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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

GOOD ROADS FOR GOOD WHEAT.

Automobile tourists, we are told, are not especially pleased with the state of the highways in Nebraska. One authority says the tourists no longer are pioneers, but have become pavement hunters. That is serious. It is regrettable, too. Such tourists will have all the joys and thrills of traveling if they will just stay at home and drive around the paved streets of whatever city they are resident of. Pavement and tall buildings are pretty much the same everywhere, and city parks afford a fair substitute for most of the landscape encountered nowadays.

Nebraska has a better reason for improving the highways. Automobile tourists are welcome when they come, and will find such accommodations as the residents put up with. That is no reason, though, for putting off the big job of making our highways good all the year around.

The real reason for improving Nebraska highways until they are the best in the world is that Nebraska people have to use them. Our farmers use our roads more than all the other people in the world. They have the deep concern in the condition of the highways, whether the surface is smooth and hard, or where it is soft, full of ruts and boggy places.

Fifty million bushels of wheat is set as the measure of the crop for this year. This means that more than 1,500,000 tons of wheat alone will be hauled by the farmers of the state over their own roads. If a saving of only 5 cents a ton can be made in the cost of hauling that wheat, it means \$75,000, which will pay 5 per cent interest on \$1,500,000. That sum will provide several miles of hard-surfaced roads. Extend this over the coming years, and it is plain that the saving in cost of hauling only the wheat crop to market will soon pave all our highways.

If the cost of hauling 3,000,000 tons of hay, the potatoes, corn and other products is the same as that of wheat, and it is possible to make a proportionate saving on each ton, the argument is overwhelming in favor of good roads. Add to this the possible saving on what the farmer hauls home from market, and the figures mount still higher.

Nebraska is not dependent on automobile tourists, but gives them gladly the use of the roads, such as they are. Our good roads program is based on the more substantial concern of our people in their own welfare. A start has been made, the seed has been sown, and the crop will be as certain as any other crop in the state. The legislature that meets next January will have a definite problem before it, and it should not be turned away from that problem by any penny-wise and pound-foolish proposals, no matter from whom they emanate. Nebraska will not stay forever bogged in its own bad roads.

PLAIN TRUTH GOOD ENOUGH.

Nebraska has not just harvested the greatest wheat crop in her history. Nor the greatest crops of oats and rye and barley. Nebraska is not growing the greatest corn crop in her history. Nor will this year's harvest make millionaires out of all the farmers and put success within the reach of the incompetent and the shiftless.

The plain truth about the situation is plenty good enough. The wheat crop just harvested is up to the average in yield and quality. The price at this time affords the wheat raiser a fair margin over the cost of production. The price of old corn does not mean much to the farmer now, save as it is an indication of a fair price for a growing crop. There is very little old corn left on the farms of Nebraska.

That the outlook is better than it has been for several years is admitted. Because of this bettered outlook business is getting better, confidence is being restored and there is a general sense of relief from a continued season of stress.

There is not the least danger that the producers of Nebraska are going to be stamped into another orgie of speculation in blue sky bunk. They are going to buy many things they have long needed but have refrained from buying because of conditions. They are going to make needed repairs on the farmsteads, buy some new machinery and lay hold upon a few luxuries to which they are doubly entitled.

It is going to be the best year in the last five, but no better than the producers of Nebraska deserve. But it is not going to put every farmer out of debt, nor put every merchant on Easy Street, nor give all of us an excuse to begin another era of extravagance.

Let us rejoice over bountiful crops and fair prices, and tell the world the plain truth about Nebraska, not giving ourselves to vain boasts. Eight now the truth is plenty good enough to make every one of us smile with satisfaction.

CAMPAIGN OF COURAGE.

No time will be wasted by the republicans this year in making vain charges, in calling hard names, or in sternly denouncing anybody. The campaign will be on the basis of telling the voters of the United States what the republican party expects to do, and how much better that program is than any the opposition can offer.

This is Chairman Butler's plan, and it has the approval of President Coolidge. An affirmative,

constructive effort will be made in each voting precinct in the United States. It is not intended to concede any state to any candidate, save Coolidge. A campaign will be made in each of the states of the "solid south," where democracy is reported to be everlastingly entrenched. In the northwest, where the LaFollette group is said to be impregnable, the Coolidge campaign will be as vigorous. No precinct, let alone a state, will be lost by default. Every vote will be sought.

In this spirit victory is found. A platform that contains the solemn promises of a responsible party is presented. With it go candidates whose personal character is the best possible guaranty of their worth in office. Whose experience has fitted them and has proved to the public that they are to be trusted.

Coolidge and Dawes are not offered as wonder workers, but as men capable of looking after the great trust that will be imposed upon them. Able to direct the affairs of government; courageous enough to resist the blandishments and temptation of "practical" politics; cherishing high ideals of patriotism and devotion to the best of Americanism. The warlocks and wizards of the opposition will face this combination with little hope of winning.

GOING AFTER THE BIG ONES, TOO.

The resolve of the Chamber of Commerce to sustain the Omaha post of the American Legion in its attempt to get the Legion convention for 1925 ought to get a response from every citizen of Omaha. The guarantee fund of \$50,000 is a small sum compared to what the convention really means. We do not like the calculating spirit that estimates how much in money the visitors who would attend such a convention might spend here. That should not be a controlling factor in the effort. Omaha ought to go after more of these big national gatherings for the purpose of letting the world know how good a town we have here.

This is veritably a city set upon a hill, but a modesty that has not always been wise has kept back the advantages that come from its location. It has been seen of all men, but not noted so carefully as it should have been. Those who have stopped off here for a convention time, and they have been many, have gone away, filled with praise of the city. Hospitality of the citizens, enterprise in every way, civic spirit, all the attractive qualities of a great and enlightened community, win the visitors. Let us get more of them to come and look over the city. Some will want to come back, and some will stay.

The American Legion is made up of young men. Not all of them are permanently located, but all of them are enterprising, pushing individuals, who will be the big men in America tomorrow or next week. No city will suffer through having them for guests, or for gaining their friendship in any way. If Omaha has any chance whatever to get the 1925 convention of the American Legion, it should not be overlooked.

SUGAR AND THE TARIFF.

The Tariff commission has presented to the president its report on the sugar question, which inquiry was begun eighteen months ago. Details of the report have not been published, consequently any comment on its conclusions must be speculative entirely. About the only thing definitely known is that the commission is not unanimous, some of the members holding that the existing rate is too high, while others contend that the tariff is warranted.

The United States is the largest single consumer of sugar in the world. In 1923 the world output of sugar was estimated at 43,900,000,000 pounds. Figures on the consumption in the United States for that year are not available, but in 1922 it was 8,409,276,554 pounds, more than one-fifth of the world's output of 39,537,482,880 pounds. Sugar production in the United States is equal to about one-fourth of the amount consumed. For 1923 the domestic production was equal to 2,176,000,000 pounds, of which 472,000,000 was cane sugar produced in Louisiana, and the rest was beet sugar, 1,704,000,000 pounds, coming from Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, California, Michigan and other states. Some cane sugar is produced outside of Louisiana, but is not included in these figures.

Nebraska is vitally interested in the tariff on sugar, for any reduction in tariff means a cut in the price of sugar beets. The 1923 sugar crop in Nebraska amounted to a little more than 89,000 tons. For the current year it will probably be increased materially. Beet raisers are paid on a sliding scale, an upset price of \$5.50 followed by a bonus, which for the 1923 crop has brought the price of beets so far to \$8.05 per ton, with the prospects of still further payment.

If the selling price of sugar is lowered, the beet raiser will feel the effects of the change directly. So far the 1923 crop has been worth a little over \$6,000,000 to the raisers. They are concerned very vitally in the demands Robert Marion La Follette is making for a cut in the tariff rate on sugar, as well as the program of the democrats for a general revision of the existing law along free trade lines.

Merely to render needless a repetition of the query we stop the press to insert the glad tidings that if it is not hot enough for the corn it is plenty hot enough for us, and not a bit too hot.

The most serious handicap the La Follette boosters in Nebraska carry is Mike Harrington's long record for backing political losers.

When Mr. Secretary Hughes and King George dined we wonder if they discussed the interesting topic of bobbing whiskers?

A West Virginia enthusiast named his twins "Coolidge" and "Hell and Maria." Wait until the little ones grow up.

We know what we think of a man who tortures babies, but can not put it in the paper.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

WAITING FOR ELECTION.
From cabin door to palace gate the fluent orators
Exhort the connoisseurs of state like ancient troubadours
With harps elite and voices sweet, who sang and played
for kings,
And from them blessed with diadems took aims and
lesser things.

Within the wood the thrush repines—there is no one
to list
To his rare wisps of eloquence; above the amethyst
And blossomed award the lark, despairing his reception,
sings,
The echo of his call is faint, and dreads the out-of-doors.
In hum-drum mart, on tranquil farm, o'er wide and
tossing seas—
Promiscuous and foremost now is that which is to be.
The days will slow and slower pass until November
brings
The answer and the renaissance of life's prosaic things.

Unexpected Pleasure



"From State and Nation"

Fewer Dying This Year.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

If the statistics of one of the large insurance companies, showing the death rate among its 15,000,000 policy holders in the United States and Canada can be taken as evidence of the general health of the two countries, and they undoubtedly can, Americans and Canadians have a greater expectancy of life than they had only a few years ago.

The death rate in the first quarter of the present year among policy holders was the lowest ever reported, 9.2 per 1,000 lives, as against 9.7 in 1921, which was the previous record particularly for low mortality. A particularly gratifying feature of the statistics is that an improvement is indicated in almost every cause of death. Those scourges of childhood, diphtheria and scarlet fever, show a steady decline, and tuberculosis deaths are constantly getting fewer. That now deadliest of civilization's ailments, heart disease, has had a pronounced falling off, as have apoplexy and diabetes.

What Do the "Peepul" Want?

From the Atlanta Constitution.
What do a million people want? Of all the mysteries and complexities of our modern life—of all the undiscovered regions which lure the imagination—none is more elusive and tantalizing than the mental state of the composite body of humanity which a well known Georgian used to designate as "Old Man Peepul."

To be able to penetrate the barrage of talk, actions and make-believe which surrounds with a dense fog, the real thoughts and desires of a whole body of population would be to open the door to nameless wealth and prodigious fame. The great difficulty in determining the wants of a mass of population is that the composite desire is made up of many divergent strands. "Old Man Peepul" cannot control his own mental process or direct his moods. The ability to comprehend the ever-changing temper of the public mind is a gift of surpassing value. It was said of Napoleon that he possessed it to such a degree that he knew when the enemy was willing to admit defeat. Other men have displayed this quality to a remarkable degree in business, statesmanship and other great fields of human activity.

This peculiar quality which enables one to form a sort of magnetic connection with the thoughts and emotions of his fellows seems to be a gift bestowed by nature—like the eye of the artist, the ear of the musician and the rhythmic sense of the poet—something which enables its possessor to establish a sympathetic current between his own brain and the hungry soul of composite humanity.

Not Marching.

"We're you among those who march against the government hall?" "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "The ladies took the affair seriously. Only the gentlemen tried to turn it into a promenade concert." — Washington Star.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1924.
W. H. QUIVEY,
(Seal) Notary Public

Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words and less will be given preference.

Overworking the Word.

Council Bluffs.—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: This being the year of the recurring quadrennial political madness, Mr. Ordinary Citizen will shortly view the grand scramble for office and the emoluments thereof, particularly the latter, by the usual host of candidates, exhibiting every variety from the absolutely safe and sane to the extreme outer borders of the "lunatic fringe."

Many of the candidates seeking preferment have appropriated unto themselves the word "progressive," and it is of such common use that it might be well to look into its meaning. In ordinary sense the word means advancing, going forward. It seems to have the meaning in a political sense, too, advancing and going forward, but always in the direction of a job at the public expense. That seems to be about all the "progress" that the political progressive makes.

We have plenty of real progressives, but they are seldom seen running for office. Henry Ford is one. He not only makes real progress, but furnishes others with the means. There is Thomas A. Edison and hosts of others. They are in every city and town and on the farm. The poor word is being worked overtime and should be given a rest. Its use has become so common that to hear it repeatedly gives one a feeling of extreme weariness. Most of the self-styled progressives belong in the same category with reformers, doctrinaires, impractical idealists, up-

lifters, forward lookers, utopian cranks, millennium hasteners and people that want a live passing. And all others that are obsessed with the delusion that legislation is a sovereign cure for every economic ill.

"OLD POGGY."

"Operated Still on a River Bank."

Probably a reformed dairyman.—Kansas City Star.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet
Celia Baxter

THE BETTER WAY.

There is lots o' joy in livin' if you seek th' sunny side; If you're smilin' all th' while an' keepin' sweet. Days o' love an' happy laughter bring a joy at eventide That th' grumbler never gets a chance t' meet. When you worry 'bout tomorrow you are spollin' yr today. An' you're wastin' time t' mourn fr' past mistakes. If you'll try t' profit by 'em an' go whistlin' on your way You'll be better fit fr' what you undertake. If against a nail you're stubbin' of your toe, an' only once, Why, you ain't so very much t' blame fr' that. An' if stubbin' is repeated on that same nail, you're a dunce, An' deserve no bit of sympathy—that's flat! There's a lot o' folks that worry 'bout th' bridges they must cross.

An' before they come a-nigh 'em they're afraid. But th' man that keeps a smilin', if he finds th' bridge a loss, Simply rolls his pants up high an' starts t' wade. Life's a total loss t' people who forever hold a grouch. An' spend all their walkin' hours bewailin' luck. There is always fith a plenty seen by those with stoopin' slouch. Never lookin' fr' a thing but nasty muck. But there's love an' light an' laughter if you'll only walk erect; Lots o' joy in life if you will live it right. If you sow th' seeds o' friendship, then it's friendships you'll collect. Friends who'll grasp you by th' hands an' hold 'em tight.

On the way to Ashland by auto—"wreck it yourself" kind. Out Center street, past the wreck of the hangar erected by Chamber of Commerce. Cyclone very timely, as it solved grave problem for the Chamber of Commerce. Suburban homes thick in section that was away out on the frontier only a few short years ago. Past some "chicken huts" that have been scenes of hilarity. Probably will be again. Past fields of corn that are approaching the roastin' ear stage. Must keep location in mind. Roastin' ear season about the most delightful period of the year. Never mind a bit about getting butter in our ears.

Threehairs at work in field alongside the road. Wheat pouring in steady stream from machine into big truck. Pneumatic stacker blowing the straw into stack. Wonderful improvement. Horrible recollections of working on stack many years ago, when straw was carried up on apron and had to be forked away. Pause made here to scratch. Man tilts jug up on arm and applies jug's neck to his lips. Wonder if water—it must be water—as warm and insipid as water was in the old harvest fields jugs of years ago.

Cluster of milk cans by roadside. Cash on the nail. Numerous such clusters as we hurry along. The more you see the more money flowing into the channels of business. Significant of another change in farm life. Pause here to let memory aches out of arms wearied by working the old churn dasher up and down. But the old-fashioned method of churning had its compensations. It provided real buttermilk—rich and fragrant with the golden specks of butter floating in it. Not the thin, acid, blue separated sour milk of today.

Little argument with companion whether shocks contain wheat or barley. Our mistake. It was wheat. Last barley we saw was in a vat, and so long ago that mistake was natural. Dog chases automobile. Wonder what he would do with it if he caught it. Railroad crossing reached just in time to see "stop" signal waving. Stopped. Life is short enough, but death lasts an awfully long while. Freight train about a mile long saunters by. Engineer smiles and waves his hand. Recall that one of our early ambitions was to be a locomotive engineer. Chief ambition now is to be able to keep from buying longer belt.

Through Gretna. Paved streets. Cozy cottage homes. Wonderful vista of flowers dotting well kept lawns. Row of our favorite flower, the hollyhock. Unable to raise hollyhocks, living in apartment. Across the Platte river bridge at Ashland. Camp of Nebraska National Guard seen through the trees. Pleasant hour in camp, and home again. People who see nothing but the road ahead are wasting precious time. Helps a lot to have congenial companions in car. Had them. Must make the trip again and report on those roastin' ears.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

When in Omaha
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Change in Council Bluffs Street Car Fares

Effective Sunday, August 3, 1924, the following rates of fare will be in effect on the Council Bluffs Division:

Local fare in Council Bluffs 7 cents cash or four tokens for 25 cents; children between 5 and 12 years of age, ten tokens for 30 cents; school children's tickets ten for 50 cents.

Fare between Council Bluffs and Omaha 10 cents cash; 30-ride commutation ticket \$2.00.

Fare to Iowa School for Deaf remains unchanged.

In accordance with the decree of the United States Court, Southern District of Iowa, Western Division, receipts will be issued to passengers when they pay a 7 cent cash fare and when they purchase tickets at increased rates. These receipts contain an agreement to return to the bearer any part thereof which shall be in excess of the fare as finally determined by said court.

Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company