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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

COMPARING THE KEYNOTES.—V.

Like the venturesome boy testing the first skim of ice on the pond, Senator Harrison steered his keynote address all around the agricultural situation. His closest approach to it comes very near the end of his long address. After he had impressively summed up all the shortcomings and failures of the republican party, as viewed by a good democrat, he added, apparently as an afterthought:

"The distressing conditions that confront agriculture when other industries specially favored are prosperous should at least appeal to the stony hearts of this administration. But the republican nominee and his reactionary followers in the congress have not permitted any governmental relief being extended to them, for the reason, as very impressively stated by the republican nominee on December 6, in his first message to the congress, 'Those farmers who raise their living on their own lands are not greatly in distress,' he said. Those sentiments come from the heart throbs of the republican nominee, and the present deplorable plight of the American farmer is due to callous indifference, and their cowardly, isolated foreign policy."

Senator Harrison promptly omitted to quote from the president's message that sentence which says: "With his products not selling on a parity with the products of industry, every sound remedy that can be devised should be applied for the relief of the farmer." Also, Senator Harrison neglected to tell the world that it was he who introduced on the floor of the senate the amendment to the Norbeck-Burnitt bill he knew would kill the measure. And that he cast one of the two democratic votes in the senate committee on agriculture against the McNary-Haugen bill. Or that the democrats in the senate invoked their great doctrine of state sovereignty against every measure designed to relieve the farmer.

At the Cleveland convention, Representative Burton, dealing with the same question, presented the most specific answer possible to the Harrison misrepresentation:

"That great democratic leader, Mr. Bryan, though denying credit to any political party, has stated that the Sixty-seventh congress accomplished more for the farmer than any congress for 50 years. 'There was an act passed for the continuance of the War Finance corporation, and nearly \$300,000,000 was advanced to farming communities; an emergency tariff act on leading grain and other products was adopted; legislation was enacted in a so-called packers' bill to protect the rights of the stock raiser; also one limiting the dealings in grain futures to prevent the farmer from being the victim of manipulation; \$25,000,000 additional was advanced for the Federal Farm Loan board; an agricultural credit act was passed at the end of the Sixty-seventh congress, providing for both public and private agencies to aid the farmer in securing credit. . . . A cooperative marketing act was passed. . . . a beginning. . . . in narrowing the gap between producer and consumer. . . . A private corporation with \$10,000,000 capital was organized at the instance of the administration, and has rendered substantial aid to the farmers of the northwest."

It is quite interesting, too, to note the reaction of the convention to the keynote speech in respect to the foreign policy. The League of Nations is being treated as a closed incident. Mr. Wilson's name is loudly cheered; Mr. Wilson's monumental work is silently passed.

RABBLE-ROUSING AS AN ART.

A student of manners and customs of men will find quite a little to interest him at New York. Something suggestive of the intimate connection between man in his most enlightened state and in his lowest stage of savagery. When the Australian bushman, who is about at the bottom of the scale, wants to start something, no matter what, he engages in a corroboree. In darkest Africa, the tribes gather for a savage dance before undertaking any enterprise of general importance. The Sioux Indian, before he took the warpath, aroused himself to a frenzy by the war dance.

Not until stirred up, passion aroused, prejudice fired to its highest pitch, was the savage ready to undertake the job he set for his ambition, but from which his fears held him back. In the excitement of the ceremony he receives the stimulant that corresponds to "Dutch courage." Even that is provided in generous portions among some, but finally the effect is the same. Hysteria that ensues continues until the fray or whatever is planned is carried out. This is "making medicine."

So the democrats have been making medicine at New York. Gathered for the high purpose of outlining the principles of the party and naming candidates for high office, they indulged in the corroboree. One after another of the chieftains sprang to his feet, and, like the savage warrior, beat his breast and told of the triumphs and valor of his party. Then the lesser warriors marched and rematched around the convention hall, shouting their warwhoops and arousing their lust for battle.

Demonstrations of spontaneous enthusiasm are expected at political conventions. When, as in the case of the McAdoo or the Smith uproars, the whole thing is so patently staged, planned in advance, keyed and diagramed, the effect must be something far from what was intended. No such a spectacle can appeal to the reason. Even the passion soon is glutted by the constant repetition of the performance. As a show it lacks the element of sincerity, and as an argument it is far from being convincing. It is rabble-rousing reduced to an art, and nothing more.

HOOVER BRIGHTENS THE CORNER.

Secretary Herbert Hoover of the Department of Commerce did not make a very long stay in Omaha, but it was time enough to drop some words of good cheer. He sees fairer skies and greater prosperity ahead. The crane hanger gets little consolation from Mr. Hoover at any time. On this occasion there is nothing whatever to sustain old John Q. Gloom in any of his lugubrious prophecies.

Mr. Hoover, who is in a position to know, says there is a shortage in the normal wheat production of the world. Whatever the cause, this is an item in favor of the wheat growers of Nebraska. He also says that Europe has about reached the normal consumption of food products, and this is also an encouraging factor in the local problem.

Our own country is not decreasing in its requirements. Latest estimates as to the population place the number of people in the United States at 112,826,000 as of January 1, 1924. This means that there are 7,100,000 more mouths to feed in this country than on January 1, 1920. That is more than the entire population of some foreign countries about which we have been hearing so much.

The constantly increasing demand for the products of our country by our own people is enough to insure steady employment for practically all who work. We have a surplus of foodstuffs for exportation, but it is getting less and less each year as the population increases. So long as the American farmer is protected in his home market, and he will be as long as the republican policy is enforced, he will be certain of return for his labor. His greatest danger lies in the free trade policy advocated by the democrats, which will expose him again to the competition of cheaper production costs, which he can not meet. Not to speak of a home market restricted because of the unemployment that always follows a democratic tariff law.

CHARLIE SALTER RETIRES.

Fifty-one years a "smoke eater"; 47 years a member of Omaha's paid fire department; 23 years chief of the department.

Simple figures that sum up a lifetime of service in what is admittedly a hazardous occupation. Peace time employment knows little that is attended with more of risk than the occupation of the fireman. Yet there is the record of Charles A. Salter, who asks that he be retired from active service on July 1, and be put on a pension.

Charlie Salter has fairly earned any pension the city may give him. That he has lasted so long is due to the fact that he was made of durable material. In all his long years of service he has never shirked a duty, never quailed before a danger. No man ever set his foot where Charlie Salter would not go. It was said of "Jack" Galligan that he never sent a man where he would not go himself. Salter came up to be battalion chief under Galligan. No higher tribute could be paid him.

Twenty-three years ago he was made chief of the fire department of the City of Omaha. In that time he has seen the city's population more than doubled and the fire risk increased many times. He has seen the skyscraper take the place of the one and two-story brick blocks. While he has been in service he has seen all kinds of experiments and improvements in fire-fighting apparatus. What he has not seen is any change in the quality of manhood that marks the fireman. Never was one better than Charlie Salter.

That is why the city firemen respect him, and why citizens trust him. His judgment and ability has saved many millions of property put in jeopardy by fire. Countless lives, too, have been spared because of Salter's knowledge and the discipline he instilled and maintained among his men. Broken in health, and bowed under a weight of years, he asks to be allowed to rest. Into honorable retirement he will be followed by the good wishes of the community he has served so well.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

Forty years ago the name of Terrance V. Powderly was as familiar to the American people as is today the name of Coolidge or Bryan or Dawes, but for a vastly different reason. For 15 years, from 1879 to 1893, Powderly was the head of the Knights of Labor, an organization that in its time was the most powerful influence in American labor circles.

Around the person of Terrance V. Powderly swirled conflicting currents that developed into occasional maelstroms. To thousands he was the personification of all that is evil and dangerous to America. To hundreds of thousands he was a hero. That he was given much credit to which he was not entitled is as true as the fact that he was held responsible without warrant for many costly mistakes made by both organized capital and organized labor. Those who knew him personally knew him to be a man of tender sympathies, a lover of his fellows and with a determination to carry out what he deemed to be his mission—the uplift of the toiling masses.

Changing conditions relegated Terrance V. Powderly to the rear, and the old Knights of Labor organization is now little more than a fading memory. Powderly was given a minor public office and performed its duties faithfully. A few days ago there came the announcement of his death. The announcement was a surprise to thousands formerly associated with him in his cause. Once the storm center of American industry, he passed into practical oblivion, only to have his name recalled when the angel of death summoned.

Now that the women have invaded the barber shops and the smoking cars, we wonder if the old swimming hole is still exempt.

By the way, what is Mr. Bryan's compromise on the klan issue?

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

THE DIFFERENCE.

The fellow who pays me is single,
His hair shows an inkling of gray;
He's never been foolish, and, therefore,
His nodules of money today,
He's very particular, also,
And asks that we dress in our best,
And visit the tailor whenever
Our clothes really ought to be pressed.

One day—as is often his custom—
He passed me a critical gaze,
And brazenly said my appearance
Was ever unworthy of praise,
My carelessness must be forsaken—
According to him and his logic,
I couldn't be trying look worse.

I thought of my humble position,
And he had the best of it then,
For he was the haughty dictator,
And I was but one of his men.
I nodded and offered obedience,
And thought to myself—such a sap!
He hasn't got kids that forever

Like the Kilkenney Cats There'll Be Nothing Left But Their Tail Stubs.



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.

Primary Law People's Hope.

Plattsmouth, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I followed with much interest the letter of Arthur Evans Wilcox, in which he attacks the primary law, hoping to discover in it some new argument against what is the one way so far presented through which people can honestly register a choice for candidates. From start to finish Mr. Wilcox offers nothing new or novel. His arguments are the old, well worn sophistries of the professional wire-pulling politician who has been put out of business by the primary. He did not even furnish these up to make them look like new, but showed them out, dusty and rusty and shrewd. Such efforts will deceive nobody.

Mr. Wilcox lays great stress on the fact that the candidates nowadays conceal the true amount of money expended on their behalf. Admit the truth of this, and where are we? Does he undertake by this method to convey the thought that money never was spent under the old system? If he does, he ought to come again.

Before the days of the primary nobody ever could get any idea of how much money was being paid out by candidates for office. All that is known is that each spent such sums as he thought would insure his success, and tradition has it that frequently these sums were princely. It is within the memory of men still living in Nebraska when great scandal was caused by the presence at the

proof of what results from one-sided development?

The intellect (and the body) should serve the moral and spiritual. When it is made master instead of servant it is not equal to the demand and we see the result. When will educators see this and plan school and university courses in accordance with this truth?

Until this is done such cases of unbridled intellects as the Chicago students will continue to shock the world.

I firmly believe this "seed of the spirit" is the Christ in us. Paul said, "Christ in us, the hope, the glory." Let that spirit be in you which was in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Children must be taught this. It is the true incentive to right thinking and right doing. E. H.

slavishly all delegates who came, and who spared no expense in the way of promoting the interest of the man they championed. Today, with the primary law, it may be necessary to spend as much money, but we have a better notion of how and why it is paid out, and even where some of it goes.

Suppose the primary law does bring out a great number of candidates for office. Is not that really a hopeful sign? It shows that men have a desire to serve the community by holding office. Even if the emoluments of the office be the chief aim of the aspirant, still the people have the opportunity of making their own choice. As to acquaintance, how many of the voters knew the candidates any better after they had been hand-picked by a group of convention manipulators than they do after the people have picked them?

The primary law may not operate just as its promoters thought it should. No law ever does. What it has done is to put the responsibility for selecting candidates on the voters themselves. That is where it ought to be. The fact that everybody does not vote at a primary election is no argument against the law. Everybody did not attend the precinct or ward caucus to select delegates to the convention, either, but that is not an argument against the convention system. Everybody had a chance to go, and if any voter was negligent or slothful, it was his fault and not that of the system.

The primary offers the only really convenient way of popular expression as to candidates and policies. If the law is defective, it may be remedied, but it should be allowed to stand, for it is the people who govern in this country, and their will is expressed by the ballot better than in any other way. JOHN L. HENRY.

Man's Four-Fold Nature.

Talgauge, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: So much is being said of our young people wearing the pathetic mark of failure.

If all the children for one generation would have the real gospel of Jesus Christ taught seven days a week at home and in school as well could we not remedy the present unhappy situation?

I am deeply interested in the development of the spiritual nature and recently read two enlightening books on this subject. The authors were inspired I am sure.

In every soul is planted the seed of the spirit, the "Divine Spark." The cultivation of this seed is the purpose of life and through its cultivation the soul in time will come to know God for that is the goal of every soul and sometime and somewhere will be reached. A human being is fourfold in his nature, he is physical, mental, moral and spiritual, and he must be developed along all four lines if he is to be all around developed.

Is not the case of those two poor "rich" boys of Chicago a marvelous

Abe Martin



Artie Small says that when he looks into Miss Tawney Apple's big, blue eyes he feels like an optician's chart. Jake Bentley has sold his farm and has gone to the democratic convention prepared to stay indefinitely. (Copyright, 1924.)

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1924.
H. QUIVERY,
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SUNNY SIDE UP

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

We have attended divers and sundry national conventions, and having had some political experience we never enjoyed and paraded around a convention hall. Those spontaneous demonstrations are all carefully worked out days before, and experienced rabble rousers stationed in just the right positions fool the foolish into keeping up their foolishness.

Having witnessed several church league games of ball we are wondering what a player thinks when he makes an inexcusable error.

Regardless of political affiliations or bias, we are prepared to take off our coat and work strenuously from now until election day for the success of any candidate who has the abdominal adequacy to stand up and tell a lot of pestiferous professional reformers where to head in.

In the old days the office sought the man. In these modern days it is a mighty poor office that doesn't suffer a continual bombardment by pot hunters.

A Suggested Republican Slogan.

(Submitted by Frank L. McCoy.)

The Dems. fondly hoped, and not without cause, that the Reps., being burdened by grime hums and haws, would finish a ticket with ominous flaws. So the Dems. filled their throats with rasping guffaws. To be blown all around and infect like old saws. So expectant were they 'twould win public applause. But never will they witness the splendid eclat. They thought would attend their vehement burraths. Since the Reps. were so guided by wisdom's sage laws. That forth from that wisdom came Coolidge and Dawes. Hence the Dems. needs must own that now lost to their cause. For "Coolidge and Dawes has locked their jaws."

We gladly make announcement that we are now receiving subscriptions to pay the expenses of promoting a Society for the Suppression of Tedious and Inconsequential Political Platforms. We expect, once the society is organized and functioning, to be blown all around and infect like old saws. We have heard from men and women of all parties is an index of the general attitude towards inausferably long platforms, the membership in our society should be tremendously big, with a consequent working fund that will give us great joy to handle.

The old bromide that "language was given us to conceal our thoughts" does not refer to political platforms. It is very evident that the framers of the platforms never had any thoughts worth going to any trouble to conceal.

We leave it to the columnists of Chicago and New York to manufacture a wheeze out of this promising material: A man named Rainwater was drowned in a gravel pit near Kearney, the said gravel pit having been flooded by heavy rains.

Gazing back over a long and not altogether uneventful life, we rather yearn to see just one more red-hot political campaign, in which we can don an oilcloth cape and bear aloft a blazing torch.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

George Wright of the Crete Vidette claims a democratic friend recently claimed in his hearing that Charley Bryan had made the best governor Nebraska ever had. Then George admits he didn't say a word. "How could anyone with half a heart take the joy out of one life by saying anything?" he plaintively inquires.

The Fremont Tribune claims to know why New York waded the democratic convention. Madison Square Garden is to be torn down in the near future and the Tribune opines that the owners thought the assembled democrats might do the work.

Hank Leggett of the Ord Quik recently gave a picnic to his office force and his country correspondents. Jealous contemporaries are hinting that Hank puts this scheme every year in order to get a free feed from the baskets of provender brought in.

The Silver Creek Sand declares that its town was basely libeled when its city marshal came down to Omaha and asserted Silver Creek had more bootleggers in proportion to population than any other town in Nebraska.

J. E. Tesarik is guiding the destinies of the Genoa Leader, so long guided by Fred Young.

"Is goat's milk a satisfactory substitute for cow's milk?" inquires the Genoa Leader. Well, hasn't it a better butter foundation?

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