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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "CHAOS"?
"Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," exclaimed the sorely smitten patriarch, in the midst of hot contention. Had he lived today he might have made it "platform" instead of "book," and have rejoiced.
Stimulated and uplifted by the ringing, resonant keynote emitted by "Pat" Harrison and the stern and corroding sarcasm of Chairman Walsh, the democratic platform writers approached their task in a state of mental exaltation. How good they felt:
"Long boasted that it was the only party 'fit to govern,'" they said, "the republican party has proved its inability to govern even itself. This nation can not afford to entrust its welfare to a political organization that can not master itself. A vote for Coolidge is a vote for chaos!"

What a luminous, edifying example of self-government the democratic party now presents. Ten days after that hoisted plank was adopted, we find the weary delegates, embittered, divided, led or driven from candidate to candidate, unable to agree on any choice for nominee. After two weeks of unremitting effort, bickering, quarreling and threatening, even democratic newspapers begin to shed tears, and see but little hope. One of the most ardent newspaper supporters sighs for a "boss." A "boss," it recites, might—

"have made the convention function more efficiently and more satisfactorily to the rank and file of the party than a thousand free and independent individuals have been able to do for themselves."
The trouble with the democratic convention is not a lack of bosses—they are plagued with them. Surely no one will deny that Tammany is a boss—nor "Peg-Leg" George Brennan—nor Tom Taggart, whose "privileges" at French Lick Springs require the winking of the law. And who would deny the title "boss" to Hearst, who kicked out the League of Nations and turned the back of the democratic party upon its own patron saint, Woodrow Wilson.

Dan Stephens of Fremont, chairman of the Nebraska delegation at the convention, has it right. He sees the issue. He may differ from those who still discern the rose tints of dawn hovering over Madison Square Garden, but he knows. He is there in the middle of it. He is a blunt man, Dan Stephens, and he believes in telling the truth. And here is the way he tells it:
"The question at issue before this convention is whether the 'bosses' or the people's delegates are to name the candidate."
"Up to the present time the bosses have succeeded in throwing enough soap to the favorite sons from various states to divide the vote of the people so that the people are unable to make a nomination."
"On one side McAdoo and the favorite sons are dividing the vote of the people. On the other side are the bosses, reactionaries and bootleggers, backing Al Smith and the other wet candidates representing eastern states which seldom if ever go democratic."
"George Brennan, the Illinois boss, throws a few votes to our favorite son, the governor, the governor of Kansas, a senator from Arkansas and to candidates from other states, as a sop to keep them in the field."
"These candidates in no way represent him or are in sympathy with his views, yet with this sop he is able to hold these favorite sons in the field and thereby defeat the nomination of McAdoo, who has received votes from 43 states and has solid delegations from some 23 states."
"These states that are voting for McAdoo control 257 votes in the electoral college and yet the bosses have been able, through the influence of the favorite sons, up to the present time, to defeat the nomination of the popular candidate."
"McAdoo has a clear majority in the convention. If the votes could be got to him, and he is entitled to the nomination. But unless the people at home take a hand and see that they are no longer misrepresented by their delegates, they are likely to get Al Smith as their nominee or somebody equally disappointing."

No equivocation about Dan Stephens. "Brother Charlie," too, it seems, has been a tool of the bosses—hanging on to his paltry votes in the hope that lightning might strike him.
The answer at Madison Square is to be found in the clash of petty personal ambitions. Charlie Bryan is one of the answers and Nebraska owes a debt of gratitude to Dan Stephens for having pointed it out.
Verily, "this nation can not afford to trust its welfare to a political organization that can not master itself." The democratic party is that organization it so accurately describes and rightfully condemns.
Look at the record made at New York, view the proceedings day by day, and then ask the platform builders, "What do you mean, 'chaos'?"

SPEAKING OF NEBRASKA.
Nebraskans are to be pardoned if now and then they pause in their delightful task of building a greater and a better state to boast of what Nebraska has. But there are some things worth boasting about that Nebraska has not.
For instance, Nebraska is one of two states that does not owe a dollar of state bonded indebtedness Wisconsin being the other one.
That is really something to boast about, isn't it? Not only is Nebraska free from bonded state debt, but it is the owner and possessor of several millions

of dollars' worth of bonds issued by sister commonwealths. These bonds are the investment of the permanent school fund of Nebraska, which fund is now in excess of \$10,000,000. In other words, the permanent school fund of Nebraska represents about \$50 for each child of school age in the state.
While we are pointing with pride to the many good things we have in Nebraska, let us pause now and then to point with equal pride to one thing we haven't got—a bonded state debt.

WHEN A BOY DIES.

When one whose days has reached the patriarch's allotment moves to his rest, little occasion is noted for sorrow. Those he leaves behind will miss him, but they do not begrudge him the reward that is his at the completion of his task. When a strong and lusty man is cut off in his vigor, there is regret, for he leaves a task unfinished. And for the boy, who is called just as he is stepping into the open door of life, there is real sorrow, for he leaves a task uncommenced. His promise, whatever it may have been, is unfulfilled.
Every father and mother in the land today is sending to the White House unuttered but tender and effective messages of loving sympathy. The sorrow that has fallen upon the president and his wife, and the brother of the boy who has journeyed on ahead is shared by all.

How wide is the door through which the spirit may escape, even at a time when it seems most carefully guarded, was never better shown. A little thing, so insignificant and such a common experience among active, energetic boys and girls, opened the way. All that medical science or skill could do was not enough to stop the gap. "He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."
Calvin Coolidge, Jr., had modeled his life on a splendid example. One of the pictures that have become familiar to Americans is that of Calvin Coolidge, Sr., and his boys. Again and again are they shown together, and the fact is but attributable to the intimate bond that held them close. A community between father and sons sacred and full of meaning. One has dropped out of the picture, here on earth. The bond will be the stronger now.

A CANDIDATE AT LAST.

"Fighting Bob" La Follette is finally a candidate for President of the United States. "Bob" has been itching to be a candidate for years. In fact it has been the sole ambition of the Wisconsin senator since long before Roosevelt took the progressive nomination for himself in 1912. "Bob" had it all lined up in 1912 in fact, but Roosevelt slipped around him and made off with the prize.
So "Bob" has been trying to whip up issues ever since in the hope of developing another great demand for himself as a candidate for President.

"Bob" has been lurid enough, more lurid than ever in fact, but somehow he couldn't whip up much enthusiasm. Something must be done about it, however. He just must be a candidate. "Bob" is getting along in years. He finally determined that the year 1924 must see the great adventure, or never.

The opportunity came in the serious illness of Eugene V. Debs, many times candidate of the Socialist Party. "Gene" couldn't run. The Socialists needed a candidate—and the bargain was made. In order to make it look as if there was a great demand from the "people," that "Bob" sacrifice himself, there was staged a "progressive" convention in Cleveland on July 4. Those who read the proceedings of that gathering, however, remember the names of the steering committee: Morris Hillquit, Victor Berger, Judge Jacob Pauken, William H. Johnson—and several other Socialist Party leaders.

On Sunday, July 6, these same men moved over to the regular Socialist Party convention, joined up with socialist mayor of Milwaukee, Daniel Hoan, and laid the foundation for a Socialist "endorsement" of "Fighting Bob."
The net result of La Follette's life ambition—to be a candidate for president—finds him taking "Gene" Debs' place as the candidate of the Socialist Party.

The fact of the matter is that Victor Berger, socialist congressman from the Milwaukee district; Mayor Daniel Hoan, socialist mayor of Milwaukee, and the Socialist Party organization throughout Wisconsin, have for years been the mainstay of La Follette's strength in Wisconsin.
La Follette has always run as a Republican. But his main backing has been the socialist leaders. He has been edging over closer and closer to Berger and Hoan, until he has finally come out under his true colors.
As the substitute candidate of the Socialist Party he may poll as many socialist votes as the high water mark for "Gene" Debs, 914,000 in 1920. Many of the "comrades," however, are sticklers for party regularity and "Fighting Bob" doesn't carry a membership card, as "Gene" Debs does.
However that may be—"Bob" is a candidate for President. He ought to be happy.

Filipino soldiers who turned bolshevik and mutinied may later thank whatever God they worship they were not serving under Trotsky when they pulled their stuff. They would have found out what a blank wall is for.
We hope Charlie Salter's new automobile gives him as much joy as it did the donors, and that he be spared for a long time to ride in it.
If the democrats really want to end the deadlock, we suggest they get together on Jiggs and Barney Googie.

Fighting Bob La Follette now has a chance to do his stuff. He will never get away with another bluff.
Even New York will not be sorry when the democrats go home.
The Free Ice and Milk Fund is 100 per cent service. Get in.

Homespun Verse
—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis
UPRIGHT UPRIGHTS.
Says my friend, Upright Uprights,—
"Pleading wrong will never right us.
Nor will grumbling cast our faults and flaws away.
This complaining makes me nervous;
What we need the most is Service
To uphold our faith and keep us from decay.
"Time is ripe for ardent fighting;
Purely foolish is reciting
Day by day the shallow messages and vain.
Now has dawned the day to rally
Round integrity, and sally
Forth to honest goodness and godly gain."
But I ask Upright Uprights,—
While I suffer with bronchitis,
How will we hope to make our honest efforts win
Till we cleanse both cot and palace.
And let gravity from chaotic
Drain the last atomic quantities of sin.

Somebody Will Stamped That Convention Yet



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications on 25¢ stamps and less will be given preference.

Voice for McAdoo.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I note in an editorial today that you again take a whack at McAdoo, and also a whack at W. J. Bryan because he has been supporting Mr. McAdoo. I have noted for some time that The Omaha Bee has been continually throwing bricks at McAdoo. Luckily Mr. McAdoo is so well and popularly known that the bricks thrown by an Omaha paper are not felt.
The question comes to my mind that if The Omaha Bee has so much stuff on McAdoo in the way of corruption, etc., why don't they present it to the American Bar association or the courts. Everyone knows that the charges regarding oil made against McAdoo all fell flat in the investigation, but still The Omaha Bee keeps harping and harping on the subject. Whether this harping is simply because The Omaha Bee is a republican newspaper and McAdoo is a democrat, or for some other reason, nobody seems to know. The fact remains that there is plenty of real oil dope on the republican leaders with out singling out one lone democrat and trying to establish a case.
I lived in Washington, D. C., for four years, and I know that McAdoo was next to Wilson, the most popular man there during that time. He is still popular; he has ability, and it is believed any Omaha newspaper to keep pecking away at the man. Let's have more news and less fault-finding. I am a republican, but I don't approve of such tactics on the part of any party paper—democrat or republican. Let's cut it out now and forever.
H. R. SHANLEY.

Abe Martin



Folks that are poplar on account o' ther pull never seem t' tumble. Wouldn't this be a dandy world if we could all stand discouragement like a reformer?
(Copyright, 1924.)

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1924.
W. H. QUIVEY,
Notary Public
(Seal)

Center Shots

We think we have discovered the real reason for the lengthening of skirts. It was to prevent the waist-line from falling below the hem.—Punch.

It may be true that we are what we think, but we don't know of many who are what they think they are.—Cleveland Times and Commercial.

One of the most pathetic sights in the political world is a lame duck counting his chickens before they are hatched.—Dallas Times-Herald.

The coming out parties of the girls are about the same as ever, only they come out a little further.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Neither party will chance a wet plank. It's the farmer vote they are after—not the big vote.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

"Hogs" says the market report, "are little changed." So we observe hourly every time we go out.—American Lumberman.

America spends over a billion a year for candy. That is nothing to what the political plums cost her.—Seattle Argus.

The honeymoon is over when she appears at breakfast with her regular face.—Baltimore Sun.

Every man is boss of his own home—when the family is away.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

On the Other Hand.
Housewife—Fancy a big, strapping fellow like you asking for money. You should be ashamed of yourself.
Tramp—I am, madam. But once I got 12 months for taking it without asking.—Edinburg Weekly Scotsman.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER
Build comfort into your home. Use Celotex as insulation, sheathing, plaster base. It insures comfort all year round. Cuts fuel bills one-third.
UPIKIE LUMBER & COAL CO

EAT SKINNER'S
Superior EGG NOODLES
NEBRIN
Relieves Rheumatic Pains
Does not depress the heart like Aspirin.
25¢ a box

Notice of Change of Fare

Effective July 10, 1924, fares on the line operating between N Street and Fort Crook will be as follows:

In each of the existing fare zones, the cash fare will be 7 cents. Tickets will be sold by the conductor at the rate of 4 for 25 cents, said tickets being good for a ride in any one zone.

Omaha & Southern Interurban Railway Co.

SUNNY SIDE UP
Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet
Cola Thaler

Frank Carey, who makes this department frequently, and who is always welcome, is an inquiring sort of fellow. Now he wants to know what has become of—
Sapolo
Pittsburgh Stogies
Granger Twist
Battle Ax
99-Cent Stores
Free Bus to the Depot.

We are unable to impart the desired information. Neither do we know what has become of—
Clap pipes
Feather ticks
Lye hominy
And the girls who retired to their bedrooms when they applied powder and a bit of rouge.

We feel greatly flattered and highly complimented. Yesterday we paused on East Farnam to gaze through a window at a \$4,000 automobile. A polite salesman sauntered out and actually endeavored to sell it to us. After several minutes of conversation we walked on, elevated in spirit. Incidentally it may be stated that we agreed with the polite salesman as to price, but were unable to come to an agreement on terms.

"Be careful, death is so permanent," is a sign adorning a filling station in North Omaha. Which reminds us that a lot of people who tried to get a mine actually gained an eternity of time. The auto driver who boasts to us that he drove 200 miles in six hours merely advertises that he is anxious to wake up on the other side. We hereby announce our independent candidacy for the legislature, our purpose being to Pass a Law offering a bounty of \$2,500 per scalp of all auto drivers who travel faster than 40 miles an hour on public roads.

We easily recall the time when the Police Gazette was found mostly in barber shops and saloons, and was considered by Truly Good People to be something to be shunned and its devotees Prayed For. But the Pink 'Un was a Great Family Journal compared to scores of flashy, trashy, sex-arousing and virtue-flouting periodicals lavishly displayed on practically every news stand. A free press is one thing; a licentious press is quite another thing.

Horace Davis says the height of impudence is for man seated in a crowded street car to try to flirt with a woman sitting next to him. He can match that. Being somewhat old-fashioned we recently arose from our seat in a crowded street car to make room for a frail, gray-haired lady, but before she could bow her thanks and take the seat a painted flapper of about 17 slid into it with a pert giggle. Then and there we determined to become more active in the organization of branches of the Bedsal Club.

Most denunciations of "big business" fall from the lips of men who give personal testimony to their poor business.
Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Bryan insisted that mankind should not be crucified upon a cross of gold. And now the democratic bosses in New York are doing that very thing to a lot of short-pursed delegates from the outlying states.
WILL M. MAUPIN.

It's Up to Your Hat.
Of all the articles that a man wears on as many varying moods as the hat alone fully, freely and flexibly interprets his personality. Your suit is buttoned on, your collar is fastened on, your scarf is tied on, your hosiers is drawn on, your glove is squeezed on, your shoes is laced on, but your hat is put on.
Your hat, by its poise and pitch angle and droop, can be made to take on as many varying moods as the face underneath. A hat may look aristocratic or vulgar, serious or humorous, gloomy or cheerful, dignified or flippant, radical or conservative, frank or righteous, fresh or wilted, alive or dead—John David in The American Hat.

100 \$22 Kodaks for 100 Boy Scouts
New camera, new booklet, new accessory, new information—whatever can properly be called "the latest thing photographic," is here as a matter of course.
Now "the latest" is the big Eastman picture contest for Boy Scouts. The prizes are one hundred \$22 Kodaks. Complete information at our Kodak counter—of course.
Developing, printing and enlarging of the superior sort.
Eastman Kodak Co.
(The Robert Dempster Co.)
1813 Farnam St.
Branch Store
308 South 15th St.

WEDNESDAY EVE SPECIAL
FRIED HAM 35c
STEAK,
Country Gravy—Currant Jelly
French Fried Potatoes
Hotel Rome Cafeteria
Open 24 Hours Every Day
Here 54 Years
Andrew Murphy & Son
14th and Jackson St.

BANK STATEMENT Reserve District No. 10
REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
AT OMAHA, IN THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 30, 1924.
RESOURCES
Loans and discounts, including rediscunts \$6,370,285.51—\$ 8,370,285.51
Overdrafts, unsecured 19,038.94
U. S. Government securities owned:
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value) 50,000.00
All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any) 429,916.58— 479,916.58
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc. (par value) 100,000.00
Banking house 145,792.17
Real estate owned other than banking house 748,478.14
Items with Federal Reserve bank in process of collection (Cash in vault and amount due from national banks) 225,968.71
Amount due from State banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States (other than included in three preceding items) 920,158.09
Exchanges for clearing house 278,256.63
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than above item) 34,687.00
Total of five preceding items 2,814,600.48
Miscellaneous cash items 25,202.68— 2,839,803.16
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 2,500.00
Total \$12,928,948.98

LIABILITIES
Capital stock paid in \$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund 800,000.00
Undivided profits, including interest and taxes paid 231,924.81
Circulating notes outstanding 30,000.00
Amount due to national banks, bankers, and trust companies in the United States and foreign countries (other than above item) 1,545,748.25
Certified checks outstanding 18,000.25
Cashier's checks outstanding 170,558.19
Total of four preceding items \$2,667,440.50
Demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve (deposits payable within 30 days):
Individual deposits subject to check 7,919,210.68
Certificates of deposit (other than bank deposits) (other than for money borrowed) 127,990.61
Dividends unpaid 9,558.00
Total \$8,064,768.17
Time deposits subject to Reserve (payable after 30 days or subject to 30 days or more notice, and postal savings):
Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed) 59,971.58
Postal savings deposits 28,450.28
Total 88,422.86
Total \$12,928,948.98
State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
I, S. S. Kent, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
S. S. KENT, Cashier.
Correct—Attest:
FRED P. HAMILTON,
U. W. HAMILTON,
G. SAM ROGERS, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1924.
CHARLES M. FIXA, Notary Public.
(SEAL)