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MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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BEE TELEPHONES

OFFICES

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG.

Not a great many years before he died, Knute Nelson, United States senator from Minnesota, took a group of distinguished friends through his home.

In this was something typical of the spirit of the men who wore the uniform in those days, whether it was of blue or of gray.

Many another reunion of the Blue and the Gray has taken place on the same basis. Long ago the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans buried the hatchet.

Political issues that surged so high as to overwhelm the nation with a wave of war have softened where they have not disappeared.

What a fine thing it will be if that act of congress is sealed before Memorial Day dawn this year.

All honor is for the men who fought to save the union, with gentle forgiveness for those who were mistaken in their conception of the right.

CAL GOES TO THE CIRCUS.

The president of the United States wasn't at the circus when it showed in Washington the other day, but Cal Coolidge was there.

The tent was bigger, the performance more elaborate, the seat a little better and Cal a little older, otherwise things were about the same as when on a former occasion Cal sat under the canvas up in Rutland.

The president of the United States may go to the circus, all right; but the minute he gets under the big top there is a sudden shedding of presidential dignity and there and then emerges the sound, wholesome, red-blooded American boy.

other country than this good old U. S. A. And when we read about Cal going to the circus, every blooming one of us, regardless of politics or partisan bias, hopes that Cal had as good a time as we have when we lie to ourselves by saying we only want to see the animals and then hurry out to where the flags and pennants are waving.

It's mighty little time we spend under the animal top. We hurry on into the big top, grab the best available seat, get ready to become cross-eyed so we can watch all three rings at once, and then become boys and girls again.

It must have been a great day for Cal. It certainly was a great day for all of us when the president of our beloved country could lay aside the cares and onerous duties of his high office and for an hour or two be just plain Cal along with John and Tom and Dick and Harry and all the rest of the bunch.

DOLLAR-A-YEAR "DICKS."

We believe the public service will suffer little because of the action of Attorney General Stone in abolishing the detective bureau of the Department of Justice.

It is not hard to understand why Mr. Burns, as chief of the secret service, declined to furnish the names of his "dollar-a-year" detectives to the senate committee.

While the war was on a great service was performed by a volunteer secret service organization. Its members as a rule were prudent, well balanced men, who carried on inquiries without attracting undue notice from anybody.

Behind it all, however, was the "red" scare. Many people were apprehensive of the spread of radicalism. "Parlor bohemia" was a popular thing for a time, and even yet there are some wealthy persons who contribute to support causes and propaganda they have not sufficiently investigated.

The Lincoln Journal charges that 50 years ago an Omaha paper was attacking the state university in furtherance of a scheme then hatching to remove that institution from Lincoln to Omaha.

Those, too, were the days when voters elected to office the men who could denounce the other fellows in the most vituperative terms; when partisanship divided families and neighbors; when long-horned cattle roamed the open ranges, and pass-holders were in the majority on all passenger trains.

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A vast amount of history has been made in Nebraska during the last 50 years. Satisfactory history, too, in the main. The great question before Nebraskans today is whether we shall profit during the next 50 years by the experience of the 50 years just past.

If congress is going to adjourn June 7, it is also going to work a lot more and talk a lot less, or leave something undone that ought to be done.

A western exchange says Jim Reed of Missouri is no longer a candidate, "having been shown." Shown; he was shoved.

Now the secret is out. Magnus Johnson used to be a glassblower. Thus he qualified as a blowhard.

Oscar Underwood backs out of Kentucky in favor of McAdoo. He must feel his race is about run.

Those Germans did not display any flags at half-staff when Poincare went down, either.

At that we think Rudy Nebb played his partner a mean trick.

Homespun Verse

By Omaha's Own Poet—Robert Worthington Davie

DEAR LITTLE URCHINS. Dear little urchins with sparkling eyes, Mud-spattered and gay; Clothed in the rag of a thousand sighs, Buoysant and free are they.

Why Nicholas! The Idea of Your Driving Right Up to the Front Door With It!



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 250 words and less will be given preference.

Against the Crow. Jansen, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: We have carefully read your editorial, "Crows and the Cut Worms."

See DODGE BROTHERS Four Passenger Coupe. Chicago.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Your issue of May 3 carried a report of a lecture by Dr. Turner given at the exhibition held under the auspices of your paper and the Brandeis store.

Abe Martin



Of all th' foolish questions, askin' fer William Jennin's Bryan's permanent address is th' limit. Opposition makes th' mare go. (Copyright, 1924.)

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for April, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE. Daily 74,265 Sunday 77,999. Includes information about subscriptions and a notice from V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

TURNING TIME BACK.

In a few days we expect to be down in old Missouri, a component part of the Good Will Excursion of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.

It was in Oregon that we finished what little public schooling we had and became "devil" in the office of the old Holt County Sentinel.

We shall be greatly disappointed if at Oregon we are not permitted to meet John Marshall Nicholas Welton Dobyns Curry Coley, the muscular gentleman of color who swung the lever of the old Washington press while we manipulated the inkling roller.

The visit to Rockport will be tinged with regret, for Dad Turner will not be there. Dad was the sheriff who escorted us to jail one day because we were in contempt of court for refusing to answer a question Boss Miles put to us while we were upon the witness stand.

At Fairfax we hope to see the upstairs room in which we printed the Fairfax Comet, and at Craig we hope to meet up with some old-timer who remembers the flood of 1881, when we helped to print the Craig Meteor on wall paper because the ready print couldn't reach us over the wild expanse of Missouri river water.

And if so be we meet up with a lot of gray-haired men and women with whom we danced and sung more years ago than we like to recall, then our joy will be complete.

Incidentally, if any of the old-timers meet the train at the various points named we are trusting to them not to tell all they know about the old days.

Spice of Life

"Our party would have been a great success," said the temperance leader, "if only our leading speaker had not forgotten himself." "Why, what did he do?" "Well, before he drank the glass of water he tried to blow the foam off the top."—City College Mercury.

"You look so pleased, old man, the fortune teller must have predicted something good." "You bet! She predicted that I would have a financial reverse." "I don't see anything joyous in that." "You would if you knew anything about my finances. I tell you that if they don't reverse pretty quick I'll be busted."—Boston Transcript.

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