THE OMAHA BEE

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HOLDING UP THE CAPITOL.

Whatever Brother Charlie does or does not do in other regards, he will leave a record in connection with the new state house that should be preserved. It will be as pretty an exhibit of the effect of meddling with something he should have let alone as could be wished for. One of the first things accomplished by the governor was an investigation. His then state engineer discovered a large-sized mare's nest, and out of it came an inquiry that ended just where it began. The architect and the contractor were vindicated, and a group of disappointed bidders were unable to start a long campaign of substitution.

Now the news trickles out from Lincoln that the first section of the contract will not be completed by August 1, 1924, as called for. Instead, the governor has consented to a nine-month extension of time. This will put the letting of new contracts over until about May of 1825. Governor Bryan will be well out of office by that time, and will have no reason to worry over what may perplex his successor. How this may serve the state is yet another question. An outstanding point is that the amount of money to be expended on the first section of the contract will not be known until it is completed, therefore it is not possible to say if the building will be completed anywhere within reasonable distance of the estimated cost.

Speaking about spending money on the capitol account, Auditor Marsh is holding back a warrant approved by the governor, covering expenses of the state engineer for attending a capitol commission meeting in New York during the time of the democratic national convention. We imagine it was fortuitous rather than calculated that the meeting of | fought their duel of oratory? Who that is old the commission fell at the same time the national convention was in progress. The people of Nebraska will look with little concern at the spectacle of money being paid out to defray expenses of a capitol was in progress. The people of Nebraska that he heard Robert G. Ingersoll, or Jere Black, of democrats from these agrees ago a committeen to the governor with some sort of a proposition which they thought practical. Did they succeed in presenting wandered back to my home again and commission meeting, but they might object to paying for a joy ride for some favored democrats.

FARCE OF "FUSION" EMPHASIZED.

When the primary election was held in Nebraska in April certain democratic candidates sought and obtained a nomination on the so-called "progressive" party's ticket as well as on their own. Among these was Charles W. Bryan, then aspiring to a sec- rally. Men and women who gather to hear a politibe United States senator; Charles W. Pool, anxious to be re-elected as secretary of state; Ashton C. Shallenberger and Edgar Howard, candidates for congress. In order to accept the progressive nomination, these democrats were required to assent to a platform that is diametrically opposed to that announced by the democrats.

In other words, they had to appear on the ticket and before the voters as espousing two sets of principles, and these in violent conflict.

Now come the chairman and secretary of the progressive state committee and demand of these candidates that they also announce their allegiance to the national candidates and platform of the party, or get off the ticket. Whether this ultimatum is carried to its logical end or not, it contains the right principle.

No candidate, however versatile, can honestly adopt/two sets of principles. When he appears on two tickets for the same office, it is a sign that either he is deliberatly deceiving the people, or that one of the parties is practicing such deception. The fact that this has been done in Nebraska in the past ·is not an argument for its repetition.

We hope the progressives move far enough to put an end to the farce of "fusion." Let us have men running as partisans or nonpartisans, but not as hybrids.

OWED TO THE ROASTIN' EAR.

A few short weeks ago we joyfully took pause from the consideration of grave questions of state to pay our humble tribute to the strawberry shortcake. Now we feel the urge to again lay aside discussion of tariff, of finance, or diplomacy and such like things, to permit of time to pay tribute to another gustatory delight that is entitled to rank alongside the seasonable strawberry shortcake, and other delights to follow later when autumn puts the finishing touches on the fields.

At this time we bid you stop and salute the Roastin' Ear!

There are roastin' ears and roastin' ears. We are not now referring to the insipid, pale and inconsequential roastin' ear served with a silver stick at each end, with an autrageous check to follow, but to the big, yellow, plump-grained roastin' ear forked from the steaming kettle and piled high in the center of the family table. Flanked upon one side by a sizable chunk of golden butter and upon the other by salt shakers that yield their store without resort to toothpicks and profanity, a big platter piled high with roastin' cars such as described presents a sight that men have spent millions to see equaled and

have miserably failed. The roastin' ear can not be fully appreciated by those who mince daintily. It must be first smeared with butter in the most abandoned manner, properly seasoned with salt, then grasped firmly in both hands and bitten into without regard to getting the lobes of the ears greasy. We have only the most profound pity for those who decline to partake of roastin' ears in the manner described, and the deepest sympathy for those who are dentally unable to start at one end of the roastin' ear and proceed rapidly to the other without pause.

There is but one regret attached to feasting upon the succulent roastin' ear. It is easily possible for one to get all one can eat; the regrettable fact is that one so seldom is able to eat all one wants.

To the Roastin' Ear! If it and baseball could be made the common enjoyment of all mankind, then wars would cease and brotherhood be universal!

CHARACTERISTIC ACT OF HUGHES.

French folks are great on ceremony. They like to make a show when anything is being done, and to carry out a lot of fussy conventional ritualistic exercises whenever a distinguished foreigner is present. Of course, this is a hangover from olden days, when the poor man kowtowed to the next one above him. When a nabob of any degree came into view, it was something to be remembered by the ordinary folks. Not alone the French are afflicted by this custom. One account of the killing of Vice Consul Imbrie at Teheran says he might have been spared had he worn the gold-braided uniform other foreign diplomats put on. We recall the story of how a former Omaha man created a sensation as well as monopolizing the attention of all the waiters in the dining room at Shepheard's in Cairo by appearing in the uniform of a colonel on the governor's staff. He reported to his friends at home that the experience was worth more than the uniform cost.

This will afford a measure to the disappointment of the Parisian public when it learned that Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state in the cabinet of President Coolidge, had quietly laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Mr. Hughes, in company with the American ambassador and two other friends, went for a walk in the early hours of the morning. Without any fuss or feathers, the great American paid his sincere tribute to the valor and constancy of the French soldier. His act was not discovered for some time, and only after meticulous inquiry by the perturbed police was the identity of the donor disclosed.

The act, characteristic of the man, must have its effect on the thinking folks of France. Accustomed as they are to the blatancy of the American tourist, they can not fail to note the simple, genuine courtesy in this act of the secretary of state. Such little things as that do much to cement the real understanding between the two nations. And yet, we can not help thinking that Ben Franklin wore his coonskin cap when he called on Louis because he wanted to attract attention.

WILL THE RADIO DO THE WORK?

In all the years since Americans began the practice of electing their officers the element of personal contact has played a big part. It has been a source of secret pride to the humble citizen that he has stood in the presence of the great, and heard his voice while viewing his gestures. If this can be supplemented by the fact that a handshake was given after the address, the citizen has a memory he will ever hold apart from all the rest. It is cherished as a personal experience.

How many tales have we heard of the men who listened to the Lincoln-Douglas debates? Who traveled many weary miles over dusty country roads, under scorching suns, camping out at nights, that they might be present when the great gladiators enough does not recall with something of a thrill Would William Jennings Bryan have gained the eminence he attained, had he been content to empty his silver tones into a microphone, even though by so doing he was enabled to reach millions more than he possibly could by voice alone?

We have all respect for the radio, realizing the wonders it has wrought. Yet we doubt if it will prove a satisfactory substitute for a genuine campaign ond term as governor; "Jake" Thomas, who wants to | cal speech are interested in the issues as well as the speaker. Will they take the same interest in the passive submission to the "loud speaker," knowing that the one whose words they hearken to is in a a sound-proof room, many miles away, and unable to catch any expression of approval or dissent from his auditors? The radio may be all right when it comes to delivering words, but it is a poor substitute when the time for shaking hands comes round.

> It has taken Governor Bryan longer to make up his mind about appointing a municipal judge for Omaha than it has taken the people to make up their minds that he simply will not do as a White House possibility.

> Old Ed Howe thinks Arthur Capper will yet be president, because he is the best hand-shaker Kansas has ever produced. This is some qualification, for Kansas has had some artists in the line.

The fact that John W. Davis has just won a rate case for the New York Bell Telephone company will not be much bragged about by Nebraska democrats.

Note the Standard Oil octopus is still cutting prices. The influence of the one-pump station at Sixth and South certainly is powerful.

An Ohio mail robber has just reached Leavenworth prison under sentences totaling 267 years. Wager he does not serve his term out.

It must be borne in mind, too, that future wars will not be won by using exclusively the kind of gas that is so popular with our governor.

Maybe one reason for the high price of wheat in Winnipeg is that Canada has no Capper-Tincher

Homespun Verse -By Omaha's Own Poet-Robert Worthington Davie

INCORRIGIBLES.

They're ever up to something-Those little tykes of mine. And how-when they've been naughty-Their little faces shine With smiles. When I correct them, As solemnly, I do, 'Tis hard to act the master-

For I've been impish too. It's not, indeed, quite proper That they should play such pranks, Nor is it well to show them

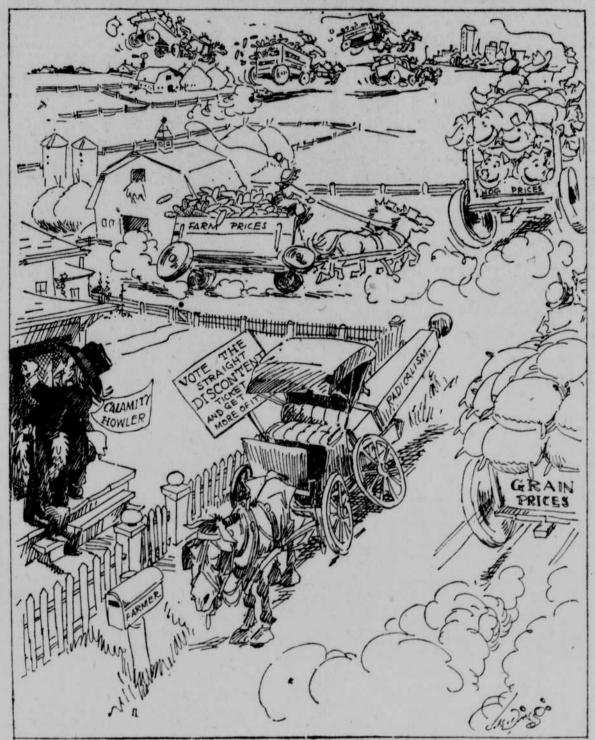
My attitude with thanks; And though I'm really angry, By reason I am half In doubt to what is justice, And fain am I to laugh.

O, why is it, I wonder. That mischief-loving sprites Cause us so little worry, And bring no sleepless nights? And why is it, pray tell me, That grim correction brings

To mind the numerous phases

Of long-forgotten things?

Will the Political Crepe Hanger Please Call Again When There's Somebody at Home?



Pake Comfort, nor forget That sumrise never failed us yet Coha Thalter

BOOSTING THE BISONS.

Their manes are fairly bristling and they're leaders of the pack. They've hit the pill to fare-ye-well, and played the game for

And when they heave in sight we'll heave our bonnets in the We'll give three cheers for Bonowitz, for Robinson and Lee: And whoop it up to beat the band when Cullop's face we see.

We'll cheer for Koupal, Dailey, Mack; for Wilder and O'Neil,
B'gosh, they're leaders of the league—how good it makes us
feel!

The Buffaloes are headed home, topnotchers in the race, And ev'ry fan will be on hand, a smile across his face. To give a rousing welcome nome to Barney and his crew, And root like loyal rooters in the home town ought to do. We'll give three whoops for Osborn, Griggs, Wilcox and Len-

For Thompson, Napier, Luebbe-shucks, we'll cheer for ev'ry They've played the game, they've done their best; they lead the western loop, And so, b'gosh, when they get home we'll meet 'em with a

The news that a man reached under a sleeping man's pillow and purloined \$400 will not give us insomnia. If ever we become possessor of \$400 and are unable to get it to the bank, we purpose sitting up all night with an automatic in each hand and a shotgun handy.

Owing to the refusal of certain parties to recognize the legality of an organization recently promoted by us, we are compelled to forego certain plans we had made for our annual vacation. Certain language we have indulged in while in the presence of the aforesaid parties precludes all possibility of our being listed as belonging with the ministerial profession. It now seems that we must make our vacation trip awfully short as to distance.

Meeting Dan Webster of the St. Paul Phonograph face to face, we were immediately challenged to a golf match, the same to be played during the summer session of the Press Association in Omaha. Golf is not our game, it being best adapted to those of extreme age. This will explain why Dan claims to be an expert. But we are now engaged in an intensive study of the words that make up the greater part of the pastime, and it will he our great pleasure to take Dan to the trimming of his life. It will be our first game of golf, and if our plans do not go awry it will be Dan's last.

Rumors are floating in to the effect that a lot of former Nebraskans who are returning from California, having gone broke, are complaining about the poor roads in this state. That strikes us as being the acme, the ne plus ultra, the absolute ultimate of ironclad nerve. Why'n thunder didn't they stay here in the first place and help us build better roads instead of making their money here and then scooting off to California to spend it?

WILL M. MAUPIN.

get in a word edgewise."
You bet your last jitney that Bryan

loquacity will never be There are, however, a large number of democrats patiently and prayer-

Abe Martin



Jest as we expected, Mort Pine, who's away on a vacation, is in trouble. His pap got a pustal card from him, sayin' "Wish you wuz here." Speakin' o' child labor laws, all th great men we know anything went t' work when they wuz kids.

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Brother Charlie's Talk.

O'Neill, Neb.—To the Editor of The addy money in my hand to pay Jim what is about to come about? Charlie's talk to the best is so that to come about? Charlie's they Bryan refuses to discuss the matter. That is, according to the heady interest in the factor of the part of the part to come about? Charlie's that is, according to the heady interest in the solution of the past two or weather conditions or the past two or weath theology, page a throat specialist at once.

Just a few weeks ago a committee lay on the turkey trot which he commight help greatly in curing ills

Jesus, the Jews' Messiah.

Omaha.-To the Editor of The fully waiting for a time when the 'Cinderella Brother' does really say something.

PAT. RICK.

Omaha Bee: Jesus, by His miraculous birth, was not tainted with the imperfection of Adam. His life, coming direct from God, Psa. 2-7, was perfect. enabling Him to keep the law and live

Omaha—To the Editor of The Oma- Woman does not give life, she only Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The poet yelled and vailey and hills re-echoed his thunderous "Pay your bills." That, said he, will cure the ills of earth and bring it again its joy and worth. I pondered the words that poet said, as sleepless that night I lay in bed and thought of a bill long left unpaid which I in the frenzy of youth had made, and stepping forth at break of day, my failed to see the redemptive work of the Messiah, which must be done be

fore the blessings.
. MRS. J. B. JOHNSON.

Find Bumper Crops. Albion, Neb.—To the Editor of The maha Bee: Have just returned

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shooting, and even the later fields from an auto-tour of inspection of will soon be all tasseled out if the cellent, and the luxuriant growth of the crops of Madison, Boone, Nance, present moist, warm weather con- all vegetation points to a banner crop for the year 1924.

FRANK M. GROSS.

Real Tolerance.

Jackson-Well, that's a good car, too!-O. E. R. Bulletin (Ottawa.)

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