

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

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TRADING WITH THE WORLD.

John N. Norton and "Jake" Thomas for the democrats and "Mike" Harrington for La Follette are going up and down Nebraska just now, telling the farmers they are shut out from the world market. That the mountain-high tariff wall erected by the Fordney-McCumber law has shut off access to the customers who used to part with their coin for American produce. They are but following the democratic platform. Therein is contained the declaration that when the nations of Europe have been tranquilized and their productivity restored, then the American farmer will come into his own. He can trade with England, France, Germany, or Belgium, and get their manufactured goods in exchange for his grain, meats, wool and the like.

What will happen to the American market in the meantime does not appear to worry these miracle doers. So long as they can delude the public with their free trade dogma, it does not materially matter to them if the American mechanic has a job or not. It is the condition of Europe that disturbs their sleep.

What constitutes trading with the world? Is there any other measure or standard than the amount of stuff we buy and sell in our dealings with people outside our borders? If that is commerce as generally understood, then the records of the Department of Commerce ought to afford a fair gauge of what is going on.

The monthly average of imports of the United States in 1914 was \$149,383,000. This was under the Underwood tariff law, so much mourned by the free trade democrats. In June, 1924, imports into the country from all parts of the world amounted to \$274,015,000, or 183 per cent of the 1914 total. And June was the lowest month of the year, and the lowest but one since the Fordney-McCumber act went into effect. The smallest total of imports since the present law went into control was in September, 1923, when the amount was \$253,645,000, or 170 per cent of the 1914 monthly average.

In exports a similar showing is made. The monthly average of 1913 is used by the Department of Commerce, because it was greater than that for 1914. Exports in 1913 from the United States averaged \$207,002,000 a month. In June, 1924, the total of exports was \$306,475,000, or 148 per cent of the prewar average. And June saw the lowest ebb of exports since the present tariff law was adopted save July, 1923, when the total was \$302,186,000, or 146 per cent of the prewar average.

Does not this record effectually answer the assertion that we are neither buying from nor selling to the world? Except during the peak years of the war trade, nothing under democratic rule ever approached the total volume of trade that is now going on between the United States and the world.

What about Europe, on which all Democratic eyes are bent, and from whose disturbed conditions they say all our troubles come?

In 1913 the average monthly purchase of the United States from Europe was \$72,056,000. In June, 1924, we imported from Europe goods to the value of \$80,189,000, or 111 per cent of the prewar average. The 1913 monthly average of exports to Europe was \$124,964,000. June, 1924, we sold to Europe to the amount of \$141,949,000, or 114 per cent of the prewar average. Our trade with Europe, then, is actually higher than ever it was under democratic control, except during the war period.

What about the farmer's share? The monthly average of exports of foodstuffs in 1913 was \$41,144,000; in June, 1924, it was \$49,056,000. Canada's export of wheat in May, 1924, was 492 per cent of its volume monthly average in 1913, and in June it was 287. With all that, the food shipments from the United States exceeded in volume any democratic year, except those of the war, which can not reasonably be used as a basis for comparison.

Under the Fordney-McCumber act all the farmer raises is protected, and most of what he has to buy is on the free list. How can he benefit in any sense by destroying his home market? He is selling to the world market more than he ever did when the democrats were in power, and he has the home market, the richest in the world, for his own. Will the Nebraska farmer be any happier when the unemployment of England's labor is transferred to America, as it surely will be if the free traders have their way? Surely, the voters will not again follow the democratic ignis fatuus into the morass of free trade.

WHO'S BOSS FOR LA FOLLETTE?

When Robert Marion La Follette announced his independent candidacy he deprecated any movement to organize a third party. That could wait. Just now is not the time for any such effort. Wait until after the votes are counted. Events have thoroughly justified his precaution. Instead of an harmonious, happy band following the leader of a great cause, we note the element of individuality coming to the surface. Everybody wants to play the bass drum and make the big noise.

One of Senator La Follette's personal selections

was that of Frank A. Harrison, to be major general commanding the districts of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado. This is not much of a job for Frank; so the brethren seem determined to give him something to do. Out in Colorado the farmer-labor party heads began to organize for the purpose of carrying out their own campaign. This includes collection of the needful funds. "Stop it!" Back comes the chairman of the farmer-labor party, and says, "Who do you think you are?" Then Robert La Follette, jr., pours a little oil on the incipient fire, by suggesting to Mr. Harrison that "these people are absolutely unreliable."

Thus harmony grows apace. In Nebraska the progressive party was throttled and put into its place, just as the farmer-labor group in Colorado is being handled. The "independents" are finding out who's boss for La Follette. They can hear him crack the whip.

MAINE REBUKES FACTIONALISTS.

There stands Maine, still firmly in the republican ranks. What is the lesson? Aside from the old political adage, "As goes Maine, so goes the Union," something may be gained from the voting in the state where conservatism is a habit with the people.

William R. Pattangall, democrat, made his campaign on an issue of his own selection. He chose to inject a religious and racial question into the campaign. Beginning at the New York convention, and continuing on down to the last day of the canvass, he sought to secure votes by arousing prejudice. His appeal for the constitutional rights of freedom in religion, for the equality of all races under the flag, was hollow. He knows that those rights are secure. That nothing he could do in any way would abridge those rights, nor could any act of his extend them or make them safer. Therefore, his whole campaign rested on a poor foundation, for it was false in every aspect.

The lesson of Ralph O. Brewster's election will not be lost on the thinking voter. Against him the opposition raised every factional issue conceivable. Nothing was omitted that would stir prejudice or passion, even petty personal matters being paraded for the purpose of influencing voters. The people of Maine returned such an answer as should silence the short-sighted disturbers.

Maine sends this word to the nation: "The rights of the citizen under the constitution are secure. Jew or Gentile, bond or free, all are on an equality. One may worship as his conscience directs him, and may in all ways enjoy his liberty under the law." The effort to array class against class and race against race is a failure.

"SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."

Not the least regrettable feature of the terrible tragedy in Chicago has been the loosening of a flood of unwelcome attention on the unhappy parents of the boys involved. In the case of the Franks family this has become so intolerable they have had to sell their home and get away from the spot where they were so happy. Not alone because of its associations, but for the reason that thoughtless or designing persons have no respect for their desolation and grief.

Human ghouls have sought to enforce further payments from the father of the murdered boy. Others have persisted in breaking into the privacy of the mother's mourning, merely to satisfy a morbid appetite for sensation. So little consideration has been shown for the Franks family as to cause wonder whether the people of Chicago really are civilized. Savages could not conduct themselves with less regard for the rights and feelings of others than these people have shown toward the Franks family.

Selling of the home and removal to a secluded spot may relieve the father and mother, and maybe provide security for his sister, so often threatened. If they can escape from the callousness of their fellow-creatures, whose idle impudence exceeds any sense of propriety, they will be fortunate. We wish for the mother's sake it might be possible for her to find solace in her affliction, and to realize in some way solace in her affliction, and to realize in some way a reconstruction of her broken life. But even the mended circle will always show the mend, and Tennyson's line will be recalled: "Sorrow's crown of sorrow in remembering happier things."

Mr. Davis arrives in Nebraska while a bumper wheat crop is being marketed at a satisfactory price, a bumper corn crop coming under the wire in a race with Jack Frost, and a people so well satisfied with the way things are going that they are not in a mood to take chances with what might come with a change of national administration.

The declaration that this is the most lawless nation in the world is absolutely untrue. We have ten times more laws than any other country on earth, most of them useless and a majority innocuous.

Perhaps it would be well for the United States to set up some sort of a protectorate over whatever peaceful people there may be in Williamson county.

The greatest state fair in Nebraska's history has just been closed, Omaha contributing materially to the success and rejoicing heartily thereat.

Mars is now going away from us, probably disgusted at having come so close to some of the candidates we have in our midst.

We note evidences that the democratic managers have seen to it that political "con" remains on the free list.

The trouble about recognizing Mexico is to tell which administration is coming and which is going.

The Battle of Lexington was also a Defense Day.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

BACK TO THE FARM.

Back to the farm we gladly went
When Time had proven well
That life's resourceful days were spent
Where April's leaves foretell
The promise of fruitfulness—
Where June's fair roses give
A sanctitude which is not less
Than that for which we live.

Back to the farmstead in the vale
Where morning doves are gay,
And cows go slowly down the trail
To pastures far away;
Where wagons rumble o'er the loam,
And rugged farmers bide
At sunset to the quiet home
Beneath the trees and sky.

Back to the farm where swallows sing,
And blackbirds warn the siren—
Where autumn's fruit is ripening,
And all things harmonize;
Where grace is life's attire,
And soulfulness its shawl—
Where kingliness is shown to be
Prophetically its queen.

There Is Something Wrong About the Ideals We Try to Teach Our Children—



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.

Use of the Flag.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Will you kindly remind the public through your paper of the regulations governing the use of the flag. There is no law on the subject, but on Flag day, June 14, 1923, representatives of over 68 organizations met in Washington for a conference called by and conducted under the auspices of the national Americanism commission of the American Legion. To draft an authentic "code of flag etiquette" I am quoting from the bulletin issued by the American Legion as a result of that conference: "While the rules adopted have no official government sanction, nevertheless they represent the authoritative opinion of the principal patriotic bodies of the United States and of army and navy experts, and are being followed by all of the organizations which took part in that gathering, including 45 other organizations which have since adopted the code, representing over 28,000,000 of people."

"When the flag of the United States is displayed in a manner other than that by being flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union (i. e., the oblong of stars) should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, i. e., to the observer's left. When festoons, rosettes or drappings of blue, white and red are desired, fluting should be used, but never the flag."

Saturday evening at the Auditorium two of these regulations were

broken. The flag was caught up to make a festoon, and also the flag was used in pairs, back to back, so that one union was at the flag's right and the other at the flag's left.

It is only by calling attention to the infraction of these regulations that the public learns the correct code. E. B. B.

Davis Missed Some Voters.

Council Bluffs, Ia.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There were a few prominent local democrats in Council Bluffs Saturday morning at the Illinois Central depot who could have been bought for 10 cents when the Davis special passed at 8:30 with out stopping after it had been announced in newspapers that a stop would be made. Police were out in force to protect the man who did not have gumption or pep enough to step on to the platform of his car say "Howdy folks." We know that Council Bluffs is only a small town and, no doubt, Mr. Davis never even heard of such a place, but if that is a sample of the way that Davis and his managers are going around over the country failing to meet people and disappointing crowds, he won't get very far when the votes are counted.

It is to be hoped that some one on

the train had brains enough to waken Mr. Davis in time to get off at the Union station in Omaha a few minutes later. We understand that President Coolidge gets up every morning at 6 o'clock, and it does seem that Mr. Davis might have exerted himself enough to be up two and one-half hours later. But then the chances are he will be just about that far behind Coolidge on election day.

I remember the Roosevelt presidential campaign, and T. H. did not miss any whistling posts and the little crowds of people got a wave and pleasant smile even if the train did not stop. There are a few voters, including my own, that Davis won't get for the stunt he pulled in Council Bluffs. A DEMOCRAT.

Met His Match.

"My husband has become a nervous wreck since the woman have begun coming to his shop to have their hair bobbed," remarked the barber's wife. "Overworked, eh?" asked the neighbor who was calling.

"No, he doesn't mind the work, but he hasn't been able to get in a word edgewise for months now."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Abe Martin



Th' Chicago alienists have jest about ruined our faith in humanity. Th' puzzlin' thing about Henry Ford, at least 't' our way of thinkin', is why he keeps on workin'.

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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 spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of August, 1924.

W. H. QUINCY,
Notary Public



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SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Somehow or other we are always more interested in the growth and development of Nebraska as a whole, and of given areas thereof, than we are in politics. That's why we would ask you to disregard politics for a minute or two while we tell you that during the month of March, 1924, one-sixth of the corn received on the Kansas City market was shipped from Chase county, Nebraska.

Also that at the same time there were more hogs and cattle in the feed lots of Chase county, per capita, than in any other county in the United States.

We are of the opinion that the bank deposits of Chase county are greater per capita than any other county in the state.

We are mentioning these things because they are worth talking about, and are such a welcome relief from the doleful whining that has been dinned in our ears for a long while.

Something tells us that in spite of the little scheme we sought to put over on the Big Chief we are not going to be able to visit the rodeo and fair at Burwell, Garfield county. Despite the fact that it is a big rodeo and doubtless will be a wonderful fair, we were more interested in getting up there in order to meet with divers and sundry friends of other days. We trust that our friends out there will continue their efforts at mental suggestion, thus combining with our own, hopeful that the proper thought will be implanted in the mind of the genial gentleman who has most to do with our comings and goings.

Would that we could get together all the old-timers who in their early youth tottered in the old village bands, and participate in the parade on Defense day. Doubtless we would strike many "bliss notes" as we endeavored to tootle "Montrose Quickstep" or "Over the Waves," but we would at least add much to the interest of that great occasion.

If we belonged to a band in this immediate neck of the woods we would insist upon our band getting into that parade. There will be a place for any and all.

An invitation to attend the Fall Festival and Richardson county livestock and poultry fair this week, is accompanied by an announcement to the effect that it is "open to the world, of which Humboldt, Richardson county, Nebraska, is the center." We know that statement to be absolutely true. Its truth has been demonstrated to our satisfaction on more than one occasion. We are not an authority on poultry, but we have the word of T. H. Gillan and Will Norton that Humboldt chickens are the prettiest in America.

Shortly we will be regaled with tall stories about corn shucking. We will be interested only in authenticated records made this fall, not in the stories told of far gone days by such eminent corn huskers as Judge Ben Baker, Fred Wright, Will Gurley and Walter Head. Our early youth was spent in setting type by hand. The longest strings set by us was when one foot rested on a brass rail. We are not interested in corn shucking records made under similar circumstances.

By the way, has a monument been erected to the inventor of the husking peg? WILL M. MAUPIN.

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