kindergarten and turned loose in a large enclosure to exercise their individual choice between modes of living. On one side there was to be dainty food, clean turf and fresh water; on the other garbage, swill and the stinking filth in which the hog delights to wallow.

The professors believed the hog a naturally cleanly animal, misled by captivity and confined quarters into untidy habits long before Moses was found in the bullrushes, all his natural tendencies having been perverted into gluttony. It was predicted that the experiment of cleanliness and good feeding for one year from birth would prove the contention of the professors, and that right living would so improve the flavor and firmness of his flesh that it might be used in place of veal in making restaurant chicken salad.

Whether or not a year of "right living" proved environment stronger than heredity never has been disclosed.

Government Courtesies for Cox.

It is announced that Governor Cox is to have President Wilson's "private car" to campaign in over the west. If the railroad that extends the courtesy to the president is willing, why not? The erratic governor will thereby be placed in an atmosphere of sanctity which seems to be needed. He will be able to press the button the finger of Woodrow Wilson has pressed, when he wants the porter.

With Secretary Daniels using official envelopes to mail advance copies of his wife's club address, and Secretary Baker mailing advance copies of his speeches to the newspapers, in official envelopes to save postage, surely Governor Cox is entitled to the private car used by the president. If only McAdoo were still director general of the railroads, what an additional saving might be made—at the expense of the public!

Undesirable Acquaintances.

An eastern paper tells of a lady who cured an incipient case of insomnia by "compiling lists of acquaintances she could do without." The virtue in this remedy doubtless consists in the length of the lists, along with a certain satisfaction in classifying them as nonessentials to her comfort.

But as a matter of fact we all owe our acquaintances, even the disagreeable ones, much. A man or woman who leaves many friends and acquaintances and goes among strangers, soon learns this. People who do not associate in their home towns always greet each other pleasantly, and often with real pleasure, when they meet unexpectedly in some distant city, or on a train. Human companionship is in accord with instinct.

Cane Sugar the Administration Pet.

When sugar began to slump the administration's special Department of Justice agent hurried to announce there would be no drop in retail prices before January 1.

Nor then, if Woodrow can help it. The southern sugar profiteers must be encouraged to the last minute.

The Bee pleads guilty to the charge made by F. Roosevelt that it is doing nothing to secure democratic success in the coming election.

Contents of a shotgun, properly administered, usually has a marked deterrent effect on burglarious activities of a mere man.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha says he will fight to the end of the world. All right. Let it go at that.

Wrangel seems to have won a right to keep still.

Governor Cox's next feat will be to prove it.

A Line O' Type or Two

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

"A LAW which is a respecter of persons is no law," observes Lloyd George. Right as the conventional trivet. But the application of a law is not so pitilessly impersonal.

My Dear, Let's Have This Sometime.

(From the Rome, Ga., Tribune-Herald.)

Mrs. Frederick Vaissiere is recovering nicely, after an operation for tonsilestomy.

THERE is this difference between the red plague of bolshevism and the bubonic plague, the latter works faster, and inflicts less torture.

ANOTHER UNATTAINED OBJECTIVE.

Sir: Your thesaurus of culls from the Cantabrigian byways of English will not, I am sure, be complete without this gem, overheard in the Men's Commons at the University of Chicago. "When I was at Harvard, Johnson came down from Northfield to see Harris and I."

VIRIDOVIX.

SOME of the newspapers which do us the honor of using this column exhibit much ingenuity in the make-up. We like best the idea of splitting a two-paragraph item and running the halves on consecutive days. This would be less puzzling to the reader, perhaps, if the first half carried the line, "Continued in our next." Another neat notion is to run only the second half; this never fails to intrigue. Still another nation is to mix the headings, allowing the reader to restore them to their proper places. Not a bad parlor diversion.

"They Strive to Cover What They Cannot Hide."

Sir: The advertising of "Aphrodite" mentions that the costumes are from Percy Anderson in London and additional ones by Bakst. I should like to know what the additions cover, and whether they are added because of the censor or the climate.

H. S.

"THE difference between board binding and paper binding is not enough to justify adding 50 per cent at least to what every buyer must pay for every book," says the New York Times. But does it? If you ask a publisher he tells you that the difference in the cost of making the book is negligible. The popular notion that paper-bound books may be produced cheaply has no foundation. If Barrabas were publishing today he would be glad to get by at his boarding house.

FAMOUS LEGGS.

Sir: Is Miss Flossie Legg, of the Academy, a descendant of that Deliverance Legg who is several times mentioned in the Diary of Samuel Sewall—once as a possible third wife for the uxorious Puritan?

F. M. B.

SPEAKING of the Academy, we take pleasure in adding Miss Venus Marrs of Carlyle, Ill., to the list of stars.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.

The fish as game as aught folk fish for
An angling guy, a summer day,
The weather all that one could wish for,
The prospects are pleasing every way;

Some reeds off shore, oft tried already;
A cast for luck, a prowling fin,
A water spout, a swirling eddy—
The angler on the job a-grin.

A whirlwind scrimmage, rough and tumble,
The rod a goose-neck, guide to tip,
The net a-poise—a flop—a fumble—
A half-inch slack— The huskie—zip!

ARIES.

"TESTIFIED that while he was at the Plattsburg Camp he heard Wright Kramer say that Keggerreis was 'a d——n traitor.'"—New York Times.

After puzzlig a minute or two over the next to the last word we conclude that the Times must mean "damn."

CAVALIER TREATMENT OF AN OKLAHOMA REPORTER.

(From the Tulsa World.)

The World reporter was refused an interview. All members of the family regarded him with hostility. The reporter was insistent, and following his professional intuition, poked his head through a crack in the door opening to the front room. He was promptly ushered out to the porch by two male members of the family and told to leave.

WHAT has become of the all-around milliner? A sign in Milwaukee announces: "Dressmaking in the Rear."

Correspondence from Japan.

Kobe, July 29.—If the Japanese adopt the English language (as suggested by Americans) for commercial advantages (of the Americans) you will find we are an agricultural rather than a martial people. Frinstance, the Minister of War would be Mr. Middlefield, instead of Hon. Tanaka; Prime Minister Hara would become plain Mr. Field; Minister of Railways Motoda would edge into Mainfield; Minister of Communications Noda would splosh into Rice-field-among-the-meadows; while Foreign Minister Uchida would merely be In-a-rice-field. Ministers Tokonami and Hon. Inukai object to the proposed switch of tongues, as they would bear the titles Second-bed and Dog-keeper respectively.

SIB.

THE frenzied ad writer is overworking the word "charm" at present. Everything has charm—toothpaste, frocks, anti-swcats, automobiles, and what not. And yet charm is almost the scarcest thing in the world.

THE SECOND POST.

(Evidently the wrong party.)

Gentlemen: I just received a statement for ice from your hotel for 60 cents. You have the wrong party. I have not been in Evanston for five years. I am a widow and my husband has been dead for seven years, so it can't be him. He probably would like to have some, though. Tell your auditor to try again, he has another guess a coming. I haven't bought a pound of ice this year. Courteously yours, Mrs. ——

WHEN now the remains of a lady are found, in woods or waters, the police are more baffled than formerly. The clothing is no indication of the lady's walk in life.

Not Superstitious.

(From the Wheaton Illinoian.)

Bartel Voight drove to Elmhurst with his bridal party in Undertaker Kampp's ambulance Thursday, and was united in marriage to the lady of his choice from Villa Park.

THERE are Fords and other sardine cans. A henry that tipped over near Burgess, Ill., contained eleven passengers.

"THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS . . ."

(From the Canton Ledger.)

A recently organized preachers' quartet sang two selections, giving evidence that after singing together for a few years they may be able to render acceptable service in this way.

B. L. T.

An Example in Plain Living

Governor Coolidge was not, like Abraham Lincoln, born in a log cabin, but he lives as modestly as a bookkeeper or a mechanic, as all descriptions of his home and his habits show. He has not, apparently, devoted his thought and equipment to making money. He has been otherwise interested. Yet who would say that he has not made a success of his life in an age, and in a country, in which success commonly is declared to be always measured in money.

There are millioms of plain men who enjoy life a good deal without making money, and without becoming governors. There are so many, if truth were told, that if they were counted perhaps there would be a reversal of the judgment that America is a country in which everyone lives to get rich, where everyone means "money" when the word "success" is used, and where everyone strives for money until stricken by paralysis or heart failure, and dies having neglected body and soul in quest of gain.—Louisville Courier-Journal, Dem.

Elephants on His Hands.

Order received by a grocer over the phone: "Please send us 10 cents' worth of animal crackers and take out the elephants as the baby is afraid of them."—Boston Transcript

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitations, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

LAUGHTER AS A TONIC.

Dr. George F. Butler advises that every man with a bad disposition take a dose of medicine each morning. Here is his prescription for the day. Suppose each morning when you awake to a hard day you utilize the well known principle of mental suggestion by deliberately storing the mind with right thoughts.

Begin your day with repetition of certain assurances, uttering them over and over with your lips and your mind and your soul until the full strength of them is felt in every cell of your being: "I will fear no evil." "In quietness and in confidence shall be my strength."

Begin the day with these and other promises like them ringing in your ears, singing through your mind, throbbing with added strength in the pulsations of your heart. When you relax the tired muscles and the weary brain at night as you sink to sleep do it with the same confident assurances, furnishing your final mood and yielding their wholesome, restful influence through all the hours of the sleep.

He tells the story of a woman who cured herself of a tendency to melancholia by going into a room by Herself and laughing until the outward action produced the inward state. William James wrote: "The sovereign voluntary path of cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there."

Dr. Butler says that when one lacks a happy disposition he can acquire one "by degrees, by persistence, by patiently unraveling the mental tangle, by gradually displacing the sad and anemic cells of the brain with healthier, wholesome substitutes, by recognizing the power of happy thinking."

He uses the term "happy disposition" in an inclusive fashion—embracing a philosophy of life, equanimity, courage, decision, as well as the absence of certain mental disorders, such as envy, jealousy, suspicion, hatred, anger, remorse, worry, fear, indecision.

It never has seemed to me that we caught the full meaning of the presence of envy and jealousy in the Ten Commandments along with the religious sin of false fads and the social sins of lying, stealing and sexual immorality.

The man who lies down to sleep with his mind full of happy thoughts void of remorse, worry, envy, never is troubled with insomnia. He who goes through the day with his mind well poised and free from emotional disturbances has a long start toward health. Bad mental hygiene is as harmful as bad physical or bad personal or bad public hygiene.

Try Exercise Cure.

V. V. V. writes: "Is there anything I can do not to be high-breasted (chicken-breasted)? My neck bone is very noticeable."

REPLY.

Chicken breast results from rickets in early childhood. If you still are in your teens you can accomplish a good deal by persisting for years in exercises which develop your upper back muscles. Among such are rowing, swimming, climbing, work on bars in a gymnasium.

It's Merely Harmless.

P. S. writes: "In this part of country there is a root called sassafras. Some people take the bark of these roots, dry it out, and make tea out of it. It is red in color and has a good taste. Some say it is healthy to drink it—three cups a day. Is that the truth?"

REPLY.

If you like it, drink it. In moderation it will do you no harm. It will not purify your blood or benefit you otherwise.

Single Wart With Needle.

A. B. C. writes: "I have a small wart on one of my fingers. How can I remove it?"

REPLY.

Pierce the wart with a hot needle.

Won't Inherit Defect.

Mrs. J. F. G. writes: "My husband was born with only one arm, although his father and mother are both perfect. We are both longing for a baby, but are afraid. Would my husband's lack of one arm have any effect on a child, and what effect?"

REPLY.

You can bear a child with safety. Such child would be born with two good arms. The probability is that your husband started with two arms, but one was amputated early in his development long before his birth. In that event there is no likelihood of the deformity being inherited. Or the failure of the arm was due to some other antenatal accident. In that event the likelihood of inheritance is slight.

Home Brew is Erratic.

Mrs. D. M. writes: "Will any ill effects attend the drinking of home brew because of the presence of fusel oil in it? It is my understanding that fusel oil is a product of distillation and is only found in whisky, but I recently have been told by several persons that home brew always contained fusel oil in quantities large enough to be harmful if much home made beer is taken.

REPLY.

Distilling does not create anything. Any fusel oil in a distilled liquor was in the brew or mash which was distilled. These home brews made up of all kinds of mixtures and fermented by wild yeast are liable to contain most anything.

The Bee's Letter Box

About Back Yard Orchards.

Omaha, Aug. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: I read with approval your editorial on the subject of "Back Yard Orchards," and hope that it will result in much good to the city of Omaha. There is no doubt but that tens of thousands of bushels of the best kinds of fruits can be produced right here in Omaha if people will only set out the trees and take good care of them.

An abundance of cherries, plums and even apples and apricots could be produced, and it would add greatly to the pleasure and health of people in general, for fruits right from trees are much better than those that have been shipped from long distances and kept for weeks before sold. But many of the people of this city labor under a handicap in raising fruits in their back yards. They have to contend with the climbing rats that some people call squirrels.

A man is justified in killing a burglar found in his house at night. He is justified in having those who steal automobiles and other property from him sent to jails and penitentiaries, yet we can have thieves in the shape of animal pests protected by law, in face of the fact that they destroy vast amounts of fruits, grains and nuts.

I have two small cherry trees not much higher than my head that had more than a bushel of cherries both last year and this year, yet I had to gather the cherries both years before they were ripe on account of the climbing rats that many people seem to like so well. If a man is justified in killing a burglar and in protecting his property from thieves, he ought to be justified in protecting his property from animal pests and to destroy them wihtout having any penalty inflicted upon him.

I have contributed unwillingly to the support of the climbing rats that infest the city parks so numerously, in the last few years, to the tune of a good many dollars each year in cherries, plums, peaches, walnuts and shellbark hickory nuts that the pests have destroyed for me. A man hates to have the few real pleasures of life destroyed by pests that ought to be destroyed instead of being protected by law. It is hard work to get the pests in any way except to shoot them, for they are very suspicious of anything in the shape of a trap. But, just the same, I kill them whenever I can and feel fully justified in doing so, and I would destroy every one of the pests in the city if I could, for they are no good, few of them even being fit to eat when cooked.

So, Mr. Editor, when you advise people to raise more fruits in the city, why not advocate a repeal of the law that protects the climbing rats that destroy so much fine fruit, so that all of us can have a part in producing fine fruits in our city?

FRANK A. AGNEW.