

# McADOO, IF OUT OF RACE, IS STILL PROGRESSIVE FACTOR

By MARK SULLIVAN  
Washington, March 8.—Within a week now we shall begin to see in various states the presidential primaries in which McAdoo's name will be entered among others.

By the outcome of these primaries we shall be able to tell just how McAdoo's standing before the voters—as distinguished from the party leaders—has been affected by the disclosure that he was a lawyer for Doherty and by the uncovering of other facts relating to large fees received by him from rich men and corporations for his services.

Pending this verdict from the people, it must be stated that from the point of view of the party leaders, little and big, the disposition to regard McAdoo's availability as seriously impaired has tended to increase with each new installment of publicity given to McAdoo's connections. Not by any means all democratic leaders have shared this experience. On the contrary, a considerable body of the leaders are as strong for McAdoo now as ever.

**Another Group**  
There is a formidable body of democratic leaders who merely wanted to pick the strongest possible candidate who now regard McAdoo as no longer available.

They think the campaign is going to center around the oil scandal.

Assuming that this is to be the main issue and psychological interest of the campaign, it is obvious that the relation of McAdoo's large retainers from various corporate and individual business interests is a serious impairment.

That there is nothing improper in the services McAdoo has given his clients for the fees he has received is universally admitted. It is under the conditions of the coming campaign, as those conditions are beginning to crystallize, the mere fact of such connections is a serious handicap.

McAdoo, when he left the public service, could have chosen, on the one hand, to be a big lawyer, or to look forward to the possibility of being president and keep himself equipped for that office. But, as events show, it was hazardous to attempt to do both.

Unquestionably, if the progressives of the country as a whole, regardless of party—could put into the White

House precisely that man that most fits their wishes and prejudices, they would choose a man completely free from any connection, direct or remote, with big business.

**Was Ideal Progressive.**  
If it should turn out that McAdoo has been disqualified by the nature of his legal practices it will be a blow to the progressive cause in all sections of the country. For, omitting this one detail, McAdoo was and is ideally equipped for the purposes the progressives had in mind. McAdoo was and is a radical in both the constructive and critical sense.

Before the recent reason for opposition to McAdoo arose the principal argument against McAdoo was that he might, if made president, do something "radical" about the railroads. And so, in all probability, he would. But what McAdoo would do about the railroads was not and is not "radical" in the destructive sense in which McAdoo's opponents have sought to use the word to him. It is possible to be "radical" in the constructive sense, and that is the sense in which McAdoo certainly—and creditably—is radical about the railroads.

**Hudson Tube Work.**  
For example, when McAdoo was a comparatively young man in New York he observed that the only direct means of getting to Manhattan Island had for getting to the mainland of the United States, was of the Hudson river, and the only means a resident of the mainland had for getting to New York was by going on a boat. The bridges over the Harlem river at the upper end of Manhattan Island were the only means of getting to New York to the rest of the world except by boat.

McAdoo conceived, planned and carried out the first tunnel from New York City to the mainland. So common is the identification with that enterprise that the new excavation was called for years the "McAdoo tunnel," until McAdoo himself took formal steps to have it called, both officially and in the popular sense, the Hudson tunnel, which is the name by which millions of travelers know it today.

This is the sort of thing that entitles McAdoo to be called "radical" in the constructive sense.

**Enemies "Painted" Him.**  
McAdoo's opponents, until they had the new and more effective way of

arguing against him, sought to discredit him with the public by disseminating the idea that he is a "radical" in a sense in which that word has come to have connotations the ordinary citizen does not like.

One impression widely disseminated is to the effect that as regards the railroads McAdoo is a government ownership man. This, McAdoo's friends say, is utterly untrue.

In January, 1918, just after the government took over the railroads for the period of the war and put them under McAdoo's management temporarily, there was a hearing on a federal control bill before the senate committee on interstate commerce.

In the course of that hearing Senator Watson of Indiana, asked this question: "Do you personally believe in government ownership of railroads?" McAdoo answered: "I do not, or I haven't, at least, felt that it was necessary to take the actual ownership of the railroads. . . . I favor some form of government regulation and control of a fair nature, more intelligent and effective character than we have had heretofore."

In an informal utterance from McAdoo not long ago he said he thinks the owners of the railroads ought to get a minimum return on their investment of at least 5-1/2 per cent, or something close to that, and that above that figure the returns ought to be divided 50-50 between the security owners and the government. This is similar to the present Esch-Cummings act.

It is true that there is one aspect of the railroads that McAdoo obviously has on his mind which he thinks ought to be bettered, and which, undoubtedly, he would like to have a chance to better. What he has in mind is to achieve more economical management and better results, both for shippers and railroad owners, through certain reforms which he thinks could be instituted.

## ABE MARTIN Domestic Troubles



**In th' Busy Mart's o' Trade.**  
Some woman has written us th' follerin' letter: "My husband is generosus. He's a grand provider an' often leaves money layin' around where I kin find it so I won't have t' ask fer it. But we don't see much of him. He's out early in th' mornin' an' gits in after me an' th' children are in bed. He's mighty generous, but we'd like to have more of his company." There's a lot o' generosus husbands like this one. They think all wives want is plenty of money an' clothes. They never think they might need a little lassy gagin' an' companionship. We'll bet this woman would be twice as happy if her an' her husband fought an' made up three or four times a week. Th' husband that provides his wife with ever'thing but companionship 'll bear watchin'. He hain't up t' no good.

But we don't hardly know what advice t' give t' this poor woman. She might ask him fer a divorce soon, when she's in a generous mood, an' t' let him out. It's our guess he'll gladly divorce her an' give her a snug sum on th' side. An' it'll be th' kindest thing he's done yet, an' th' best thing fer both of 'em. There's lots o' husbands like this bird. They're like lots o' lodge members in good standin'—they keep their dues paid, but they never take any interest in th' lodge. They're like a lot o' husbands who've got a divorce an' put her alimony safely away an' is satisfied with 6 or 8 per cent, an' turn a deaf ear t' promoters an' adventurers, find some light, congenial employment an' wait for events. We recall that Amandy Lark had jest such a husband as this woman describes. Her husband used t' leave money on th' mantelpiece an' notes tellin' her t' go downtown an' git anything she wanted. One day she tried on a \$500 sealskin saque jest fer fun, an' th' clerk told her that Mr. Lark had bought one jest like it last week fer his wife. Then she smelted a mouse an' kicked up a fuss, an' her husband jumped at th' chance t' divorce her. He gave her a lot o' Liberty bonds, th' ole home near th' savin', a beautiful laviler, an' a nifty sedan, an' she could have married th' best feller in town, but she picked a stranger. We was talkin' t' her this mornin' at th' Monarch Five an' Ten, where she has charge o' th' golf balls an' jackstones, an' she remarked: "I never knowed how grand it was t' be single till I got t' waitin' on th' general public!"

# LEAGUE MUST PLACE MANKIND ABOVE NATIONALISM

By H. G. WELLS,  
(Author of "The Outline of History")  
London, March 8.—If the world had suddenly become rational in November, 1918, I suppose there would have been a conference of all the powers of the world to atone for their common sins and restore their common welfare.

But this world is some thousands of years yet from rational collective conduct. We have a treaty of violence, a denunciation of nations, all the postwar disorder, waste and misery that still unfolds upon us. The league is unsoundly planned, it stands on rotten foundations, it is poisoned by the delusion that sovereign states are real, enduring, human things instead of arrangements of men and things, largely hallucinatory; and it does not represent more than a portion of mankind.

Still there is talk of at last bringing in Russia and Germany. It will be interesting to see how the people who have got hold of it will set

about tinkering up the arrangement with the German people and the Russian soviet states.

**Social Power Only.**  
In Britain and America there are considerable organizations for the glorification of the league of nations. In Britain, in the countryside especially, the league of nations has become a social feature. No parliamentary candidate can afford to neglect it, but it has no ideas worth speaking of, a few of us made a desperate attempt to establish a research department in organization. We felt there were a lot of things that had to be known about the psychology of international co-operation. It is, however, impossible to get anything effective done. Few of our colleagues realized that there was anything that could not be settled at once. Then Wilson came to Europe. Upon the wave of his coming this present league of nations, such as it is, a ramshackle raft of political miscon-

ceptions, achieved its magnificent launch.

**Mental Slovenliness.**  
Future generations will study its incredible constitution in a desperate attempt to realize the mental slovenliness of our times.

Personally I am for the world conference to take it down and build something better. What everyone will consider more practicable will be to alter it a bit towards the form of a league of mankind against the nations that it ought to have been from the beginning.

Now how are Germany and the union of soviet states coming into the league? Are they to come in as boss states, like the British empire, with a wide area of necessary favored votes representing their dominions and possessions, or are they to come in on a footing with Haiti, the Hedjaz and Abyssinia?

Will they come in as equals of Abyssinia? I do not think the present constitution of the league of na-

tions allows that they come in on any tolerable terms at all. That being so, it follows that any attempt to bring in either or both of these great masses of people will involve a special conference to reconstruct the league.

Both Germany and Russia may have some bold proposals to make. In Britain we have had little but praise or angry exposure.

**Endless Talk in United States.**  
In America it has been talked about endlessly, but I do not know if it has been thought about at all. In France there are signs of awakening to the need of a reconstructed league. The time is at hand when that one effect produces the other, leading to mankind.

One cardinal evil could be minimized, the absurd pretence that a sovereign state is a nation, a people, a thing with distinctive soul and individuality entitled to full and equal

consideration in the councils of mankind.

It is to this we owe the intolerable absurdity that while such highly individualized people as the Scotch and Welsh have no voice as such in the world's affairs, a trumped up state like the Hedjaz votes and speaks on an equality with Holland and Denmark. While one group of black barbarians is solemnly welcomed as Abyssinia the far better educated Zulu Basuto peoples must be represented by a tenth of the coalitions of Lord Cecil.

If nations and races are all to be represented, then India is full of them. If sovereign independence is the standard, then India has no right to a place at Geneva.

**Purpose for Mankind.**  
If we recognize fully that the league we need is to serve the purpose not of nations but of mankind, then we shall cease to be embarrassed by political odious.

Should the league of nations be

put upon a population basis? This would give unduly heavy voting power to the quasi-representatives of great barbaric, illiterate populations.

But supposing voting power were given in proportion to the number of literates in the population, or to the number of university students. Then we should at least get some sort of approximation of relative intelligence.

Suppose that, subject to this definition of voting power, every state sent just as few or just as many representatives to the assembly, appointed them or selected them, distributed their votes among them, as it thought fit.

Suppose the council were appointed, not by nations, but indifferently by vote of assembly. Then at Geneva we should be getting toward something like representation of the civilization of the world.

We would have a body with authority behind it capable of handling something more than petty arbitrations by political odious.

It is amazing how unable people

seem to be to realize the danger of an assembly dominated by the idea of competitive nationalism, the urgent necessity of getting away from that idea. For suppose Mr. MacDonald were successful in getting in Russia and Germany; suppose the league begins to handle such larger questions as disarmament, European currency and tariffs.

Then, just as the interests involved become greater so much more nationalist will be the spirit of the delegates and representatives become. League gatherings under the present constitution will certainly become the battleground of great nationalist interests.

The dear little smaller states will be drawn into groups and alliances about the greater states. They will not be able to help themselves. Their votes will be coaxed, bullied and bribed.

So long as members go to Geneva to represent not mankind, but national governments, they will go there

diplomatically, bargaining, competitive spirit.

There will develop a pro-French or anti-British group, an anti-French or anti-British group; alliances and antagonisms of another great war may early work themselves out. That all nations in Europe and under European influence may meet in Geneva will in itself be no more guarantee of peace than was the meeting of the United States congress before the election of President Lincoln a guarantee of peace in America.

It is a matter of supreme importance to the world that before it is too late this body which we now call the league of nations should be demoralized, put upon a cosmopolitan basis.

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## Making Monogamy Work

Once past the age of 30 all civilized persons realize that many of our institutions are no more than conspicious of alience.

When the clergyman assumes for the sake of his sermon that there is a great body of men and women who "live a moral life" he does not mean, if he is a man of any intelligence, that every week and every year this body is composed of the same people. He means rather that on any given date more people are engaged in keeping the rules than are engaged in breaking them. And he also means that these people who are at the moment engaged in being virtuous will combine against the people who are outraging the morals of the time.

The libertine sits in the jury box and votes against the divorce case defendant as heartily as does the pillar of the church. Three days later the pillar of the church may slope with the sexton's wife and 500 unfaithful husbands read the news found at breakfast in shocked and horrified tones.

So in discussing the question as to whether we human beings are really capable of a happy monogamy, I don't want to start from the angle that four-fifths of us are approximately lily white and the other fifth a rather dingy shade of gray. I assume that at present there are a large majority of couples on this continent who are true to each other and a minority who are at present tangled up in some fascinating but entirely illegal affair.

Advantages and Disadvantages.  
We believe, from our racial experience, that monogamy is the simplest solution of the mating instinct. It tends to keep people out of meases and less time is required to keep up a legal home than to support a chorus girl. There are disadvantages—marriage is often dull for a case to the one of the parties concerned and the very security of the bond tends, not infrequently, to make an unconcerned bully of the man or a shrew of the woman. But on the whole the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and the only trouble is—that it isn't really monogamy because one party is so frequently not true to the other.

The truth is that monogamy is not (not yet at least) the simple natural way of human life. But we are officially pledged to it as the only possible system in the western world and series of half artificial prop—other wise it may collapse and we may drift quite naturally, into an age of turmoil and confusion.

**Two Happy Radicals.**  
I know a man named Harry, a girl named Georgianna, these, strange to say, are their real names, who mar-

ried in those happy radical days before the war when experiment was in the air. The understanding was that, when the first flush was over, Harry and Georgianna were to be free to ramble. They were exceptionally well mated, exceptionally congenial, and the fascination endured well into the fourth year of their marriage.

Then they met two discoverers—that they were still in love with each other, and that they were no longer completely unaware of the other men and women in the world. Just as they made these discoveries circumstances threw them suddenly into gayest New York. Harry, through the nature of his occupation, came into almost daily contact with dozens of charming and foot-loose young women, and Georgianna began to receive the attentions of half a dozen charming and foot-loose young men.

If ever a marriage seemed bound for the rocks this was Harry's case. It was too bad, we felt, because fundamentally they loved each other, but circumstances had undoubtedly doomed them—as an after fact, they are now in process of living happily together forever after.

**Relentless Logic of Jealousy.**  
Did they decide that the best way to hold each other was to let faithfulness be entirely voluntary? They did not. Did they come to an arrangement by which neither was to pry into the other's life? They did not. On the contrary they tortured each other into a state of wild, unreasoning jealousy—and this solved the problem neatly in less than a week.

Despite the sentimentalists, jealousy is the greatest proof of and prop to love. Harry and Georgianna, with the relentless logic of jealousy—poor, abused, old jealousy—forced conclusions out of each other. They decided that the only sensible course was to remain always together. Harry never goes to see a woman alone nor does Georgianna ever receive a man when Harry is not there. Women over 60 and men over 80 are excepted.

Harry does not say:  
"You mind my taking Clara to the theater? What nonsense! Why, her husband is one of my best friends."  
Nor does Georgianna protest:  
"Are you mad because I sat out with Augustus? Got nonsense! Why, Augustus hasn't got three hairs on top of his head."

Who Will Bear Watching.  
They know that the wives of best friends and the men with less than three hairs on their heads are the most dangerous of all. Anyone can protect his or her household against

Apollo and Venus—it is the club-footed man and the woman with honest freckles who will bear watching.

If Harry goes away on a trip Georgianna goes with him. They go to no mixed parties unless both of them are able to go—and if there is any jealousy in the air neither of them strays out of the other's sight.

As I write this it sounds like a self-centered slaver—a double pair of apron-strings—but in the case of Harry and Georgianna, two highly strung and extremely attractive young people, it had the inestimable advantage of working admirably. I think they are the happiest couple I know.

The experience of the race (that stupid old man who every once in a while gets a few truths through his head) has found certain things violently unfavorable to a contented monogamy. Two of the most obvious things are a great disparity in age and a surrounding atmosphere of excessive alcoholic stimulation—two factors which occur chiefly among the well-to-do classes.

**The Conventional "Petting" Party.**  
But there are several essentials to successful monogamy that are not talked about in the women's magazines. A genius may some day arise who will find a way of presenting physiological facts to youth without shocking youth's sensibilities into an infuriated disgust. The long list of current "sex books," while they may have a certain value to married people, have absolutely no effect on the young except to arouse puerility and sometimes to kill the sense of romance. It is the loss of a coin which is the worst—knowledge so acquired, or ignorance itself. And yet should such knowledge be acquired before marriage rather than after? If so, how?

It is only recently that the "petting party" has become almost as conventional a term as "afternoon reception" among the upper and middle classes, but in some more primitive communities a similar practice has preceded marriage. Such a courtship is the natural not the vicious, the romantic not the sordid, the ultra-ancient not the ultra-modern preparation for married life.

I have heard otherwise intelligent people speak of "petting parties" as if they were accidental and immoral phenomena in an entirely non-physical life—instead of an introduction to life, intended by nature to ameliorate the change between the married and the unmarried state. We have given them a new tag, tied them in some curious way with cocktails, opium, "The Siles," and other pervicacity but they have always existed and, it is to be hoped, always will.

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## WHEN IS A DRUG STORE? :: By O. O. McIntyre

The drug store used to be a place to loaf and have a prescription filled. Today you can find almost anything in a drug store but a prescription counter. And there is no place at all to loaf in a drug store any more. The pharmacist today must know as much about slicing a chicken and making a salad dressing as he does about pounding pills. The way to find a New York drug store is to look up what looks like a department store except it has an electric sign "Drugs" out front.

The only place you can find a red and green light that heralded the apothecary shop of 20 years ago is on a tugboat in the New York harbor.

It is hard to relinquish the old-fashioned medicine shop. Even the pungent odor had a pleasant tang, it offered a breath of mystery. The druggist was a hero. He seemed somewhat of a master of necromancy as he took down bottles with strange Latin labels and mixed their contents with his mortar and pestle.

The night bell that once called him to duty to save some midnight sufferer is gone. The drug store remains open all night and midnight medicine loses much of its potency. There was something of a mental stimulus for the patient in the idea that the pharmacist had to get out of bed to mix the concoction especially for him.

**Shrinking and Retiring.**  
These days you never know your druggist. He is hidden away in some remote balcony. He talks to the clerk through the peepholes. In the old days the druggist was quite a figure. He passed the collection plate in church and marched in Pithian parades.

If you step into the drug store and ask to see the proprietor you learn that he has an office downtown where he directs a chain of stores and, instead, you are presented to the "manager."

Instead of the drug store being a place where one may find an occasional hour of calm one finds it a place of vast complicated mechanism. There are aisles blooming with almost everything in the world—save drugs. Why, they've removed the spittoons. Isn't that priceless?

Amid the busy materialism of New York we are too prone to forget the art of making many blades of grass grow where one formerly grew. It is all progress and the old is being standardized right down to the last wisp—and comfort vanishes.

The new drug store is a marvel of



Boyville took to him their cut fingers and smashed toes and he applied his therapeutic knowledge.

efficiency. You can go there for a dime's worth of aux vomica and come away with a crate of apples, a dog collar, a lawn mower, a tennis racket, the latest novel, a ticket to the theater, a pair of carpet slippers, a set of drop earrings and the game of Mah Jong.

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Those Good Old Days.  
It is possible the Victorian era was happier, but we have a vague nostalgia for it. We long for the Sunday after the noon buggy ride instead of the mad motor drive of the day. We would like to see a show where the villain still pursues her instead of the complicated talk and puerile cynicism of a play.

We would like to sit out in the front porch in the cool of the evening and watch the neighbors go by

der in the eye we went to him. He removed it without charge. Boyville took to him their stone bruises, their cut fingers and smashed toes and he applied his therapeutic knowledge, poured up the injured party—perhaps gave them a licorice drop to boot—and sent them scampering on their way rejoicing.

He appeared to be everybody's friend. The village doctor came, moved back of the prescription case and took his evening toddy and drove off again to answer the call of the sick. The drug store was a friendly club.

It is indeed disheartening to see the polishing process that has come to it. If we reduce the world to the terms of dollars, of course we get dollars, but money cannot buy refreshment of the spirit.

The drug store, along with the barber shop, has outgrown that peaceful halo of complaisance that every man needs to dust the soul of life's irritations.

It is not my purpose to sniff at the modern drug store. It is a marvelous step forward materially—but the spirituality of its prototype has vanished. Mild tempers has become fortissimo in a jangling age.

The grandiloquence is suffocating. Handsome floorwalkers now plot you through magnificent labyrinths when all you wanted to buy, perhaps, was a nickel's worth of moth balls.

You feel you are cheating the firm and you probably buy a 21¢ bottle of perfume and a dozen oranges.

**Evolution of Five-Cent Soda.**  
The soda fountain in the old days was a glorified village pump. We bought a 5 cent soda and sat at the counter in a comfortable chair for an hour discussing the light topics of the day with the druggist or his boy.

Now at the drug store soda fountain you must stand up, pay 25 cents for a glass of soda and watch a worldly young man try to keep his locks out of his eyes.

The old fashioned druggist never decorated his window save with a red bottle in one and a green bottle in the other. Now the successful drug store must have a dozen windows and offer everything from a beautiful lady demonstrator revealing the merits of a mole remover to an urban counterfeit of Niagara Falls in full gush.

Aside from selling almost everything a man or woman wants, the modern drug store offers a free show to sidewalk pedestrians. It shows that druggists are keen minded men and know how to keep pace with the times, but their gain is our loss.

We would like to go back to the good old drug store.

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