

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

All rights of republication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organizations.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1898, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES

Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department or Person Wanted. AT lantic 1000

OFFICES

Main Office—17th and Farnam Chicago—Steiger Bldg. Boston—53 Devonshire St., Room 8 Seattle—A. L. Nisbet, 514 Lary Bldg. Los Angeles—Fred L. Hall, San Fernando Bldg. San Francisco—Fred L. Hall, Sharon Bldg. New York City—378 Madison Ave.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

DAILY AND SUNDAY

1 year \$5.00, 6 months \$3.00, 3 months \$1.75, 1 month 75c

Subscriptions outside the Fourth postal zone, or 600 miles from Omaha: Daily and Sunday, \$1.00 per month; daily only, 75c per month; Sunday only, 50c per month.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Morning and Sunday, 1 month 85c, 1 week 20c

Evening and Sunday, 1 month 85c, 1 week 20c

Sunday Only, 1 month 20c, 1 week 5c

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 Clarksburg, 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 mused up by anything that some other candidate may take a notion to say about the same time.

Mr. Davis is unofficially 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 so a straddle. He is at 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 not slow to seize the advantage.

Georgia ain't a gwine ter give no money to no college that teaches evolution. An' Georgia ain't a gwine ter ratify the child labor amendment, either. Nobody kaint teach Georgia nothin' about God ner 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.

La Follette is so blue over the outlook for the farmers and the wage earners that he actually sees red.

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 Post— Robert Worthington Davis

GOING HOME FROM WORK.

Is there anything as fervid, as impressive and as mild As the honest, silent 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 rented 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 none 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 names will be withheld upon request. Communications 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-called. Patriotism is supposed to refer to love for one's country. Can I show my patriotism by preaching pacifism? Am I a patriot if I talk like Governor Bryan, Sweet & Co? I do not consider these men good Americans. I profess to be a good American and I am ready at any time to get out and show symptoms of it. No matter what line of demonstration 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 census ought to be taken of these 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—which I know to be impossible—I want everybody to know it.

There is one consolation, however, Uncle Charlie is heading for the scrap heap and it will give us a rest from 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 Bryan a long time ago. If I were a double-dyed communist, or worse yet,

a La Follettist, or even a democrat—here is one time I'd jump the party just to get to vote for old "Hell and Maria." I'd rather have him in the capitol with President Coolidge than all the rest of the "talent" boiled down and mixed up together. Mr. Davis is a fine lawyer. Mr. La Follette is just a plain traitor to the republican party and will get what he deserves, a good bumping and political oblivion along with the "brothers." JAMES WELCH.

How Big Was Bill Cody?

Plattsmouth, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In The Bee of Monday, August 4th, was an article regarding the size of Mr. Cody, called "Buffalo Bill." Having seen Mr. Cody several times the last two times met Mr. Mathewson and Mr. Cody on the street in Wichita, Kan. In conversations with old plainsmen, was told that Mathewson was the original "Buffalo Bill" and had a large train of big wagons to haul hides and supplies; that Cody was quite young when Mathewson first employed him, and thus got his first education and knowledge of the plains and mountain country. When Mathewson withdrew and settled in Wichita, the name "Buffalo Bill" settled on Cody. Now, Mathewson was some man to look at. I estimate 6 feet, 2 or 3 inches, broad across the shoulders and well proportioned to the ends of his toes. Cody was a fine looking, well-built, but smallish man. Take off the five gallon hat and boots, and I estimate about 5 feet, 7 inches.

F. S.—I was born in July, 1848.

Center Shots

The police are searching for a wild-looking man who is hiding in a wood near Mold. As he has been seen to make a run for a tree when anything approaches he is believed to be an escaped pedestrian.—Punch.

One of the biggest mistakes made by the democrats in New York was that most of their candidates had not been pre-shrunk as our friends the dry-goods people say.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Perhaps the most intelligent effort yet made to placate the farmer is President Coolidge's calm expedient of calling dinner supper.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

If there is anything in the saying, "more fights, more democrats," the democratic party ought to make a killing in November.—Raleigh News and Observer.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Who Is Your Skinny Friend, Mabel?

Tell him to take Cod Liver Oil for a couple of months and get enough good, healthy flesh on his bones to look like a real man. Tell him he won't have to swallow the nasty oil with the fishy taste, because the McCoy Laboratories of New York, are now putting up Cod Liver Oil in sugar-coated tablet form.

Ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Boston Drug Co., Brandon Store, and every drug store worthy the name sells them—60 tablets, 60 cents. Any man or woman can put on five pounds of healthy flesh in thirty days, or the money paid for the tablets will be refunded.

One woman put on fifteen pounds in six weeks. Children grow robust and strong.

Get McCoy's, the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for July, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily 74,010 Sunday 74,792

Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in transit. Based on copy sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. 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.

All On Business.

A man slipped on a banana peel and executed a very funny fall, 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 of people had formed a circle.

"What do these idlers want?" he snarled. "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.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

Rock Island

faster time better service

Chicago

Leave Omaha 6:08 p.m. Arrive Chicago 7:30 a.m. A Chicago train with service you'll like. Latest design Pullman sleepers, chair cars, coaches, observation car and dining car meals—the best on wheels. Two other Rock Island trains. Leave Omaha 2:40 a.m. 3:22 p.m. Arrive Chicago 4:15 p.m. 7:00 a.m. Comfort and Courtesy are your fellow travelers on the Rock Island.

Most convenient Chicago Stations—Englewood Union Station for South Side and eastern connections—La Salle Street Station in the heart of the city (on the Loop).

For information, fares and reservations, call or address—Consolidated Ticket Office, 1, Broadway Agent, Phone Atlantic 2214, 1416 Dodge St., Omaha, Neb.; J. S. McNulty, Div. Pass. Agt., Rock Island Lines, Phone Jackson 0228, 115 W. Second St. of the World Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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!

COME TO KOCH "Pays the Claim First"

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES—NUMBER 4,579,648.

ALLISON TOMATO HORATIUS O'TOOLE BOUGHT FANS AND COLD DRINKS AND HAIRCUTS TO KEEP COOL

BUT HENRY POTATO AUDACIOUS McBUBBLE COULD'T BE BOTHERED TO GO TO THAT TROUBLE

FOR THE AIR THAT ALLISON'S FAN BLEW WAS HOT COLD DRINKS MADE IM WARMER—HIS HAIR GREW A LOT

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

ADVICE TO GO DOWN

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget that sunrise never failed us yet

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 a plenty. The little folk don their bathing suits, if they have them, and if not, their overalls and thinnest 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-fitted 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 funds?

An hour at the Livestock exchange Monday was better than a circus. 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 streams 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 accruing years is the increasing number of deaths among those whom we knew as middle-aged men when we were just turning into our majority. Comes now the sad news of the death of Edgar James Kellogg at Craig, Mo., where he 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 married, and where his children were 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 a memorial as the memory of his splendid citizenship.

Cheerful confession is herewith made that we cherish no 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. WILL M. MAUPIN.