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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

MR. WALSH'S DRAMATIC ANGER.

Wrangling, angry partisans on the floor of the United States senate very nearly have turned that ancient seat of dignity and urbanity into a veritable bear pit. Watson of Indiana and Ashurst of Arizona almost came to blows, and Walsh of Montana "sank back into the chair, his face scarlet, his breath coming short, and shaking."

For weeks the democrats have engaged in unrestricted denunciation of the administration, condemning its policies, assailing the president, the cabinet, and everybody in responsible position. Charges of all sorts, even to the verge of treason, have been heard, and many times the question has been asked how long the course could be pursued.

Watson had told the senate he has no thought of terminating any inquiry, that he will continue as chairman of the committee to investigate the revenue bureau, and that the democrats may go as far as they like. He added, though, "The senate is lower in public esteem than ever before, and as the senate has deteriorated, the president has gone up."

Nothing was more certain than that the proceedings of the investigating committees would come on for discussion on the floor of the senate, nor could anything have been looked for other than that the methods adopted would come in for the rebuke they deserve. Senator Walsh should not complain if his motives are interpreted in the light of his conduct.

Nor was he content with bringing out the charge of bribery against Albert B. Fall. For days he allowed discredited men and women, confessed spies, former felons and the like, to pour out the foulest of slander and libel against public officials. Not only the living but the dead were assailed. While Walsh was directing this, Ashurst, Carraway, Robinson, Heflin, Harrison, Dill and other democratic senators were encouraging him by their applause on the floor.

Now, when a republican points out the effect of what was done, the only effect that might have been expected, Walsh gets too angry to talk. Ashurst vents his ire upon Watson because the latter questions the propriety of attacking the secretary of the treasury for no better reason than that certain interested persons want to vent their spite on him.

Plainly, the thought of justice to individuals, or the preservation of good government, has no place in the democratic program. Heflin's boast that the trail of oil scandal would be carried through the White House has failed, but the determination to pursue party politics rather than public business is as strong as ever. No relief will be given the public in any way. Farmers will be left to suffer, taxes will not be reduced, the business of the government will be allowed to get on as best it can, but the investigations will continue.

Out of it all stands clearly one fact disappointing to the democratic faction, but consoling to all Americans who retain faith in the institutions of their government. The president has not stampered. Calmly he has viewed the turmoil at the Capitol, courageously he has met each question that has come to him for action, and persistently has he appealed to congress to do something besides wrangle. He has been neither schoolmaster nor dictator, but has carefully kept within the constitutional limits of his office, and has as completely kept the legislative branch within its bounds. Watson is right. The president has gone up in public esteem as the senate has gone down. Coolidge has gained, while the onslaught of his partisan opponents has cost them much. It is the public that has suffered through the Walsh tactics, not the president.

TASTING THE EVIDENCE.

An alert lawyer is going to establish the right of the jury to test evidence submitted in cases under the Volstead act. He alleges it is incumbent on the government to prove that the liquor offered in evidence is such as is forbidden by law. To allow the jurymen to decide by the simple process of sampling the proof is illegal, according to the attorney.

of the liquid in question is concerned. The law sets up a standard of alcoholic content beyond which the beverage can not go. A simple chemical analysis is all that is necessary to determine this.

As to the exact nature of the liquor, we doubt if the jury under ordinary conditions would be able to decide. The specific terms of "whisky," "gin," etc., have long since lost their significance. Contemplating the situation, one is reminded of the old-time bartender who served bourbon with his right hand and rye with his left, and it all came out of the same bottle. In each case the customer was satisfied.

Synthetic gin and "white nule" look and act so nearly alike that

"The man who quarrels for the difference of hue Deserves not the radiance they shed o'er the soul."

We earnestly hope and trust the appeal may be prosecuted to the final determination, so that in the future courts may proceed with the certainty essential to secure full compliance with the law. Let us have nothing left to speculation when it comes to deciding issues involving bootleggers.

JOHN C. WHARTON.

A considerable gap is left in the ranks of the bar in Nebraska by the passing of John C. Wharton, who for 37 years was actively identified with the practice of the profession in the state. It was not only in his profession, however, that Mr. Wharton impressed himself on the public mind. He had a great share in many activities apart from the courts, in which his sound and generous judgment was always an asset.

Mr. Wharton is entitled to be listed as a builder of the community, not merely because he had a share in forwarding its material welfare, but as a factor in its moral advancement. He took an active interest in religious work. He felt it his duty in this respect as sincerely as in any. Without ostentation or parade he at all times zealously labored to make the conditions of life around him cleaner and stronger.

In politics he was a republican, and, without seeking office or preferment, he assumed burdens and responsibilities in the management of the party's affairs, both in the state and in the nation, serving for years as the financial representative of the national committee in Nebraska. As postmaster he made many improvements in the service, doing much to increase the efficiency of the local plant, so that it would be up to the needs of a city which was growing faster than the high-ups in the department seemed to realize.

The Y. M. C. A. was his particular hobby, and the young men of Omaha enjoy many things they would not have had were it not for John C. Wharton. Nowhere will his big booming voice be missed more than around the "Y" building. The "foghorn" is silent forever on this earth.

CANADIAN COMPETITION CUT OFF.

"The 12-cent increase in duty on imports of wheat from Canada (from 30 to 42 cents a bushel), put in effect April 6 by the president under the fiscal provision of the tariff law, has virtually stopped such imports. Figures of the Department of Commerce show wheat imports from Canada for the week preceding April 6 were 2,260,000 bushels, while only 37,000 bushels were imported the week following.—Capper's Weekly.

Just what the tariff was intended to do. A flood of Canadian wheat was pouring over the northern border, affecting the market for the home-grown grain. Canada produces wheat at a far less cost than the United States, and can well afford to sell at a lower price. Therefore the farmer of Nebraska is unable to compete with the farmer of Saskatchewan or Alberta. The only way to equalize the relations between the two is by imposing a tariff, and this is republican policy. Let down the bars, and Nebraska farmers will lose even more money which will go to enrich the wheat raisers of our northern neighbor. That is the democratic policy.

The next great step in the farmer's program is a curtailment of production. This action is as essential as the tariff. These two steps, tariff and curtailed production, form the cornerstone of the farmer's program advocated by The Omaha Bee. The first part of the program has been put into effect. It is now up to the farmers to take the second step. With these two steps taken the farmer's great product, wheat, will sell in a domestic market at domestic prices.

A 14-year-old wife in Florida slipped a poison tablet into her husband's coffee, "just to make him sick." It worked all right. The husband died.

Running arms to Cuba nowadays is not so exciting as it was a few years ago. The government buys openly and the rebels are broke.

Senator Walsh has dug up another witness who knows all about it, but he has produced no new stuff. The inquiry must be nearing its end.

The Des Moines jury that thought the reporter was crazy need not feel so bad. Even city editors have made the same mistake.

We trust the reduction in freight rates on coal will hold good until after the bins are all filled against next winter.

Nebraska's per capita wealth looks very nice on paper, but most of the inhabitants have to hustle for a living, just the same.

Mr. McAdoo is assured of the support of Texas and Oklahoma democrats, a tribute to his law practice and movie stunts.

Japanese exclusion will go over as unfinished business, but an end must be made to it some time.

May's tricks with the thermometer are interesting, but far from entertaining.

California's native sons seem to be unbending toward outlanders.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

THE PREACHER'S SON.

The preacher's son is not so bad—
A boy's a boy in spite
Of the vocation of his dad.—
He's full of vim and bright.
Because his father lives to strive
For higher faith and trust.
We would the boy his joys deprive
And ensure him unjust.
Much has been written and been said
About the preacher's son
Until to wit the phrase has fled.
To end the story run.
But now and then a preacher's child,
Unshackled, flees the fold.
And to the multitude seems wild
As in the days of old.
But urchins good are very few
As "good" precisely reads.
And boys may live and never rue
Their primal pranks and deeds;
And if the liveliest need claim
Good ministers for dads,
I vouch for their success and fame.
And envy them, as lads.

Another Eliminated From the Presidential Race



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.

Sara D. Jenkins.

New York.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There died last week in Oswego, N. Y., one of those rare dominating personalities whose influence her many pupils of Omaha and of the state of Nebraska will carry to their graves.

Possessed of magnetism and insight, Mrs. Sara D. Jenkins, at the Peru Normal, laid before the then future teachers of the state (many still doing efficient work in the ranks) such standards and ideals of work which, after more than 30 years of their practical application in the school room, have distinctness and command respect.

A movement on foot to erect a tablet to be placed by her pupils on her grave has brought forth remarkable evidences of the force of her work which remains vivid to this day.

The dean of our Commercial High will forgive me, I am sure, when I quote from her letters which I hold in my hand: "Whatever of success has attended my efforts at teaching has been largely due to the principles which she hammered in with precept and example more than a generation ago. I also know that the educational world has not yet caught up with her teachings of 40 years ago."

A former Nebraskan, a professional man, residing in an eastern state, says: "With one exception, she did more for me than any instructor I ever had."

A teacher in Long Island City writes: "I wish I might adequately express my appreciation of her thorough instruction and the intimate personal interest she took in my professional equipment and advancement. Through her I have had opportunities and experiences I would not have missed at any cost."

The head of the department of French in the University of Chattanooga says: "I have known her for many years and she is a woman of whom I have had the highest respect."

As the former senator is a master pleader and he always baits his hook for republican votes.

We are concerned with only one paragraph in this political kinono in the Hitchcock fashion parade: "The republican policy of deflation in credit and currency set forth in the republican platform of 1920 depressed our prices. The ex-senator does not appreciate the intelligence of his former constituency very highly when he thinks we have waited till this late day to learn where the deflation came from."

Advertisement for Net Average Paid Circulation of The Omaha Bee for March, 1924. Daily circulation 74,860, Sunday 79,350. Includes contact information for V. A. Bridge, Cir. Mgr.

The Boys' Parade.

Chadron, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Did you see the parade on Thursday last? It was a gladsome sight. As the boys marched together, with eyes so bright. And to see the flush of happiness O'er spreading each fair cheek. As the boys marched together, Celebrating 'Boys' week. May God bless each little marcher. All over this fair land. Imbuing them with courage. And with a spirit grand. And may He lead their footsteps. Only where the paths are fair— Ever onward, ever upward. Is each parent's fervent prayer. WINNIFRED BEATTY.

Chairman Hitchcock's Pleading.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When former Senator Hitchcock appeared before the recent democratic state convention, he discovered that the delegates were practically the same men and women whom he had addressed in this state in 1920 and 1922.

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On the 18th day of May, 1920, several weeks before the republican national convention, the entire membership of the Federal Reserve board every member being an appointee of a democratic president, met in a secret conspiracy with some of the influential bankers and brokers and decreed to rob the producers of their savings. Not one of those democratic

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Nothing creates domestic discord quicker than an attack of indigestion, and nothing gets rid of indigestion quicker than Bismarck-Magnesia. No man can be sweet tempered, good natured or even fair minded when his stomach is constantly sick, sour, gassy, and upset with after-eating distress. If your husband has stomach trouble neither acid nor pits him, but help him by seeing that he has a supply of Bismarck-Magnesia, either powder or tablets, constantly at hand. A teaspoonful of powder or two tablets in a little water, after each meal, will neutralize the acids in his stomach that create indigestion. Bismarck-Magnesia is the special form of Magnesia used by thousands to neutralize stomach acidity and quickly overcome indigestion. Do not confuse with Milk, Carbonate, Bismarck or Citrate of Magnesia. Bismarck-Magnesia is safe, prompt and sure and it can be obtained at small cost from any reliable drug

When Women Shoot

From the Toledo Blade. The bobbed hair bandit of Brooklyn, sought diligently and vainly by a corps of detectives, shot to kill the other day. This is in keeping with the traditions of feminine marksmanship as the police know it. It has been observed for a long time that when a woman shoots a fellow human being she almost always makes a complete job of it. She may know nothing of firearms, and simply points. That pointing is deadly true. She has only one thought and that is to do a lot of damage. Her hand does not waver because of any troubling about arrest and trial and penitentiary. The case illustrates the power of a mind concentrated upon one, and only one, purpose. The peril to society from the bobbed hair bandit is less in the forceful redistribution of property than in that woman's finger on the trigger. If the dead could talk they could testify to the fact.

Spice of Life

"How are all the folks out your way, Mr. Johnson?" asked the able editor of the Tullahoma Torch of Liberty and Tocsin of the Times. "Mildewed from a month's putrain, mostly," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.—Kansas City Star.

Chauncey Depew relates that he was accosted by a street beggar one day and feeling rather out of sorts he said to the man, "You can't hold me up!" "Not even as a good example," was the mendicant's retort.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you insist that women have more wisdom about politics than men?" "For the reason," said Miss Cayenne, "that so many more women than men know enough not to run for office."—Washington Star.

Inconsiderate, in a Way. The meanest man in the world is the warden who puts a tack in the electric chair.—Bison.

Advertisement for Sunny Side Up. 'Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet' Celia Thaxter. The ease with which Mr. Mortimer Schiff talks about billions and hundreds of millions is really marvelous. Mr. Schiff pronounces the words as one having had actual contact, while the politician talks exactly opposite. Hence, we say, it was really a pleasure to listen to Mr. Schiff. Even the sight of a man who actually visualizes hundreds of millions is something. Speaking of money in terms of billions is something we readily understand. It is when we hear talk of \$8.40 or \$17.95, or some such sums, that we begin stumbling and fumbling mentally. We have cherished numerous ambitions during our long and uneventful career, most of them now abandoned forever. We still cherish one, however. It is to be handed a weekly pay check and feel the tremendously satisfactory fact that every dollar of it is our very own, with nary a string attached to it. Mr. Schiff is traveling about in the private car of President Taussig of the Wabash. Traveling in the private car of a railroad president would be no new experience for us. Once upon a time we traveled on the private car of President Jay Gould of the Missouri Pacific. We did not get on the car at the invitation of Mr. Gould, but we did get off at Sedalia at the invitation of a flagman. If we recall the facts correctly we got in several days on J. West Godwin's Sedalia Hazzoo upon leaving Mr. Gould's palatial car. There are points of similarity between Mr. Schiff and ourself. We can each write our checks for a million dollars. But right there the similarity ends. Mr. Schiff is many times a millionaire, but after a short contact with him we are willing to cheerfully admit that the only thing about him that is stuck-up is his collar. We wonder if Mr. Schiff has ever experienced the real joy of wearing a wooden shirt, open at the collar, and the pocket filled with the "makin's"? Maybe he does. We hope so. He looks like he would enjoy it as much as we do. Mr. Schiff is always listened to with the closest attention. This is not due to the fact that he is a multimillionaire; it is due to the fact that he has something to say. But, just the same, we opine that if we had a few millions tucked away we'd be listened to with more attention than is now accorded us. As an orator Mr. Schiff is a very genial and companionable millionaire. As we listened to him we could not help wondering how he would feel and act if he had to spend Saturday forenoon figuring out how he was going to make the weekly pay check stretch over the week's household bills and leave enough for lunch money during the coming week. Mr. Schiff is a great financier, but he isn't in it with the wife of the average American mechanic. But men like Mr. Schiff have tremendous responsibilities. There is quite a difference between hustling the money to meet the pay roll checks and merely spending one of the checks. We know all about it. It's far easier to walk up and get the check. We do not envy Mr. Schiff his job or his money. We only envy him for his opportunities for good with his millions. And he appears to be seizing them in a manner highly commendable. WILL M. MAUPIN.

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