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back after making a fair start, might have had help from Uncle Sam, had it been available.

The inescapable conclusion is that your Uncle Sam is a good sport, for each of the recipients of aid was bent on eclipsing the Americans if possible. Another conclusion that can not be evaded is that one of the effects of the globe-girdling flight will be to bring all the members of the big family just a little closer together. Such visits can not be made without leaving pleasant recollections, and surely the American officers bring home with them a lively sense of appreciation of favors and courtesies enjoyed. In that way, if in no other, the expedition was a success.

BRYAN TO EDIT DAVIS' SPEECH.

A story comes up from Lincoln that engages thought. It is that our old friend "Jim" Edgerton, of middle-of-the-road fame, and later of the Post-office department at Washington, has called on Brother Charlie at the statehouse. This in itself does not deserve much thought. Edgerton has always been sociable, and on good terms with the Bryans. His present visit is fraught with deeper significance.

He comes, so the account runs, as a special envoy from John W. Davis, who is about to be notified at Clarksville, W. Va., that he was selected by the democratic national convention as the party's candidate for president. In connection with that notification Mr. Davis is expected to say something. As the candidate he figures he ought to have something to say. As a wise and prudent man, he believes that what he has to say should not be mussed up by anything that some other candidate may take a notion to say about the same time.

Mr. Bryan is officially aware that associated with him on the ticket as a candidate for vice president is Charles W. Bryan, governor of Nebraska. Mr. Davis knows all about Brother Charlie's ability, as well as his exploits in whacking the oil octopus, obliterating the coal trust, eliminating taxes, and securing a gravel pit for the building of state highways. Brother Will has told him about that. Brother Charlie has told the reporters. Neither of them has told how Brother Charlie stopped the building of highways in Nebraska. But that is another story.

Knowing what he has been told of his running mate, Mr. Davis is not unnaturally apprehensive. So he sends a copy of his speech to Lincoln by a trusty envoy, for the perusal of Brother Charlie. And won't Governor Bryan please give the envoy a copy of any remarks he may intend to make on the occasion of being notified by Hon. "Pat" Harrison, notifier-extraordinary and super-keynoter? Mr. Edgerton is endowed with plenary powers, we are told, to go over the speeches with Brother Charlie, and harmonize them, if possible, to the end that the head and tail of the ticket may bow and wag in unison.

There is more than humor in the situation. Davis is a candidate on a straddle platform. His running mate is even more than a straddle. He is the opposite pole.

Davis has a great fear in his heart of W. J. Bryan. To placate the Commoner he put "Brother Charlie" on the ticket. At the same time he put his head in a noose. W. J. and "Brother Charlie" hold the other end of the rope. To make sure that Davis understands the situation, W. J. some weeks ago made it known that Davis was "on probation."

Thus it is that when Davis has his speech all ready he sends it out to the governor, who, with his brother, holds the other end of the rope.

Davis is certainly "on probation." Quite as certainly, too, he knows it.

Attention is called to the fact that bandits never tackled petting parties held in the hammock swung out in the front yard. When the automobile made petting parties in the dark lanes possible, the bandits were slow not to seize the advantage.

Georgia ain't a gwinne ter give no money to no college that teaches evolution. An' Georgia ain't a gwinne ter ratify the child labor amendment, either. Nobody kaint teach Georgia nothin' about God nor raisin' children f'r the cotton mills.

The report that Senator Reed of Missouri is about to Wheelerize himself impels us to make admission that now and then the democratic party is the recipient of a piece of luck.

Kathleen Norris declares that women who want to keep their husbands must be fanatics about trifles. We can account for the marriage of some women on no other grounds.

If those two young intellectuals of Chicago are really yearning for thrills it would be real mean of the presiding judge to refrain from handing them one.

Perhaps Governor Bryan can cite us to an instance whereby a man lost his horses by reason of having put a lock on the stable door.

A careful search of the records fail to reveal anybody who was run over by an automobile while occupying a pew in church.

Presumably Governor Bryan favors striking July 4 from the list of holidays because it celebrates an act of war.

John W. Davis is having it impressed upon his mind that a man is known by the company he keeps.

It will take more than the suppression of the Brazilian rebellion to settle the morning coffee.

This dual personality business may easily be settled by hanging both of them.

Perhaps the armored automobile would help solve the auto bandit problem.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

GOING HOME FROM WORK.

Is there anything as fervid, as impressive and as mild As the honest, ardent rapture in the welcome of a child? When, for instance, at the closing of a long and tedious day, Comes a daddy home and finds his children happily at play.

To the opera I have journeyed to forget my aches and cares, I have spent my idle hours seeing sights at county fairs, I have rested by the ocean, in the woodland I have played, I have sought content in sunshine, I have sought content in shade.

But of all the things and places I've experienced and gone None compare in any manner with the sprites upon the lawn, And there's nothing as endearing nor brimming with delight As the welcome that awaits me when I reach my home at night.

And She Had the Key in Her Purse All the Time



Letters From Our Readers

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

Where Bryan Is Heading.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I have read a lot of stuff pro and con about the defense day celebration, and I'd like to know a few things. Some of our beloved "good Americans" call this demonstration "militaristic." I'd like to know if a person can be patriotic without being "militaristic"—so without being "radicalized"—so without being "communistized"?

I am called on to participate in so long as it has to do with the welfare of my country. A pacifist—man or woman—is a person who refuses adequate protection to his or her country, and such people ought to be known to the patriotic people. A communist ought to be known to the undesirable citizens and they should be held up to the view of the world. Any time I become so much of a moral coward as to preach pacifism under the pretext of wanting to end war—while I know it to be impossible—I want everybody to know it.

There is one consolation, however, Upper Class: I have heard the scrap heap and it will give us a lot of this false alarm. There is no question but that the democrats of Nebraska are the most easy and gullible bunch in the whole country, or they would have had enough of Bryanism a long time ago. If I were a double-dyed communist, or worse yet,

F. M. SAUNDERS.
P. S.—I was born in July, 1845.

Abe Martin



Sayin' he's a "good sport" is jest another way of lettin' an easy mark down gently. It's gittin' so' th' only time a woman is seen with her husband is when he's carryin' her suit case.

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of August, 1924.

W. H. QUIVEY,
Notary Public

(Seal)

The Pressing Problem.

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)
The problem of the La Follette party now is how to keep the discontented farmer discontented till November.

A man slipped on a banana, peeled and execrated very loud, fell not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled. When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a number

All On Business.

A man slipped on a banana, peeled and execrated very loud, fell not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled. When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a num-

SUNNY SIDE UP

*Take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet*

Cela Thaxter

Perhaps they do it at the other fire houses, but we know the firemen at Twenty-seventh and Leavenworth do it—turn the hose on the perspiring kiddies. And the firemen enjoy it as much as the kiddies, which is plenty. The little folk don their bathing suits, if they have them, and if not, their overalls and thinest dresses, and the fun begins. Wonder if it would startle the onlookers if a middle-aged man, somewhat inclined to obesity, showed up at sprinkling time, clad in a ill-adapted bathing suit that bulged mysteriously about the equator?

Every merchant takes an annual inventory to see where he stands. He wants to know how much stock he has on hand and how much cash in the bank. The latter is his defense fund. Why, then, raise such a merry howl because Uncle Sam proposes an inventory to see how he stands, particularly as to the matter of defense fund?

An hour at the Livestock exchange Monday was better than a century. Never saw so many smiles chasing over the faces of out-state shippers. They were getting good prices for their stuff, and they were rejoicing because back home the threshing machines were turning out great teams of wheat that mean dollars galore. And the hot weather meant more corn every hour. Same story from each of them—MORE WHEAT per acre than anticipated, and of better quality.

A million or two dollars being spent in improvements at the stockyards. Talk about conservation. The new viaduct is going to be the roof of an extension to the hog department. New exchange building will be ten stories high. Won't cover near as much ground as the old buildings, but will afford much more room. Old buildings will be torn down to make room for more cattle pens. Omaha took lead over Kansas City for month of July in matter of livestock receipts.

One of the tragedies of accreting years is the increasing number of deaths among those whom we knew as middle-aged men when we were just turning into our majority. Consider now the case of the late Edna Jean Kozey at Craig, Mo., where she lived for nearly fifty years, and where we conducted our first newspaper just forty years ago. An able lawyer, a knightly, courteous gentleman, and an upright citizen. He will be missed. He loved his home town. He superintended the planting of the trees in the beautiful little park in Craig, and lived to see them grow to immense size. Time and again he turned a deaf ear to calls to higher place, preferring to live in the town where he started his professional career, where he was born, and where his wife was born. Material success was his, but his greatest success was in the friendships he made, and in the splendid service he rendered his beloved community. The shaft that will be erected by his loving wife will not be as enduring as a memorial as the memory of his splendid citizenship.

Cheerful confession is herewith made that we cherish ambition to be a traffic cop this kind of weather. What puzzles us is how the aforesaid traffic cops manage to keep as good-natured as they do.

We absolutely refuse to wear a skullcap, but if Charley Dawes don't send us an underslung pipe pretty soon we purpose something desperate.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

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ber of people had former a circle: "What do these idlers want?" he said.

"They are not idlers," explained his friend soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you, and a producer of comic films who would like to sign you up.—Seacoast News.

TH' OLD BUS IS SAFE

when Dad drives

—but just wait

till young son

takes it out—

then it needs

every kind of

insurance from

fire to collision!

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BUT HENRY POTATO ALDACIOUS MC'BUBBLE COULD IT BE BOtherED TO GO TO THAT TROUBLE



BUT HENRY WHO TO THE RIALTO DID GO KEPT NICE AND COOL WHILE HE SAW A GOOD SHOW

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