THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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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.

THE IMPERIAL WILSON.

The Minneapolis Tribune renders a public service in calling attention to the condition of Haiti under the tender ministrations of President Wilson. Five years ago that professed lover of the rights of small nations sent an American man-of-war to that island and grabbed control of it, robbed it of its independence, and has since held it in military and political subjection which can be compared in its completeness only with that of Belgian under Von Bissing.

This is the island whose constitution the modest F. Roosevelt recently boasted of having written, and which Wilson's bayonets put in effect in defiance of every American principle of righteous treatment of its weaker neighbors. In other words, Haiti is and has been, for five years, held in galling subjection by Wilson's administration, and all its protests withheld from the American people by a wicked censorship.

The suffering little island is now overrun with southern democrats fattening on their tribute—hundreds of them. These parasites are running around, each in his own automobile, at the expense of the Haitian people, while the nominal native president and his cabinet have none. Every one of the hundreds of salaried jobs worth "picking" is in possession of a southern democrat. The Tribune says of the shameful thing:

> This record is a splendid practical test of the much-touted Wilsonian idealism. Here we have practically naked imperialism. Here we have independence stolen bodily from a tiny country—an army of occupation flung upon it—a military rule perpetuated—an obnoxious censorship established—a spoils system rampant—and a small nation wantonly exploited by a great one. What the democratic administration has done to Haiti, particularly when contrasted with what a republican administration did for Cuba, is something that no true American can look upon except with shame.

A contemplation of what the immaculate Wilson can and does do when he thinks secrecy is assured, as illustrated in Haiti at the present time, is enough to make a liberty-loving people choke with indignation. It is a part of his record at home and abroad which reveals a character essentially despotic and mercilessly severe. It is one of his policies that will go into the discard when Harding becomes president, and the evil subjection of a once friendly little nation is abandoned.

But Haiti will always remember Woodrow Wilson—with intense hatred and bitterness, fully justified.

An Illicit "Three Weeks."

Three wicked weeks of scampish conduct by Governor Cox are waning in disorderly confusion. They began with his sensational declaration that in his Pittsburgh speech he would "produce evidence that will convict every mother's son of them (Will Hays and his republican committee associates), the evidence of a deliberate plot and conspiracy to buy the presidency of the United States."

After a week of reiterated malice the Pittsburgh speech was delivered, but instead of evidence, only "leads" were offered, which might or might not develop evidence that would prove his charges. Another week was occupied in stump spouting and wild pawing of the air. The third week began when Ed Moore was shipped from Ohio to Chicago with the "foundation" for an investigation the senatorial committee may or may not make. And that week is now waning.

That's all. No evidence. No proofs. Only a continuous stream of charges from a blatant mouth; only a desire to have the committee call a thousand and one people and see if it cannot dig up from them some evidence to justify the mean, slanderous and untruthful utterances of Cox—anything that will save the sporting Cox from the proper condemnation of his wanton lapse from dignity and respectability during his three weeks' orgy with those flea-bitten, immodest and unclean harpies—Mendacity, Insolence and Jealousy.

Talking About "Oligarchies."

Governor Cox says the election of Senator Harding will turn the country over to the control of a "senatorial oligarchy." So does the Omaha World-Herald. This they affect to believe means disaster to the republic. It will assure the senate of its proper place in the government under the Constitution.

The senators of the United States are elected by the people of the respective states.

What about that other "oligarchy," the one that is responsible for the nomination of James M. Cox as democratic candidate for president? It consists of Murphy of New York; Nugent of New Jersey; Taggart of Indiana; and Brennan of Illinois.

These men have power; they controlled the democratic convention at San Francisco. From whom do they derive their power?

One Wheel Left Off.

The Italian bolsheviki movement is breaking down of its own weight, at least as far as operation of the seized factories are concerned. The men took charge of the plants because, as they alleged, a shut-down was contemplated by the owners. To keep the works open, it was necessary for the men to assume control. This they did, and now the mills are being closed because the operating committees have neither working capital nor raw materials. They left one wheel off their cart, and it can not be operated that way. These workmen have thus learned one of the easy lessons of business. The "consiglia di fabbrica" may issue declarations of proletarian solidarity and dominance, but it can not improvise managerial capacity, a supply of raw material, nor a sufficient fund wherewith to carry on the business. Labor can do the work, but Capital is the other partner of the team, and it takes both to pull Industry's car.

Some Old Notions of Things.

In some specialty stuff printed by an exchange we note the dread of Lady Hervey, who died in 1768, had for seeing people quite happy. She did not believe happiness a natural condition on earth, and probably sighed when she met a person in good health. But that was more than 150 years ago. The world has learned to welcome happiness since then, and to promote it in every righteous way. Happiness increases efficiency and usefulness of all kinds. In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose Tercentenary we are about to celebrate, it was the policy of church authorities to make religion as gloomy and forbidding as possible. They wanted religion that hurt, and exhausted themselves putting pain into it.

But a fairer and better day dawned in the pulpits when love of God began to be taught more than fear of Biblical penalties for sin. Occasionally, no doubt, we need to be reminded that sin has its sting, but we are now taught that happiness may come only by placing ourselves in harmony with the divine purpose.

Sir Humphrey Davy, devoted to science and philosophy, who died fifty years later than Lady Hervey, held a belief that wears better in the world's grinding of theories and opinions. He dreaded the effect of "too much prosperity" either for nations or individuals. Our excess prosperity before we entered the war plunged us into extravagance that for a year threatened serious disturbances, and has not yet wholly subsided. When useful avocations requiring years of skilled training receive less compensation than mere muscular strength which requires neither brains nor forethought, "the world's upside down," and that's the way it was for a while.

The effect of prosperity, or too much prosperity, on the individual, we can see on all sides. It leads to excesses of all kinds, develops unlovely traits of character, and ruins many a family that otherwise would have been happy and content. But we are all willing to risk prosperity—national and personal—and strive for it to the very end of our earning capacity. Perhaps a moderate prosperity is better for the people as a whole than great prosperity. It is worth studying, anyhow, now that we have advanced to the point where a multimillionaire has been nominated for the presidency. What an uprising of indignant protest the nomination of a plutocrat like Cox would have caused twenty years ago!

Guess Work No Good On Wall Street.

A financial journal of high repute, discussnig the pitiable failure of many men to make money on stock speculations, packs a lot of truth in a couple of paragraphs which follow:

> Even by the little man big profits are made on speculative investments where they can be paid for outright. This buyer should say to himself: "I have a surplus over the needs of my business and the support of my family. I can afford to forego any return on that surplus for an indefinite time. Here is a common stock selling at 50 (or 40 or even 30), and its accounts show that it has a book value of considerably over those figures and is already earning enough to pay conservative dividends. The management is honest and competent. I will, therefore, buy all I can carry and resist the temptation to look at the stock ticker."
>
> If he sticks to that resolution, he will make money. But if he forgets the reasons for which he bought and tries to beat the highly competent professional traders at their own game, he will lose his money and deserve no sympathy. But he should always remember that the insider has no real secret. His assets are readily accessible capital, a study of facts open to anybody, long vision and patience.
>
> We have no means of knowing the period which market "insiders," the men who actually know all about the stocks they buy, usually hold them, but we believe two years to be a low enough guess. Harriman, the railroad wizard, began buying Union Pacific stock in 1897 at $10 a share that sold at $210 ten years later. He knew what was coming and had the patience to wait.

Help the Visiting Nurses.

Now comes the one day in the year when no patriotic citizen of Omaha objects to being "tagged." It is for the Visiting Nurses, an institution whose achievements are as worthy as its purpose is noble. It is the hand of the Visiting Nurse that ministers to the sick and afflicted when other ministration is not present. The Visiting Nurse instructs the young or uninformed mother in how to give baby a chance; she teaches the struggling housekeeper how to protect her flock from danger. When pain or pestilence threaten, there she is, modest, unassuming, determined, meeting the crisis with sympathetic patience, faltering not against the odds, and winning many a fight against the destroyer that were lost without her presence. And her work depends on the liberality of the public, evinced through contributions on Tag Day. It is a pity some better way is not found to secure the means to carry on this needed generous charity, but do not let that keep you from getting a tag today.

Increase in Bank Deposits.

National bank deposits increased $1,230,556,000 in the year ending June 30. Doubtless deposits in state and private banks show a similar increase—8 per cent. It is welcome news. Obviously everybody was not spending all they earned during the year. What with phony stocks, Ponzi propositions, and the general wastefulness and extravagance over the country, the increase in deposits was not expected. A billion and a quarter dollars is an enormous sum.

Increased business accounts for much of it.

If we were going to locate the site of the former Garden of Eden, we would say it is out in Scottsbluff county. At least there is a Garden of Eden out there now.

It may make the point clearer if we keep in mind that Samuel Gompers is and always has been a democrat in politics.

The northwest is finding out how much Cox resembles Artemas Ward's kangaroo. "He's an amoosin' cuss."

Welcome the Visiting Nurses. It is their day!

Mr. Moore's "proof" looks just like Cox's.

A Line O' Type or Two

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

AN AUGUST MORNING.

Here where I sit are daisies all around
That bob in wind, and careless butterflies
Yellow and white, disporting tiptoe-wise
With their quick shadows on the sunny ground.
The breeze comes sweet from where in the hot grass
The mellow pears are clambered o'er by bees
Rejoicing loud, while sometimes from the trees
The birds drop down, and sometimes children pass
With the deep eyes of longing. Steep and high
The massy clouds: to such a child might look
In silent joy, did he not tireless lie
And watch the laboring ants, or from his book
Draw through his soul the tales of infant Greece,
The Golden Apples and the Golden Fleece.

A. B.

Meantime Consider Your Coal Supply.

(Forecast by a Kansas City astronomer.)

To the Sun and New York Herald: The cold late spring of 1820 was caused by the earth moving out toward the planet Mars until April 20, when we passed between Mars and the Sun. The cold late spring of 1821 will be caused by the planet Venus moving toward the earth and repelling the earth outward from the sun from February 9 to April 22.

SAID Mr. Moore: "They have changed Lincoln's aphorism from 'a government by the people' to 'government buy the people.'" Mr. Moore read that the day before in a newspaper; but these oiseaux never prelude, "As I saw in a newspaper yesterday," or "As a clever paragrapher has said."

HOW ARE HIS WITHERS?

Sir: Said the young woman next us in the ten-cent elevated, "Him and me have lunch together often." Would you say that him and me have a bad case on each other?

Incidentally, you kindly suggest that we warble a few lines on goat glands. Our Pegasus is spavined but not glandered. PAN.

MR. DAVIS sells fish in Jefferson Market, New York, and he is also a notary public. "I suppose you keep notarial seals," Old Bob Peattie supposed to him. Ha!

SMALL TOWN STUFF.

(From the New York Times.)

Had the accident taken place five minutes later several hundred children would have been in the path taken by the runaway automobile.

MR. COX has begun his swing around the circle. "Circuitus verborum," as Horace quaintly quoth.

THE SUBURBAN TRAIN.

I went with Mother while she shopped.
We took a train that hardly stopped,
But puffed and steamed at such a pace
I thought we must be in a race.

Almost too soon our station came.
The big, tall porter called its name.
I stopped and asked him, "Did we win?"
"Yes, sir!" he answered with a grin.

Then we were on the street below,
Between tall buildings, row on row,
The noise of wheels was in the air,
And people, people everywhere. IRIS.

"FRENCHMEN, it is your duty to save the peace of the world!" cries Anatole France. This is in his fourth or fifth manner, not the manner in which he wrote "Penguin Island." The creative mind has manners, as the moon has phases.

A MICHIGAN IMMORTELLE.

(From the Jackson Citizen Patriot.)

Miss Gladys Bustless is at Tecumseh for a visit.

THIS world is so full of a number of contradictions, you will not be surprised to learn that R. E. Taylor is a wholesaler on Seventh avenue in Gotham.

This, That and t'Other.

Sir: "Mayor of Cork Sinks" is what might be called a corking headline. I had intended long ere this to call your attention to the fact that in the recently pulled off Olympiad ('scuse me! I mean Olympic games) the Finns didn't accomplish much in the swimming events. At the Crabtree resort in Michigan the stay of the Appleton family synchronized with that of the Applegate family. A returned resorter reports that the girls of both families are pippins. Which reminds me that in the Rev. Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," a religious history of New England published in 1702, may be found a sentence to the following effect: "The ministers and Christians who founded New England were a chosen body of people." Rather a neat distinction, made by one who ought to know.

CALCITROSUS.

PEOPLE are fond of language. An Elgin card of thanks, wishes "in this manner to thank our many friends, relatives and neighbors for their kind and generous felicitations and floral offerings of sympathy and condolence in our recent bereavement and loss."

PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

Sir: American officer on train. Paris-bound on leave. Train full of wounded French soldiers and civilians evacuating cities near the line. No seat in train, so American officer stands in couloir and smokes cigarette. Wounded French officer smelling of iodoform, uniform stained with mustard gas, wearing two weeks' beard, excited by sight of cigarette, and makes signs to officer indicating desperate need. Officer gives him all that remain in package, and soldier throws arms around his neck and kisses him. French lady, very easy to look at, sees officer's embarrassment and snickers. Officer pulls out fresh package of cigarettes and offers them to lady, who takes one. What should officer have done?

FALL GUY.

DISRAELI anticipated the present political campaign, and other campaigns, when he wrote in "Lothair:" "Patriotism was a boast, and now is a controversy."

Literary Snapshots.

(Richard Butler Glaenzer.)

MARIE CORELLI.

It is all too utterly utter
And too immensely immense.
On the other hand,
If World Fairs and Luna Parks
Are your aim,
You ring the gong
Nine times out of ten.

OWEN JOHNSON.

Balzac did it much better
And so did Gunter;
But then one was the master of character
And the other of plot—
However, it pays to advertise.

COBB.

You're tremendously funny,
I suppose;
But some of us like our humour
In thin slices
And lose the edge of our appetites
At a barbecue.

The Commercial Muse.

(From the Auckland News.)

"Hello, Central, get a move on!
Put me on to nine-o-three.
Thank you, girlie! Who's that speaking?
Alright, Night Dispensary.
That you, Druggo? Do you get me?
Much obliged, Old Top, I'm sure.
Send it now, yes, send it quickly!
Good old ——'s Great Peppermint Cure."
Better see our advertising man.

MAY we not suggest that when he gets home he change the name of his place to "Snail's End?" B. L. T.

Talcum Fights Fire.

Talcum powder, a leading ingredient of vanity cases, was recently used in putting out a fire which otherwise would have burned down a coal tar products plant in Cincinnati, O. The blaze which had caught a huge tank of naphthalene was smothered by dumping upon it 50-pound sacks of the well known complexion aid.

In a yard near the burning plant were tanks containing 300,000 gallons of oil, but as the fire was checked they were not touched by the flames.—Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry.

Add Wires to Pull.

The White House is probably the most intricately equipped electrical mansion in the world. There are in the house more than 170 miles of wires, providing for 3,000 incandescent lights, a bell system, and a private telephone system for the president and his family, exclusively.—Indianapolis News.

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 limitation, 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.

ANSWERS TO FOOD QUESTIONS.

When the health officers of Pennsylvania had Prof. McCollum on the stand at a recent camp of instruction, they fired a long list of questions on food at him. Some of these questions and answers follow:

Does a chemical analysis of a food show everything relative to food value? No. Even though such analysis shows the number of calories present, it will fails to supply all the information we need. A certain proportion of the calories must be obtained from protein. Even though it shows enough protein calories the information may be somewhat incomplete because human beings thrive better on some proteins than on others. In addition, there are substances called vitamins necessary for continued health and well being which cannot be demonstrated by chemical analysis.

It is advisable to supplement the chemical tests by biological tests. In other words, to feed animals with the food. The questions are:

"Do the experimental animals keep fat and healthy, do they have the proper number of young, do the young animals grow properly, and, finally, does senility come on before its time?"

What do you mean by protective foods? I mean foods necessary to protect against scurvy, rickets, beriberi, various forms of neuralgic pains, pellagra and xerophalmia, a form of ulcer of the cornea.

What is the best all 'round protective food? Milk.

What ranks second? The thin leaved vegetables. The protective principle is found in all parts of the vegetable, but in different proportions. There is least in the grains, particularly in that part of the grain berry which we use principally for food. It is present in the germ and in the outer coats, but is almost absent from the body of the grain itself. It is present in small quantities in all the tubers and roots, but here, too, in small quantities. The germ is the active part of the grain, the other portion of the grain being merely a storehouse of food for the supply of the germinating cells. The protective substance is most abundant among the thin leaves because they are composed mostly of active cells.

What are some of the leaves which people eat which posses these protective properties in a high degree? Spinach, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, turnip tops, beet tops, dandelion, mustard tops, lambs' quarters and a few others.

How about asparagus? Asparagus is a thick leaf and it, with beans, should be classed with the thick leaves.

Is there any relation between protective substance and minerals? Yes. Milk and leaves are rich in calcium, sodium, chlorine, while the leaves are also well supplied with iron. Perhaps one reason why cooked milk is not so protective as raw is because its calcium does not absorb so well.

The Bee's Letter Box

Views of a Country Retailer.

Tilden, Neb., Aug. 31.—To The Editor of The Bee: I enclose check for $9 to pay for a year's subscription to your paper.

I have been a reader of The Omaha Bee for nearly 40 years and had at this time almost decided to drop my subscription. I do not wish to accuse anyone of profiteering, as it is an ugly word to use and I personally believe that you are at least in the greater part justified in the price you are now putting on your paper, as it is impossible for any business to make expenses if it is run on the same basis it was a few years ago.

Labor demands and receives more pay. Freight rates are raised and right here let me say that the greater part of the increased freight will come out of the retailer's profits and not out of the general public, as some of the newspapers are trying to induce the public to believe. The public will pay the freight on heavy merchandise such as sugar and salt, but the retailer will pay the freight on all dry goods, ready-to-wear and small grocerfes. It will be impossible for us or any other retailer to add one-sixth of a cent advance on a yard of goods or one-fourth of a cent on a can of corn or a couple of cents to a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes or a lady's dress or coat and it is almost silly for any one to talk such rot as that. The raise in freight rates will cost us around $500 and $350 of that will come out of our profits and the only way we have to get it back is to increase our business and there is a time coming when it will be impossible to get the increase. Carpenters, railroad men, masons, plumbers and day laborers are getting more pay than the profits of 70 per cent of the retailers amount to and then they are constantly howling at the retailer for gouging him on prices. We must admit that there are dishonest retailers that have taken advantage of conditions to get more out of the business than they are entitled to, but does that make all retailers dishonest? Bank officials have absconded with funds that did not belong to them but that did not make all bankers dishonest.

In conclusion I wish to make this statement regarding my business and I will leave it to any fair-minded man or bunch of men if they think we have robbed any one. Our average gross profit last year was 16 per cent, our gross expenses were a trifle over 10 per cent, leaving us a little less than 6 per cent profit on the business we did, and I believe from what I have learned about the business of other country merchants that very few of them are making more net profit than we are, but the most of them are to a larger expense than we have, caused by conditions that it is almost impossible to avoid.

A COUNTRY MERCHANT.

GOING TO THE THEATER? CONSULT THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE BEE.