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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

DISCORDANT NOTE IN HARMONY CHORUS.

Somebody is off the key in the once boasted Harmony Chorus of Nebraska democracy. But two short years ago the Harmony Clubs of democratic membership were melliflously murmuring their entrancing barber shop chorus, while W. J. B. and brother C. W. B. were humming the refrain from the other edges, their fingers crossed to be sure, and now then a false note just to notify of their presence.

But harmony was the keynote and the gubernatorial chair the reward for sweet music scattered broadcast. That was two years ago.

Now we have it from the organ of the harmonizers that somebody is insisting on singing "Departed Days" while the bunch wants to harmonize on "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

W. J. B., who was so strenuously for harmony when it meant the governorship for C. W. B., jumps into the chorus and hits high C in five sharps, while the other fellows are trying to sing sharp in C natural. We may not have the musical diagnosis just right, but we do know that it does not require a musical ear to distinguish the lack of harmony in the Nebraska democratic chorus.

Two years ago harmony meant a better chance for Brother Charley's election, while at the same time affording an opportunity to wield the Bryan sickle under cover of darkness and upon the political person of the man to whom the Bryans owe more in a political way than they could ever repay were they disposed ever to repay those who sacrificed and worked for the Bryan advancement. One side of the Harmony Club is elected governor by 50,000, while the other side is defeated for senator by 80,000. That exemplifies the Bryan idea of democratic harmony. It was again exemplified at New York when William J. Bryan, a delegate from Florida, steps over into the Nebraska delegation and issues his order that Nebraska must not cast its vote for a favorite son unless that favorite son happens to be his own favorite brother. And as per usual Nebraska democrats abandon their favorite key and pitch their voices in harmony with the voice of W. J. B.

Nebraska democrats of the common or garden variety will be allowed to sing tenor or barytone, but don't let them forget for a minute that the Brothers Bryan will attend to the rendition of the bass. In that way only is it possible to recruit successful Harmony Clubs.

"Where is the harmony of yesterday? The winds have blown it all away."

IT WOULDN'T HURT A BIT.

Grandmother was very straightlaced in her ideas and she would not fit in at all in these modern days. She rode a sidesaddle with long skirts, and even a divided skirt and a man's saddle would have shocked her sense of propriety. She used a lot of powder and an occasional "beauty patch," to be sure, but she applied both in the secrecy of her boudoir. She blushed at any reference to sex, and when she danced she did so most modestly and with fairylike grace.

Of course grandmother was prudish, and entirely too humble. She wasn't emancipated. Her kingdom was bounded by the walls of her home. Her chief ambition was to be a good wife and mother, and as a housekeeper she shone.

It is different now, and most of us rejoice over a majority of the points of difference.

But it wouldn't hurt a bit if in these latter days we could see more of the sweet wholesomeness that grandmother had; more of her shyness and modesty; more of her influence for good; more of her willingness to sacrifice for her loved ones; more of her pride in the art of homemaking and housekeeping. Grandmother did not reveal her charms quite so freely as those who have come after her, but those who did reveal were the charms of maidenly modesty, interest in good works, helpfulness to those she loved, and willingness to shine in the reflected glory of those dearer to her than life itself.

It wouldn't hurt a bit to have a revival of the remaining influences that grandmother spread all about her. It wouldn't hurt a bit if the young folks of today showed a tithe of respect for their elders that grandmother showed when she was a girl.

In fact, it wouldn't hurt a bit if there was more of parental responsibility and youthful obedience, such as existed in the far gone days when grandmother was a girl.

LET US GET THIS SETTLED.

While the war was yet young a very interesting point was raised in the courts of Germany. It involved the law of property, as relating to the ownership of a certain bullet. The surgeon who extracted the bullet from the body of the wounded soldier claimed it under treasure trove. On the other hand, the soldier set up that the original owner of the bullet relinquished all claim of ownership to it when he released it in the general direction it took. Having lodged on his person, time passed to him. So the court ruled, and the doctor was required to return the bullet to his patient.

Some Omaha judge may get a chance to decide a point as interesting. A tarantula, concealed in a

Those Cyclones Do Play the Queerest Tricks



"From State and Nation" —Editorials from Other Newspapers—

La Follette's Candidacy.

Wherever La Follette is, a political party walks under his hat. He is the party. The only way La Follette could be a republican would be to have the republican party become La Follette. It needs merely an announcement. La Follette and a typewriter constitute a convention.

He may create a situation of which the consequences may be entirely out of proportion to the voting strength he develops. The country may not get a president from the electoral college, and possibly not from the house of representatives. That is looking at the worst side. We hope it can be avoided, and if people generally know what is good for them it will be.

La Follette is a candidate upon the assumption that the country is enslaved. He says that the few are seizing wealth at the expense of the many. It is an assumption that the emancipated millions of American citizens are hunting crusts and binding their wounds. His declarations reached the people when half of them were off on a three-day vacation in their cars, cashing in on their share of the general well being in a country which has a larger luxury consumption than all the rest of the world.

The American people regard luxuries as necessities. They may find out in large numbers what necessities really are. La Follette describes a starving nation to the people of a land whose prosperity makes the people of other lands mad. He denies sympathy for the reds.

Even worse against communism and the dictatorship of the proletariat, but he takes their assumptions as to conditions, and as he begins where they begin they will laugh at his conclusions. They have a right to. If the government of the United States is controlled by a few monopolists, who pick the pockets of the citizens and drive them into wars to fatten on their dead, any violence of revolution would be justified to stop it.

Abe Martin



There must be lots of money in Dixie, fer it's gittin' somebody goes south every day. We read in the "Social and Financial" column of the Weekly Slip Horn that Mrs. Lon Moots gits ole family home and \$5 a week, an' her husband gits th' other woman. (Copyright, 1924)

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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public (Seal)

The Setback of General Smuts.

Gen. Jan Christian Smuts is the latest victim of the exigencies and anomalies of partisan politics. The distinguished leader of the South African Union has been dislodged from the premiership as the result of a general election in which a coalition of nationalists and laborites had the better of the Smuts party. More than that, he has been defeated for reelection to parliament by a labor candidate.

A man of singular ability and force has thus been relegated to the status of a private citizen for the first time in many years, but it seems very improbable that he will remain long as such. The coalition that downed him has little in common save its sheer desire to rid the country of him as leader. The nationalists were moved to their opposition mainly by the desire that obviates them to sever the tie that binds them to the imperial family. The labor party held him to blame for high taxation, for unemployment and for other conditions that enter into an unfavorable economic situation.

The party with which General Smuts is aligned is still more numerous in the government than any other party. There seems little prospect that the nationalist and labor parties will be able to continue in effective team work for long. They have their differences that are not likely to be reconciled, hence the probability that General Smuts will regain the lost ground of this election and again become chief architect of the affairs of the Union. He is only 54 years old, and he has not lost the fighting spirit which he showed in the Boer wars.

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MEINHARDT, WELL KNOWN IN THIS SPECIALTY, CALLED TO OMAHA.

E. J. Meinhardt, the well known expert from Chicago, will personally be at the Fontenelle Hotel, Omaha, Neb., on Monday only, July 14th.

Mr. Meinhardt says "The Vacuum Rupture Shield" will not only hold the opening in ten days on the average case—usually giving instantaneous relief withstanding all strain regardless of the size and location of the Rupture. This instrument is highly indured for producing results in the United States and foreign countries without the use of surgery, medicinal treatment, prescriptions or injections.

Caution: Ruptured persons should beware of old-style trusses with understraps. These trusses usually pinch the pad on the lump and not on the rupture opening. This often causes serious trouble resulting in strangulation and necessitating a surgical operation. Dr. Meinhardt will gladly demonstrate free to all who call at the hotel from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., the unusually rapid recovery produced by "The Vacuum Shield." The largest and most difficult cases are especially desired.

Only gentlemen are invited to call on the above date, as a special visit will be made here at a later date for women and children.

Notice: Do not write asking to be fitted by mail, as this is impossible. Every case must be seen personally. If interested, you must call at this hotel on the above date. Business demands prevent stopping at any other place in this section.

Advertisement for SSS (The World's Best) Rheumatism medicine, featuring a man in a uniform and the text "My Rheumatism is gone - THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains, and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood-cells had the effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I began using S. S. S. Today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more. S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly." S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Call a Theater

THE MAN I BLAME.

A wage slave I, beneath the heel Of grasping greed for sordid gold; One victim in a common weal Of men bowed down since days of old. That I've no surplus laid away, And ruined my hopes of added pelf, I'd like to bust his nose, but hate To do it—it would hurt myself.

I know the man who bends my back To irksome toil each added day; The man whose fault it is, alas, I know, That I've no surplus laid away. 'Tis he alone who is to blame That I've no store of added pelf, I'd heap harsh curses on his name, And when a steer wasn't considered worth a horn spread of at least five feet.

There is a man who blocked my way Toward the hoped for golden goal; The man responsible today For my predicament, I'm told. That I'm in a financial hole, Moon as I may, and rail at fate, Or curse at losing in life's game, 'Tis solemn fact I here must state— The I alone who am to blame.

We note with regret that our old army comrade and college chump, Col. Tom Powers, formerly of Torrington, Wyo., now of Bullifornia, has been relegated to second place in the recent national liars' contest. All we have to say in this connection is that the man who beat Colonel Tom for first place must be one whole of a prevaricator.

Either the world do move or we are growing old. We can remember when Nebraska farmers were afraid of alfalfa because it was poisonous and fatally bloated livestock; when there was a law against Russian thistles, and when sweet clover was considered a noxious weed. We can also remember when winter wheat wouldn't thrive in Nebraska according to the experts, and when a steer wasn't considered worth feeding unless it had a horn spread of at least five feet.

We have heard so much about the merits of the so-called Dawes pipe that we are constrained to admit a willingness to accept one with the compliments of General Dawes, provided the gentle hint of our willingness reaches the general when he is feeling in a generous mood.

Life imprisonment, if you please, for the fiend who tosses his cigar stubs from the office window.

The heights by brothers reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Worked politics with all their might. —After Longfellow, a Long Way.

Our idea of an optimist is a man who lists his automobile as an asset instead of a liability. WILL M. MAUPIN.

government need be greatly worried over the result of this election. Its fortuitous aspects are too conspicuous for that. There is likely to be a different tale to tell when the economic stress lightens. Meanwhile the unionists of South Africa feel that they have in reserve a strong courageous man who, though pledged since 1919 to the Wilson principle of self-determination, believes that it is the wise thing to remain in the commonwealth.

General Smuts' fame is as secure as that of Clemenceau of France, or Wilson of America, or Lloyd George of Great Britain, and more so than that of Orlando of Italy. Mr. Wilson has passed from earthly scenes. The others long ago experienced the setback which now comes to Smuts. The South African general is credited with writing most of the covenant of nations, but he sharply disapproved of the treaty of Versailles. He was a member of the imperial war council, he sat at the peace tables in Paris, and he played his part in the Irish controversy, being instrumental in inducing De Valera to carry his case to Downing street.

Modern Witch Finders. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the days of Cotton Mather and for centuries previous, certain persons made an unenviable living by discovering the signs of witchcraft in suspected victims, usually old women. And a favorite method of seeking for signs of guilt was to prick the body with pins, the finding of insensible spots being taken as evidence that the devil was protecting his servant.

Today the alienists, for the purpose of saving life, holding that the

endocrine glands or other bodily organs are the real devil, flock to the apparently abnormal criminal, eager to make any and all tests to discover these devils. The Franks murder case is bringing them to Chicago from all over the country. Sheriff Hoffman, in charge of Leopold and Loeb, is puzzled by their maneuvers. He is quoted as saying that "an army of crazy men are around trying to make two sane boys as crazy as themselves."

The "crazes" are tested with an instrument called the metabolometer; they are asked a thousand questions, made to hop on one foot and then the other, lights are flashed in their eyes and searching, prying fingers go over their bodies, causing them to find signs of abnormality.

If it be true that over-development or under-development of one or more glands, an excess of carbon monoxide or a lack of oxygen, or any other material derangement causes human beings to commit crime, these scientists will sooner or later produce the proof. And then, what, if anything, will be left of moral responsibility.

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