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.

Bryan's Hope for Revived Party.

Slowly emerging from the grave into which it was plunged at San Francisco, Mr. Bryan's great heart once more beats with measured pulse, and yearns with a great yearning for the party of his soul's desire. He has announced a program for the use of the revivified body, in event it is not beyond resuscitation, in which are embodied the outlines of a policy comprehending all or nearly all of the variegated assemblage of paramounts to which the Peerless Leader has at different times and seasons given his energetic support. How successful he will be must await the issue.

One thing is in his favor. He has declared no vendetta, save that which with him is perpetual. He is content that his party shall have leadership, and he knows full well who is qualified to lead. On his main theme he stands firm; democracy can not be brought to fighting form again through the ministrations of those who led the party to overwhelming disaster. Its recovery, if at all, will come because of its appeal to the voters, and this fact is recognized by Mr. Bryan, who has prepared his panacea accordingly. All our social ills are to be cured or minimized by a series of laws under which everything will be equalized, because everything will be regulated. But in this he has notable rivals. Adullamites are sought as persistently by the socialists and the farmer-labor party, and with the same bait, and success to either means a continuation of discontent among the multitude.

Republican leaders recognize the danger that is inherent to such a victory as came with November's balloting. Given such a vote of confidence as never before was had by a national party, they know that it contains a challenge which must be accepted, a pledge that is to be fulfilled. Unless it is possible to harmonize some widely divergent views and unify opinions now separated almost by the poles, the Harding administration will not achieve what is hoped for it. Yet the party leaders approach the task, confident that sound judgment will prevail and that before another presidential election has come ample justification will be afforded. A great deal of what Mr. Bryan sets out in his catalogue of things that are needed is comprehended in the republican program, and will be carefully looked after by a party that has always redeemed its promises. Such things as are chimerical or so tinctured with paternalism as to be abhorrent to republican ideals will go as they have hitherto, to the care of the demagogues who little reck what promises they make, so that promising but leads to power.

If Mr. Bryan succeeds in gathering under his standard the forces once responsive to his nod, he will have achieved a notable personal triumph. His task is a huge one, and will provide ample test for those powers of persuasion that gave him such prestige once, and made him the potent prophet of the dissatisfied, the unthrifty, the indigent and the foolish who believe that the fiat of a legislative body can work the miracle only possible to patient toil and prudent management. The Bryan doctrine has altered little through all the years, but whether he will be chosen again to expound it for the edification of the multitude is to be determined.

Wisdom in Buying What You Need.

It is hard to drop old habits, and many a householder must have pondered on reading that sugar had risen $2 a hundred pounds over night, and asked "Had I better buy a lot before it goes up higher?" Without professing any knowledge of the factors at work in the sugar market, it may be said that this inclination to hoard in the face of the fear of higher prices has been in the past a powerful factor for forcing them higher. It is the only practicable example of the ability to lift one's self by the bootstraps.

The impulse of human nature is not to buy on a falling market, but to wait until the price shows signs of going up and then all jump in at once. In those lines where trade is dull, the first sign of a rise in prices would bring in a crowd of buyers.

The more correct and advantageous position is to supply the normal needs in all lines now—not to wait for lower prices or for the threat of higher. Over in Iowa is an old farmer who for years has shipped cattle to the stock yards, never looking at the market prices, but loading them on the train when they have reached the best condition for being turned into meat. He declares that his profits have averaged as well or better than those of his neighbors who have striven so anxiously to arrive with their stock on the peak of the market. This is an extreme example, but it is not too much so to suggest that the laws of supply and demand are inexorable and that the attempt to outmaneuver them is futile.

America's Sweet Tooth.

The Bureau of Crop Estimates has just reached the conclusion that in 1920 the American consumption of sugar was 92 pounds per capita. On the basis of 105,000,000 population, this amounts to 4,830,000 tons, or nearly that. Home production amounted to a little more than 2,400,000 tons, or about half what was required to meet the demand. That no real shortage in sugar existed is proven by the further disclosure that the 1920 consumption was 1,000,000,000 pounds in excess of that of 1919. These figures will give the public a little better idea of the extent of the exactions effected by the speculators, who were encouraged by the rulings of the democrats at Washington. No one will ever know the exact amount of money that was extorted from the family sugar bowl, but it was not only enormous but unnecessary, as events subsequently determined. When A. Mitchel Palmer set about to solidify the votes of the sugar producing states of the south behind his desire to be president, he let down the bars for a flood of profiteering that exceeds any other of all the scandalous war-time record. America's sweet tooth was made to exude dollars at a rate that astonished even those who were engaged in the work of extracting the tribute, and the bureau's figures now are only a reminder of what the public put up with last year because the authorities were more interested in politics than in the real business of government.

Some Practical Aspects of Migration.

When the senate of the United States declined to give its consent to the Johnson immigration bill, and provide for a total exclusion of foreigners for a term of one year, the thought apparently was that the United States yet has room for all who knock for entrance. On this point some room for difference of opinion exists, but another phase of the immigraton question is forcing itself unpleasantly on public attention.

Among the visitors to our shores is typhus fever. This is essentially a disease of filth, it is communicated from person to person by means of vermin, and its presence anywhere is indicative of the neglect of the ordinary decencies. That it has ravaged central Europe is the misfortune rather than the fault of the people over there, for they are no more inclined to relish typhus or the carriers of the infection than are Americans. Yet this is not a good reason for admitting them to our shores. Word now comes from Italy that passage is forbidden to persons who come from the infected regions; they are stopped at the Italian frontier; it is likely a similar prohibition will be set up by other countries from which ship may be taken to the New World. Such action may appear inhumane, yet it is but a prudent quarantine against a deadly disease. Relief is not denied these people at home, and reason suggests they will for the present do better by staying at home and giving their attention to the big task of cleaning up the war wreckage there.

Some interest may also be noted in the protest that comes from Mexico against the crossing of the boundary by large numbers of laborers from this side. Demand is made here that these be removed from this country, where they have been harbored under the suspension of the immigration law, incident to war demand for common labor. Now they are told at home there is no work for them there. The two incidents disclose some of the practical aspects of the immigration question, and, with the growing state of unemployment at home, suggest that the house bill was wisely designed to correct a post-war condition that yet must be dealt with. When the normal currents of life are restored to something nearer a balance, then any great migratory movement will be of interest; at present it simply indicates a desire to get away from undesirable surroundings.

O'Callaghan's Own Little Comedy.

One need be neither Sinn Fein or Orangeman, pro or anti-British, to extract a smile from the antics of Donal O'Callaghan, lord mayor of Cork, who is making the immigration laws of the United States, the passport regulations, and two of Mr. Wilson's cabinet officers look like the ingredients of a musical comedy. About all it needs is a medley of "Croppies, Lie Down" and "Lilibulero" to be perfect.

No blame or censure of any sort attaches to Mr. O'Callaghan; he came to this country in pursuit of a quest having to do with a cause to which he is devoted. If he found it necessary to adopt a subterfuge to escape from Cork and reach Norfolk, he followed the course that lay open before him. When he reached Norfolk the fun began. Under the laws of the land he could not be permitted to land, yet he did land. While the State department was ponderously revolving its reels of red tape in the matter, the Labor department allowed the lord mayor to go about his mission of making speeches and appearing before committees.

When the scandal of the proceeding had reached a point at which it could no longer be ignored, the Labor department, to which the State department had passed the buck, solemnly decided that O'Callaghan was a seaman, and in this country without permission, and so should take ship without delay and sail to some foreign clime. It must have made "Andy" Furuseth grin when "Bill" Wilson ruled that the cie devant lord mayor was a seaman.

However, the visitor did not sail, and then a date was set for his departure and he was peremptorily ordered to decamp. Did he? Not much; he is now setting up a plea that he is a political refugee, and so entitled to asylum. Very likely recognition will be given him on this score, and he will stay here as long as he likes, a testimony to the peculiar quality of strabismus that controls the administration of our laws. And an outsider can not help thinking that if he were doing England any harm he would have been headed off at home, while it is not at all sure that he has helped the cause of Ireland a bit, while Cork bobs merrily along without its lord mayor.

Some of these special days of dedication are bound to be more popular than others, and it is extremely doubtful if pay-your-bills day will ever attract the interest that surrounds draw-your-salary day.

Still, it will be some time before they take to arresting the aged father and mother of a criminal for not teaching him morals and conduct in the home.

In refusing exemption from the income tax Mr. Harding has set a worthy example to those who are making the mistake of trying to shift their burdens.

Do the residents of South Omaha, who are suddenly acquiring new cellars, foresee a season of cyclones and tornadoes or an unusually fat crop of hops?

That "grave tax question" which faces congress is not half so grave to it as to the rest of us who pay.

What has become of the old-fashioned cow that used to give 16 quarts of milk for a dollar?

A Line O' Type or Two

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

IN the Review of Reviews, Mr. Herbert Wade entitles his interview with Prof. Michelson, "Measuring the Suns of the Solar System." Wonder how he explained it to the Prof?

THE identity of the man whom Mr. Wilson designated as a "simple bungalow" remains a secret, although the best guess is Secretary ——

Oh, Take a Chance.

Sir: Quite inadvertently I missed lauds on Wednesday. No less the start, however, to read this morning in our village chronicle: "Lent will be observed by local Episcopalians with self-denial and abstinence from wordy gaiety." There are a number of matters of absorbing interest I am prepared to communicate. Shall I—in the Wordsworthian sense—remain incommunicable, or venture ex-communication? Sine solo sileo.
P. D. S.

WE have some copper stock that we were thinking of using to paper a henhouse, but it appears that the company is still holding annual meetings, for what purpose we can only conjecture.

THE DELIRIOUS MILLINER.
(From the Boston Herald.)

When the tide of indifference takes possession of a woman's heart it turns to marble, and pity the man who picks that unfortunate woman for his wife. The moorings of common sense teach that the progress of women in this world rests in the capable hands of the feminine mental machinery, that realizes the great value of the unexpressed and silent language written in attractive millinery hat symbols. A lady's hat, if becoming, is a sure and certain sign that her train of thoughts and feelings are logical, intellectual and sincere. It is my aim on Saturday, in the French Room of the millinery department of this store, to strew the pathway of the best women in Boston with a trimmed hat triumph and opportunity that will admit of no controversy, but be declared the most successful and wonderful millinery sale I have ever attempted in this goodly city. C. A. Lockhart.

IN offering its law books for sale, the West Publishing Co. advertises wittily: "By listening in the trees at the entrance of the secret cave Ali Baba learned the magical words that would open the storehouse of the forty thieves."

Up to Date.

Honolulu, Jan. 24.—A native guide was showing Punch Bowl—so called because it is extinct—to a tourist and said, "This crater has been dead twenty-five thousand and fifteen years." "Where do you get the fifteen years?" asked the tourist. "Fifteen years ago Professor Alexander he tell me crater been dead twenty-five thousand years." J. U. H.

OVERHEARD in Field's: "Is this Castile soap domestic?" "Well, it can be used domestically, but it is also good for the skin."

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

Sir: I have discovered a good use for the Gideon Bible. When the bathroom shaving light is bad, a G. B. holds the dresser mirror at just the right angle. W. S.

DETROIT'S symphony orchestra seems to be in need of saving. The Athletic Club's appeal mentions, with perfect candor and truth, that "the orchestra is about the only thing in the realm of art and culture which the city can boast of."

THE THOUSAND AND ONE AFTERNOONS.

VI.

My brother (continued the fair Saidee) was suddenly dispatched to Norway to consult on a feat of engineering, so it was December when he reached Chicago. The bulk of the luggage had been sent on from Capri by express, and when he unpacked his things in his hotel he looked with renewed interest and curiosity on the pink shirt which his English friend had given him. He put it on, and as it fitted well enough he decided to wear it the remainder of the day, adding to it a green bow tie. After dinner he set out for a stroll, which was interrupted by a light rain, so, it being theater time, he turned into a house of entertainment and joined the line before the box office. Preceding him was a woman stylishly gowned and unaccompanied, and as she stepped to the window and turned her profile to Valentine he saw that she was very handsome, though by no means young. She dropped a bill in taking her change, and when my brother recovered it for her she thanked him graciously, and their eyes met, as they say in the Saturday Evening Post. Unexpectedly her gaze remained fixed for several seconds, and becoming conscious of the fact she colored; then she turned away and passed hurriedly into the theater.

Valentine accepted the lady's momentary interest in him without surprise. He was young and good looking, even distinguished looking, and he was accustomed to the flattery of the female of the species. What intrigued him was the intensity of her gaze and her almost startled confusion. He paid little attention to the play; his eyes were busy searching through the audience for the object of his thoughts. When, the final curtain fell he took a stand in the lobby and scanned the outflowing faces. His vigilance was rewarded; the lady's answering glance was distinctly friendly and her color deeper. Valentine edged after her, but halted when she stood at the curb waiting for her motor. She did not look around, and after a step forward Valentine paused irresolute at her side. The limousine drew up, its owner stepped into it, and then, in the most natural manner imaginable, the fast-working carriage caller took my brother by the arm, assisted him swiftly into the machine, and cried, 'All right!' The chauffeur shot the car out of the jam.

OH, dear! Rollin Pease, the singer, is around again, reminding sundry readers of the difficulty of keeping them on a knife.

ATTENTION, OLD TOM BENDELOW.

Sir: Tell Tom to try ammonium sodium nitrate to kill weeds and nourish grass. This was slipped to me by the chairman of a nifty eastern course, who says that two months' treatment will show results. As for the fortune, you grab it. EMEF.

"EGGS Dropping as Hens Lay."—Madison Times.

This phenomenon may have served Isaac Newton as well as the apple did.

Quelle Surprise!

(From the Surprise, Neb., Enterprise.)

Monday night the calaboose of the village of Surprise had an occupant. Towards night a solitary stranger roamed into town, and as he admitted that he was "on his uppers" was given a berth in the cooler. Lest the place should be altogether too cool, Chairman Doty built a good fire in the jail, thoroughly warming the room and the bed. We will venture to say this man will remember for some time his lodging in Surprise.

"CALL and see the caskets," urges a Philadelphia mortician. "You will be better satisfied."

APPARENTLY.

Sir: The "Polyanna" washing machine is made in St. Louis. Is this machine for washing glad rags? D. H. H.

"HELP! Help!" cries an Iowan. "They have introduced a bill in the legislature to make this the state song." We have space for only the refrain:

"Then hail! to Proud Iowa
Queen of the West!
To the strains of grandest music
Proclaim her the best;
Our liberties we prize and
Our rights we'll maintain
In God is our trust to
Preserve her great fame."

A WAUKEGAN doc advertises himself as "the dentist that don't hurt." Ouch!

The Perfect Guest.

(From the Paxton Record.)

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drechsel spent Wednesday of last week at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Stinman, where they assisted in doing the weekly family wash.

ONE might refer to the remarks of the gentleman from South Carolina as Dialectics. Or might'n't one? B. L. T.

Easy to Believe.

You can never entirely disillusion a girl after a fortune teller has once informed her that she is destined to marry a tall, handsome man with lots of money.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Successful Quest.

There is this to be said for the man who hunts a gas lead with a candle: He usually finds what he is looking for.—Sioux City Tribune.

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.

SOME DIETS FOR DIABETICS.

Mrs. M. F. writes that she had charge of her mother, who had diabetes. By following the plan described below the mother was cured in five years:

Substitute Jireh or diabetic flour in all cooking where ordinary flour is used.

Saccharin for all sweetening. Famous Austrian physician allowed some oatmeal.

Use home-made cottage cheese with one-third quantity of beaten sour cream, eliminating the water from same. Plenty of good sweet cream in buttermilk.

The use of butter fats extensively as a substitute for the nourishment generally derived from sugar and flour.

Recipe for splendid oatmeal cakes:

One cupful oatmeal.

One cupful pecans, chopped.

Saccharin to sweeten dissolved in tablespoonful of milk.

Two eggs, beaten.

One and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Enough milk to make stiff batter.

Drop in small spoonfuls on waxed paper and bake till brown. Make batter stiff enough to keep from running together. Will keep a long time.

Patient should have plenty of eggs, milk and butter fat.

Mrs. H. D. was not so successful, but she writes:

"My son, 5 years old, had sugar diabetes with 5 per cent sugar before we were aware of it (it is one of the most deceiving diseases). We took him to a specialist, who put him on a strict diet. In a week's time he was stronger and began to play as he formerly had. He lived mostly on green vegetables and chicken or meats unfloured. His bread I made of soy bean flour, and he could eat all he wanted, as this contained no starch. I used this flour for his gravies and to thicken various dishes.

"For breakfast he had unsweetened oatmeal with plenty of cream, and coffee. At noon, his bread and butter, one or two green vegetables, a meat, coffee, dessert of jello and whipped cream or unsweetened fruits with cream. At night he usually had a poached egg, slaw, bread and butter.

"He had celery, nuts, cheese, ripe tomatoes (in season) to eat between meals. His percentage of sugar was reduced to none for six months, then it gradually increased. By starving all one day we could reduce it."

About Sick Headaches.

H. S. O. writes: "You have said migraine and epilepsy are related. Will you please explain this? I was a sufferer from inveterate sick headaches from 30 years of age to late middle life, as also my sisters, mother, and four of her sisters. But none of our family to its remotest relatives so far as known were epileptics. Moreover, I have known many sick headache sufferers, but none of them were epileptics. Sick headache always ceases in late middle life, but epilepsy does not, as I understand."

REPLY.

The students of genetics, as the result of study of family trees and partly as the result of other studies, are of the opinion that there is kinship between migraine and epilepsy. This does not mean that every epileptic has migraine or vice versa. Nor does it mean that every migraine family has epileptic members. If interested get bulletins Nos. 4 and 20, eugenics record office, and Medical Record, September 2, 1916.

Not Unusual Symptoms.

J. L. M. writes: "I am 80 years old. For several months I have had a cold, chilly feeling starting in my feet and now to my hips. My feet and legs always are cold. How does arterio sclerosis start? How long before it kills?"

REPLY.

The symptoms are not unusual in old men. You should wear woolen underwear and woolen socks. Arterio sclerosis may cause dizzziness, high blood pressure, frequent urination. Some people live with arterio sclerosis many years.

The Bee's Letter Box

Stands for Censorship.

Greeley, Neb., Feb. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: If permitted space, we would like to say a few words in reply to the article, "What Censorship Contains," by J. Ralph Dykes, in the issue of the 11th.

We are for the bill before the legislature for censorship of moving pictures; and stronger than ever after reading his article in The Bee. Let us first get even as to church standing as near as may be. We belong to the Methodist church at Greeley, just a common every day layman. After reading his article we have come to the conclusion that if the churches and ministers—Protestant and Catholic—are for this bill, we now firmly believe it is a good bill, and our legislature should pass it.

To our mind no body of men in Omaha, nor any other city, are better qualified to pass on a moral issue, as to what is right or what is wrong, and the things our children should not see, than the ministers of the Gospel, no matter to what creed they belong.

To whom else should this nation look, for the things that build the moral fiber that has made us shine before the world as the most Christian? Of whom shall we learn the lesson of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, which can only be fully exemplified by the way of the cross.

This brother is opposed to lawful censorship, and yet, without statutory authority, he censors the entire ministry of the city of Omaha, the men who would teach him the way of salvation, and place his children's feet in the path that leads to happiness here on earth, and a home in heaven.

While we feel it is unnecessary for a layman out in a small country town to defend the ministry of Omaha, and the state of Nebraska, we feel it our duty to tell him that there are men in Nebraska, who resent his statements, disapprove of his methods and doubt his sincerity.

Let this good brother quit his worry about prohibition, for John is dead, and if the good people want to censor the films in the movies they think unfit for children to see, they will do it no matter what he or I may think about it.

If as he says, the movies are stealing the people away from the churches on Sunday, let the things they see there be clean; there is nothing too good for our children, but there are many things in this world that are bad; if any bad pictures cut them out.

As for us, we prefer the gospel as it is preached today to any we have ever heard, and we are here to state that if the hearer is right with God, or wants to get right, he can take home thought sufficient from any sermon preached in Omaha, or any other city, from any pulpit, to keep him busy for 12 hours, unless he is a better man than most of us.

Let him borrow no more trouble: the church and state will not unite under the canon law, while he or I shall live, nor is there any desire on the part of any of the churches to bring about this end. The churches of all creeds are laboring for the salvation of our souls, and if they are making a fight to keep us clean, we should praise and not condemn them.

It is up to us individually to be the best Christians that we can, and the churches are places for worship, but no man or woman is going to be chained and dragged before the altar; he can go his way, and lend his influence to other things, and fight the church and the ministry all his life, and at the end, when his life is spent, the pastor who he has censored and fought through life, will conduct his funeral from the church, and pray to God to have mercy on his soul. We have seen this done, and so has he.

And we believe, that regardless of what he says, we should continue to pray as our Lord has taught us, saying in part: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Would it be carrying the program too far?

T. J. HOWARD.