

# THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher  
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Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1905, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### POLITICS AND THE POLICE FORCE.

A house divided against itself can not stand. Neither can a police force whose members are at variance concerning policies and politics be the efficient machine the public has a right to expect. Just as a soldier is required to give his full allegiance to the flag under which he is enlisted, so should a policeman maintain unquestioning loyalty to the department of which he is a member. Discipline is the vital force that sustains any organization in effectiveness, and discipline can not be established where there are cliques and factions, opposing and thwarting the purposes and policies of the leaders.

These axiomatic observations need no argument to support them. Any business man realizes the absolute necessity of having a loyal organization to carry on his business, and does not hesitate to remove anyone who is disloyal. And no part of the city's business is of greater importance than the police force. Only when it is harmoniously and unanimously devoted to the duty of protecting the lives and property of the citizens, to detecting crime and punishing criminals, to the enforcement of the law and the maintenance and preservation of order, is the police force justifying its existence.

Commissioner Henry Dunn takes a bold step in a direction which he says will lead to better conditions on the Omaha police force. Both in the interest of economy and for the preservation of harmony, he has removed 21 members from the force. Some of these have served many years in uniform, and one has risen to the position of lieutenant. Against them it is alleged they have been engaged in factional politics. No police commissioner will assume to be the keeper of the conscience of the men under his direction. He can not afford to interfere with the free conscience or the full exercise of a patrolman's political rights. Such an attempt would be tyrannical and would be sternly rebuked by the citizens.

But the commissioner has a right to demand of all who serve under him unswerving loyalty to the police department of Omaha. Men so serving are outside their rights when they divide themselves into opposing and clashing groups, one favoring, the other criticizing, the man at the head of the department. The law provides a certain remedy for any grievance, real or fancied, but it does not contemplate protecting anybody in what is equivalent to treason.

Commissioner Dunn rightly assumes that the result of the election is an approval of his course as superintendent of police. He went before the voters on that record, and was subjected to considerable criticism as the campaign went on. The voters returned him to office. Now he has set about to reconstruct a police department, not on the basis of loyalty to Henry Dunn, but of loyalty to the public interests of Omaha. In this he will meet with support from the citizens, understanding that as he has been clothed with power and authority, so will he be held responsible to the utmost for what comes out of his effort.

Thirty-six years ago the metropolitan police law went into effect in Omaha. Its purpose was to take the police force out of politics. One of the unforeseen results was to put politics into the police department. Continually since then the service has suffered from the one cause. Efficiency has been interfered with, and good service marred by reason of the factional differences that have pervaded the department from the top to the bottom. Much of this has been ascribable to outside influence. Since we have had the commission form of government conditions have been rather worse than before. Whether it was Ryder, Kugel, Ringer, Dunn, Butler, or Dunn again, the commissioner in charge has been harassed and bedeviled from the outside as well as from the inside. Discipline has been impossible, and the work of the police department has suffered beyond estimation.

Henry Dunn is the first man to hold the "trouble job" who has been re-elected. This implies that the voters are content with his method of doing business. Now he has set out to give us, he says, a police department that will be as nearly free from internal dissension and discord as is possible. His first move is in the direction of saving \$47,000 to avoid a deficit of that amount on the year. This necessitated the cutting off of a number of men and reduction of expense in other directions. In selecting the men for dismissal, he says he chose those who best could be spared, in interest of harmony and efficiency.

Naturally, the proceeding causes much comment, and threats of suit are made. Perhaps nothing will be lost if the matter goes into court and a judicial determination of the case be had. The big thing for the public is a police force that will attend to the business of policemen, and let politicians look after the politics of the community.

### WE FAIL TO ENTHUSE.

An eastern Nebraska newspaper prints in a prominent place the story of a boy in its community who recently shot a magnificent specimen of the American eagle, the bird having a wing spread of six feet. The exchange says the young man in question "is one of the proudest young men in 'Blank' county."

We fail utterly to enthuse over the exploit of the young man, and find it impossible to congratulate him upon his exploit. The American eagle is a rare bird, and it is a cruel shame to kill one of them. As the emblem of the republic, to kill it appears little less than desecration. Killing an eagle just for sport seems to us to be very much like killing a car-

dinal, or shooting a mocking bird, or banging away at a bunch of robins.

The exchange reports that the young man saw a bird in a tree, and realizing that it was not common to this latitude, brought it down with a well directed shot. It was truly a wonderful exploit, this thing of killing a magnificent bird because it is not common to this latitude. Something to be proud of, indeed, this slaying of one of the few remaining specimens of the great American eagle. About the best thing we can say of the young man who is so proud of having killed an American eagle is that if he is proud of that sort of an exploit, then killing an American eagle is just about the kind of an exploit he would be proud of.

### TWO STORIES WITH ONE MORAL.

Two little items in the news reports tell a story that should be of interest to everybody. One is of a negro, a former slave, who died in Michigan, leaving an estate of \$100,000. The other relates how James Flannery has worked 58 years steadily in one tool shop in Massachusetts.

Whenever you hear some one talking about the "proletariat," think of this pair. The old slave had nothing to start with but his head and his hands. He had a strong back, and a stronger will, and long ago he was out of reach of poverty, and beholden only to his own industry and thrift. James Flannery landed in North Easton in 1866, and two days later got a job in a tool factory. He still has a job there.

Neither of these men ever heard the call of the wild, nor did the wanderlust stir their blood. Chances are that neither of them has spent much time abusing the government or wondering what would happen to the world if they would quit work. Each felt the urge to work, to save, to earn something every day and to lay aside a little of it.

That is all. John D. Rockefeller started with nothing, and Henry Ford had little more. Neither is an accident. They possessed brains, and a willingness to work. On this foundation they erected two of the noblest fortunes the world ever gazed upon.

The story has been repeated many, many times, but it does not lure like that of the soapbox orator, who tells his hearers of their woes, and of how they are wage slaves or worse, and urges them on to a bliss in which the wealthy will wait the beck and call of the poverty-stricken. No such place exists, but poverty we will always have with us so long as the worker spends all he earns, and trusts to get it back again through some political hocuspocus.

### LAW CATCHES ANOTHER CULPRIT.

Two burning questions were answered by a jury in federal court in Kentucky, when Congressman John W. Langley was found guilty of conspiracy in connection with liquor charges. First, the law is sufficient to deal with offenders, if given half a chance. Second, the administration at Washington is not idle in enforcing the law.

If the administration were inclined to show leniency to offenders, Langley might have been a subject for such treatment. He has served long and usefully in congress, as a republican, and is now chairman of the house committee on public building and grounds. If political influence were a determining factor, he would have had its full benefit. When his connection with liquor frauds was developed by a grand jury investigation at Chicago, the machinery of the law was put into motion, and now this congressman stands shorn of his honors and in the shadow of prison because of his crime.

If Governor Pinchot and some of the others who are complaining that President Coolidge is lax in his attitude toward the Volstead act were to devote some of their energy to actually securing enforcement of that act, better results would be noted. The law works both ways. The conviction of Anderson, the dry agent, on a charge of forgery is followed by the conviction of Langley, congressman, on a charge of conspiracy. Just a little patience on part of the people will be helpful. The law moves slowly, but it does move.

Calvin Coolidge is not a respecter of persons, but he venerates the law and the courts. Under his direction the proper agencies of government will be exercised to the fullest extent in protecting the people in all their rights.

The supreme court of Arkansas has declared illegal the custom of leasing the labor of convicts to private contractors. Courts are often slow, and often make mistakes, but as a general thing they manage to decide rightly and justly.

W. J. Bryan is touring Florida in the interests of his own candidacy for delegate-at-large to the democratic convention. Mr. Bryan has a candidate for delegate-at-large that he has no hesitancy in recommending very highly.

Conditions have arrived at such a stage that a man in a crowded street car doesn't know whether to get up and offer her a seat or suggest that she sit down upon his lap.

An inquiry into the textile industry is ordered by the senate. It is to be carried on by the tariff commission, however, and not by the senators.

The announcement that President Coolidge has never played any musical instrument clinches the anti-saxophone vote for him.

Hiram Johnson is another leader who turned the corner without being seen by the procession that marched straight ahead.

Dr. Frank Crane says he can see nothing beautiful in trousers. He isn't supposed to. That's one reason why they are worn.

A reduction of 19,000,000 bushels in the prospective wheat crop shows that the farmer is getting wise on one point.

One great trouble about this per capita wealth thing is that some folks have the per while others wear the cap.

A lot of men who think they are presidential dark horses have overlooked the length of their ears.

## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington Davie

### WAYFARING.

Daily he goes to his weary task—  
Smiling, he plods ahead.  
What of the world would he love to ask,  
If ever his wish were said?  
Nighly he slowly homeward treads  
Over the time worn trail—  
Will he be rid of the gloom he dreads,  
And will he succeed or fail?  
These are the thoughts of the men we meet—  
Men who are loyal and true,  
Beating their paths in the cold and heat,  
Grinding the long hours through.  
Domestic communion forever cheers—  
Children and wife and God,  
Lighting the dark and warming the years  
Of those who incessantly plod.

## Still Room for Ambitious Members of Graduation Classes—



THE JOB THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS HAVE MET TO CONSIDER

## Letters From Our Readers

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

### Radicals and Farm Relief.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When the senate passed the revenue bill last Saturday, it was with a distinct understanding that some time this week a vote would be taken on the McNary-Haugen bill, designed to relieve agricultural distress by providing an export outlet. Senator Norbeck was dissuaded from adding the farm relief bill as a rider to the revenue law, being given the promise that needs of the farmer would get attention. Norbeck has been listed as a radical, but the chief evidence he has shown in that direction has been an intense desire to get action on some of the promises that have been made the farmers. If this constitutes a radical, a lot of such radicals may be found in the fields of the middlewest with much effort.

President Coolidge five and a half months ago asked congress to do something for the farmer. What is the result? A combination of democrats and insurgents have defeated every measure the administration has brought forward. When the president asked for continuance of the War Finance corporation, with authority to make loans to help out wheat farmers in North Dakota, the bill was voted down. The president then called a conference and arranged for a corporation among the financiers to carry on.

When the Norbeck-Burness bill came on for a vote, the democrats deserted their allies of the farm bloc, and slaughtered the measure, after loading it down with all sorts of amendments, chief of which came from Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Heelin of Alabama. Since then all efforts have been directed at the McNary-Haugen bill. It may not be the

best bill in the world, but it is drawn with the explicit purpose of furnishing a market for the surplus wheat of the United States. Strangely enough, it meets its chief opposition from two groups who are very widely apart on other matters. Eastern senators oppose it, because they argue that it will increase the price of bread. The radicals who oppose it do so because they think they see in the Norris-Sinclair bill something a little more to their liking. In the house the measure encountered its chief opposition from the radical group, led by Volght of Wisconsin, who is admittedly the lieutenant of La Follette.

The politics in this sort of tactics is plain enough. Selfishness is back of it all. Discussing the situation, the St. Paul Dispatch says: "The radicals—those professional agitators of farmers' troubles, for their own political benefit and with no intention of applying remedies that will give relief and deprive them of their stock in trade—announced their intention of sidetracking the McNary-Haugen bill with the Norris-Sinclair bill, thereby repeating what they did to the farm diversification measure. Norris would have the government engage in wholesale and retail dealing in everything from automobiles to automobiles and to sell to American consumers, not to foreigners, as the McNary-Haugen bill has in view. The purposes of the two bills are totally different. One is to introduce state socialism. The other is to help the farmer, by giving him as much benefit from the protective tariff as other producers, but no more."

The real objections to the McNary-Haugen bill, and there are some legitimate objections, can be cured if congress will set itself to this task in a spirit of loyalty to the farmers. The Norris-Sinclair bill is impossible. The first recipe to provide a market for the bulk of the American farm produce at home, in a protected market. The other will set up barriers, trading American farm products to Europeans for whatever they have to sell. This may aid Europe, but it will destroy America. The first can be cured, the second cannot.

One group of the opposition is selfishly opposed to giving the west a square deal, the other seeks to impose state socialism. Such a coalition is unnatural, but it must be overcome, if the farmers are to have real relief. The radicals see in the situation something to encourage them. By defeating the administration, and preventing the passage of any law to benefit agriculture, they will be able to make an appeal to dissatisfied voters. Yet they underestimate the intelligence of those voters if they expect to get by with anything so transparent.

OLD FOGY.

American Academician.  
The first American woman to be elected to the French Academy of Agriculture was Mrs. Annie M. Dike, head of the American relief committee for the devastated regions of France. The president of the academy declared that the people of the devastated regions "regard these American women as saints." Only two other women were ever elected to any French academy—Mme. Curie to that of medicine, and the queen of Roumania to that of the arts.—Pathfinder.

Horror!  
"Peggy—Is her family fussy?"  
"Polly—Fussy? They won't mention the word toothpick!"—American Legion Weekly.

President Coolidge Summers.  
President Coolidge is making plans to spend the summer in Washington.

## KANSAS POLICE JUDGE GIVES HIS OPINION

Tells How Tanlac Helped Him and His Wife Overcome Stomach Trouble.

Honorable Geo. W. Ohmart, Police Judge at Augusta, Kan., lends his name to further the cause of Tanlac, the treatment that has proved of such great benefit to himself and wife. "My wife and myself both have taken Tanlac with such splendid results," recently stated Judge Ohmart, "that I do not hesitate to give it my unqualified endorsement. Further proof of the goodness of Tanlac is the fact that it is very popular here in our city."

"As for Mrs. Ohmart and I, Tanlac has brought us full and lasting relief from stomach trouble, and health and strength, that surprised us both. In my case especially Tanlac produced such wonderful results that now, at the age of 79, I feel and look like a man of 50."

"To be free of all ills and complaints and enjoy such splendid health at my age is certainly something to be thankful for, and I just can't praise Tanlac too highly. My verdict is that a better medicine than Tanlac has never been made, and every man and woman suffering from stomach troubles and a rundown condition would do well to give it an honest trial."

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Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of TANLAC—Advertisement.

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# SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Celia Thaxter

### THOROUGHFARES AND BYWAYS.

Members of the I Remember When Club will recall the time when the corner of Tenth and Farnam was quite a resort. The old Vienna restaurant at that point was headquarters for a congenial bunch, many of them newspaper men. Today it is given over to dry-as-dust business. It wasn't dry in the old days.

In those old days there was a "flop house" in the block above. By closing their eyes members of the I Remember When Club can visualize the old sign above the door of that place: "Beers—10 and 15 Cents."

Dropped into the Burlington city ticket office, Sixteenth and Farnam, to cash a fare rebate check in order to get lunch money. Forceful reminder of the I Remember When days. The man who cashed a fare rebate check in those days confessed that he was not on the inside of things. Now we are all outside.

John Phillip Sousa complains that prohibition has put a quiescence on the rollicking light opera songs of other days. It also has put a quiescence on the little German band, the organ grinder and his monkey, the panhandler, and over-enthusiasm at post-prandial oratorical efforts.

To us there is something fascinating about the street hawk who demonstrates potato peelers, beet slicers, Saratoga chip parers, etc., all combined in one implement. We envy him his skill, and we have invested at one time or another quite a considerable sum with him or his kind. We have never been able to acquire his skill, but we have not lost hope. Just to keep the record straight we invested again the other day, and once more expect to fall in proper manipulation.

Litering on a corner at Fifteenth and Farnam, just as the big office buildings were turning loose the clerks and stenographers for the noon luncheon hour, we were somewhat impressed by several things. Among them was the thought that for a really profitable enterprise we would like to have a monopoly of the cosmetic business of Omaha.

Our favorite food resort on Lower Douglas street has been installing many modern improvements. We have managed to accustom ourself to the transition from the polished walnut table top to the linen tablecloth, but we serve notice that the moment the coffee cups appear with handles we are going out on strike.

Open confession being good for the soul, we proceed to make admission that this is the time of year when we have great difficulty with an itching foot and a tendency to indulge in the wanderlust. In times gone by, armed with a composing rule and a traveling card, we went out to make surreptitious entry of the railroad yards and endeavor to make friendly contact with a brakeman. It has been many years since we succumbed to the lure, but it is still in the blood. We shudder to think what would happen if Doc Righter, Ernest King, Shorty Holmes, Hugh Saxton, and a few more of the old gang, should drop in with an invitation to hit the open road again.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

and from recent indications the people are planning for him to be there for some years after that.—Portland Oregonian.

The Truth of the Matter.  
"Jack tried to kiss me last night."  
"How dared he?"  
"He didn't—I dared him."—Boston Transcript.

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