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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.

For sixteen days the democratic bosses wrangled and clashed at New York. The delegates on the floor thought they were doing it, but really it was done "in conference," behind closed doors. Nothing came out from that conference rooms the bosses did not want told, and little that there transpired has been disclosed beyond the fact that agreement was reached only after personal ambition had been thwarted, and aspirations long cherished had been blighted.

Now these bosses come to the front and assert with smiling faces they got what they wanted all the time. If this be true, McAdoo feels as much joy at the defeat of Al Smith as he does at the nomination of John W. Davis. Equally Smith is elated because he not only defeated McAdoo, but prevented the nomination of any man favored by his great rival. Underwood, Glass and others of the lesser lights have suppressed their feelings long enough to express pleasure at the outcome, and so the weary delegates make for home, bearing with them no uplifting reaction.

John W. Davis and Charles W. Bryan come forth from the cauldron into which was stirred a mixture as strange as that compounded by the hags who foretold for Macbeth his greatness but not his end. Hearst tossed in a veto of the League of Nations. Bryan contributed a straddle on the klan. Walsh provided oil to grease the gruel. So they came and went. Each in his dance around the kettle adding his own little pet ingredient, until indeed it was "thick and slab." Then, "Peace, the charm's wound up!" and they scatter to meet again, "when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won."

Day after day and hour after hour, until the struggle came to the pass of desperation, bosses backed and filled. Now, with hypocritical smiles, they assure the world that Davis was the man they looked to from the first. In very truth, Davis was the best man whose name was put before the convention. But William Jennings Bryan said he must not be nominated. William Randolph Hearst says he must not be elected.

What an outcome for a great national convention, seeking to place a candidate in nomination for the highest political office in the world! A travesty on the rites of Freedom, if ever one was enacted. Later on, the deluded followers of these dickering bosses will say with Macbeth:

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope."

It is sad, indeed, that a great political party, but lately full of vigor and holding power, led by one whose name filled all the world as a champion of human rights, should be thus torn and rent. That it is so can be ascribed only to the presence of the little men who set their hands upon a bow they could not bend.

Nebraska accepts the compliment of having its governor nominated for vice president in the spirit in which it was extended. Beginning with Walsh and proceeding on down through Meredith, Mr. Davis sought a mate until Bryan accepted. Not first choice, but last, taken on because the candidate must come from the west, according to the augurs. Charles W. Bryan has his name written on the history of the country, along with that of his more illustrious brother. A curbstone view of the situation is that he will be about as successful in the national campaign.

"The end of the trail," describes the party's predicament.

HAIL TO THE TUMBLE WEED.

Is the hair of the dog really good for the bite? Once this justly celebrated alibi was extremely popular among those who sought excuse for pouring a libation to Bacchus on arising. But the "morning's morning" is no longer a generally observed function, and a lot of things that were pleasant have accompanied it to that limbo from which abandoned customs seldom return. This does not answer the question.

Not so very many years ago the legislatures of South Dakota and Nebraska were passing laws, setting a bounty on the Russian thistle and affixing a penalty for letting it grow in or around one's premises. Some of us can remember the day when the "tumble weed," the alias for the Russian thistle, rolled or bounced in great freedom and unrestraint from one part of the prairie to another. It blew north today and south tomorrow, as the wind veered, halted only by the fence along the railroad tracks, building windrows miles in length and many feet in height, and scattering its seed with such prodigality as ensured its spread. It was a foe to be respected.

Sheep would eat the plant, but self-respecting steers, brought up on buffalo grass, would not touch it. Efforts to exterminate it have been partly successful, the fencing up of the range helping more than anything else. Now, what do we find? Men of science out, carefully collecting the pollen of the tumble weed, to use it as a specific for the relief of

hay fever, a disease caused by the pollen of the rag weed.

This seems to be the Hahneman principle, "Similia similibus curantur," perfectly applied. The hair of the dog is good for the bite, so the doctors say. Proving that a lot of old-timers were not so far wrong, after all.

WHERE IS ANOTHER MOSES?

Charley Bryan, the man of blood and iron who has for two years stood between the people of Nebraska and the octopi of "big business" seeking to devour them; the St. George who valiantly made gas attack upon the dragon of taxation; the watchdog of the treasury who barked at every approach—Charley, who beat time for every Harmony Club to sing by, is not again to lead the embattled hosts against the fiery foes that would destroy.

Woe is us, and bitter travail just ahead. Defenseless we must stand, awaiting the onslaughts of the hosts of Belial. Once more, in the hour of our fondest expectations, we are thrown to the ravening wolves of "big business" while our erstwhile champion seeks further afield.

Where is there such another Moses to lead our wandering feet through the wilderness of doubt and despair into the promised land of no taxation, everybody on the public payroll and once ravening wolves eating out of our hands as gently as the old family collie! Where, O where, may we find another so willing to bare his breast in defense of the common pee-pul? Where, we ask in accents that reveal the despair and hopelessness in our hearts, may we find such another to wield the scimitar of sophistry against the crushing hosts of greed that would feast and fatten upon our bones?

We Nebraskans are of all people most sacrificing and unselfish; but it is asking too much, much too much, to ask us to deprive ourselves of our only shield and buckler by giving Charley over to the nation at large. Deprived of his unselfish and gallant services we just feel it in our bones that the gasoline octopus will take a bite here, the road contractor a bite there, and the bridge contractor a bite somewhere else, and so on, until our well-picked bones lie white and glistening.

Ah, woe is us! Deserted by him whom we have recognized as our pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, we stand weeping, even as Rachel weeping for her first born, and there seems to be no balm in Gilead.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat;
Found the one gift of which Fortune beret us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

Unroll the sackcloth and distribute the ashes! Calamity hath indeed fallen upon us, and there is no succor from sorrow!

"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS."

Thomas Riley Marshall of Indiana, when vice president, said: "What this country needs is a good 5-cent cigar." Out of his facetious remark a great deal of moralizing was done at the time, but nothing ever came of it. Editor Kroh of the Ogallala News more than matches the Marshall epigram with this: "What this country needs is more people who are tired at night instead of in the morning."

In seventeen words we have one of the meekest sermons preached in a long time. The need of the country never was better expressed. The man who is tired at night, because he has done a day's work in the regular order of things, is the hero. "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose."

On the other hand, the man who is tired in the morning has not had sufficient rest. He spent the hours in pursuit of pleasure when he should have been in bed, storing up energy against another day of work.

That is all there is to it. We have no argument against the pursuit of pleasure, if that be not made the chief end of life. We cavil not at enjoyment rationally indulged. It is vitally needed, for man's life without some amusement along the way is too lopsided to be worth living. He must play, but he should not allow his play to overlap his equally vital obligation to do some work.

Strike a balance between the two. Arrange your program so that morning's call will find you rested and refreshed, and ready to take on the day's job, whatever it is. If evening finds you tired, it will be the fatigue of health, and not of dissipation. You may not play so long, but you will get more out of it. All will be better because you are tired at night and not in the morning.

Up to date nobody has proposed that the McAdoo forces be awarded a medal, such as went to the solid 306 who stood behind Grant in 1880. As Buck Kilgore remarked, "What are we here for?"

People who have not fully understood the phrase "peanut politics" may get a very clear understanding by reading the proceedings of the democratic national convention.

Now, we hold no brief for the rat, but what did he ever do that he has to be made the goat for boot-leg hootch?

Even a staid old mail plane, that only flies 90 miles an hour, can furnish a thrill when it meets a torrado.

The city tennis tourney is on and the weather man promises rain, showing how the team work still controls.

It is pretty hard to visualize a country successfully conducted by a bunch of self-confessed failures.

Sao Paulo does not propose to allow Brazil to become too intent on its other troubles.

Who can remember way back when "Pat" Harrison made his speech?

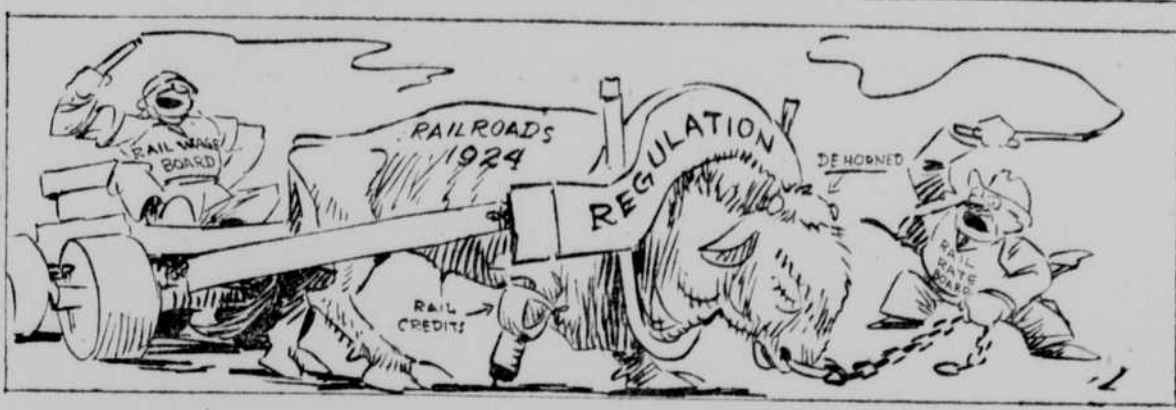
Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

GRATITUDE.

If vain delusion rules the land,
And life is grim and sin—
I can't, to save me, understand
Why men come flocking in:
Men from old England, ancient Spain,
From all of Europe's battered slope,
From the far eastern boundless main
Where beacons in the darkness glow.
Day after day my dream expands,
And fate is good and kind,
And to my half-reluctant hands
Come more than plagues and pain—
Goodness and grace and cheerfulness,
Kindness and snow-white bliss,
Oh, shallow words can not express
The richness of all this!
Ours is the name of them all
Unto the end of land and sea:
Here to the height men rise to fall
Into serene Eternity.
Ours is the dreamland of the earth—
The home of freedom, and the one
Great action when inherent worth
Is nourished by the rising sun.

If Battling Bob Really Must Fight Again Why Not Get a New Bull?



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Contributions of 200 words or less will be given preference.

The Puzzling Question.

Rapid City, S. D.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: There was never a special Creation. The scientists solemnly say. But Creation has gone on for millions of years and is still going on today. This theory they call Evolution, and they say the proof is at hand—That from a lowly and humble beginning we evolved up to be man. That once we were neighbors and cousins to the ugly gorilla and ape. That through the long process of Evolution from this condition we made our escape. We are glad a way was provided to escape from kinfolks like these. For we would hate to have to say cousin to things that live in the trees. We know it would be useless to argue about what the scientists say. For their answer would be—just bring forth your proof of a special Creation day. In spite of their words I believe it a garden in the land of somewhere. A man and a woman Created and its keeping left to their care. And then how the serpent beguiled them and to their lives brought sin and dismay. When they eat of the fruit that was forbidden and from the garden were driven away. And clear on down through the story until Mary came to the tomb. And found that the Christ was risen and a new faith to the world was born. But the Scientists say they are certain and can prove every word that they say— That Creation was by Evolution and is still going on today. And besides all the bones and fossils, the familiar cootie they take. And say he recognizes the kinship between man and his ancestral ape. They say he is perfectly happy in his home 'mid the hairs of the ape. And that when an opportunity is offered his abode on a man he will make. That in either case he is happy and as contented as he can be. That he surely recognizes the kinship or no such contentment would be. My dog is a wonderful creature—his antics of love are quite droll. When I take him out in the evening

and we go in the woods for a stroll. He will run far ahead in his hunting and then he will bound back to me. And, as I rest on some bank by the river he will lay with his head on my knee. And I cannot deny him his fondling. For I feel that it would be wrong if I know that my doggie is loyal and that his love for me is quite strong. But soon there is a biting and crawling and my joy and resting is gone. The fleas from my dog have crawled over and made my body their home. Now, this is where I am puzzled and why I hope the Scientists will be— Am I Evolved from doggies or is doggie Evolved from me? If there is no other relation than his fond devotion for me, Then how, in the name of Creation, account for the acts of the flea? He has no respect for my person and I know that my doggie is loyal and my clothes are disarranged in the scuffle as madly for him I search. If the cootie understands Evolution, and his evident wisdom you see— Then, in the name of tormented humanity, teach Evolution and science to the flea.

WANDERING JOE.

Encouraging Educators.
From the New York Evening Post.
If Dr. Buron, president of the Uni-

versity of Michigan, were to become vice president of the United States he would suffer a heavy reduction in salary. At present he receives \$24,000 a year plus a house, the upkeep of which is looked after by the university. As vice president he would receive \$12,000 a year and no house. His income, therefore, would be cut to less than half of what it is now. College students are not usually thought of as better off in this world's goods than politicians, but Dr. Buron is not the only one of his class to earn a living wage. Even the president of so little known an insti-

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

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

We can call up from the dim and distant past recollections of the time when we bought a pretty good nickel cigar from Charley Bryan, the scene of the performance being Fifteenth and Dodge. Charley really delivered the goods in those days.

We have read and re-read both the republican and democratic platforms. Both have the usual amount of pish-tush and inconsequential bunk. But the democratic platform is guilty of one fatal omission. Mr. Bryan, who seemed able to get into the platform anything he wanted, somehow or other failed to commit the party to fundamentalism or take a crack at Darwinism.

Now that the candidates have been named and the issues joined, we again announce that it will be futile to endeavor to get us all hot up about the situation. Our last rather garment has been sent for politicians. We have laid the political lew-ging aside and deliberately rent the taut head of the to-morrow. The only subject that will attract our attentive ear is the location of some reasonably good fishing spot within easy distance of the cubicle in which we make pretense of carrying the daily bread for a family whose collective appetite has Jonah's gourd backed off the boards for rapid growth, and the everlasting rocks into the also ran class for permanency.

Three times has Nebraska supplied a great party with its candidate for president. And now, all in one campaign, it supplies four parties with candidates for the vice presidency. Roy Harrop being two of 'em. It is going to be easy to stand up for Nebraska in the coming campaign.

The Omaha bride who refused to kiss her husband was well within her rights. She probably knew him better than anybody else knew him.

We suggest to some aspiring politician right here in Omaha that he announce his candidacy for some high office on a platform pledging himself to completely clothe the station at the corner of Seventeenth and Dodge, initially known as the Medical Arts building.

Our old friend, Harry Fleeharty, emulating Martin Chuzzlewit, came out strong under adversity. Unable for some reason to us unknown to nominate Brother Charley for president, he bobbed up at the last minute and nominated Brother Charley for vice president. Undoubtedly it was Harry's melodious voice and convincing oratory that put the Nebraskan over.

Nebraska Limerick.

A polished doped man down in Lincoln
Of high federal office kept thincloin.
When their loud songs of praise
His appointees now raise,
'Tis hard to do so without winclin.

Again we cannot refrain from referring to politics, although repeatedly warned against doing so. In 1904 Cassaway Davis was the tall of the democratic ticket. Now a Davis is the head of the ticket, but due provision has been made for the cast away in second place.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

tion as the University of Washing- 3,400 tons? Doing nothing, indeed.— ton receives about \$18,000. The Uni- Boston Transcript.

A Heavy Worker.

"How can you spend your time doing nothing?" Do you realize that the work performed by the mental processes of the human body every 24 hours amounts to lifting

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Abe Martin



TH Little Gem Restaurant is adding a fine line o' drugs. Mrs. Tippit Bud's brother has been rich almost five years an' it's still fun t' watch him. (Copyright, 1924.)