

Ford, McAdoo Divide Favor of Democrats

Popular Call Heard for Flivver Maker as Presidential Candidate — Wilson May Be Power.

(Continued From Page One.)
nearer 200 than 400. It is also the greater probability that the seasoned political leaders who will dominate the convention and for the most part compose it will be able to keep Ford from getting the prize. It must always be remembered that there is a rule in democratic conventions which makes it necessary for a nominee to get two-thirds of the whole number in order to win. This is the same as saying that one-third of the number of delegates, if they are held together under able leadership, are always able to exercise a veto on the nomination of any one man. Incidentally, this is a condition which is going to work to the disadvantage of McAdoo as well as of Ford, although it will be a more serious handicap to Ford than to McAdoo.

His Party Politics in Doubt.

One of the things which the more orthodox democratic leaders will be sure to look into well is the question whether Ford really is a democrat or not. Ford himself probably doesn't care much. Also, probably many of the Ford fanatics among the people don't care much. But there is always a section of every party who regard orthodoxy of theory and practice as a serious matter, and this group is large enough to make an appeal to its prejudice effective. Nobody seems to know, and a good many of the democratic leaders would like to know, just how Ford has voted in the 10 presidential elections that have been held since he became 21. Some who have already been looking into it report that Ford's wife and son seem to have decidedly republican leanings and a tendency to prefer that if Ford is to take any part in national politics at all it should be as a republican rather than as a democrat. However, the politicians realize perfectly well that Ford is so individual a person, one so given to going his own gait, to "thinking across lots," as he once expressed it, that he doesn't pay much attention to party lines.

Might Have His Own Party.

Politicians, feeling this way about Ford's idiosyncrasies, number among their apprehensions the fear that he may run in the primaries of both parties and figure in both conventions. One of these leaders, surveying the possibilities, says that Ford may first go into the republican convention, make a showing there and gather up a certain amount of republican following, which following, by a familiar law of human psychology, would tend to stay with him all the more closely through his subsequent fortunes. The next step in this specious course would be for Ford to go into the democratic convention. If he should again fall in the democratic convention, the assumption is that he might organize and lead a third party and carry with him his republican and democratic followings into it. All-in-all, the activities in Ford's behalf and the apprehensions about things that Ford himself may do, if he should personally throw his energy and his resources into the situation, constitute a good deal of the politician's thought.

Campaigning Assets.

In addition to the familiar reasons for interest in Ford, his making of a useful and familiar article at an astonishingly low price, his reputation for paying higher wages to his workers than do his competitors, his experience as the successful operator of a railroad which has not only made a profit but has also made a name for himself, his concentration on his own traffic on his own road, and his occasional pungent utterances about various public matters, a recent reason figuring in the popular mind is the feeling that he is being made a martyr of in the matter of Muscle Shoals. This is not the place for any sufficient statement of facts to show whether congress and the government have done wisely or unwisely in refusing to, so far, let Ford have Muscle Shoals. The writer has seen a curious story about this episode of Ford and Muscle Shoals. It is to the effect that the offer which Ford made to the government is really a better offer than he ought to have made, and that from the purely business point of view he would now be relieved rather than otherwise if Muscle Shoals should be refused to him permanently.

Could Work Muscle Shoals.

The story is that Ford's interest in Muscle Shoals did not arise within himself at all, but that it was brought to his attention by some of the army officers who are now in charge of the plant and who wanted to see it developed in the name of private interests. The matter being brought to Ford's attention, he made an offer for it which subsequent examination showed to be rather less than his advantage than was at first realized. Undoubtedly Ford could make fertilizer at Muscle Shoals and sell it rather more advantageously than anybody else, for the reason that he already has in existence the agencies for the distribution of fertilizer. Ford has literally thousands of agents throughout the country and probably tens of thousands of men selling his present products to the farmers. He could add fertilizer to these products practically without any addition to his overhead costs.

Age Against Ralston.

One of the men frequently mentioned as likely to be added to the list of democratic presidential possibilities—or, in another alternative, likely to figure as a dark horse in a convention deadlock—is the newly-elected senator from Indiana, Samuel Ralston. Ralston's equipment is based, in the talk of his advocates, on his excellent record as governor when he was governor of Indiana; his immediate availability is based on his proved capacity to carry one of the important doubtful states. An objection which thoughtful persons will raise to Ralston is his age. He was born December 1, 1857. On December 1 of this year he will be 62 years old. If he should be elected he would be within eight months of 63 on the day of his inauguration and approaching 72 when he should come to end his

When a Feller Needs a Friend

By Briggs



"THERE SHE SAT ONLY YESTERDAY - TODAY ILL, PERHAPS TO CROAK AND I WON'T SEE MY LITTLE GLADYS EVER AGAIN."

term. Persons who realize the immensely increased burden of work on the president, a burden which congress increases "every day in every way," have come to attach weight to sheer physical fitness as one of the equipments for the presidency.

Party Rift on McAdoo.

One of the conditions which make it less possible for the democrats to get the best advantage of situations which break favorably for them lies in the deep cleavage between some of the leaders who are McAdoo men and some others who are violently anti-McAdoo. There are, of course, many leaders who have a detached point of view toward all the candidates and are merely interested in getting the man who can make the best possible run. But there is a group of "old guard" leaders who hated Wilson and hate McAdoo because of his relation to Wilson. With these the first thought is to keep McAdoo out. In the same way there are some leaders who were either associated with McAdoo when he was secretary of the treasury or for other reasons have acquired a strong attachment for him. Between these groups there is a cleavage and an intensity of feeling which affects the whole party organization. Of the officials of the democratic national committee there are two whose relations are affected by this view. One of the two is a bitter anti-McAdoo man who suspects, rightly or wrongly, that the other is pro-McAdoo. The result is a lack of teamwork between them which is harmful to the party's fortunes.

Some for Wilson.

In the cosmos of the democratic party Woodrow Wilson has come to be almost a romantic figure. That his health becomes better daily is clear to everybody in Washington. It is clear, however, that this improvement is not likely to go to the length which would make him available as the candidate next year. Nevertheless, there are hosts of democrats throughout the country whose strong sentimental devotion to him is such that they cling to the hope of some such miracle of recovery as would bring him to the point where he could make the run.

In spite of this lack of availability as the actual candidate, Wilson will probably be the most potent single figure in the situation next year. He may or may not take a hand in the selection of the candidate. That he will be urged to do so is certain. In the volume of letters that Wilson is always receiving there come repeatedly ones from party leaders in distant states who say that they will do nothing and make no commitment to any candidates until they have had a chance to come to Washington and talk with Wilson.

Could Force His Policy.

Even if Wilson should refrain, as he is rumored to be doing, from attempting to influence the nomination "by so much as the raising of a finger," as he expressed it, it is a reasonable prediction that he may have a good deal to do with the making of the platform. Even when Wilson's health was less favorable than it now is he maintained a keen interest in party politics and took steps to influence them. With his constantly improving health he can be expected to be even more active in this regard. And it must be remembered that any action on the part of Wilson in the determining of party policy—in the making of the platform—would inevitably have a collateral effect on the choice of the candidate. If Wilson, preceding the convention, should write a public letter setting out his ideas as to what the platform should be, the effect of that letter would be to cut the cloth of the suit which the candidate must wear.

Talk of Ambassador Davis.

Wherever democrats come together there is gossip of the next presidency, and gossip on that subject never ends without taking in the name of John W. Davis, who was ambassador to Great Britain during the last two years of the Wilson administration. In all such conversations there is general assent to the fact that Davis would make an ideal candidate. The elevation of his mind, the dignity of his personality, his capacity for agreeable and forceful statement, his integrity and his all-around ability are

universally conceded. But there is always a "but."

In 1920, when there was a prolonged strain between the leading candidates in the convention, and when Davis' name was brought seriously forward as the solution, the objection made to him was that the mere fact of his being ambassador to Great Britain was a handicap in the sense that it might alienate the Irish vote.

At That Time the Irish Question Was

at its most acute stage. Since then, with the freeing of Ireland by Great Britain, the Irish question, not only as it affected Mr. Davis then, but in the widest sense, has happily ceased largely to be the factor in American politics that it used to be. The present objection raised to Mr. Davis among those who think of politics in probably too severely practical terms is that he is now what they call a "Wall Street lawyer," with clients who include some of the great banks and railroads.

Is Wall Street Lawyer.

It is a fact that Mr. Davis, like every other man who fills the office of ambassador to Great Britain, was unable to live within his salary and that in the course of his term he not only exhausted his savings, but actually had to borrow. It was to meet this situation and to try to accumulate a competence that Mr. Davis took up the practice of law in New York. Politicians say that, instead of doing this, he had returned to his native state of West Virginia and laid out a course with an eye to the political future, he would surely be the candidate next year.

When You Hear This Talk of Mr. Davis

being disqualified by his present work and associations, you feel like hoping that some leader or leaders might arise in the democratic party who would have the forthrightness and courage to dismiss such appearances in favor of facts. Of all the men who bring forward Mr. Davis' present work as a disqualification for his nomination there is not one who admits that Mr. Davis as president would not be affected in the faintest degree by his former associations as a lawyer. They admit that this so-called disqualification is not real at all, but wholly a deference to a prejudice. So far, however, the sort of leaders who are likely to determine the next nomination are men who prefer to defer to a prejudice rather than to face it and disinfest it with facts and disperse it.

Chance for Robinson.

One of the men who will figure in the democratic situation next year, and who will come as near as any other to being the beneficiary of a deadlock that may arise in the convention, is Senator Robinson, the new democratic leader in the senate. His equipment of personality and ability is equal to that of any other man so far mentioned and superior to some. As leader of his party in the senate he will have an opportunity to be known well known to the public. The session of the senate which begins next December will be the forum in which the issues of the campaign will be developed. By the prominent part which necessarily he will have in the debate, Senator Robinson has the opportunity to impress himself on his party associates and on the public in a most advantageous way.

Further than this, Senator Robinson

has one of those accidental advantages which frequently weigh much in political conventions. He was the presiding officer of the 1920 convention and the manner in which he performed it won him enthusiastic praise. In this role he stood day after day in action before the eyes of the several thousand delegates and leaders in the hall.

This experience is a decided asset. The men who were the delegates in 1920 will, to a large degree, be the delegates in 1924 also. In any one of those jams which occasionally arise it is easily possible for a convention to turn with swift suddenness to some man who has figured favorably in the personal knowledge of many of them.

This Advantage Which Senator Robinson

will have in 1924 is one that Harding had in 1920. Harding had been the presiding officer of the 1916 republican convention and as such had impressed himself on the knowledge of the party leaders in a way that made it much more easy for them to turn to him in the situation that arose in the 1920 convention.

"Noble" Husband Tells

Wife Twins Are Shameful

Detroit, Mich., March 24.—Harding considered a nickel a day ample maintenance for a child, Mrs. Marie Dembowski testified in her suit for divorce. Stanley, the husband, told Marie he was of noble birth, she told the court. Although he conducted a prosperous hardware store he allowed her only \$1 a day to run their home, she declared. When their first baby was born he increased her allowance to \$1.65 a day.

"Two Years Later We Had Twins and

It made him terribly angry," says Mrs. Dembowski. "He told me it was shameful for a nobleman to have twins. He said he could never love me any more and only raised my allowance to \$1.15.

New Tent and Awning Firm

Is Established in Omaha

W. V. Mathews, formerly with the Scott Tent and Awning company, has entered into business at 731 South Sixteenth street. The business will be conducted under the name of the Standard Tent and Awning company.

Marriage Mart Fails.

Elyria, O., March 24.—The Lorain county marriage mart has collapsed. There have been no nuptials for five days. The license clerk, however, voiced belief that Sunday night "spoonings" soon will result in renewal of nuptial activities.

Pictureque Procession.

Piling our luggage on top, we settled down to enjoy the sights and listen to the sounds. What a procession! Men and boys wearing long dresses and carrying trays and baskets filled with every conceivable object—toys, cigars, fruit, bread, boiled eggs, combs, etc., pushed and jammed their way through the aisles in one constant and continued stream, each yelling his wares at the top of his voice, and each pushing the others aside as he rushed after customers. Every now and then two would get into a verbal battle, and for a few moments the far would fly, at least insofar as vociferous language and gesticulation were concerned. "Once the train started, the aisles were soon cleared and after a few moments the terrific hubbub subsided somewhat. For long distance the road ran near a canal and on top of the canal embankment was a road. This was lined with people going to the farms to work or coming with their produce

Third Class in Egypt Is Way to Meet Fellaheen

Former Omahan Delighted With His Experience in Closest Contact With Dirty Natives on Train from Cairo to Luxor.

By C. W. MCASKILL.

Passage of the Methodist church of Hastings, Neb., and former pastor in Hanson Park Methodist church in Omaha, who took a trip through all your time. This is one of a series of articles he has written for the Omaha Bee.

My what fun! From Cairo to Luxor, third class, on a railroad train. You pity us? Well you do not need to. We could have taken a bahabayah and have gone up the Nile in state just as most of the tourists do. We could have taken the train de luxe, got an elegant sleeper, gone to bed at Cairo and wakened up next morning at Luxor. Either one might have depleted our pocketbooks more than we wished, but we could have stood it if we had wanted to.

Oh, I know that third class in Egypt is dirty and smelly. You have to ride with the natives and they are not all of the upper class. On a Nile boat we would have ridden with American or English companions. But what is the use of going to Egypt to see the people and the things that are so different from the things we see at home? We came to Egypt to see the country and the people.

Let me give you a word of advice: If you want to see the Egyptian people as they are, the real article, unpolished, unspiced by modern life, you can see them on a railroad train, third class, better than anywhere else.

I knew the car was dirty and dusty and full of sand part of the time and I know that the sight of some of the people was not very appetizing. But on a day train one sees villages and towns, the fields and roadsides, the canals and date palms and acacia trees, the interesting birds. Every few minutes the train stops at some village and it seems the whole native population is down at the station to see the train go through, and they swarm about the third-class cars. Here is where you see Egypt.

Worthwhile Experience.

I know that the third-class car people talk loudly and gesticulate wildly. Sometimes, we were almost deafened by the awful jabber as eight or 10 men yelled and howled, each trying to drown out all the rest. Several times we thought the men were about to engage in fist fights, but discovered it was only their wild way of making themselves heard. Oh, if you want to hear Arabic as she is spoken, go to Luxor in a third-class car.

I know there wasn't any diner, and we had to eat our lunch on our laps while two or three people stared at us with all their eyes. I know there were some awful looking characters on board, filthy, ragged and worse. But I know that the sight of some of the native food was not very appetizing. But what of all that? This was Egypt as she is. This was interesting, every moment of the way. I don't know what I would not have missed the experience for all the world. You can see more of real Egypt in one hour in a third-class car than in three years going in bahabayahs or riding in de luxe trains.

We were at the station early for we wanted to get together. We were there half an hour before train time, but every seat was taken. About 10 third-class coaches and every one filled with people and their bundles of all descriptions, at least a young man got up and saved Mrs. McAskill his seat, then showing the baggage over, made a place for me.

Picturesque Procession.

Piling our luggage on top, we settled down to enjoy the sights and listen to the sounds. What a procession! Men and boys wearing long dresses and carrying trays and baskets filled with every conceivable object—toys, cigars, fruit, bread, boiled eggs, combs, etc., pushed and jammed their way through the aisles in one constant and continued stream, each yelling his wares at the top of his voice, and each pushing the others aside as he rushed after customers. Every now and then two would get into a verbal battle, and for a few moments the far would fly, at least insofar as vociferous language and gesticulation were concerned. "Once the train started, the aisles were soon cleared and after a few moments the terrific hubbub subsided somewhat. For long distance the road ran near a canal and on top of the canal embankment was a road. This was lined with people going to the farms to work or coming with their produce

from the farms to the city. How picturesque they were—great lines of camels loaded with sugar cane stalks which were piled on both sides of the best and high over his back, the bushy ends bobbing up and down like a huge green tail, little donkeys scurrying along with their riders seated way back almost over the donkey's tail, their bare feet dangling out on either side.

Mud Houses in Villages.

We passed village after village where the houses were all made of mud bricks, roofed over with reeds of corn stalks. Many of the villages were in the midst of small palm groves, some of them so completely in the grove that the trees were actually growing up through the houses.

At first I could hardly believe my eyes, but then I remembered. It does not rain here, there is no cold weather, so what could be better or more handy than to have a palm tree growing up in the midst of one's house, furnishing lovely shade as well as delicious fruit? Some of the mud houses are decorated round the top by fancy arrangements of the bricks or by corn stalks or reeds sticking up from the mud walls. Many had round dome roofs for roofs. Most of the houses, even in the larger towns and cities, are made of mud bricks sun-dried, much the same as those made by the Israelites when they were captives in Egypt.

The farmers here, as in France, have their houses grouped in villages. There are no houses out on the individual farms. However, over a large part of this territory the farmers make temporary houses out of corn stalks or reeds, or of mud bricks, just a sort of shelter in order to protect their crops from robbers. Sometimes the farmer has a stockade on his own small farm, but more often several are grouped near each other. In these not only the families, but also the donkeys, the camels, the sheep and goats and the dogs. If the night should be too cool the farmer, or "fellaheen," as he is called here, lies down between two camels and is thus kept comfortably warm.

Mansoleums for Maniacs.

Scattered here and there we saw little square-shaped buildings with round domes. They are tombs erected for some insane person. Egypt is a land where it is more honorable to be crazy than to be sane. The Mohammedans believe that every crazy or idiotic person is a prophet, possessed by a divine spirit. There is a passage in the book of Isaiah where it says, "The prophet is mad." The Mohammedans take this literally and believe that all mad men and mad women are prophets or prophetesses. They are held in the highest honor by the people and are showered with gifts and money while they live and when they die tombs are erected over their bodies and as nearly as possible on the very spot where they died.

The different kinds of pumps or devices used in getting the irrigation water on the land was a constant novelty to us. There were the large wooden cog wheels, one horizontal and the other perpendicular, the perpendicular one having buckets or more often earthen jars, placed about its rim so as to fill as they reached the water

below and then empty into a trough as they came to the top. The horizontal wheel was turned by a cow or the donkey, sometimes by a camel. Then there was the long pole with a bucket on one end and a heavy weight on the other, something like our "well-sweep." Sometimes there would be three of these, one above the other. The lowest one dipped the water from the canal and poured it into a pool higher up, a second dipped it from here into a still higher pool, and the third dipped it from this and poured it into the irrigation channel at the top. In one district we noticed where there was a mound or step built at the rear or weight end of the "sweep." A boy would climb on to this mound and as soon as the bucket was filled by the man at the other end, would step into a loop of the hanging rope and swing off, his weight raising the bucket.

Where the water did not have to be lifted far, long cylinders with Archimedean screws inside were used. Here is a case where water is made to run uphill while all the time it is running downhill. Another device is a long wooden box or trough balanced on a pole. A man stands in the water and by means of handles dips the end of the trough into the water and then raises it, causing the water to flow out into the drain. There were still other kinds of water wheels and devices but these are typical.

One of the most amusing things on the trip was to see the people eat sugar cane and the Egyptian beans or "poul." At many small stations men would come into the car with great long stalks of cane or with baskets of green beans. The passengers bought them with eagerness and the way they ate reminded me of wild beasts. They would take a pod, give it one or two quick bites,

throw down the hull and grab another pod. It was done so deftly that for my life I could not see the beans go into their mouths. The cane stalks were broken over three feet long. Holding it much as a flut-player holds his flute, they bite into the outer hard covering, tear it with their teeth, rapidly chew the inside, suck out the sweet juice and spit the refuse on the floor. Inside of five minutes the whole car looked like a barnyard, the floor completely covered with canestalks and chewed pith. They say the cane is very healthful as a food, and gives one lots of strength. Many of the people ate nothing else all day long.

W. A. Kirby Will Manage

Burgess-Nash N. Y. Office

W. A. Kirby has been appointed manager of the New York office of the Burgess-Nash company. Mr. Kirby has been New York representative for the Fair for the last four years and has been in active touch with the New York markets for the last 12 years primarily in the ready-to-wear department. He was brought in direct touch with buying activities of the largest department stores of the country and will be splendidly equipped to take care of the needs of the people in this community. He also will handle the New York office for the M. E. Smith company.

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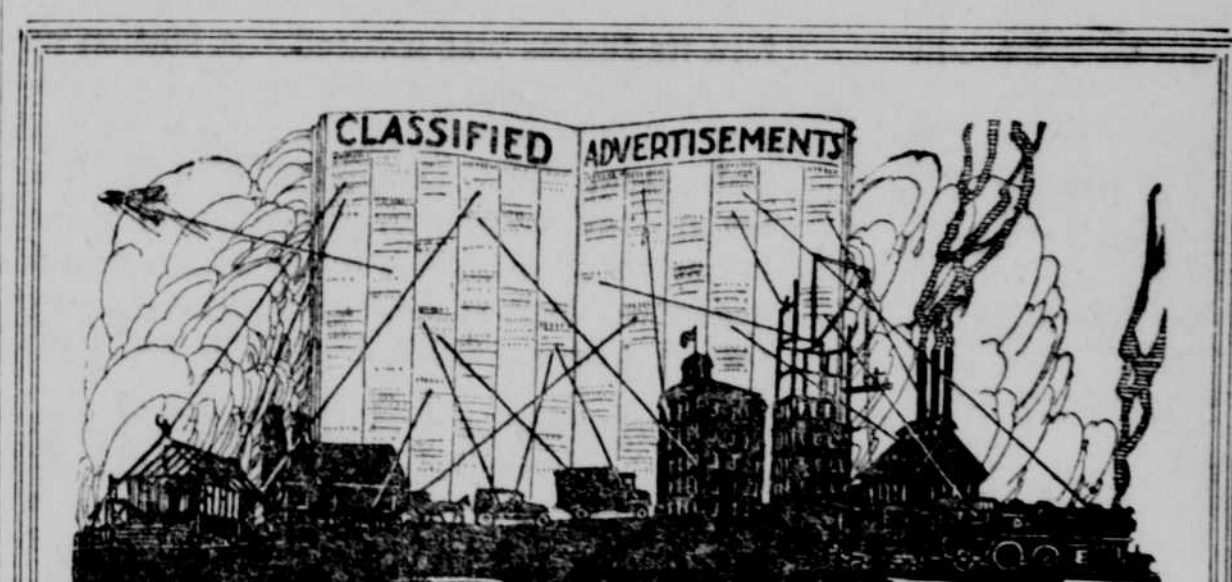
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