

THE OMAHA BEE
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Omaha Where the West is at its Best
WHEN THE BALLOON BLEW UP.

In his speech at Des Moines John W. Davis indulged in some resonant periods. One of these bore to the assembled democrats the information that in 1920 our agricultural exports amounted to more than three billion dollars. That was the year the balloon blew up.

It was just after the close of the war, when Europe was yet upset in every way and incapable of production. For years the United States had been the chief stay of all the world, its production having risen to unprecedented totals under the stimulation of the war conditions. To expect that such conditions could be perpetuated is to insult intelligence. Peace brought a process of readjustment, not yet complete, but at first marked by a rapid slowing down of war production. Even the democratic free tariff was not sufficient to retain for the United States the world-trade that came to us during that time when we were the only nation that could carry on real commerce.

The real tragedy disclosed by Candidate Davis' comparison is that when the outgoing flood of agricultural products was at its height, the price was falling. When the American farmer was selling more in the world market than ever in his history, he went broke.

Mr. Davis repeated again his determination, if elected, to revise the tariff downward, to the end that the farmer be permitted to "buy in a competitive market." He presumes on such an ignorance on part of the public as to what the Fordney-McCumber tariff law contains as would be astonishing if it were not pitiful. We again point out that, so far as the farmer is concerned, the existing tariff law does exactly opposite what is charged against it by the democrats. What the farmer buys most of is on the free list. What he has to sell is protected, and most of it is sold in the "restricted market" which the democrats propose to open to the world.

If it will profit the American farmer to close the factories and mills in the United States, shut down the mines, and reduce employment in every direction, the promise made by John W. Davis at Des Moines ought to be fulfilled. If the farmer is to share in the general prosperity of the nation, and he surely is entitled to his share, it will come about by building him up, not by pulling others down.

An Omaha man, just returned from a three-months trip to his old home in England, says, "Build your tariff wall higher than ever and keep it up!" He recites the conditions of unemployment in England. Idle factories stand mute monuments to the policy that allows free entry to the country of goods from Belgium, France and Germany, while the workers draw "the dots." Ambition is quenched, for these workers have been pauperized by the nation whose traditional policy of free trade has made its industries easy victims to the competition of rivals who can produce more cheaply. England has unrestricted access to the world market, and a longer bread line than ever was known, save in this country during the times when the democrats were in power.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH SWEET.

Clearly there is something wrong, temporarily, we hope, with Editor Sweet of the Nebraska City Press. Usually he is as full of sunshine and good cheer as some governors are with claims of saving money to the dear pee-pul. But the other day Editor Sweet went wrong, all of a sudden, and much to our surprise.

"There are more waiters than workers," moaned Editor Sweet, holding his head in his hands and bowing low in his sorrow.

We hasten to advise our brother down Nebraska City way to buck up. It isn't so; it never was so, and it never will be so. The waiters simply make more noise than the workers, that's all. It is the same old story of the Arkansas man who contracted to deliver 'steen million frog legs to a New York caterer, and then delivered but a couple of dozen, explaining that he had been deceived by the croaking. A thousand honest workers, pursuing their daily vocations, pass unnoticed, while one leather-lunged calamity waiter will make the welkin ring. A regiment of workmen marching home with grimy faces and swinging dinnerpails will not make as much noise as one waiter mounted on a rostrum and insisting that the country is going to the demdition bow-wows because it simply will not stop and listen to him.

Ten thousand farmers garnering the crops from Nebraska farms make less noise than one lusty-bellowed reformer down in Lincoln who wants to abolish party designations from the ballot and shrieks that the country will hit the rocks if his reform is not adopted.

One professional reformer running 'round in circles and emitting his woeful wails makes more noise and attracts more attention, all of it undeserved, than an army of willing workers who know that this is the best country in the world and cheerfully work day after day to make it still better.

Our Nebraska City brother should take something for it. Perhaps he uttered that dismal moan immediately after a prolonged session with a re-

former who wanted to Print Something in the Paper. It may be that he ate something for dinner that failed to agree with him. It must have been something like that, else the usually cheerful and optimistic editor of the Nebraska City Press would not have let his typewriter slip after that fashion. Of a surety his lapse from cheery optimism is only temporary. We simply can not imagine it being otherwise, knowing Editor Sweet as we do.

WHO WILL SWALLOW THIS BAIT?

"Coolidge or Chaos?" seems to have, in the parlance of the seafighters, "hulled" the low rakish craft that is sailing under the red flag. At any rate, La Follette headquarters in New York sends out word that Bryan is not the party's choice for vice president. A specious program of political buccaneering is expounded in explanation of this.

In order to set a new party going, it is necessary that one of the old parties disappear. As the democratic party is the weaker of the two, it has been chosen for slaughter. To make Brother Charlie president of the United States will not tend to shorten the life of the democratic party. Therefore, it is to the interest of Mr. La Follette and his band of devoted reformers to see to it that Charles W. Bryan is not elected president of the United States.

Beyond this the statement does not go. Undoubtedly it is the desire of the promoters of this interesting bit of propaganda to create the impression that rather than vote for Bryan the La Follette strength will go to Dawes. If that were the case, why should the movement ever have been started? If the La Follette group fails to vote for Dawes, there will be no election of vice president by the senate, just as in the house there will be no election of president. Then comes chaos.

Who is gullible enough to believe that the La Folletteites will aid in electing a republican president of the United States? Only those who deceive themselves can swallow any such "dope." The one way to make certain that the government of the United States will move orderly along its appointed way after March 4, 1925, is to vote for Calvin Coolidge. The alternative is chaos.

WHEN A PIRATE ROBS A PIRATE.

Arrest of a naturalized American citizen in Paris on a charge of piracy opens a nice little vista abroad which may be described the makings of a number of nice little romances, if not international complications. This man is accused of having led a band of freebooters who looted a French vessel of its cargo of cognac and champagne. A syndicate of French dealers had loaded the vessel and headed it for Rum Row, off New York harbor. On the way over, but before reaching the happy anchorage, a "reception committee" met the French boat, and stripped it of the precious cargo.

Naturally, the French owners were indignant at the affair, and made demands on the government for protection. It did not matter from their point of view that they were about to take part in the violation of the law of a friendly nation. The contraband liquor would be sold at the limit outside American jurisdiction, and so would be strictly a legitimate transaction. Getting it ashore was a matter between the purchaser and the United States. We fancy this appeals to the dealers who supply the rum as a rather beneficent provision of a benign civilization. It permits them ample security for flouting Uncle Sam, and turns in a profit of such dimensions as quite overshadows any moral or ethical qualm that may be felt.

Some old fashioned individuals still hold that laws are made to be observed, and have little patience with violators, direct or indirect. Among these little sympathy will be wasted on the Frenchmen, nor, for that matter, on the man who robbed them. As long as the pirates keep their piracy amongst themselves, the public will not get much worked up over what happens to any of them.

Speaking of prize optimists, there is Chairman Clem Shaver, who figured a democratic victory in November from the election returns from Maine in September. Clem is the man Dean Swift had in mind when he wrote about the fellow who was trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers.

Credit Bob La Follette with one good act—he has caused a lot of people to read the Constitution of the United States who heretofore thought constitution meant their own physical well-being.

The Nebraskan who makes two good dairy cows grow where only one grew before can show more real results than nine men who make political promises.

The Standard Oil company reduced the price of gasoline 2 1/2 cents in Wisconsin last week, and Brother Charley wasn't even looking in that direction.

Having demonstrated physical fitness on Defense Day, suppose we now make herculean efforts to successfully meet a mental fitness test on election day.

The Chinese armies refuse to fight when the weather is bad. Doubtless Chinese warriors will have partial commendation from the pacifists.

Omaha went after the Legion convention and won. Now, get after the next one. The more the merrier. Omaha is a real convention city.

The sight of workmen stringing the tricolor lights brings to mind the fact that Ak-Sar-Ben's fall festivities are just in the offing.

The daughter of a multi-millionaire eloped with her papa's chauffeur, but as she spelled her name Vvyyvan we are not at all surprised.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Wales will not judge the whole American people by the samples that chase him around.

A poll of the prisoners at Joliet would probably show a decided objection to a couple of their new associates.

Of course the world is not growing worse. This being campaign year it only sounds worse.

Homespun Verse
—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

WORDS.
The dictionary's full of words, if words are what one needs.
To designate the vital parts of fantasies and creeds.—
To paint the mental picture of infallible regime.
To mould the living portrait from the gnome-work of a dream.
But words oft prove as nothing into subtle fragments wrought.—
Intangible, embracing not a single actual thought;
Abstract insignia displayed to glow and efforence.
And to convey dexterity suggesting learnedness.
Methinks that words lead us astray from much creative power.—
That blooming words recede and die as swiftly as a flower.—
While utterance effectual, prosaic, simple, pure—
Through Time's astute vicissitudes remains always secure.

Just Keep on the Way Things Are Going—



AND SEE WHAT YOU'LL COME TO



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.

Does Not Approve the League.
Columbus, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: And still the enemies of liberty and national independence continue to protest against inauguration of National Defense day. It is inconceivable how any American without a string to him can convince himself that a figurative and visionary peace is worth the price of practical national independence. As we see it, the purpose behind the Defense day thought is a reassertion by the American people to the price of a national peace, upon which their government was built and developed and their determination to carry forward those principles against all obstacles.

Letter to Mr. Cunningham.
Harrington, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Having just read Mr. Cunningham's letter and, at his request, I will answer before he gets into too big a sweat.

Of course it was all right for me to jump the first three men and also slander Wilson in my letter. There is one that will not take it. You say you are neither democratic nor republican. Well, I am glad you are not a republican. A man in your shape is not capable of being anything but a democrat. If you ask a democrat what are his politics he always answers, "Well, I am for the best man," but they always vote a straight ticket.

You made a pretty good guess at my age. Of course, democrats are not positive of anything. All they can do or ever did do is guess at things. Well, you missed my age four years. I am 19. I ought to let you guess again and give you two chances, like you and a lot of dumb-heads gave Wilson. Say, you must have been in the war, too. Well, I know lots of things about the war. It was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. I would like to know what you did during the war. I was very glad to hear from you and will be very glad to correspond with you.

CARL READ.

Abe Martin



There's many a slip twixt makin' love an' makin' good. Easy street is gettin' t' be a purty shady thoroughfare. (Copyright, 1924.)

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V. A. BRIDGE, Clr. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of August, 1924.
W. H. QUIVERY,
Notary Public

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press.

Charley Botkin of the Gothenburg Independent takes comfort from the fact that New York was once as small as his town and remarks, "You never can tell."

"The man who has the least credit is the man who takes the least care of it," chortles Ben Sallows of the Alliance Times-Herald.

Bob Rice of the Central City Republican is the most absent-minded man in the country. When he started for Canada a friend asked him to bring back something, and after Bob got to Canada he forgot what it was his friend wanted.

Charley Kuhl of the Leigh World admits that for the life of him he can not understand why that Chicago judge should take the Leopold-Loeb case under advisement.

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ENROLL NOW

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SUNNY SIDE UP
Take Comfort, nor forget,
That Sunrise never failed us yet.
Celia Thaxter

John Jimpon gives me pains and aches with all his wails and moans about political mistakes made by Kazook and Jones. He says they're full of graft and greed and lars in their throats—but Jimpon, clad in knickers tweed, plays golf and never votes.

James Jorkins raves and paws the air and sings a doleful song, and 40 times a day he'll swear whatever is wrong. He curses congress night and day, and says the courts are bought, then goes joy riding on his way—to voting not a thought. Bill Spilkins is a wisser guy and about to meet with good fortune. The next Saturday we caught the biggest catfish ever pulled out of the Big Tark. In 1884 Mammy Tahl declared that Cleveland would be elected and advised all the colored men to vote for him in order to be on friendly terms. Republican leaders said she was crazy and ought to be locked up, but Cleveland was elected and the county gave a majority to a democratic presidential candidate for the first time since the civil war. No, sir; we are open to conviction on almost any subject.

These few days when a man is foolish to be skeptical about anything. When we hear stories about miraculous cures or holding converse with departed spirits, we do not dispute them. We know that old Mammy Tahl down in Missouri during our boyhood days could charm warts away, for we had 'em and she did. And when old Ben Shale cursed her and called her wife did. And when old Ben Shale cursed her and called her wife did. And when old Ben Shale cursed her and called her wife did.

Nearly every country exchange we have scanned during the last week has asked us, "Did you ever try grape pie?" If we have it was so long ago that we have forgotten. That isn't the only thing made of grapes that has disappeared from our ken. And we are not a bit interested in grape pie.

Our boys who fought in Flanders mud will probably insist that the next war they take part in shall be fought on the Chinese basis—if it rains battle rain checks will be issued.

After mature deliberation we have decided that the job of reforming the world is entirely too big, and that the man who reforms himself will have a plenty to do.

At the race track the other day we picked winners in the fourth and fifth races, after having lost all our ready cash on performers in the first four races.

We suggest as a special feature of the Legion parade in Omaha next year a division composed of second loots under command of a bunch of hardboiled buck privates.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Center Shots

The prohibition candidate for president qualified for the paragraphs' union when he said the dry law has a wet nurse.—Indianapolis News.

The former crown prince of Germany, it is reported, patriotically patronizes the distillers of his native land. Here we go a step farther and patronize the amateur distillers of our own neighborhood.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The first electric chair ever used in the far east has just been utilized in an execution in Manila. It may take time, but we are gradually introducing civilization in that part of the world.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Orn may be king, but in Kansas he acts like the chancellor of the exchequer.—Wichita Eagle.

Perhaps a sensible candidate's hard.

You Will Want to Slap Him on the Back and Shout

"WELCOME STRANGER"

Sunday's Paper Will Tell You When He Arrives



CRASH!

The fellow behind grabbed for his hat and another fender was crumpled—but nobody lost a cent for both cars were covered by

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South Bend, Indiana.—"I was all run-down, tired out, and had pains in my back and bearing-down pains. I was so sore I could hardly drag myself around and was not able to do a bit of housework. My husband worked all day in the shop, and then came home and helped me at night. The doctors said I had female weakness, and there was no help but to be operated upon, and of course that would cost us a great deal. My husband heard about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the factory and one night he stopped at the drug store and bought me a bottle of it. I had begun to think there was no help for me, but I took three bottles of it and now I feel like myself once more. The price for three bottles wasn't so much as the doctor had charged. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough."—Mrs. DORA OSBORNE, 430 Sherman Ave., South Bend, Indiana.

Women troubled with female weakness should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial