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TRAGEDY OF THE SHADOWS.

The pretense of sweet sincerity and abounding sentiment that is created by the queens of the movies is cracked by Mary Miles Minter. Heroine of hundreds of romantic dramas, veteran of thousands of heart-touching episodes of youthful affection, self-sacrifice and mother love, yet in spite of all this sweetness on the screen, in real life she has shown about the same degree of saccharine as a green persimmon.

It never ceases to puzzle how one of the lovely young women of the screen can be so full of beautiful emotions in the pictures, and yet show herself utterly without regard for some of the basic instincts of wholesome human nature. Yet as the mother of Mary Miles Minter lies dying, this 21-year-old actress delays going to her bedside. The world does not know what kind of mother this one has been. It is enough to know that she loves her daughter, and desires her to be the same fine character that she simulates on the screen.

The old mother calls for her Mary, and Mary, with a chauffeur and limousine at her call, says she really thinks she may run over some time to see her. But she hasn't yet.

What a tawdry, shabby thing is the life of a daughter who thus disowns and neglects her mother in her hour of need. It matters not what the rights and wrongs of their previous estrangement may have been, one spark of true feeling would burn the barriers away.

Those who have delighted in the film dramas of Miss Minter will be more shocked than others at this revelation. One grows attached to the beauty, sweetness and winning ways of the heroines of the pictures. The power of illusion is such that not only does one wish that they are indeed as pure and fine as they appear, but one also believes that it is so.

Moving pictures may be compared to a school, and just as no parent would desire that his children be taught by a woman who is not fitted to inspire by example as well as precept, so it is that the feeling grows that there must be broad qualifications for real moving picture folk. In this case humanity is mocked and decent feeling is only a shadow.

WHO SHALL LEAD THE DONKEY?

Ashton C. Shallenberget is not given to flying kites in a political sense. At least his record has been that when he said anything he meant it. Assuming that this is still true, acknowledgement of fealty and devotion to Henry Ford as a presidential candidate will have to be taken as sincere. That opens for discussion the question as to what the embattled democrats of Nebraska will do between now and next spring, when the primary election to choose delegates to the national convention is held.

William Jennings Bryan has so far contented himself with saying to whom he is opposed. That comprises a formidable lot of names that are dear to democrats, and may afford a basis for a process of elimination. So far as is known, that of Henry Ford has not yet met either favor or disfavor from the Great Commoner, and so that's that.

Oscar Underwood has some friends and admirers among the democrats of Nebraska, and now and then a voice is raised in behalf of Al Black. The friendship between Mayor Dahlman and William Gibbs McAdoo is of long standing and sincere, and so on through the roll call one may find supporters of nearly all the eminent statesmen who have or may shy their hats into the ring near the donkey's heels.

Does Congressman Shallenberget look ahead to a reformation of the party machine in Nebraska, with himself occupying the seat at the wheel, heretofore fought for by Bryan and Hitchcock? Such a thing might come to pass, and a new deal take place. Men worship the rising, not the setting sun, and Shallenberget is above the horizon on the east just now.

HYMEN AS A BOOTLEGGER.

When the eugenists were down at Lincoln last winter, tinkering up the marriage license laws, they did not give much thought to what sort of a monkey-wrench they were tossing into "Cupid" Stubben-dorf's infant industry. Not such an infant, either, for it had been going on right here in Douglas country for nigh on the three score years and ten set for the average man's life. You wanted to get married, and a girl was willing; you went to the court house, got a license, hunted up some one authorized to pronounce the ceremony, and the deed was done.

That was in the good old days, before August 1. Now, you do something else. You first post ten days in advance of the happy event the public notice required by law of your intention to get married, together with a certain intimate personal information concerning yourself and the girl who has agreed to take a chance with you through life. If no objections are raised, you proceed as before. The effect of this law is noticeable in the number of additional fares on the street cars that cross the bridge to Council Bluffs.

Over there the old-time practice still prevails, and getting married is not complicated with any regulations such as bother young folks in Nebraska. Consequently, the stream of applicants that used to flow through the doors of the Douglas county house has been deflected, and now surges around the portals of the temple of justice in Pottawattamie county. It is a natural consequence, for candidates for matrimony do not want to be bothered with too much publicity about matters they are inclined to think are personal to themselves. The law may work good in time, but just now the people most affected by it are fighting shy of its provisions.

Fairbury has just let a contract for a high school to cost \$130,000, showing that Nebraska is still looking after the interests of posterity.

Chicago is also sending speeders to jail. Hope the authorities have better luck holding them than they do with murderers.

Monday the 13th will be the eventful day in connection with the wheat rate, and it will not be unlucky for anybody.

Senator Capper says the west is back of President Coolidge, and the west will say amen to that.

ASSISTANTS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Warren G. Harding is at rest; he belongs to the country he served so faithfully and well.

Americans who followed a well loved chieftain to his tomb now turn back to the affairs of the living. Calvin Coolidge becomes the center of our national life, and the government will go on. Already gossip is making changes in the cabinet, marking out lines of policy for the administration, speculating and forecasting just as they always have. Mr. Coolidge last week asked all the Harding cabinet to remain, but a precedent long established will lead them to tender their resignations. One of these will probably be accepted, for Attorney General Daugherty's health was such that his retirement from the cabinet was looked for some weeks ago.

Harding policies were sufficiently outlined to be definite in all ways, and as vice president Mr. Coolidge loyally supported his chief; as president he may feel free to assert some of his own views, and if it so happens that any should run counter to those of the late president, the policy will be pursued, for Mr. Coolidge has as much courage as any man who ever acted as executive.

Senator Capper told the president that the west does not want any special session of congress, and that sentiment in this section will be back of the executive. We believe this is true, and that it fairly represents the sober thought of people out this way. They do not want any soursalters in Washington just now.

While the general topic of an assistant to the president, or some other plan for lightening his burdens, is being discussed, one occurs to us, which is offered for what it is worth. It is a simple one, and might work well, if tried. Let each American citizen appoint himself an assistant president, and go about the discharge of his self-appointed duties in a common sense way. This will include the leaving out of his daily routine all uncalled for criticism of the executive, and taking on a deeper sense of personal responsibility. Many things are now referred to Washington that might be settled at home; many hours of the president's life are spent in listening to complaints that ought never to be made, at least not to him; in interviews that have but idle curiosity or a pardonable desire to meet the president for a basis, and in other ways of similar nature. If only these things were omitted, the care and worry of the man in the White House would be greatly lessened, and he would have more uninterrupted time to give attention to the great and important duties of his office. Just now, the president should have 110,000,000 assistants.

THREE MINUTES OF SILENCE.

Throughout the west today something will be missed. Perhaps it may not be noted, for the people at the time will all have their thoughts turned to the scene that is being enacted in a little country churchyard back in Ohio. There a hushed, silent group will stand around in reverent mien, while the minister speaks the words that consign to its eternal rest the worn-out prison house of a noble soul. That hush will extend throughout the land, radiating from every nook and corner, the smallest hamlet and the largest city feeling its spell. And, while the people are thus occupied, each with his own thoughts, the great whirring wheels of industry will cease to hum, the clanging roaring line of transportation will cease to roar, and for a space the quiet that will brood over all the land will show the awe that everyone feels.

Three minutes is not a very long time, but that silence in the aggregate means more than the lifetime of many men, and it is a tribute such as can only be paid by a great nation to one whose name and memory it honors. Our general farewell to Warren Harding is fitting.

WHY WORRY OVER UNCERTAINTIES?

Now they are hanging crape over the vacation. Dr. George T. Palmer, research director of the American Child Health association of New York, enumerates the number of different mishaps that may befall an unwary person just when he thinks he is enjoying himself most. Chigger bites, snake bites, drowning, accidents of various kinds, ptomaine poisoning, typhoid fever and the like figure in the list until one wonders why anybody ever comes home alive from a summer outing. Then we think of the number of different ways in which people may come to grief when they are not on vacation, and conclude that it is about fifty-fifty on chances. The soldier's litanies is still a good one—"you have two chances always."

Cal Coolidge is startling Washington by his notion of working hours. He starts his day at 5:30 a. m., which is pretty early anywhere around the monument.

A flying boat has just hopped over the water at the rate of 177.5 miles per hour. That would be a good thing for the rum feet chasers to have handy.

French courts hold that the Ruhr is "enemy territory." Some one ought to send them word of what happened in November, 1918.

Trial night fights for the air mail are to start on August 21, so we may soon expect to see the service in regular schedule.

People in Tokyo are going to give Jane Addams a reception. If they gave her her dues, they would make her ruler of the empire.

It might be well to look over the statute books and find out if we have not a lot of good laws that we are not using.

California and Colorado are also turning into the wheat buying parade with cordial support. The idea is going over big.

It seems that the many-cylindered motor is not the only "gas hog."

"No empty seats in autos" served well for the day.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davis

VALUATION.

Some things are made for money. And some things riches make. While others—it is funny—Are all for money's sake. But take them all and view them For graciousness or style. Unravel them and hie them As precious as a smile.

Contrast them and compare them With adoration true. And call them jewels and wear them For what they mean to you. And seek your zenith mindfully Of these as is their worth. And He will greet you kindly When you depart from earth...



"The People's Voice"

Editorials from readers of The Morning Bee, The Herald, and The World, are invited to use this column freely for expression on matters of public interest.

Tribute to the Living.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: "I am not going to break down." These brief words fully typify Mrs. Warren G. Harding.

Death paid her loved one a visit like a thief in the night. Death robbed her of everything she held dear, but Mrs. Harding, the first lady of the land, through grief, through and through, refused to whimper. The most efficient physicians and nurses, the constant attendance and loving care of his wife could not stay the hand of death.

It has been said that Mrs. Harding was the "power behind the throne," pushing and aiding Warren G. Harding over the rough places until he reached the pinnacle of his and of her ambition.

Mrs. Harding has our deepest sympathy for her terrible ordeal she has gone through, but more than that, she has our ardent admiration and sincere gratitude for her unselfish characterization of American womanhood.

Noted men and women will now sing the praises of President Harding—he is dead—but let this tribute be paid to Mrs. Harding, who is still living: You made good, and we are proud of you, Mrs. Harding. MARGARET BECKER.

Information from Headquarters.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The interview appearing in last Sunday morning's edition of The Bee, purporting to come from an employe of the county assessor's office might have been all right if the facts contained therein were true, but as it was the "story" was ridiculous. In the first place, the county assessor, who heard the "song" 200 times a day that taxes were too high, as related by a reporter of The Bee, is in the first place, the county assessor. The story made it appear that my office is some sort of a "wailing place," when, in truth, this self-styled "official kick receiver" is in our ears—too many times a day. Instead of 200 a day as he was quoted as saying:

The only person qualified to give reliable information from my office is the county assessor himself and while he is not adverse to allowing a clerk in his department the privilege of satisfying an ambition to have the public make his acquaintance by attaching his name to a "story," still the truth must be told and in such a way as will leave no reflection upon the office itself. H. G. COUNSMAN, County Assessor.

The Commonwealth The Last Resort.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The action of the commonwealth of South Dakota in kicking the first hole into this gasoline monopoly, that has taken more dollars out of the pockets of the people than all of the bank wreckers, will put a temporary quietus upon this journalistic fusillade that has been ringing in our ears—too many times a day. South Dakota is evidently going to borrow Senator Howell's phrase "taking up the slack."

The present market on gasoline and wheat is rewriting the law of economics for those who pin their all on the supply and demand theory. The oil monopoly which does not hesitate to talk turkey to Mexico, Russia and all of the other powerful nations, divisions has a wholesale respect for one of the state units of our great commonwealth, especially since Minnesota sent up that Magnus Johnson war whoop. W. H. GREEN.

Getting Things Straight.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Gosh-all-Friday! What's the matter over in Europe. Some of the most very attractive over there, steamboats are loaded down with politicians, senators, congressmen and other political comedians. We even note in the daily press that W. H. Green, a former governor, then a progressive and half-republican, and now a farmer-laborite has the fever since he went down to Chicago, to be located something tangible as being made vice president of the farmer-labor crowd, and since his return has been attacking big business, that is the big insurance companies. W. H. Green, a former governor, then a progressive and half-republican, and now a farmer-laborite has the fever since he went down to Chicago, to be located something tangible as being made vice president of the farmer-labor crowd, and since his return has been attacking big business, that is the big insurance companies.

A RETIRED FARMER.

Saw Both Trains. Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I noticed a few lines in a local paper wherein Mr. Minor says he was a witness of both Lincoln's and Harding's funerals, and was probably the only man in Omaha who viewed both. I will join him and say that I also saw the two funeral trains. It was about 13 years old when Lincoln's train passed through a little town in Indiana. I was quite young but remember it well. I also viewed Harding's train Monday morning. H. M. CHARLES.

Won't Forget.

"We'll get revenge if it takes 100 years," said Hindenburg, hardly will have forgotten in 100 years the mess Hindenburg made of the war. Remembering, they will not take another chance—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Would Shine There.

Their ability to stand on their feet and keep up an appearance of doing something for unlimited lengths of time indicates that some of these northern drivers would show well in a United States senate filibuster.—Detroit Free Press.

"From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Reduction in Wheat Rates.

From the Ogdon Standard-Examiner. Much thought is being given to the depressed condition of farming in the United States and extraordinary efforts are being made to help raise wheat who are the greatest sufferers of low prices.

Omaha citizens are leading in proposals seeking a form of relief and they have made an appeal to the railroads to reduce the export rates on wheat and flour 25 per cent.

The movement should find support in Ogdon, the grain center of this region. In asking for emergency rates, the Omaha business men make this declaration:

"The railroads are requested through the association of railroad executives and the presidents of the individual western lines, to publish immediately, upon short notice, with the consent of the Interstate Commerce commission, emergency all-rail rates on wheat and flour shipped from all points in the United States, including all grain on hand in elevators or at storage points, to the Atlantic, gulf and Pacific ports for export on the basis of 75 per cent of the rates now in effect; these emergency rates to expire January 30, 1924; that the grain shipped on these emergency rates be allowed only one intermediate stop in the first place, the country and the second stop, that an additional stop may be made for milling purposes; and that storage at transit, milling or rate-breaking points and all kinds throughout the entire United States.

This reduction would help to equalize the difference between rail and water transportation to points and bring some degree of relief to wheat growers in the interior. This would be one way of quieting the widespread demand for general reduction in freight rates on wheat, and therefore have a strong influence in persuading the railroad officials to accept.

Praise Omaha Wheat Plan.

From the Ravenna News. The Omaha Chamber of Commerce is heading a movement to create an immediate demand for millions of bushels of wheat throughout the United States, the object being to stimulate the wheat market and boost the price of one of the chief products of American agriculture. "Buy a thousand bushels of wheat, or a barrel or bag of flour," is the slogan under which the movement will be initiated by the Chamber of Commerce and business organizations of all kinds throughout the entire United States.

There are two legitimate ways to relieve this situation—one is to hold wheat out of the market, the other is to increase the demand for actual consumption. The buying of wheat and flour for present or future consumption is the preferred solution of the problem. By that method the demand is increased. Existing rates of exchange closes foreign markets for our surplus, and we must rely chiefly on our home market. It is believed that in 30 days our own people can work out a peaceful revolution in the price of any commodity. All that is necessary is an aroused public sentiment and intelligent co-operation.

The plan developed by the Omaha Chamber of Commerce assumes that we cannot all buy a thousand bushels of wheat, but we can buy a barrel or a bag of flour, and we can do it now. In every home and hamlet in the land there is a potential purchasing power, which should be exercised without delay. Chambers of Commerce throughout the country are expected to make an active effort to relieve the situation. The appeal to the public will be pressed to the limit.

Massachusetts Shows Way.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Massachusetts is reducing the number of its automobile accidents. In 1919; so Engineering and Contracting tells us. Sixteen thousand two hundred and eighty-seven persons were injured in 1920 the number like down to 21,382. Then began a campaign for safety, backed by the authorities. In 1921 the number of accidents fell to 11,487. Figures are not at hand for 1922. The immediate effect of this was seen in the reduction by nearly half of the total number of accidents in the ensuing year. This was achieved, despite the increase in the number of cars on the roads of the commonwealth over 1919.

Beyond doubt, the chief cause of motor accidents is the unskilled driver. Every Monday in Minnesota we hear from him in the lengthening list of Sunday casualties. He is out in great force on that day of rest. He fills the main highways and makes driving dangerous for everyone, including the skilled driver. Massachusetts has proved that the way to reduce accidents is to refuse licenses to all those who, when asked, lack of judgment, practice or general mental or physical shortcomings, are not masters of the engines of potential destruction with which they are entrusted.

Massachusetts also goes a step farther. It takes his license away from the driver who proves himself incompetent. Three thousand licenses have already been canceled this year for cause.

Old Home Town Has Lost Its Repose.

From the Boston Globe. The visitor to the old home town jumps into a village taxi at the station and is whisked out to the farm. On his way he passes the town hall, where the sign proclaims that peace may be seen every night at 8 o'clock. The four rings of a party line telephone welcome him as he enters the door. He thinks of the many of modern improvements. All sorts of things are doing. There are to be no dull moments in the two weeks.

After about 10 days he begins to remember old times, when being on

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We've all noticed that folks that live up 't' good reputations go out o' town purty often. 'Th' thing I like about croquet is that you kin play it next 't' a plain'll an' you kin't have 't' keep from battin' an' eye like you do when some one is about 't' hit a golf ball,' says Lafe Bud.

situation materially if the profiteering middlemen did not take advantage of the situation and put the gains in their bank accounts. HAVE The Omaha Morning Bee or The Evening Bee mailed to you when on your vacation. Phone AT lantic 1000, Circulation Department.



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