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THE OMAHA BEE MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher N. B. UPDIKE, President BALLARD DUNN, JOY M. HAC Editor in Chief Business JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manage 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 naws dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein, All rights of republication of our special dispatches are also reserved. also reserved. The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organizations. . Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879. BEE TELEPHONES Private Branch Exchange. Ask for AT lantic 1000 OFFICES Main Office—17th and Farnam Co. Bluffs—15 Scott St. New York—World Bldg. Chicago—Tribune Bldg. St. Louis—Syn. Trust Bldg. San Fran.—Hollrook Bldg. Atlanta—Atlanta Trust Bldg. MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES Tyear \$5.00, 6 months \$3.00, 2 months \$1.75, 1 month 75c Daily Only 1 year \$4.50, 6 months \$2.75, 3 months \$1.50, 1 month 75c Sunday Only 1 year \$3.00, 6 months \$1.75, 3 months \$1.00, 1 month 50c CITY SUBSCRIPTION RATES Morning and Sunday. Morning and Sunday...... 1 month 85c, 1 week 20c Evening and Sunday...... 1 month 65c, 1 week 15c Sunday Only 1 month 20c, 1 week 5c

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SIGNPOSTS ON THE WAY.

"I said in mine haste, all men are liars," spoke the Psalmist. He admitted that he had been afflicted, and was sore perplexed. But his repentance for his ill-considered utterance was the acknowledgement of the blessings bestowed upon him and the mercy he enjoyed, for which he returned thanks. Just now David has many imitators. Men in their haste are saying things they perhaps will repent of when they have taken time to consider. They are inclined to magnify events, and find in the unusual happenings justification for believing they are usual.

This is wrong. The ordinary, even flow of life is broken now and again by some experience that startles people. It soon disappears, however, or makes way for some other wonder. The mind is kept moving from object to object, from impression to impression, by a series of events not always of first importance. They challenge attention, and frequently lead to hasty conclusions as unwarranted as the sweeping charge made by David in his haste.

Cynical philosophers, beginning far back in man's history, and culminating in Nietsche, have assumed the innate wickedness of man. From that premise, they argue. They teach the unworthiness of natural man. By a series of syllogisms, in which the major premise rests on the utter baseness of man's nature, demonstrate his failure to attain the height others claim for him. Such reasoning, frequently inverted, serves to sustain some who follow their selfish desires to such ends that now and then the world is startled by the sudden emergence of a monstrous thing and marvels that it can be in form of man.

It is comforting to turn from contemplation of such intellectual ugliness to the presence of a eweeter and more vital philosophy. Follow David, if you will, through his fortunes and vicissitudes. Take Job and his trials. Note how they were upheld and vindicated by a faith that answered all ques tions. Resolved all doubts. Removed all fears. It was not only faith in God, but in their fellow men. It is quite as easy and much more natural to think well of one's fellows as it is to be on your guard rgainst them continually. It is not well always to he anticipating evil from them.

under-development, due to under-nourishment. Mentally bright and responsive, the patient was physically weak and backward. Parents were "co-opertive." Treatment consisted chiefly in denying the patient candy, apples, nuts, and the like at odd times, and presenting properly prepared food at regular periods. Allowing enough time to eat slowly, but not enough to permit playing with food. Three months of this treatment brought the result that the patient not only partook of vegetables and meat as well, but would drink a tumbler of milk. Stubbornness was overcome to such degree that the patient even took pride in telling the doctor of improvement.

Marvellous. A genuine triumph for modern science. In days of old the practice was to let the stubborn youngster get hungry enough, by not humoring him or pampering him between meals. Then, when he came to the table he usually was ready to eat whatever was set before him, and relished it. Stubbornness was modified, if not eradicated, by proper doses of strap oil. The slipper is a success as a-counter irritant.

We do not want to be listed among the reactionaries, but we do think that Solomon was right. A little firmness on part of parents, backed up if need be with a limber rod, will work wonderful cures among children who are now being turned over to specialists.

"GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT."

Wherever else the delegates to the democratic convention may have strayed while in New York, they did not go to the theater. This is proven by the fact that on Saturday night, when the affair at Madison Square Garden was going its best, ten plays at as many theaters gave up the ghost. Managers of playhouses registered disappointment, even disgust, at the turn of events. They had counted on some additional business, and did not get it. The plays were not of the cheap variety. Some had been on the boards for months, and all had been profitable.

Here is one time the managers' maxim turned against them. When any objection is raised to the quality of entertainment at the public halls, the answer is simple. Pointing to the box office record, the manager says, "The public wants it." Usually the argument ends there. As a rule the manager is an entrepreneur, a trafficker in amusement. He does not waste much time in trying to develop public taste, nor to direct ideas. His effort is to learn, if he can, what will draw and then he proceeds to "give them what they want."

In New York the people wanted excitement, and Madison Square Garden afforded it. No play ever housed in a theater could equal that for its appeal to the popular mind. Great actors may stride the stage and delight their audiences with histrionic triumphs. Here were actors as great, presenting real life, not the imitation mimicry. Passions were intense, and were felt, not simulated. Newton D. Baker's tears were real, "Pat" Harrison's invective was genuine. Senator Walsh shot over his vituperation in earnest at a real opponent. William Jennings Bryan melted his heart with sympathy far more sincere than ever trickled over the woes of a wronged maiden or abused child behind the footlights

How could even a New York theater compete against such an attraction? It will be long before the world witnesses another exhibition like the one at Madison Square Garden.

COMING RIGHT ALONG.

Nebraska quietly and unostentatiously pays its onal birds First. perTHE SUNDAY BEE: OMAHA. JULY 6, 1924.



LET'S GET BACK.

I'm longing for those good old days When church folk did not hire To sing for them the songs of praise A high-toned sal'ried choir. I want to hear the songs of old That lulled me into rest, When not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful breast.

The churches now are built so fine At such tremendous cost, That membership must peak and pine, With countless sinners lost. They have a system in the church And praise the Lord by rote. While sinners are left in the lurch With all their sins to tote.

I'm anxious now to hear some more Of Him who died for me; Of Him who all my sorrows bore

On the accursed tree

- I want to hear a preacher talk
- Of Jesus crucifi
- Of Him who at my side doth walk, And guards, whate'er betide.

Dearly beloved, our text this morning is divided, the first section being found in Gal. 6:2, and the second in Acts 17:21: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and fulfill the law of Christ.'

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." It took a miracle to convince Peter that it was his Lord's

command that he was to carry the word to the Gentile as well as to the Jew. That was pretty hard for an orthodox Jew to do, and naturally Peter didn't believe it when he first heard it. But Peter, being different from some of the self-appointed disensers of the Almighty's bounty today, did not hesitate after being shown. When Philip's attention was called to the Ethioplan eunuch reading Esalas the prophet, Philip didn't turn up his nose because the eunuch was a black man. Not so; Philip immediately joined up with the colored friend and brother, sa with him and explained to him the word.

Proscribing men because of color, creed or nativity, is not "bearing one another's burdens." Leaving a man to grope in mental darkness because the color of his skin is different is not following the example set by Philip, and mighty few of us, dearly beloved, are worthy of being classed with the intrepid missionary who wasn't too good to teach and counsel the black man.

The spectacle of men holding aloft the cross upon which the Redeemer of the world was crucified, while proscribing their fellows because of creed or color, is not calculated to bring all nations to the foot of that cross. The Kingdom of God on earth will remain an iridescent dream so long as men rightfully demand that there be social dividing lines, but stand-ing in the presence of the Divine Father the humblest and most exalted of society are upon a common level. If the dying Savior upon Calvary could turn to the penitent this, upon the pairshoring cross and say "Today shall then

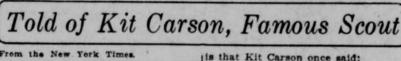
this upon the neighboring cross and say, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise," does it become any one of us to ar-rogate to ourselves the right to say that we are the judge of men's faith, or that it has been left to us to decide who shall approach God's altar and table, or in what circumstances? "Be ye not puffed up." The Pharisee condemned by the Master for thanking God that he was not as other men, is being conlemned today by that same Master.

Now, dearly beloved, in humbleness of spirit, serving the Lord, let us stand and sing-

"Just as I am without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me;

And that Thy blood was shed for me; And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. I come." And singing, let us remember that the Father issues the invitation, and it is not for any man to say who shall answer thereto.

Thus endeth the day's lesson. WILL M. MAUPIN.



Colonel Calvin Duvall Cowles, U. S. A., retired, of Hartford, Conn., kins-man of Kit Carson, famous Indian fighter and scout, told hitherto unpub-lished stories of the frontiersman ob-Colonel Cowles, said the tes."

Gwen, a Llewellyn Setter

Where's His Grave? By ALTA WRENWICK BROWN.

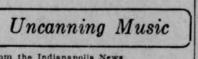
A Chicago paper has lately printed as usual. Growling was a practice sail life's surging chaos sea shocking attack on the dog, spon- unknown to her, and biting never Dividing Peace and earth. But spray from Memory's deep wave sored by a widely-known popular It was pleasant, entering the gar-Oft bears in with my firth;

sored by a widely-known popular writer who is commonly felt to rep-resent all that is humane and genial. Unnumbered readers must be pained and horrified at the savage diatribe by a naturalist who, "for obvious reasons," the writer says, remains nameless. I have hoped that some gifted per-I have hoped have hoped that some gifted per-I have hoped have hoped hoped have hoped hop And, dear brave boy in khaki clad,

I have hoped that some gifted per-son of eminence and fine feeling, like Agnes Repplier, might be roused to write in censure of this "nameless naturalist," and in defense of the Your absence casts a cloud that dima My hope flag's stars that wave

write in censure of this frameless having the advantage of celebrity and high repute, with no voice lifted in remonstrance. Senator voice lifted in remonstrance. Senator voice lifted in remonstrance. Senator voice lifted in remonstrance of canine courage and devotion. And wonder where's your grave?

and devotion People may be divided into two -those who love dogs, and lasses those who do not. The second class ncludes burglars and the like, the case-hardened, and those subject to From the Indianapolis News



My dear brave boy now lost to sight Yes, there o'er Jordan's wave, Again I'll hold him to my heart Nor question where's his grave? How Small Is an Atom?

Benjamin Harrow in the July Harper's. Some of the great physicists have

natural antipathies. A burglar nat-The professional musician is likely attempted an estimation of atomi urally commends the patent burlar alarm as better protection than a dog. We all know it is not, and the "canned music" as something which Some dyes, for example, will exhibit police know it-and so does the mechanizes an art, the supreme value color even when diluted 100,000,000

a larm as better protection than at doc. We all know it is not, and the police know it maturalist says the dog is "escanded music" as something which burglar. This naturalist says the dog is "escanded music" as something which sentially a coward and killer. At night every dog feels the impulse to kill." Millions of dog owners could brand that as absolute falsehood. There are abnormal dogs hows the dis-creative with senting acquainted that as absolute falsehood. There are abnormal dogs flows the dis-position revealed by those notic there are abnormal dug shows the dis-position revealed by those notic the as for a good house dog than exposed to the clutches of such affead of from the tiger or the is escended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-scended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-catise descended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates descended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates descended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as as is cended from the tiger or the leopard, and as civilized man is de-cates dogs are loyal to them as as is conder them. The dogs is be-cause dogs are loyal to them and stroles natural love for them is dogs. In the present das bil

are man who "likes dogs" has a love because it has made its way use this analogy, due to Dr. Foote strong natural love for them; the boy with them as easily, naturally and If the poper marks are taken as strong natural love for them, the boy with them as cashy, ha the songs who does not love a dog is a freak, unpretentiously as did the songs and a rather repellent one. Dogs are not afraid of their friends. Their de hood. It is time that those who votion to their masters is a proverb -and "perfect love casteth out fear." Dees the dee that casteth out fear." themselves to this audience. Not Does the dog that saves its baby play- in music alone but in all the arts mate from drowning do so because it there has been a tendency to exmate from drowning do so because it is "afraid of him?" What utter nom sense! I wish Albert Payson Ter-hune, or C. O. McIntyre, would pay his respects to this perverted natur-alist. "A sentiment," says he, "is hard to combat." True enough. Then thank the Lord for sentiment, that in these flippant days of modernism is still persists! Even as I write, a life is softly breathing itself away that for 12 years has safeguarded this home. A gentle, loyal life, and a fairly happy one, thanks to the Power that created dogs no less than human beings. Gwen is not suffering. Death itself

being worth 60 cents per trillion, one paper mark would still be enough to

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The dishonest man, the wicked man, is the exceptional man. He is not in the majority. It would he a sorry thing for this world if he were. His existence is recognized. An elaborate system of machinery in the shape of the law has been built up to protect society from him as far as possible. Law ran not prevent misdeeds, else there would be none to record. Only the man can keep himself free from wrongdoing. The law will mete out a punishment to him, if he is overtaken, but his act is his own. 'It is only through the disposition of man to deal fairly and justly with his neighbor at all times that community life is made possible. Respect for the rights of those around him, even as he expects his own to be regarded, is the cornerstone of civilization.

"Intellectual anarchists" generally come to grief, because they are unable to adjust conditions that surround them to their narrow views. It is a peculiar weakness of such that they confine their thoughts and aspirations to a circle as small as themselves, and mistake such action for breadth of view. Refusing to recognize any law, they are responding at all times and all points to the laws of nature. Failing to break through or around them they wreck their aspirations against a wall that would have protected them had they exercised normal perception and noted that the barrier is there for man's good and not necessarily to restrict him.

. . .

The law of love is the law of harmony. Only when there is harmony is there happiness. A well balanced life is one that can give true value to all its elements. The perverted mind that revels in its aranchy can not do this. A brilliant mind will attain a point quicker than a dull one, which must plod through a long course of reasoning to reach the goal attained perhaps at a single leap by the brighter. Yet when the point is reached, so far as it is concerned the minds are on a level. This brings understanding, and regard. The one learns from the other, and out of the intercourse established between them is born a community of interest which leads toward harmony.

Philosophy such as this is taught by the real leaders of mankind, and there have been more of them than of the Schopenhauers or Nietsches. Their teaching is the more enduring, because it tends to direct man on a way to happiness he can share with others. There is no talk of superman or superior minds in them. No "intellectual anarchist" ever found his inspiration in the works of those who have labored to show the true way to peace and content on earth and the sustaining hope of something more worthy in a world to come.

SOLOMON'S IDEA WAS GOOD.

Down Boston way the science of raising children has gone far along the line of psychology. So far, indeed, that to an old-fashioned mind, it appears to have very nearly reached the jumping off place. One reported case from the clinic on child habits may be cited as an illustration.

haps, the American eagle, whose call is always heeded. Then, Biddy the Hen, red, white, or speckled, "Dominicker" or Leghorn, comes along as one of the great wealth producers of the state. How many mortgages Biddy the Hen has lifted can not be told, but she certainly has taken part in many such an endeavor. Along in the fall of the year, the turkey gets his share of attention, although his price has been so high of late years that he is sold more

often than he is eaten out this way. All the year around, every day in the year, Nebraska honors the stork. Utah set up a shout once to the effect that "Babies are Utah's best crop!" Nebraska has not done much boasting on this or any other score, but the record keeps mounting right along. Cedar county, for example, looks up the books and finds that in 1923 births numbered 445 and deaths but 105, more than 4 to 1 for the stork. Dixon county swung in with 267 births and 82 deaths; Wayne county had 220 births and 84 deaths; Pierce, 293 and 75 respectively, and Knox 422 and 138. The good people of northeast Nebraska are to be congratulated on their fecundity.

Nebraska is one of the best states in the union for a baby to be born in, for the chances of the little one surviving here are greater than in almost any other state. We may not be picking up many inhabitants by immigration, but certainly the state can produce its own, and know them to be of superior quality.

If George Washington is really the father of his country the chances are that he is ashamed of some of his children when he looks over that New York convention.

The conference that meets at Cleveland on July will be in possession of at least two political plat forms that do not embody the Wisconsin resolutions.

Doubtless Tex Rickard regrets that the New York boxing laws will not let his entertainments go as many rounds as the democratic convention.

For the seventh time Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was reminded who is boss when the liberals carried a motion the chancellor of the exchequer opposed.

All right for the airplane to laugh at the locomo tive, but the latter rumbles along with tons where the former carries ounces.

A Baltimore barber says women will not adopt man's style of hair cuts. What does he know about what women will do?

Nonpartisan leaguers are in the saddle again in North Dakota, but are acting through the repub lican party, as usual.

There sems to be a growing class of people who want laws to do for them what they are too lazy to do for themselves.

Next time Senator Wheeler wants Gaston B. Means, he will know where to find him-in a federal penitentiary.

Another boy has come to grief trying to start married life on a forged check. He was caught in time

"Geneva Watches American Interest in League headlines the New York Sun. That is a watch that long since ran down.

The democratic platform puts the soft pedal on The patient was 3 years old, suffering from the hard coal plank, and its railroad plank is run-ning on flat wheels.

Ished stories of the frontiersman obtained by him while preparing a his tory of the arson family. Colonel
Cowles' interview was brought about by the publication in the Times on May 18, of the reminiscences of Dr. William Carson Boone of this city, William Carson Boone of this city, M. Rubey. Mrs. Rubey's account of tod of meeting Kit Carson while a boy, and of assuming the name Carson farter sitting on the scout's knee differs from his own. She said:
The genealogy complied by Colonel Cowles, whose grandmother, Nancy
Spelling book and there it lies."
Colonel Cowles said that most of the fort and were get Carelage Down my state as a conterning to the scout's knee differs from his own. She said:
The genealogy complied by Colonel Cowles, whose grandmother, Nancy

ture. The genealogy complied by Colonel Cowles, whose grandmother, Nancy Caroline Duyall, was first cousin of Kit Carson, begins with William Car-from the north of Ireland to Penn-for the saddle was on a borsei back

son. Kit's grandlather, who came from the north of Ireland to Penn, sylvania, and later joined a group of Pennsylvanians, including the Boone family, in their migration to what is now Iredell county, North Carolina, some time between 1738 and 1748. He settled on a grant of 692 acres of land obtained from Lord Granville. Colonel Cowles said: "Whether Mr. Carson settled on the ind before or after he obtained the strant in 1761 is not known. The country was then infested with Iri dians and wild beasts, and he was there in good time for the exercise of his adventurous nature, which cropped out in the desire of later menerations of Carsons to fight Iri dians, wild beasts, or anything else that occasion might require." William Carson married Eleanor at occasion might require." William Carson married Eleanor 15 years.

Duff in North Carolina, and had seven children, the eldest of whom was Lindsay, father of Kit Carson. He died from an overdraught of cold trapping and hunting and in becom-ing more familiar with the Indian

was Lindsay, father of Kit Carson. He died from an overdraught of cold water while harvesting grain one hot day, but the date is not definitely known to his descendants. Lindsay Carson, who was born August 1. 1754, inherited his father's lands un der the law of primogeniture then in force. His son, Kit, was the 10th of 14 children. "Lindsay Carson bore an honorable part in the Revolutionary war, hav-ing served until the end," said Colonet Cowles, "A rife he had carried, which was given to his children, was of large callber, with part of the stock missing. It was shot away at the same time Lindsay lost several fingers from his left hand. He removed from North Carolina to South Carolina in ty. Missouri, in 1811. His family joined other settlers in occupying Cooper's Fort, between Fayette and Boonesboro, from 1812 to 1815. "The fort was a little settlement of log cabins, protected by a high stock-all as a defense against the Indians, All of his sons came homestly by their reputation as Indian fighters. He was

generous, honest, temperate and pa-All of his sons came honestly by their eputation as Indian fighters. He was

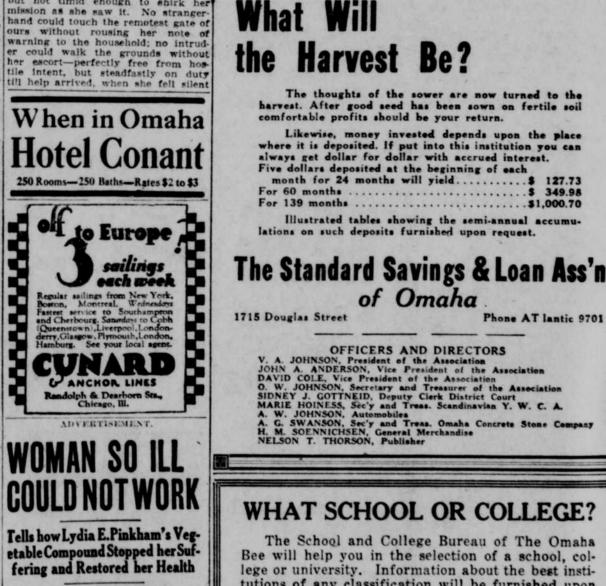
for May, 1924, of

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

ce attacked by two Indians, and had shot one when the other closed in upon him. In a hand-to-hand com-bat he killed the Indian with the savage's own knife. NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION "Lindsay Carson's descendants are scattered mainly through the Rocky

Mountain region and the middle western states. A letter from a grandson says: 'All of his sons, with THE OMAHA BEE out a single exception, went west in search of the Indians and buffalo. Now that the Indian is guarded on Daily 73,980 Sunday 76,373 the reservations, and the buffalo is about extinct. I am at a loss to know Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. what their descendans will do for pastime.""

. . . Christopher, or Kit, Carson was 2 years old when his parents moved from Kentucky to Missouri. When Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, (Seal) Notary Public still a child he took his turn at watchng with the men while the settlers tought the Indians during the War of 1812 in the protection of Cooper's Fort. One of the family traditions





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