

THE OMAHA BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher N. B. UPDIKE, President B. M. HACKLER, Editor in Chief

Omaha Where the West is at its Best CONGRATULATIONS! MEN OF OMAHA. Omaha business men are putting their names down on a guaranty fund of \$50,000 as an earnest for the next meeting of the American Legion.

For Omaha the movement has another and maybe a deeper significance. The comparative ease with which the guaranty fund was secured shows an awakening. Some weeks ago a visit was made to Des Moines, for the purpose of conferring with the go-getters of that city as to methods. It is largely out of that little journey and subsequent conferences that has come a revival of the old-time Omaha ardor and energy that met and overcame obstacles with enthusiasm.

It is the same quality of harmonious courage that reached out long ago and secured the Union Pacific bridge. Events have gone than justified the wisdom of the act that gave Omaha its great impetus. The same spirit brought many big conventions here. Solved difficult problems of community growth. Advanced the interest of all in every way. It may be that Omaha did not recover from the disturbing effects of the war as rapidly as did some other towns of importance, but the city has fairly well held to its course. It has had substantial growth in all material regards, increasing in population, in wealth, in commerce and industry. Now it is renewing the vigor that gave it fame in other days.

The local post of the American Legion is the largest in the country, so far as number is concerned. That means something for its effectiveness. The potentiality of the Legionnaire increases in direct ratio to his numbers. One of them is a host, and when 3,000 of them get under one roof and resolve to accomplish something definite, the deed is as good as done. So, when the delegates from the largest American Legion post go to the St. Paul convention, with an invitation from the best convention city in the country, and that invitation is supported by a certified check of \$50,000, just as an evidence of good faith, who can doubt the issue? It will not be a question any more than was the outcome at St. Mihiel. Everyone advised as to the start there knew what the finish was to be.

Raising that \$50,000 is more than a mere gesture. It is a sign that Omaha is forging ahead. The men of Omaha who can do things are doing them. To the community it is the rainbow in the sky that tells us "it ain't gonna rain no mo'." The clouds have parted. Doubts are abandoned. It is full steam ahead for Omaha once more.

COOLIDGE FOR EQUAL RIGHTS. Charles R. Gardner of Fort Hamilton, N. Y., knows Cal Coolidge better than he did a few days ago. Mr. Gardner, as all other Americans, had noticed that President Coolidge has wasted no time or strength making public denunciations of the Klan. Accordingly, he wrote the president, enclosing a clipping announcing the fact that a negro had been named as candidate for congress from a New York district. Mr. Gardner also commented by suggesting that "repeated ignoring of the growing race problem does not excuse us for allowing encroachments."

"Encroachment" in this case presumably meaning that a negro seeks a seat in congress. Mr. Coolidge replied by expressing amazement that he should be asked to intervene in such a matter. He reaffirmed his intention of administering the Constitution, which "guarantees equal rights to all our citizens, without discrimination on account of race or color." Wrote the president to Mr. Gardner: "Leaving out of consideration the manifest impropriety of the president intruding himself in a local contest for nomination, I am amazed to receive such a letter. During the war 500,000 colored men and boys were called up under the draft, not one of whom sought to evade it. They took their places, wherever assigned, in defense of the nation of which they are just as truly citizens as are any others. The suggestion of denying any measure of their full political rights to such a great group of our population as the colored people, is one which, however, it might be received in some other quarters, could not possibly be permitted by one who feels a responsibility for living up to the traditions and maintaining the principles of the republican party. "Our Constitution guarantees equal rights to all our citizens, without discrimination on account of race or color. I have taken my oath to support that Constitution. It is the source of your rights and my rights. I propose to regard it and admin-

ister it, as the source of the rights of all the people, whatever their belief or race. A colored man is precisely as much entitled to submit his candidacy in a party primary, as is any other citizen. The decision must be made by the constituents to whom he offers himself and by nobody else." It is the president of the United States, not a candidate for office, who sends that message to his countrymen. While Calvin Coolidge is in the White House he will "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Under that all citizens are safe. All men and women politically equal. Nor does the president assume to dictate, as has been done from the White House, the choice of candidates for congress. He believes in letting the voters in any particular locality do their own nominating. Another reason for his great popularity.

THEY HAVE KEPT THE FAITH. Four thousand old men, worn and bent with age, grizzled, and weak of vision, lined up for a parade in Boston. It was raining, and the old men trudged and shuffled along the short mile of the route they were to cover. It was not much of a spectacle, as such affairs go today. Yet it was one of the grandest parades that ever moved in America. The Grand Army of the Republic is slowly wasting away. On that day when Grant and Lee met at Appomattox more than 2,000,000 men wore the blue. Three score years have taken toll of those millions, and only a handful are left. But when that little line marched in Boston it was not alone. Over it hovered the spirit of every man who ever wore the uniform of his country, of every patriot who bled that the flag might live. Washington was there, and Greene, and Moultrie, and Light Horse Harry Lee. So was Jackson, and Scott, and William Henry Harrison, and George Rogers Clarke. Phil Sheridan and Hancock the Superb, Sigel and Sherman, old Pap Thomas and John M. Thayer. What a roll call! These great leaders and many others, and the millions who marched with them in all the wars of the Republic. All were there.

As the file thrilled out "The Campbells Are Coming," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Jaybird," or any of those grand old tunes that put new life into fey dead-wary from the march, and the drums rattled away as noisily as in that long ago, the spirit ranks pressed forward with ever increasing surges. Who knows but the marching patriars felt the presence of those invisible comrades? It was a great parade, and as long as it may be repeated, so long will America stand safe. Veterans of the Spanish-American war and of the World War, you have a wonderful heritage, passing to you from the Boys of '61.

"THEY ALSO SERVE." Out in front of the theater they stand, night after night, blowing trumpet or bugle or rattling their drums. Young men dressed in natty blue uniforms, rolling forth martial music to attract attention. It is the drum corps of the American Legion post, advertising a moving picture attraction for the benefit of the local post. No reward is theirs, beyond that which comes to them through knowing they have contributed to the success of a venture in which all share alike. Night after night they are there, giving their time and their talent, to make the show go over. It is the characteristic, outstanding mark of the organization of which they are part. When the war was on, they served with the colors. Some of them were on the advance line, looking squarely into the muzzles of the enemy's guns on November 11, 1918. Some were still in training camps on this side, but every one of them was impressed with that spirit of service, that zeal for the common cause that translated effort into victory. Now that they are back in the homeland once more, they are carrying on. A buddy's pack may be in need of a lift; it is lifted. The true spirit of Americanism may be sagging a little; it is straightened up once more. In many ways, with quiet efficiency, the American Legion is doing its work. And those young men who blow their horns and rattle their drums in front of the Brandeis theater each night are adding their share to the impetus that moves the whole. The drum corps is just as essentially a part of the machinery as is the commanding officer. The one would be lost without the other. Fidelity to duty is the outstanding element of the American Legion, and the drum corps is one of its advertising mediums.

A New York farm hand found a queer looking object in a field, and picked it with a pin to find out what it was. It was a stick of dynamite. Now the doctors are trying to save what was left of the farm hand.

A 69-year-old student has just been awarded a "Ph. D." at the University of Munich. He will have to hurry up if he is going to get any use out of it in this life.

The Cheyenne Tribune opposes a plan to have Cheyenne's tourist traffic routed by way of Denver, through abandonment of the Lincoln Highway. Somehow we sympathize with the Tribune.

Medals are to be given those who contribute to the La Follette campaign fund. Those who vote for him ought at least to get a wound stripe.

The most interesting campaign speeches are just now being made by the wheat fields on the high ground in western Nebraska.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb seems to be feeling his age. He stole second, third and home in one game with Boston. That was all.

John Coolidge is called "a regular guy" by the crew of the Mayflower. That is what the American people say of his father.

W. J. B. says Davis talks admirably, but that is not what he said about him while the convention was on.

Dear Mr. Davis:—Your Invitation to Battle Is Cordially Accepted



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. Give Us Good Roads. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The Omaha Bee is clearly devoted to the cause of sane and profitable improvements. It has advocated and is urging the construction and maintenance of good roads in our state. This year nature has furnished an unusual amount of rain, good for the crops, but it made the dirt roads of the state impassable in many sections, so that farmers could not reach the markets for days at a time. Such a condition can and should be avoided, but it requires a willingness to apply the proper remedy, which is a reasonable expenditure of money, of effort and of work. Some years ago the national government provided by law to appropriate funds to encourage the construction and maintenance of state highways, each state to bear half the expense, to meet the national appropriation. Under this wise action thousands of miles of good roads have been built in different parts of the country. The federal aid law is intended chiefly to help those states that have large areas, small population and a restricted per capita wealth. The law is based on the number of rural delivery routes in each state, on population and on area. Under these three ratings a great advantage is gained by our state, because the federal aid law is not based on the amount of taxes paid to the national government. Nebraska pays \$24,000,000 annually in federal taxes. This amounts to .52 of 1 per cent of the national revenue. New York state pays nearly \$2,000,000,000 annually. If the rating were based on wealth and the amount of taxes paid, our state would receive less than one-sixth of what it now receives. For every dollar paid by New York in taxes the state receives \$1 for the construction of its highways. For every dollar paid by Nebraska in taxes, the state receives over \$4 to build its highways. Thus it will be seen that the wealthy and populous states are helping to build the federal aid highways in the weaker states. It costs over 30 cents per ton per mile to haul by wagon over the ordinary dirt road, while it costs less than half that amount to haul on the federal aid constructed road. This actuated the construction of the federal aid law to increase the productivity and value of farms, and also to promote the educational, social and economic life of the nation. Farms located on or near the federal aid roads are enhanced in value 100 per cent. D. F. DOLAN.

Jerry Opposes Bosses. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There never was a time in the history of the nation when the political bosses had so little influence according to articles in The Omaha Bee. It seems that certain statesmen

in the La Follette camp are pursuing their old tactics and are endeavoring to dictate to sincere and honest champions of La Follette and Wheeler. I am in hearty accord with W. J. Taylor of Merna in not permitting any boss, wherever he may hail from, to become a dictator. These leaders lack knowledge of the political situation and are not familiar with the temperaments of the rank and file of the voters; therefore, if they persist in dictating to the people they are apt to hurt the La Follette campaign in Nebraska. It appears that the Grand Island convention is bound to bring these adroit politicians' skeletons out of the closets unless they send their dirty linen to the laundry before that date, August 19. JERRY HOWARD.

Not a Crusader. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In an article published in your paper in July my name was given as one of the organizers of a new order of "Crusaders." The use of my name was without authority, as I never attended the meeting, or have had any connection or communication with any person regarding the formation of any kind of society whatever. S. P. DELATOUR.

Thanks for Them Kind Words. Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I am a subscriber to your paper and enjoy reading its columns. Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent editorial articles, so pertinent to written editorials, facts irrefutably stated and so plain that "he who runs may read." I am also very much interested in the "Sunny Side Up" column and Sunday's sermon by Will M. Maupin, who edits it, was a gem. He would add grace to the pulpit. May continued success attend your efforts. G. R. YOUNG, D. V. S., 4213 Center Street.

Let the Old Machinery Rust. Valley, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Mr. G. H. Nichols of O'Neill, Neb., has passed judgment for the cause of the much talked of hard luck of the farmers. It is his second attempt to rouse them from their lethargy, to their wastefulness. In his disgust at their wicked waste he even suggests a law be passed to compel them to use a little common sense and prudence with their machinery, and not waste enough to feed every man, woman and child in the state. I hope the farmers will not take offense at his unintended castigation. An overzealous real estate man is trying to boost the soil and climate, rousing down the farmer, with all the language at his command. Anything he thinks he can get away with, but he does not as a rule take in a whole state. So I think Mr. Nichols is an old, old man in his dotage, and cannot realize that the ways of farming every day is advancing from the crude things of yore to the up-to-date machinery. Time flies, and an old man is hurrying to see the machines they used sunning themselves in the hog lot or fence corner. We should pity, not abuse them. It seems but yesterday they had the state was settled, yet half a century has passed. Perhaps eight or 10 full sets of machinery has been worn out in that time

LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press. "When in doubt shut off the gas," advised Ed Curran of the Greeley Citizen. The Pierce Call prophesies that before the campaign is over La Follette will be praying for deliverance from a lot of fool friends. Fletch Merwin of the Beaver City Times-Tribune is begging for a room in barber shops for the exclusive use of men. Don Van Dusen of the Blair Pilot says that Bob La Follette's big chore is to make the third party the first party, and Don says that is going to be some job. The Aurora Register asserts that the sugar factories at Minnatare, Neb., are protesting against the increased assessment on sugar land. "Know Nebraska First" is meant just as much for Nebraska newspapers as for Nebraska school children. "Many couples go to Kansas to get married, but the birth records are still kept in Nebraska," chortles Fletch Merwin in his Beaver City Times-Tribune. Charley Carlson of the Aurora Republican protests against calling Leo Fuld and Lee "Intelluctual." Charley intimates that they are a pair of dumbbells. "It's a big country that can take a big joke and not get peevish about it," says Editor Keiley of the Atkinson Graphic. "Old Man" Weekes of the Norfolk Press explains why he is you never hear of a Jew being arrested for counterfeiting. He says they can make plenty without resorting to that method. even with the best of care, and lots have gone out of date, and a North-western train does not run slow enough to judge the condition of machinery from a car window. The automobile business is in its infancy, and yet there are millions of them in the junk pile today. I surely pity a man who in his zeal to protect the name of a state will defame the reputation of nearly all the men that farm it. GEORGE COWLES.

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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 not printed and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Civ. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of August, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public

SUNNY SIDE UP Take comfort, nor fret That sunrise never failed us yet Cold Weather JUST GOIN' ALONG. "I've had lots o' trouble while goin' along," Said old Uncle Eben to me. "But most o' my trouble an' turrible wrong Somehow never happened, b'gee! So a long time ago I made up my mind My yistaday's troubles don't bother me today, An' it didn't take long fr your uncle t' find Less trouble was risin' each day. "A passel o' folks love t' fume an' t' fret," And uncle's face harbored a smile; "Bout lots o' fool things they ought'er forget, By takin' things easy a while. My yistaday's troubles don't bother me today, Tomorrow may have none in store, So why should your uncle waste good time away By diggin' up troubles galore?" My good Uncle Eben wakes up at the morn And welcomes the day with a smile, Each day is a milepost his path to adorn, With duties to do o'er each mile, And from my old uncle this lesson I get: While trav'lling this earthly life through, It's a waste of good time to fume and to fret O'er troubles that don't come to you.

We confess that we are wholly plebian in our tastes. For this reason we are interested in the tall hollyhock grown by Mrs. Evans of Omaha. The hollyhock is our favorite flower. It is typical of the homely virtues: it grows as well for the occupant of the humble cabin as it does for the rich man in the mansion. It is our hope that some day we may own a home enclosed on three sides by a double row of hollyhocks. We may be lacking in taste and judgment as to flowers, but the hollyhock suits us. Our musical taste, too, may be a subject of derision among the musical highbrows. We love the old songs best. The songs from the old operas, "Martha," and "Bohemian Girl," hold for us an appeal not held by those of modern operas. Some 30 years ago a kindly old gentleman long since gone to his reward, gave us his daughter with his blessing. We would rather hear him play "Departed Days" or "Sounds From Home" on his treasured violin than to hear the most highly touted jazz band ever pieced together. Listen to a zeal inspired country congregation singing one of those old songs of Zion meets with an approval from us that we have never been able to give to any salaried choir. We are growing old. We admit it in order to save argument. Perhaps that is why we love best the old shoes, the old hats, the old books and the old friends. And equally contrary to opinion entertained in some quarters the farmers of Nebraska have not all been living in suspense and near-charity for the last three or four years. Incidentally, some of the old methods of parental discipline continue to be the best yet devised. Our parents knew very little about psychiatric impulses but they did know something, in fact quite a heap, about the proper time, and place, to apply a bedslat. WILL M. MAUPIN.

Center Shots Medical scientist back east says gymnastics should include breast exercise as well as that of arms, legs and body, which sure will make gymnastics hard for a whole lot of folk.—San Francisco Bulletin. In the week-end raids which netted some 450 alleged vagrants, the police arrested about everything, but the crime wave.—Indianapolis News. When a woman hesitates about having her hair bobbed it is a sign of one or two things. She is either afraid bobbed hair won't be in style long or she is afraid that it will make her look foolish.—Des Moines Register. Greatness is proverbially alone. Mr. J. P. Morgan could do nothing more inconsiderate than to admit publicly that he has a friend in politics.—Washington Star. It's all right for Henry Ford to decore that no one who smells of liquor shall work for him, but how is he going to distinguish between Ford smells and the odors of the stuff the bootleggers sell?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

\$3.00 OMAHA to Des Moines, Ia. and Return Via Rock Island SUNDAY, AUG. 17th, 1924 Tickets Good Only on SPECIAL TRAIN Leaving 7:00 a. m., returning from Des Moines 6:30 p. m. same day. No baggage checked. No reduction in fare for children. Attractions—Visit your boy at the Citizens' Military Training Camp, Ft. Des Moines, also Iowa National Guard Encampment, Camp Dodge; Western League Ball Game, Tulsa vs. Des Moines; Riverview Park Bathing Beaches, Band Concerts and other attractions. Over 700 acres of Public Parks and Playgrounds. An enjoyable day's outing at minimum expense. Tickets on sale, Consolidated Ticket Office, 15th and Dodge Sts., and Union Station, Omaha. J. S. McNALLY, Division Passenger Agent, Omaha

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