

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher N. B. UDDIKE, President BALLARD DUNN, Editor in Chief JOY HACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press, of which The Bee is a member, is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein. All rights of re-publication of our special dispatches are also reserved.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES Private Branch Exchange. Ask for AT lantic 1000 the Department or Person Wanted.

OFFICES Main Office—17th and Farnam Co. Bluffs—18 Scott St. So. Side—N. W. Cor. 24th N. New York—World Bldg. Detroit—Ford Bldg. Chicago—Tribune Bldg. Kansas City—Bryant Bldg. St. Louis—Holl Trust Bldg. Los Angeles—Higgins Bldg. San Fran.—Hollbrook Bldg. Atlanta—Atlanta Trust Bldg.

Omaha Where the West is at its Best

DIDN'T FOOL THE FARMERS.

W. J. Taylor of Merna, Neb., and twenty others expressed the real dirt farmer's view of communism by walking out of the convention at St. Paul on Thursday. Taylor is a veteran of many political battles, fought in behalf of the farmers. He is unequivocally devoted to the theory that only through united political action can the agriculturists of the land attain their desires.

The group that nominated Duncan McDonald of Illinois for president is committed to the nationalization of everything but the farms. Here for the moment they pause, recalling what overtook Lenin when he set about to nationalize the peasants of Russia. They know that their appeal must be to the landless, and while they tempt the farmer with all sorts of bait, such as loans without interest from the government treasury, nationalization of the means of transporting and marketing crops, and in other ways, they carefully avoid any reference to the nationalization of agriculture itself.

Taylor sees the hollowness and the sham of such pretentious promises, and as a farmer he will have none of it.

Such well known farmers and workers as C. E. Ruthenburg, W. E. Green, W. Z. Foster, J. L. Beebe, W. F. Mahoney, W. J. Dunn and others will carry on a notable campaign, but the men who earn their living by honest toil will not follow them far.

KEEPING UP PROSPERITY AT HOME.

"We do not think this is a proper time to consider a reduction in wages," said William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen company, speaking for himself and the board of directors of the company. He also said: "The demand for goods is here in this country, although it may be delayed in reaching the mills. The country's consumption must be tremendous, and the result must show in renewed orders to the mills in due time."

There is the word from the head of one of the biggest textile manufacturing concerns in the United States. He is interested in the maintenance of the consumptive power of the home market. He realizes that can be done only by retaining the present high wage scale. Employed American workmen buy and use American products. The answer is simple enough for anybody to understand.

Yet our democratic friends continue to prate about the closed foreign markets, and suggest that the only way to open them is to open the home market to the world. Reduce American standards to the European level, and all will be well, according to the free traders, who storm continually against the tariff wall. Bring American workmen down to a point where they seldom see white bread, rarely taste meat, and wear the cheapest clothing, work long hours for low wages, and have frequent intervals of unemployment, and everything will be lovely, for the world market will again be "open."

THE MAN WHO CAME THROUGH SMILING.

The little city of Geneva, Neb., recently paid well deserved tribute to a leading citizen. He had not gained fame upon the field of battle. He had not amassed millions and given a tithe thereof to charity. He was not a nominee for some high political office. He was just a country editor and publisher, but a good one. He is the possessor of the big silver cup presented to him by the National Editorial association as a recognition of his ability as an editorial writer.

There is something about the life of Frank Edgecombe that ought to make a lot of men quit whining about their handicaps and buckle down to business. When Frank was a young man, with a young wife by his side and the future looked bright, he met with an accident while out hunting that forever deprived him of his sight. Most men would have given up in despair, but Frank Edgecombe was not built that way. His is the soul made strong by affliction; his is the courage that never flinches. Despite this tremendous handicap, and through his own grit and determination, aided by a wonderful helpmate, he has conquered obstacles that have sent many a man without affliction or handicap whining back into oblivion. He is today one of the ablest, one of the most successful and one of the best known

"country editors" in America. He never thinks of his affliction; he has come smiling through, shedding the sunshine of his cheery countenance wherever he goes. His success should be, and doubtless has been, an inspiration to thousands.

When the little city of Geneva honored its distinguished fellow townsman, Frank O. Edgecombe, it doubly honored itself. It is not often that the local editor gets the recognition that is his just due, but it seems that Geneva knows a good man and true, and is willing to accord just recognition and thanks. There are a number of Nebraska editors who admit their obligations to Frank Edgecombe. Meeting him at the annual sessions of the Nebraska Press association, they forget many of their discouragements and troubles and go back to their homes to tackle the job with renewed courage.

Geneva and Nebraska at large, owe Frank a lot. Geneva has just admitted it, and so doing has proved Geneva's public spirit.

ROBERT COWELL.

What words can express an adequate appreciation of Robert Cowell, who has just entered rest? Ordinary encomiums sound hollow, when applied to this man, who exemplified in his life those virtues that are the attributes of a really good man. He worked hard and achieved success, but always had in view the duty of service to others rather than to himself. To the end of his active days he was animated solely by the notion that true success is measured better by deeds done for the good of man than by any other standard.

Mr. Cowell was of the old school of merchandisers. A native of the Isle of Man, and he often spoke pleasantly of his coming from that unique little republic, he served his apprenticeship in the dry goods business in Scotland, learning from the best of teachers about fabrics, their production and handling. Coming to America he worked in the east, and at last to Omaha, to serve as a department manager for Kilpatrick-Koch Dry Goods company. He became a stockholder, and later when Thomas Kilpatrick company took over the N. B. Falconer retail business Mr. Cowell was one of a group of employees who entered as partners. Others were William F. Baxter and William Koehnig. In time Mr. Cowell succeeded Mr. Kilpatrick as president of the company, and on his retirement, about five years ago, Mr. Baxter took on the place as head of the business.

In civic life Mr. Cowell was an active but modest worker. He served three years as member of the Fire and Police board, and was elected as a member of the first State Railway commission, from which office he resigned. At one time his friends pressed him to enter the race for the office of mayor, and he gave this serious consideration, only to decline the honor because he felt he could be of greater service in following another line.

A deep student of world affairs, and a close follower of current events, Mr. Cowell was known to his intimates as a man whose judgment or opinion was valuable, because it rested on honest conviction supported by thorough knowledge. Even before he had retired from active life, he traveled extensively. After he gave up his connection with the firm he had helped to establish, he journeyed widely through Europe and around the world. To the store of knowledge gained by study he added that of observation, and thus increased his value to the world.

Omaha is better because Robert Cowell by example and precept instilled his high ideals into our community life.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, having reached home and recovered his breath, proceeds to give the republican party another good, old-fashioned tongue lashing. Principally, he devotes himself to pointing out how much needed legislation failed in congress, all due to republican inefficiency. Strangely enough, the senator enumerates chiefly the items in which his New England constituency will be interested. He has nothing to say of the farm relief bills which went down to defeat, under an avalanche of votes furnished chiefly by the free trade democrats of the south.

Senator Walsh depends entirely upon the short memory of the voters. He wants them to forget even the little part he had in blocking the legislative machinery and preventing its operation. When Walsh of Montana was leading his mud batteries into action, Walsh of Massachusetts was on the sidelines applauding, or else tugging at the wheels to get the suns into better position. When occasion offered, Walsh of Massachusetts lifted his voice, as resonant as any, to take up time in a tirade against the president and his policies. Especially did he revel in the debate over the bonus and the revenue law.

Now, knowing what he does, he comes forth to accuse the republican wing of congress of defeating needed legislation. Who was it at the last moment threw the dam of a long-winded speech across the flood of bills going through the senate, and so stopped many that were needed? Senator Walsh may have to explain that to the voters of Massachusetts before he is through with his campaign for reelection. His present course gives support to the belief that Frederick H. Gillett will be the next senator from the Old Bay state.

By this time it has been proven that the Wisconsin delegates to republican conventions have the courage of their rejections.

The indications are that the Underwood presidential boom will be speedily H. Johnsonized at the New York convention.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davis

BEWILDERMENT.

Perhaps I see things queer sometimes, an' don't jest figger right. Er father didn't raise me as another feller might; But I've been thinkin' folks er less about the high-brow guys. Who come out here to tell us foreigners we should economize. We'd orter work a little more, discard our spendthrift ways. An' concentrate our efforts on the things we make an' raise. We'd orter 'tend to bizness an' not git the idee that We're here on earth to lay around an' take on lots of fat. It looks to me that mebby if we'd harvest less each year, An' sort of figger so's to keep ourselves from starvin' here. That those wise fellers would return to visit us, an' soon Let out their yelps, but probly in a very different tune. I'm purty sure what they would say if I went where they growed. An' told 'em all about the things that they already knowed. An' with the wisdom of my years played prudently my part.— B'gosh my conscience in a mouth would break my grivin' hearty!

Ever Try to Pick Up One of These Double-Handled Baskets Without Laying Down the Rest of Your Bundles



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.

Advice to Mail Men.

Tutan, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: In answer to R. J. Sorensen in the Public Pulse column: If you are in the postal service you are not supposed to have to use your own judgment, do anything, or say anything. They have you bridled and are sure of your vote. You are supposed to trot along from day to day with a smiling face and a willing back to carry the load without the above rights, no matter if you make enough to feed your dear ones or not. If you happen to have to use your own Ford, well, do so, with an extra expense of several dollars a day. That's all right. They will make you a promise to do something for you next year. Remember, mailmen, you are not going to get anything from these promises. Vote right, with your friends. H. J. KRENKE.

Happiness in the Home.

Lake Placid, N. Y.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There has been too much said about the disinclination toward marriage, which should be combated. The only reason why there are not so many marriages is that marriageable do not meet the right ones. No real man is a misogynist, for not to like woman is quite unnatural. It is woman who made the home, and the home is one of the grandest of all institutions. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man and, after all, what mission in this world can supersede that of the wife and mother who holds her husband's honor and loves her children and their welfare better than all outside honors the world can bestow? There is a world of tenderness and devotion felt, lived and expressed towards each other among husbands and wives of the present day, and in the home one finds mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation and service. Of course there are far too many rosebuds of American womanhood apparently born to blush unseem and waste their sweetness on the desert air; and while are the chivalrous men? The world is full of them, and they all seek the highest in life embraced in the on magic word, home, and all that it means. If there is any home suggestive of a misdirected life—an utterly barren life—it is the cheerless, solitary death of an inexcusable old bachelor. We should all concentrate on the real good things of life: read Burroughs' "Waiting." We surely all have dreams and radiant visions which fill us with blissful hopes and glowing

aspirations, and wedding bells still chime the joyous music in the happiest hour of a man or woman's life. There is a verse running: A paradise for two— Eden for me and you. Lost hidden from the sky. Where a clear stream sings by. Far from the peering day. Into love's arms and hand. Dear heart, shall we not stray— Spray hand in hand. That's the song we like to sing best. THOMAS E. VALENTINE.

What to Do, Brother.

Council Bluffs.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: America has fallen for one of the worst political "shell games" that is the same old "sure thing" that has been played in Europe, Asia, etc., for years. By the strife and bitter feeling between peoples, and by having blocs and block-heads and sects and insects, also such voters in unison as: The dry vote, the wet vote, the klan vote, the negro vote, the Catholic vote, the Protestant vote, the Jewish vote, the militarist vote, the pacifist vote, the farmer vote, the business vote, the radical vote, the Lord knows what vote, etc., causes the wise and crafty politician to take his pencil and paper and take note of what combination of people or what combinations of voters have the largest numbers. He then shapes his political dope so it will "fit in" and appeal to the largest number of combinations of voters—with the largest following—then he goes out and slaps 'em on the back.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THEY TALKED BEHIND HER BACK

Then They Cut Her, Shunned Her Society, and Her Mirror Told Her Why. MERCIREX RELIEVED HER TROUBLE

There's tragedy—but it happens to many beautiful women. Eczema, pimples, blackheads get in their insidious work, and a woman's happiness is the price. All unnecessary! There is a sure way to a clear, healthy skin. Mercirex will relieve you, just as it did this beautiful woman.

"I spent nearly half my income for creams and tonics to clear my face from that terrible breaking out, and I have found Mercirex the best. My complexion is once more smooth and clear and there are no pimples either."

Get out of the eczema-stricken crowd. Clear your skin of blemishes. Take your place unshamed in the world you love. Mercirex will positively relieve your trouble, no matter what you've tried before.

We know this statement to be true because Mercirex has relieved some of the most obstinate cases of eczema in our own State. It has cleared up skins that were given up as hopeless.

We guarantee Mercirex to relieve your trouble—or your money back. If it doesn't bring you prompt relief the effort costs you nothing! Mercirex is not a patent medicine. It is not the usual dark, greasy, messy type of surface ointment. Mercirex penetrates to the true skin where the trouble lies. It vanishes! Put it on and go your way. It will not advertise your trouble to others. It is flesh tinted, and has a faint, delightful fragrance.

Get Mercirex from your drugist to-day. Only 75 cents, and remember the money-back guarantee. Write The L. D. Caulk Company, Milford, Del., for free book on the care of the skin. We also recommend Mercirex Soap

The Saving Habit.

If we analyze the psychology of the "why" of saving, we find that saving and preaches his great love for the American people, especially of the combinations he's playing for—with what results? Only one—election. It is the best guesser of which combination of classes has the largest number of votes, and not what noble ideals or true statements are best that brings home the bacon, in our political arena—today. O liberty, what a mockery is made of thy name. O India, shall we join thee in thy slumbers of castes? B. E. BERTON.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Colea Thadler

GATHERED IN GOTHAM.

Says Al to Mac, "You never can make it!" Says Mac to Al, "You just watch me take it!" And Underwood grins, while Balston keeps quiet. And C. W. B. thinks he'll profit by it. Tammany Tige, his hungry chops licking, Dreams of days of delicious bone picking: While Josephus, Royal and W. J. B. Each asks of himself, "Will lightning strike me?" Says Tom to Brennan, "Can we put it over?" Says Brennan to Tom, " 'Twould put us in clover." Says Pat to Heffin, "The south's in the saddle." Says Heffin to Pat, "It is if we straddle. The wet and dry issue and loudly declare if The country is saved we must down with the tariff." And while at N'York they mill 'round and prattle You almost can hear Old Hickory's bones rattle. O, what has become of 16 to 1 schlem? Of "Let People Rule" and Im-pe-ri-al-ism? Who prophesied time of a happy condition Of our politics when we got prohibition? Did issues so dead that to high heaven they smell. Some new ones must 'rise or all hope's gone to thunder. O, who can supply democracy's wishes By issues that promise the loaves and the fishes!

"Do you think Blinks will make a good candidate for our new party?" "I should say he will! Why, Blinks has more lamentations than of Jeremiah ever dreamed about."

Farmer Bob Smith, who looks after the agricultural interests of the Union Pacific, favors this department with a handsome booklet entitled "One Hundred and Fifty Ways to Prepare Apple Dishes." It includes recipes for everything from the old-fashioned apple dumpling to the more fancy preparations of an effete age. Owing to certain legal restrictions there is an absence of anything referring to applejack, but that isn't an "apple dish," Farmer Bob has our thanks, which will be trebled if he will send over a box of rosy-cheeked apples for Lottie Clifford to experiment with.

During a long and somewhat venturesome newspaper career we have been asked something like 57,896 times to "lam hell out'n" some man or proposition. During that same length of time just 57,896 people have asked us "for goodness sake" not to mention their name in connection therewith.

Nebraska Limerick. A mother out in Nickerson One morning tried to lick her son. He tried to flee, But quickly she Caught him—she had her knickers on.

We have about decided to run for the legislature as an independent candidate, our sole idea being to Pass a Law prohibiting any man from criticizing public officials or complaining about conditions who failed to vote at the last primary and regular election. WILLI M. MAUPIN.

Small Boy—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her—Everybody's.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION

for May, 1924, of

THE OMAHA BEE Daily 73,980 Sunday 76,373

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 June, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public (Seal)

Why Hoffmann-Crosby Serves More Families



LEO A. HOFFMANN

WHEN the need arises for the services of a funeral director, there is no time (nor the inclination) to investigate.

That is why we call attention now to our service, our methods and our charges.

The usual procedure is to purchase the casket and instruct the funeral director to go ahead with his duties. Very often then, when the bill is presented, one is surprised at the long list of charges for services and extras.

At our funeral home you purchase a funeral complete, which comprises the casket desired and all services. This, together with wearing apparel you may order and cash advances you may wish us to make, such as for the grave, limousines, newspapers, etc.—the whole transaction and total cost—is then submitted for your approval.

Our way allows you to name the total cost, and it prevents any possibility of the cost exceeding the amount you name.

Our way and the better service we render are the reasons why we are called to serve more families than any other funeral home in Greater Omaha.

HOFFMANN-CROSBY FUNERAL HOME

24th and Dodge Streets Ambulance Service OMAHA Phone Jackson 3901

(Copyright Applied For)

Abe Martin



So few people stay at home any more that it's a wonder the burglars don't all get rich and retire. Beware o' th' girl that admits she's beautiful. (Copyright 1924.)