

# THE OMAHA BEE

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## blues up and down through the length and breadth of Nebraska, and prices start going up.

About the only regret anybody will feel is that the corn that was sold last fall is not here to be sold again. The government estimate is that the yield this year will be around 179,000,000 bushels, which is some corn. With corn at 90 cents and hogs at \$10, the calamity howlers will have a hard time getting much attention from the farmer.

### HEARST KICKS THE DONKEY.

It is really too bad. In fact it is little short of heartrending. Just look at it for a minute. The democratic party swapped its cherished traditions for the mess of pottage proffered by Mr. Hearst. The saturnine visage of Hearst loomed before the convention. His journalistic voice boomed forth in no uncertain terms, "Throw the League of Nations to the sharks and I'll be with you. Hang on to it and suffer my anathema."

So the vision of Woodrow Wilson was dissipated by the desire to win at whatever sacrifice. Principle? Oh well, "winning is not wicked." Overboard went the League of Nations, buoyed up only by a leaking lifeboat labeled Referendum. Democracy groveled at the feet of Hearst, saying, "Behold, master, it is done, even as thou hast demanded."

Now, cruelly Hearst turns to aid with his journalistic toe spurs those who so humbly performed his bidding.

Jumping through the hoop Hearst held aloft, crucifying the memory of their but newly dead leader to win the Hearst favor, and then—nominating a candidate known to be heart and soul for the League. So it has come to pass—democracy now sees itself denied, jeered and flouted by the man it gave so much to placate.

Witness the following from Mr. Hearst's Chicago newspaper of July 10:

"New York, July 9.—The New York American, in an early edition Tuesday night, exclusively gave information to the delegates at the democratic national convention and to the city that Governor Alfred E. Smith and William G. McAdoo had met privately in a room at the Ritz-Carlton hotel Tuesday, and that this room was in the apartment of Lewis Nixon, a friend of Governor Smith. Nixon, it was explained, had once been appointed public service commissioner by Governor Smith.

"The American's announcement of the secret meeting caused a sensation among the delegates, and in its next edition the American made the further exclusive announcement that 'At the Ritz conference it was decided that Smith and McAdoo retire in favor of some candidate, who was agreed upon. It was stated that it was to be John W. Davis of the J. P. Morgan company.'

"Before midnight Tuesday both McAdoo and Smith had admitted their private conference. Today J. W. Davis was actually nominated.

"These facts were given to the New York American Tuesday night by William Randolph Hearst, who had secured accurate information that the conference had been held and of just what the conference proposed to do.

"The proceedings of the convention have shown clearly that the deal was made as stated—Mr. Davis has been nominated as stated.

"The J. P. Morgan interests had brought about the meeting in the apartment of Lewis Nixon, who, it will be remembered, was appointed by Governor Smith in his first term as transit commissioner to put over the 5-cent fare in this city for the Morgan interests.

"In fact, the meeting might almost be said to have been held in the Morgan offices.

"When the New York World asked Mr. Hearst's opinion more than a year ago upon the desirability of holding the democratic convention in New York city Mr. Hearst replied as follows:

"In answering your kind query, let me say that I think it would at least be an appropriate thing to bring the national democratic convention to New York.

"The present prospects are that the national democratic convention will be dominated by Tammany and Wall Street.

"Therefore, what more suitable than to hold the convention in the city where those two practical and piratical forces abide and operate?

"Consider the convenience of such an arrangement for everybody. Governor Schmoos could keep one hand on the political pulse while the other was extended in benevolent protection of the traction and transportation companies of the private water power monopolies.

"J. Pierpont Morgan could issue orders to his Tammany agents while keeping in close cable touch with the English government, which utilizes him.

"By all means have the democratic convention in New York—and let us hold it in Tammany Hall, or in the New York Central station, or in the spacious offices of Banker Morgan under the smiling portrait of King George.

"Events have clearly shown the accuracy of the prediction."

There is much moaning by "Pat" Harrison and other strategists who framed the sale to Hearst. But moaning is of no avail. Out into the storm goes the erring one, hugging to her bosom that which she purchased at the price of her soul. And the villain still pursues her.

"This is Hearst's pet term, used to name Governor Al Smith.

Thomas J. Walsh is what the Scots mean when they say "canny." He would rather have a reasonable prospect of being elected senator than take a decidedly uncertain chance at being chosen vice president.

The United States Department of Agriculture promises Nebraska corn to the extent of 179,000,000 bushels, which does not sound much like a crop failure.

The boy didn't know it was loaded, but his companion found it out. That death did not ensue was due to chance alone. Why not disarm the youngsters?

Finland may not be much in a political or industrial way, but some fine Olympic athletes come from there.

Took Mr. McAdoo a long time to find it out, but the news that he could not win finally got around to him.

The democratic party, says Jay House, loses a lot of elections, but it never disintegrates.

"Vic" Berger says he is not afraid of "Gene" Debs. What does that prove?

See what happened just as Dan Stephens headed for home.

## The Grasshopper Plague May Prove a Mild Visitation by Comparison



## Letters From Our Readers

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

### About American Poverty.

Omaha.—To the Editor of the Omaha Bee: Apropos of your editorial, "Not a Poverty-Stricken People," I hope you are correct, yet the facts do not bear you out. Now, Webster's definition of poverty is "the state of being poor." My contention is that the majority of the people of the United States are poor. I, e., have little or no means. If you will go to the records which have been compiled on this subject, you will find that it is true that the overwhelming bulk of the nation's wealth is concentrated in the hands of the very few.

Now for what you say about "Bob" La Follette. You credit La Follette with saying: "The millions at work on the farms, in the mines, in transportation, in the factories and shops and stores, with all their industry and savings, find themselves poorer at the end of the year than at the beginning."

Again I refer you to the records, from which you will find that it is a fact that the masses of the people have been growing poorer and poorer each year. Isn't it a fact that the industrial workers are finding it harder to make a living now than some years ago? And isn't it a fact that the farmer is in a more precarious position than he was some time ago?

It is true that La Follette's statement "has been used" before and that "it lacks the element of novelty," just what La Follette wanted it to lack. If you are opposed to La Follette because he is lacking in the element of novelty, your point is well taken. But if your opposition is based upon the ground that what he says lacks common sense, you will have to find some new and better argument.

Yes, there are millions of happy homes owned by their occupants, but many times more millions who have to scrape to pay the rent. There are more automobiles, more electric washers, more hair curlers, more movies than there were in the times of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, to be sure. There are also more flying machines. The reason for there being more of these things is not that the people are in possession of more of the world's goods. It is because these things were nonexistent at those times. And the percentage of the wealth of the nation owned by the people is becoming less and less.

This condition is due to the existence of special privilege. La Follette proposes to eliminate this special privilege, and whether he succeeds or not, "fighting Bob" cannot be dismissed by calling him a socialist, or by saying we not poverty-stricken, or by saying that average man only gets three meals a day.

### Abe Martin

HE FACED THE GRIM INEVITABLE; HE STOOD A GRAY-HAIRED VETERAN 'MIDST APPALLING STRIFE; BEHIND HIM LAY THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE— INCENTIVE'S PRIZE AND ACHIEVEMENT'S WALL; SADLY HE SAW HOPE'S SWIFTLY CRUMBLING WALL; HE HEARD THE CRASH, AND RECKONED FULL ITS COST— WITH HAVOC'S SUDDEN FUROR ALL WAS LOST— LIKE LEAVES IN AUTUMN FROM CATALPA FALL.

Our lives are measured by the things we leave,— He said unto himself. While yet he might Have taken his declining years to grieve, There flamed the embers of Hope's vanished light,— And from the ruin of his toil the wings Of Faith bore him aloft to better things.

—(Copyright, 1924.)

## LISTENING IN

On the Nebraska Press

The Norfolk Press wants a bright girl, who can spell, write intelligent English and like people, to act as reporter. And the information is given that there is no objection to bobbed hair if there are brains under the hair.

Allen May of the Auburn Herald is getting old. He says he can remember the time a boy yearned to be 21 so he could vote. "But now," mourns Allan, "he yearns to be 21 so he can drop in at the drug store and buy a package of cigarettes."

The Beaver City Tribune knows a few business men who get out a calendar once a year and tell you that advertising doesn't pay "because they've tried it."

Editor Alden of the York Republican, said in his issue of July 3, "By the time this issue reaches the readers of this newspaper the democrats will have named their national ticket." But, of course, Joe sent the old Republican out on time anyhow.

Noting that the Smith men yelled "oil" at the McAdoo men, and that the McAdoo men retorted by yelling "booze" at the Smith men, the Shelton Clipper remarks that the two fluids have got a lot of men into trouble.

Dan Webster of the St. Paul Phonograph makes pretense of being a great sufferer. If he attends the summer meeting of the press association at Omaha we'll challenge him to a multiple contest, where he has some show of winning.

The Humble Cabbage. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Should the history of the cabbage ever be written, it may prove to be unexpectedly thrilling. Remarkable facts concerning that humble vegetable has been discovered by Prof. Reginald Gates, the botanist. Cabbages, kales, cauliflowers and

# SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Colia Thayer

It is entirely proper and right that the delegates to the recent New York convention be praised for their devotedness to the task in hand. There was a difficult task. They worked hard. They perspired and cheered and paraded. They schemed and submitted to the dictation of bosses. They spent long and weary hours on the job. But we are reserving our cheers for the boys in the press section.

Having had some experience in reporting long drawn-out conventions, we know the difficulties of the job. But never have we been called upon to work for two weeks on one convention. Fourteen days and nights of it was a real task. Delegates had an opportunity to rest or take recreation. Not so the reporters. They had to make sure they missed nothing of interest to the readers of their newspapers. At any time after the sixth or eighth ballot the convention could have solved all its problems as to candidates by picking a couple of reporters from the press section and letting it go at that.

When we were a boy we had to wait until the circus made its annual visit to get an eyeful of ground and lofty tumbling. Now we have two chances instead of one. If we miss the circus we can always depend on a fine exhibition in politics. We know of one leading politician who began turning aerial somersaults the minute he hit New York three weeks ago, and has hasn't yet touched the ground.

Mars will be only 35,000,000 miles away on July 25. We know of several auto drivers who think they could make it in eight or nine hours.

Truly the country is going to the bow-wows, and the "workingman" is being ground into the dust. Some repairs being needed on the apartment where we are privileged to accept dictation from divers and sundry of the family, we suggested the same to a kindly disposed landlord. The interior decorator who came up to make preliminary estimates arrived in a shiny five-passenger car; the plumber drove up in a roadster that seemed capable of doing 75 an hour without straining. Every morning as we went "Shank's Mare" to work our way to tall toy, we have to wait on a couple of corners while an interminable line of autos whizzes past. Pausing at the corner of Twenty-sixth and Harney, on our way home in the evening we can see from that summit for half-mile in either direction, and within that mile are more automobiles than were in all Nebraska a short twenty years ago. If we are late at our favorite movie house we have to stand around until some seats are vacated. Clearly something must be done to ameliorate present conditions. We suggest the Passing of Some Laws. Boy! page "Bob" La Follette.

If any genius has invented a muffer that is guaranteed to work satisfactorily on a couple of small boys, we are in the market as a purchaser.

The noise and din having died down, second thoughts bring the conclusion that between Pat's index and his fins there was a considerable discrepancy.

The indications are that in a few short weeks we will be the only salaried man in Nebraska who can boast of being without an automobile. WILL M. MAUPIN.

## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### PRIMARIES AND CONVENTIONS.

Many weeks before the republican convention met at Cleveland it was known that Calvin Coolidge would be the nominee. State after state by popular vote or through a representative convention had instructed its delegates to vote for Coolidge. When the convention met, the roll call disclosed an all but unanimous vote for Coolidge. Only six out of 1,104 delegates voting disregarded their instructions. These were from North Dakota. Twenty-eight Wisconsin delegates under instruction voted for La Follette, and one for Coolidge. Ten delegates from South Dakota, under instruction, voted for Johnson. These latter had been released by Johnson. They felt themselves bound, however, in loyalty and duty to follow the wishes of the voters as shown by the primary election.

Because the republican national convention, conscious of its responsibility and with a proper sense of its dignity, proceeded in an orderly manner to discharge its function, it has been derided. "Boss-ridden" is the mildest epithet that could be applied for a few days by democrats. The derision, too came from those who boasted of their superior freedom and capacity for self-expression. Let us step over to Madison Square Garden and see what took place.

There, amid noise and shouting, the tumult of a good natured, disorderly mob, the great gathering of democrats lighted its council fires on June 24. On July 9, two weeks and two days later, worn out with the stress and turmoil, sullen and disheartened, these delegates kicked the ashes of those council fires, and wearily abandoned the scene of their discomfiture.

A ticket had been nominated. Was the selection that of the men and women sent there in the name of the party? Or was it chosen by "the boys in the back room"? What became of primary instructions? What voice did the democrats of Nebraska have in the selection of John W. Davis of West Virginia? Nebraska gave its approval to McAdoo. It began its voting for C. W. Bryan, and then went all over the map. Despite the fact that the popular expression at the primary was for McAdoo. States that cast their votes for McAdoo represent 257 votes in the electoral college, within nine of enough to elect. But Tammany said, "He shall not pass!" So did Teggart, so did Brennan. And McAdoo did not pass.

When it was seen that the case was hopeless, and the McAdoo votes were released, the bosses sought his successor. "Nobody favored by McAdoo," came the answer from the Al Smith crowd. The man who went into the battle with popular approval came out entirely undone by the bosses.

All the beating of tomtoms and leaping around the ring that will come with the campaign will not obscure the contrast between the two conventions. At Cleveland the will of the republican voters was freely regarded and firmly fixed in the ticket and the platform. At New York the choice of the people was swept aside by the bosses. A candidate who had not been endorsed outside his own state was selected. A candidate who had failed to receive approval in his home state was put on in second place. It would seem the democratic party is in more or less trouble when it comes to telling of the glories of the direct primaries. They didn't give it much weight at New York.

### ONE SURE CURE FOR BANDITRY.

Charles E. Wagner set an example for others, which may not be generally followed, although it surely will have commendation from all. He opened fire on a pair of bandits when ordered to "stick 'em up." To bad his marksmanship was not equal to his spirit.

There is not a trace of the hero in the thief, for he takes no chance he possibly can evade.

Now and then someone like Mr. Wagner thinks quickly. Then the thieves flee swiftly. Or, as in the affair at the Head home lately, the watchman shoots very straight, and the robber remains, because he can not get away.

### SAD DAYS FOR CREPE HANGERS.

One hundred and twenty-one thousand hogs registered at Mr. Everett Buckingham's hotel for live stock between Monday morning and Saturday evening. Just an average of 20,000 head a day. Nearly all were disposed of before the sun went down Saturday, and at prices that were steadily advancing. First allegation will be that corn is scarce and high. That is so, but not to the extent of famine. A considerable quantity of corn still is held in the cribs of the state, for Nebraska has its biggest crop last year. Price is going up, and has been for weeks, so the man who owns corn has been encouraged to believe he could get more out of it as corn than he could as pork. This has started the pigs to market in something of a hurry.

Now, the price of pigs is going up, and a Chicago man who ought to know what he is talking about says he can see the \$10 hog not very far ahead. All this happens just when the crepe hangers were set for a nice summer of calamity howling. La Follette and his cohorts are all ready to sing the

## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davie

**FAITH.**  
He faced the grim inevitable; he stood A gray-haired veteran 'midst appalling strife; Behind him lay the best years of his life— Incentive's prize and Achievement's wall; Sadly he saw Hope's swiftly crumbling wall; He heard the crash, and reckoned full its cost— With havoc's sudden furor all was lost— Like leaves in autumn from catalpa fall.

Our lives are measured by the things we leave,— He said unto himself. While yet he might Have taken his declining years to grieve, There flamed the embers of Hope's vanished light,— And from the ruin of his toil the wings Of Faith bore him aloft to better things.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.  
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(Seal) W. QUIVERY, Notary Public

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