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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The nomination of Calvin Coolidge by the republican party as its candidate for president holds much of dramatic importance. This is true although the event has been anticipated for weeks. Ten hundred and sixty-five of the delegates to the convention responded for Coolidge on the first ballot. It was not the perfunctory performance of a duty assigned, however, but the carrying out in a most impressive manner of the expressed wishes of the voters of the land. State after state swung into line with its quota of votes, the response of the people making their own choice of candidate for high office. Few men ever had so impressive an exhibit of popular confidence.

In the case of Wisconsin and South Dakota, the votes cast for other candidates were by virtue of instructions received at the polls. One of these states is confidently expected to cast its vote for the candidate in November. Perhaps both will. Six North Dakota delegates disregarded their instructions, and voted for La Follette. They have surely settled this with their own consciences, and later will be asked to account to the voters of their home state. Their action is in strong contrast to the men from their sister state, who had been formally released by Senator Johnson, but who rightly insisted in following out the mandate given them at the primary.

If a reason for this all but unanimous nomination is sought, the investigator will find it in the nominating speech by Dr. Marion Leroy Burton. A more remarkable utterance never was heard in a political convention. From first to last, it contains no word of politics, no sign of party, no vestige of partisan bias. Clearly, succinctly, and in order, Dr. Burton summed up the requirements and the qualifications of the man. It was not merely the laudation of an aspirant whose selection had been fore-ordained. Minutely and precisely, the speaker analyzed his subject, showing all the sides of the man in strong light, and commending him for what has been found worthy in him.

In all that remarkable speech, no single paragraph more directly challenges judgment than this:

"He has moral fiber. To me, it is his most distinguishing characteristic. There is a moral grandeur about him which does credit to American life. You simply can not think of him as soft or flabby. He aims actually to do what he knows he ought to do. There is a rigor and vigor in his life, which suggests sternness and discipline. He helps one to understand that righteousness has an actual place in the world. Knowing him, you see at once why he believes that the American spirit is 'the supreme moral power of the world.' With him there is no compromise. There is no substitute for virtue. When he knows what is right he follows it with resistless logic and persistent endeavor. He seems the epitome of sheer self-control."

On this basis of moral fiber rests the well rounded structure of the character of Calvin Coolidge, the man, which has made him strong and great as the president. The American people did not do an idle thing when they so enthusiastically gave him their confidence.

Under the leadership of Coolidge, and with a platform that is forward-looking in its every pledge, leaning neither to one extreme or to the other, but considering the needs of the American people in the broadest and truest sense, the republican party goes into the campaign full of zeal and confidence. It presents to the voters a man who is trusted, because his life is clean and true, with policies and promises that are not departures from reason or experience. The mud-slinging, muck-raking campaign begun in January by the democrats, has failed.

The coming canvass will be conducted on a high plane. Whatever pettiness, vindictiveness or spleen is brought into the contest will come from the democrats. The republicans have named the issue and chosen the battle ground. Under Coolidge the victory in November looks certain.

ALL OF THEM WERE MEN.

Along the way of history one finds the names of great rulers, generals, statesmen, poets, priests and law givers. These stand out as the salient figures, inspiring or sinister, to point the path by which men have marched upward, or to show how the course of human events was shaped by destiny. Only here and there does the pioneer, the pathfinder, get into the picture. To get his story one does not turn to the tomes compiled by the authoritative historian, but to the folk lore and legends of the people. In America, where so much of our short life story is interwoven with the simple lives of the venturesome men who led the way into the wilderness, we have been quite as negligent in the matter of according them recognition.

For this reason there is much importance in the ceremony to be observed at Cody, Wyo., on July Fourth. A statue of William Frederick Cody, known to all the world as "Buffalo Bill," will be then unveiled. If it were but a tribute to him alone, the event would be sufficiently significant. When it is remembered that in some regards "Bill" Cody stands as typical of the strong men who really led the way across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the affair begins to assume its real proportions. Grouped around that statue along with Cody will be the shades of LaSalle and Tontie, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Pandy Ellis, "Big Foot" Wallace, Jim Bowie, Davey Crockett, Jim Springer, "Wild Bill" Hickok, Dick Wootan, and a host of others whose campfires gleamed in the wilderness, who faced the terror of the unknown, and opened a road

for civilization. These were men, all of them, and neither could claim precedence over the other. Cody's monument must represent something more than the personality of an individual, or its significance becomes empty. It should be a reminder to all who see it of a great company of notable spirits to whom America owes more than is ever likely to be paid.

DEMOCRATS AND THE FARMER.

A democratic newspaper emphasizes the fact that 52 democrats voted for the McNary-Haugen bill in the house, but does not lay much stress on the fact that 122 democrats voted against it. The same tale is true of all efforts to secure farm relief legislation from congress. Every bill brought to a vote in either house went down under an avalanche of democratic opposition.

When the democrats, aided by a small group of republican insurgents, organized the senate committee on interstate commerce and elected Smith of South Carolina to be chairman, it was promised that needed changes in the transportation laws would be promoted vigorously. Congress adjourned with this committee standing still. It could not have accomplished less had it been made up entirely of advocates of the railroads.

A baser betrayal of allies by crafty politicians never was shown than is noted in the defeat of the insurgent republicans by the defection of the democrats they trusted. Every hope of the men who went to Washington to secure reform in conditions that are complained of has been blighted by the course of the democrats, who have steadfastly opposed each measure that would tend to help the western farmer. Fifty-two democrats did vote for the McNary-Haugen measure, but 122 voted against it, and that vote defeated it.

These things should be remembered by the farmers of the west, who soon will hear from sweet-tongued orators the earnest plea for their support to democratic nominees. Responsibility for farm relief definitely rests with the democrats, who resolutely declined to give support to any farm measure in congress.

"STOP: YOU MAY LOSE"

The Omaha Automobile club has proposed to the city commissioners a plan that looks to the further assurance of safety in traffic. Certain thoroughfares are added to the list of "arterial highways," approach to which requires a stop of vehicles coming from either direction. The object is to secure as near absolute safety as may be had under conditions. Drivers proceeding either way along an arterial highway know that they are protected, and so may make headway, observing always the ordinary traffic regulations, including the speed limit, of course. Drivers coming into these designated streets know that they must approach under full control, stopping before entering, that there may be no possibility of accident.

The rule is not unreasonable in any sense. It is for the protection of one as much as for the other. Drivers know how many collisions and spills are caused by the carelessness of those coming into a thoroughfare that carries heavy traffic. Some will plunge along full tilt, never looking to see what the chance is, and dash madly into a swiftly moving line of cars, utterly regardless not of rights alone but of safety. Against these reckless ones the others must have protection.

Fortunately for all, the reckless driver is in the minority. Count made at downtown intersections where the automatic signals are installed shows that less than one in 10 disregards the signal, but even that apparently small proportion is too much. Until the driver who does not obey signals and traffic rules is eliminated, all are in danger. The Automobile club is moving along the right line. The railroad slogan, "Stop: You May Lose!" should be the motto of all, under every condition.

Senator Capper has asked "leave to print," a modest little document on narcotics, and the government printer estimates that it will cost \$330,000 to comply with the senator's request. Whoever it was said that talk is cheap surely did not take into consideration the United States senate.

Senator Ferris of Michigan sat through the entire session without making a speech. If he will keep up the record for about four years more there is very little likelihood that he can be defeated for the Coolidge succession.

The most impressive bit of news from Cleveland so far is that which tells of the definite passing of leadership in Massachusetts from Henry Cabot Lodge. Cox and Butler are handling the Old Bay state now.

Senator Pittman, democrat of Nevada, made a fine record for obstinacy, but there are a half-million mules in Missouri with records just as good.

Too bad that Peter Clarke MacFarlane could not have been upheld by the philosophy he preached. It is the old story of "Physician, heal thyself!"

The news that Charlie Chaplin also uses soft water will be worth while to a lot of movie fans who have been wavering in their allegiance.

Delegates is not the only matter worrying Mr. McAdoo. There is the matter of taking a whack at the Klan without offending it.

European nations may object to our raising our guns, but to date none of them has objected to our raising our money for them.

Doctors may not prescribe beer, according to the supreme court. This leaves Al Smith the only hope for the wets.

A shipwreck at Yankton ought to provide some argument that the old Missouri is still capable of navigation.

As long as the price of gas keeps going down, little complaint will be heard. It's the upturn that counts.

Anything that promises to make the city streets safer is worthy of a trial.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

A JUBILEE AND GOOD OLD-FASHIONED DAYS.
We are not thwarting progress, and yet—we'd like to be
The fervid resurrectors of an old-time jubilee;
Old-fashioned garb and customs, old-fashioned songs and
ways—
And, Oh! The grace and pleasure of the good old-fash-
ioned days.
We who have grown decrepit retain our heart delight,
And deep within us lingers the youth of yesterday;
And how we'd love to practice the giddy old-time whirling,
And be—to our enjoyment—contented boys and girls!
Oh! for an evening splendid—such as it used to be
When God Himself defended our joyous jubilee.
And who deeply treasure the dreams which merit
praise,
Oft feel the pulsate rhythm of the dear old-fashioned
days.

The Kidnapers' Syndicate



LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press.

Rufus Jones, formerly editor of the *Minuteman Free Press*, who has been in the government hospital at Hot Springs for more than a year, is not improving, and he is soon to move over to the sanitarium at Fitzsimmons, Colo. The brethren are hopeful that he will be speedily benefited.

The *Gerling Midwest* opines that if Al Smith starts off with the solid support of the Smith tribe, he will be a formidable candidate.

Having fallen over a wheelbarrow Fleich Mervin of the *Beaver City Tribune* asserts that there ain't no such thing as "fool-proof machinery."

Mentor Brown of the *Kearney Hub* insists that the man who has held a job in the office of the secretary of State at Washington for 54 years ought to be investigated.

The *McCook Tribune* rears right up to declare that the primary system at its worst is better than the old convention system at its best.

Adam Breeds of the *Hastings Tribune* asserts that there are a lot of brilliant men in America who lack only a press agent.

Having attended a national convention of two, J. Hyde Sweet of the *Nebraska City Press* asserts that convention city hotel men who promise not to increase their rates are always subject to loss of memory.

George Burr of the *Aurora Register* opines that McAdoo would be more acceptable than Coolidge to organized capital.

The *Fremont Tribune* has a keen sense of humor. In case McAdoo is nominated it expects to get many a good laugh at the spectacle of Mr. Doherty's attorney conducting an attack on officials who have been corrupted by Mr. Doherty's money.

Some people would rather stay at home 'n' be th' whole thing than take a vacation. Ther's lots o' difference between bein' entitled t' an office an' bein' qualified for it.
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Beauty and Health

Go Hand in Hand
If You Have a Daughter Read This Advice

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and found it very helpful in troubles peculiar to women. It is very strengthening to the internal organs and especially does it eliminate suffering at special times and regulates in the proper way. My daughters have also taken the Favorite Prescription with the best of results; they would suffer so at times that they would be compelled to stay home from work, but after taking this medicine they have not suffered since. Favorite Prescription is the best medicine a young woman can take if suffering in this way."—Mrs. W. L. Edmonds, 705 Second Ave., W.
The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has made many women happy by making them healthy. Get it at once from your nearest drug gist, in either liquid or tablet form. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

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.

He Did Not Write the Headline.
Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Please, Mr. Editor, give me space to deny emphatically that I wrote the heading of my last contribution, "Damn the Communists, Let's Go!" Some people think now that I am a walking firebrand, that I don't like God, that I am suffering from some strange malady of the mind, and heaven knows what else, and if to this was added a reputation for "hard boiled," profane writing, nothing would be left for me but to go and jump in a nice cool, deep lake. Besides, the truth is startling enough. I am not engaged in consigning communists to perdition. Such an occupation is more suited to the peculiar talents and principles of such groups as the American Bar association, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and last, but by no means least, the "Department of Justice" of the United States.

Come to think of it, I come closer to being a communist myself than anything else.

Man-Ape Stops Crying.
Monkeys often cry like children, but the man-ape is the only animal which laughs. Dr. Emil Carthaus, zoologist and explorer, has concluded after spending many years in the native haunts of wild game in various parts of the world.

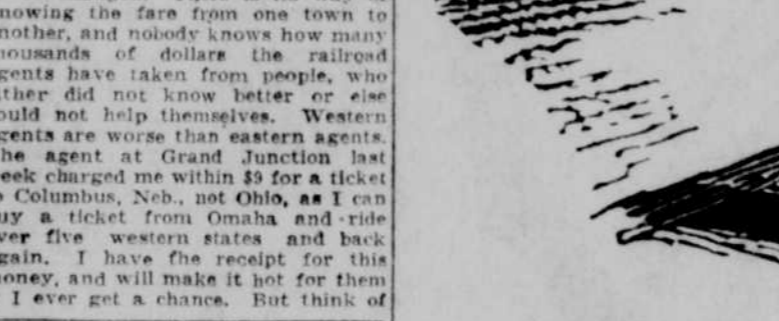
In just one instance, reports Dr. Carthaus, he saw and heard a man-ape or siamang laugh. This was in the midst of an Indian jungle, where, from the safety of a steel cage, the zoologist was making his observations. In captivity the siamang is melancholic, asserts Dr. Carthaus, and sits about and broods and cries and sheds tears of distress.

Dr. Carthaus avers neither the cat, his usual hedging, nor the dog is capable of laughing, notwithstanding the reports of other scientists that they do.—Exchange.

Rail and Hedge.
"Well, Senator Fluddub is back home looking after his political fences." I suppose that will be a relief from that dog's usual hedging.—Louisville Courier.

Why Blame the Agent?
Norfolk, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There should be a law passed that would compel railroads to print a list of prices to be paid for tickets from the town, the paper is issued in to where a man would wish to go on that road, this list to be printed once or twice a year at least, and often if the fare should happen to be changed. There is no way of knowing the fare from one town to another, and nobody knows how many thousands of dollars the railroad agents have taken from people, who either did not know better or else could not help themselves. Western agents are worse than eastern agents. The agent at Grand Junction last week charged me within \$9 for a ticket to Columbus, Neb., not Ohio, as I can buy a ticket from Omaha and ride over five western states and back again. I have the receipt for this money, and will make it hot for them if I ever get a chance. But think of

ADVERTISMENT.
Mrs. W. L. EDMONDS



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and found it very helpful in troubles peculiar to women. It is very strengthening to the internal organs and especially does it eliminate suffering at special times and regulates in the proper way. My daughters have also taken the Favorite Prescription with the best of results; they would suffer so at times that they would be compelled to stay home from work, but after taking this medicine they have not suffered since. Favorite Prescription is the best medicine a young woman can take if suffering in this way."—Mrs. W. L. Edmonds, 705 Second Ave., W.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA
RED CROWN
The Balanced Gasoline

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Cleveland, O., June 12.—(Special From Our Own Correspondent.)—Of course we are not in Cleveland, but neither are a lot of other canned correspondents who write under a Cleveland date line this week, and will write under a New York date line a couple of weeks later. They will not be in New York either. National conventions are all very much alike, whether they be republican or democrat. About 95 per cent of the delegates do the cheering, and 2 per cent do the steering.

The first-timer at a national convention may fondly imagine that the 25 minutes of cheering and marching accompanying the mention of his favorite candidate is spontaneous. It isn't. It was all very carefully planned week before last. The cheer leaders were appointed and all provisions made to start things afresh at the first signs of waning enthusiasm. The only difference between this convention and the conventions of 1916 and prior thereto is that now it requires considerably more planning and preparation to keep the demonstrations going. The enthusiasm now has to be imbibed secretly and is much harder to obtain.

The first-timer is also liable to imagine that the be-ribboned delegates who fit hither and yon in the hotel corridors, buttonholing other delegates and doing a lot of whispering, are the fellows who are manipulating things. Far be it from so! Now and then some serious looking chap will saunter about the corridors and after a time tap some delegate on the shoulder. Then the two will walk away together. Follow them and you will find that the serious looking gent is piloting the other to some distant room. The real convention is in session in that room. There the delegate will be filled up with the idea that the whole blooming future rests on his shoulders, but he goes away with his instructions.

Defeat is always an interesting spectacle to watch at national conventions. The delegate who is a mighty big man in the old home section arrives on the spot with his chest expansion away above normal and his hat band so tight he suffers a continuous headache the first day. Thirty-six hours after arrival his chest has deflated until his coat hangs around his frame like a circus tent on a telegraph pole, and he has to stuff a 26-page newspaper under the sweatband to keep his hat from sinking down past his ears.

The most striking difference between this convention and its predecessors is the fact that there is less tobacco smoke and fewer flushed faces in the convention hall. But Cleveland is on the shore of Lake Erie, and it isn't a great distance to the opposite shore where the waves lap against Canadian soil. The water trip from the source of supply to Cleveland differs from that of New York only in the matter of distance, but what is distance to a thirsty man?

The great chore confronting the party managers here has not been to push business rapidly, but rather to stall it along. The whole thing could have been accomplished in 36 hours, but that wouldn't have been playing fair with the Cleveland business men who put up such a big wad of cash to get the convention. So there has been an unusual amount of stalling along. There won't be any stalling at New York. The great difficulty there will be to get the business transacted before all the delegates are broke, even after pawning their watches and exhausting the home resources.

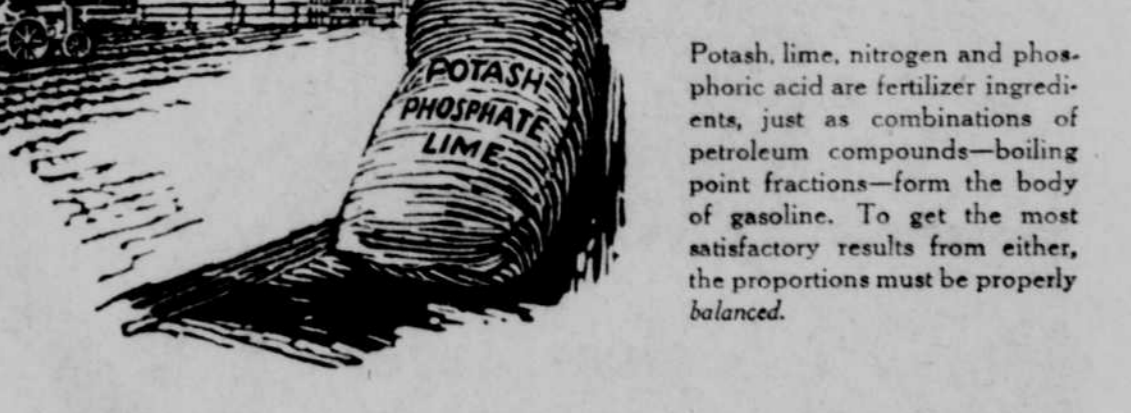
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Lumber and Coal Company

In gasoline as in a chemical fertilizer

its BALANCE that COUNTS



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RED Crown is balanced to give the most satisfactory results with the modern motor. You can neither add nor remove any fraction from Red Crown and have as good an all-around motor fuel.

It has an abundance of low boiling point fractions to assure quick starting under all weather conditions and plenty of higher boiling point fractions to develop maximum power with the greatest economy.

Adjust your carburetor to Red Crown and you can operate on a lean, clean-burning mixture that assures big mileage per gallon and very little carbon.

Drive in to any Red Crown Service Station and fill your tank with balanced gasoline. You will receive prompt, courteous attention and full measure of gasoline that assures dependable power and Polarine motor oils that provide protective lubrication.

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