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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

COMPARING THE KEYNOTES.—IV.

When Senator Harrison came to the point where he felt impelled to discuss foreign policies, he put all the blame for the Armenian massacres on the Harding-Coolidge administration.

However, his chief feat is in ignoring the "great and solemn referendum" that was taken on the Wilsonian policy of participation in the politics of Europe.

"The democratic party offers no apology for its foreign policies. When the Woodrow Wilson plan for world adjustment was wrecked by the selfish and jealous hands of reactionary republican leadership, world hope for peace was shattered and European rehabilitation indefinitely deferred.

Included in the charge against the republicans might be such senators of the democratic faith as Smith of Georgia, Thomas of Colorado, Chamberlain of Oregon, and Smith of Arizona, each of whom as staunchly opposed the president as any republican in the senate.

"We have refused to join the League of Nations, and this in full accord with the wishes of the vast majority of the American people. We welcome whatever of good may be accomplished by the league, and we recognize that in humanitarian and nonpolitical matters it has accomplished beneficent results.

Senator Harrison also ignores the Washington conference, which admittedly accomplished more for the peace of the world than did the Treaty of Versailles, which really settled nothing in Europe.

TRADING THEATERS WITH CHINA.

Reading in the Christian Science Monitor, one discovers that certain western plays are now being presented in Shanghai.

Will it not be as distorted as conclusions Americans might rest on what they saw in "The Yellow Jacket," or "Broken Blossoms," or "Mr. Wu," or "East is West?"

Suppose the Chinese Little Theater goes on and gives other plays of Wilde, or Shaw, Pinero, Jones, Fitch, Maugham, any of the lot who have dealt with little bits of life, throwing single beams, and not always the brightest, on little corners of our complicated existence.

Harold Scott Quigley of the University of Minnesota, writing in the Yale Review for July, advises Chinese to study China.

He has had two years over there, teaching and conducting research work into eastern politics. This gives his opinion some weight.

about the affairs of outsiders. Sometimes the culture as expressed in the theater may be exchanged between the two countries, but under existing conditions it will be of such limited service that even as a gesture it appears futile.

"GOOD TO THEM THAT HATE YOU."

A favorite situation in fiction is the turning of the outcast on his benefactor, only to have the latter overcome him with kindness.

Many similar illustrations of such selfishness and generosity may be cited. Not always from fiction, either. Every now and then something of the sort creeps up in real life.

When Christ saw the multitudes He went up into a mountain, and there preached the most eloquent, impressive sermon ever uttered in this world.

"And if any man will use thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

It is not always easy to do this. Human nature does not readily turn the other cheek, and still demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Who can measure the value of human life, of character, in terms of money? "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?"

We hope he succeeds. If the young men have in them that spark of true manhood that is supposed to lurk in every breast, waiting to be fanned into flame, he will succeed.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Many years have flown since Thomas Wiclif startled the church by translating the Bible from the Vulgate into English, "so the people might know."

Forty-six Omaha boys have just engaged in a Bible-story contest at a summer camp. One hundred and thirty-five boys and 75 fathers and mothers listened, while each of the contestants told his version of his favorite Bible story.

These boys are living proof that Bible reading is not dying out, and that the younger generation are in their turn following the path opened when Wiclif gave the Scriptures to the people.

Comes now from South America reports of the discovery of an animal with the body of a dachshund, the head of an anteater, web-footed and long-haired, and able to sing like a lark.

Mr. Bryan would have political campaigns financed by the government. If Mr. Bryan will cease theorizing for a few moments and study the facts, he will discover that most of them are already financed by the taxpayers.

Let's see, what was the name of that blood and iron governor of Oklahoma? But no matter. Whatever the name, he is missing a lot of fun by not joining up with the legislative bunch in Rhode Island.

Lieutenant Maughan's recent performance reminds a lot of people that when they were youngsters they poked a lot of fun at the idea of Phineas Fogg traveling around the world in 80 days.

Reports from New York recall to mind the statement of a republican keynoter, made many years ago: "We are again confronted by the democratic party, very hungry and very thirsty."

A valued exchange says there are 2,000,000 laws in force in the United States. What it means is that there are 2,000,000 laws on the statute books.

Admiral Fiske says the Japanese could easily take the Philippines away from us. Yes, just as easily as the sheep could kill the butcher.

For a loud performer it will be admitted that Senator "Pat" Harrison is an adept at putting on the soft pedal when opportunity demands.

The primary is such a wonderful thing for the people that once in a while 25 or 30 per cent of them take advantage of it.

It seems that the New York convention would rather be riot than make nominations.

The weather, once a popular social topic, is not now discussed in polite circles.

Cheer up! Nebraska never yet lost a crop because of too much rain.

Speaking of daylight saving, we refer you to Lieutenant Maughan.

From Jefferson to "Pat" Harrison

Time was when the democratic party stood for something. In the old days when the party had real leaders instead of baldyhoosers anxious only for office and willing to prostitute the once proud party in order to gain their ends, democratic platforms were clear and concise.

Today we have the spectacle of the party of the scholarly Jefferson and the intrepid Jackson backing and filling for temporary advantage, and willing to justify the memory of its greatest leader since Jackson's time in order to win the doubtful favor of Hearst, the publicity magnate.

A democratic senator given the high honor of pronouncing the party's campaign keynote, stands before the convention and brazenly advocates stultification if that be necessary to win, and blackens the memory of a president whose policies and purposes mark the high spot in democracy's history.

Regardless of dispute, the League of Nations ideal was a splendid ideal for this nation and for the world. The fact still remains that it came nearer to being worthy of democratic traditions than any issue put forward by the democratic party since Samuel J. Tilden.

Thomas Jefferson, who unhesitatingly stood for religious liberty and against bigotry, certainly could not be proud of the party he founded could he look

down upon its convention in this good year of 1924 and see it milling and fighting over recognition or denunciation of an organization that has nothing in common with his declared principles.

Andrew Jackson, who never allowed his fellows to remain for one minute in doubt of his position upon any public question, certainly could not be proud of his party could he, too, look down upon its convention and see it paltering, and dodging, and evading, in a vain effort to better its chances of again dipping its hands in the public treasury.

Woodrow Wilson, martyr to a cause held by millions of democrats to be as holy as that which enthused the Crusaders of old, certainly could not be proud of the party he twice led to victory after 28 years of wandering after false gods of free silver and anti-imperialism, could he see its convention trafficking in principles for the sordid purpose of winning to its support divers elements that have not now, nor never did have, one thing in common with historic democratic principles.

"Winning is not wicked," exclaims Senator Harrison in his keynote speech. "Strategy is no sin. Far better is it for the American people and the future of the democratic party that in this convention we deny to ourselves some vaunted expression or surrender some temporary advantage that we may succeed in this campaign, than tenaciously to persist and lose."

For the first time in the recorded history of American politics the acknowledged leader of a great party stands before the world and admits that he and his cohorts would rather win than to be right. Argues that it is permissible to sacrifice principle for political gain; that there is no cause so holy that it may not well be sacrificed in order to grab a chance to feed to reptiles at the political trough.

The mask is off. The American people are brazenly informed that they must face a party once led by great leaders of heart, and brains and conscience, but now led by those who reckon naught of principle and think only of the public offices to be trampled in at the expense of party traditions, and openly flouting the memory of great democrats who in their time held the greatest good to the greatest number to be paramount to all else.

Goddess of Chance in Gambling Macao

Sarah Moffet Sobanek in Asia Magazine.

Macao, the oldest settlement of Europeans on the shores of China, is known to most travelers today merely as a place where one can go and gamble to any extent, freely and openly.

In Macao the Chinese position for gambling, shared with members of other races, can be indulged without let or hindrance. These opium may be purchased freely and openly, and there other vices flourish, untroubled by the strict rules and regulations of the nearby British port.

The water front is all life and bustle. Hundreds of little junk boats are tied to the long stone wall in front of the street faced by the shops of the fish dealers. A surging of people back and forth along this street, and the cries of the various vendors can be seen and heard long before the steamer is actually made fast.

The gambling consists almost entirely of the Chinese game fan-tan. It is a very simple device, but the Chinese, by means of combinations in the betting, have raised it almost to a science.

It is said that fan-tan, as played in Macao, is an absolutely "right" gambling game, no cheating of any kind being practiced, and that the gambling houses make their money only by legitimate winnings and on the interest which they collect on each bet they pay out.

The gambling houses are never empty. From morning till late at night the coolies crowd around the matting covered tables, while the more affluent players and the white visitors lean over the railings above the tables from the second and third floors.

Outside, the square on which these houses face is paved with broken bits of granite, fitted to form a reasonably smooth surface. This was the style pavement first put down by the Portuguese—or rather under their supervision, for the Chinese is the one who does the work, who sits on the benches, and who sweeps the streets.

There is one street answering to the main street of the town which recently has been widened and paved with concrete, and there is also a curving boulevard that follows the line of the bay on which faces the palace of the governor, who sits on the other side with stately residences where once lived Portuguese

The Call of the Purple Grays

By BESSIE L. BEEBE.

Watching the shadows fall, My heart is worn to the core, I've followed the winding trail, The road that I loved of yore, The distance call of the lark, soaring high, Through the pines, a gentle moan, Still my heart! List to the call of the wild! For I've traveled the Trail alone!

Alone, with the moonbeams light, Away from the babble of tongue, Alone, with the old delight, While the wind through the aspen sung, Alone, with the joy, he knows, who seeks The song of the soul in tune, With the whelp-poor-will's sad call in the hills, And the rippling waters croon,

Alone, with the tinted purple grays, And the sun's warm smile between, I hear the low, sweet sound of mirth That comes from the clearing breeze, The voice of the singing, soaring lark, That rank 'neath the pines below! The smile of the gods and the dawn's warm glow, For I've traveled the Trail alone!

Popular Error. Eskimos do not drink oil. They actually consume less "food for power" than the average Scotsman or Norwegian, and for obvious reasons.

Real Co-operation

From the Nebraska City Press. The other day The Press asked two Nebraska City wholesale grocery firms what they thought of the campaign to boost Nebraska, a campaign which was instituted and is being carried on by 16 Nebraska newspapers.

"We think it is one of the finest things that has ever been done to advance the interests of this state," these wholesalers declared, "and we want to help to the very best of our ability."

And they are helping, and the help which they will give will be of great value to the state and, incidentally, to themselves.

The 16 newspapers, with a combined circulation of 300,000 for the 302,000 families in Nebraska, can talk about Nebraska until doomsday, in every issue of their papers, but unless there is hearty co-operation on the part of the people of Nebraska, all of whom are interested in their state, or should be, the efforts of the publishers will be of little avail.

People who live in Nebraska must continue to talk Nebraska. The newspapers have printed the facts and figures. Let every loyal Nebraskan commit these facts to memory and "spring" them at every available opportunity on the doubters and the scoffers.

Nebraska has greater resources than any other state in the union, every-

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet

During nearly forty years of residence in Nebraska we have never seen the state as a whole suffering from too much rain. But two or three times during that forty years we have seen the entire commonwealth suffering from a lack of it.

Among the many joys of conducting this department is that of being able to very generally pick our own assignments. We have just picked one that promises a lot of genuine pleasure.

Perhaps the multiplicity of foolish little lawsuits is due to the fact that the present generation has lost some of the abdominal adequacy that characterized prior generations.

The radio is a marvelous invention. But the loud speaker just across the court from our bedroom window would earn our lasting gratitude by observing union rules and working only an eight-hour day, beginning before 12 m.

"Is your papa a Lion?" asked one little Omaha girl of another. "I don't know, but he is some kind of an animal. I heard mamma tell him this morning that he was a perfect bear."

Nothing can happen from now on in the New York convention that will be of interest to us until we learn just why Harry Fleaharty didn't make that speech nominating Brother Charley.

We know just where we want to spend our summer vacation. We know just when we want to spend it. What we don't know is how.

"Ain't human nature wonderful?" A big business institution to which interruption of light and power for a few hours means the loss of hundreds of dollars, will report trouble and wait patiently for the necessary repairs.

We are viewing the scrap between the Al Smith and Bill McAdoo forces with what we believe to be commendable equanimity. We find solace in that memorable bit of verse beginning, "There once was two cats in Kilkenny."

After all, they performed some things better in the old days. For instance, there was the republican state convention some quarter of a century ago when Brad Slaughter was elected chairman after a prolonged scrap and a compromise. Taking up the gavel Brad said: "As per stipulation I appoint the following committee: Then he took a paper out of his coat pocket and read the appointments."

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Semi-Annual Statement July 1st, 1924

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Liabilities

Liabilities table with columns for Liability and Amount. Includes Dues Paid and Dividends Added (\$2,800,204.91), Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits (80,535.34), Incomplete Loans (75,578.54), Total (\$2,956,318.79).

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NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for May, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE. Daily 73,980, Sunday 76,373.

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