McAdoo in Front. T. R. on Religion. A Text for Ford. What Prayer, Please?

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

The strongest democratic candidate now is McAdoo. James D. Phelan of California, well liked by everybody, will put McAdoo in nomination. Glass, who will be Mc-Adoo's heir in the convention, if Al Smith "kills off' McAdoo, is talking strong conservative talk.

Political talk is getting too close to the famous Burchard "R.R.R." tine, foolishness that will make democratic defeat inevitable if it continues. The American people do not like religious prejudice in any

Frank Greene, writing from San Pedro, Cal., reminds you of this statement made by the real Theodore Roosevelt at Cardinal Gibbons

silver jubilee, June 5, 1911:
"Our republic, mighty in its youth, destined to endure for ages, will see many presidents during will see many presidents during those ages, and it will see presidents who are Catholics, as well as presidents who are Protestants, presidents who are Jews, as well as presidents who are gentiles." Very likely. In Thomas Jefferson it had a president that believed in no particular religion. ticular religion.

The senate agricultural commit-tee, 11 to 5, voted against Ford's Muscle Shoals offer and took up Senator Norris' bill.

Senators that refused Ford's offer are hurting the farmers and hurting themselves. But that doesn't console Ford, who must find his consolation in the 146th Psalm. This verse is especially recommended: "Put not your trust in princes,

nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

The unreliable son of man in this case seems to be Mr. Coolidge.

Statesmen that rule New York city will begin their sessions with prayer, but can't agree on a preayer that would do, in a body of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. The humble publican's prayer, "God be merciful-to me a sinner," would suit most of our public officials.

A reader writes "You talk about the Teapot Dome, but that isn't the trouble. The real trouble is in the public's dome. It doesn't think." That is solemn truth. If it were



The Makers of Omaha These temples of business around you We built through the years that are gone; The teeming workshops that surround you Are yours when we have passed on. We fought through long years behind us The foes of our faith to subdue. " Now time draws near to remind us Our tasks we must pass on to you. We joyed in the striving and doing, And pride in the works we have wrought; We prayed while feet were pursuing The goal that our firm faith has sought. Our labors we mingled with laughter; We sang 'neath the clouds or the blue; And builded for those to come after-For country, for God and for you. We triumphed o'er doubt and disaster, And smiled through our bitterest tears; We toiled while days flying faster Were merged in the ranks of the years. Now what we visioned we leave you In steel, and in marble and stone; In faith, in hope, we believe you Will better our work when we're gone. We'll toil till the last trump has sounded, And joy in the work that we do. We're proud of the city we founded And builded securely for you. 6 We ask that when the night gathers For us who have struggled and fought, You'll keep firm the faith of your fathers.

will buy back what they sold.

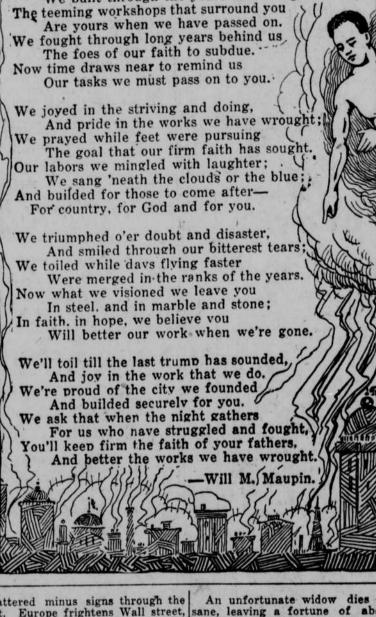
The income tax bill which apparently is going through, with its publicity attachment, seriously disturbs some of the big pocketbooks.

Those who think it not "worth while, to save in dribbles" will observe that dimes and nickels are important, piled together.

Seven dead, 20 burned in a Newark hotel fire. Four killed in otherwise, we should have different a New York fire. Thirty-six dead, officials.

Something frightened speculators yesterday. Stocks dropped and aueau. The world is a tragedy, as you know from running your eyes over the news headings this morning and every morning.

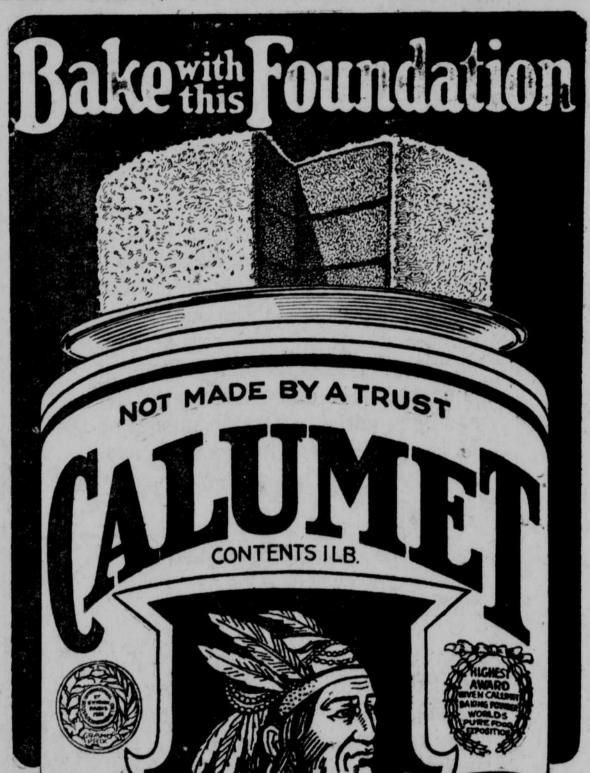
But among the dark clouds, here and there is a patch of blue sky. Charles H. Mayo, great surgeon, says cancer will be conquered "within a few years." Already 70 to 80 per cent of cancers can be cured "if taken in time." Remember that over-eating is one of the principal auses of cancer. Keep your system light, clear, clean, full of energy, and it will deal with the diseases



scattered minus signs through the list. Europe frightens Wall street, and the fact that "Commodities," \$20,000,000. That fortune was inthings produced by nature and labor, are dropping in price.

Later something cheerful will 10 cents each. What he got was profits on the nickle or the dime. Those who think it not "worth"





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Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Why Madge Couldn't Resist Calling Junior Before Dicky. There was a cockily mirthful assurance in Dicky's manner as he made his wager on Junior's running to him

first that piqued me.

of friction, so I forced myself to a demure meekness I was very far from feeling and murmured smilingly:

we went up the steps together. it and Katie answered our greetings

little maid in my absence.

The door opened before we reached and a whispered:

"Now." smilingly, but with a reserve betray-

"Is Junior all right" I asked breath- if I had noticed nothing, I opened subtle disapproval in a way many an that he could cheerfully have boxed essly, wondering why neither he nor my arms to the advancing little fig- older woman might envy.

Lillian's young daughter, Marion, was ure and called softly: racing down the hall to meet us. Katie's lips pursed disapprovingly.

She say you coom dare." Mother Graham's Plot.

Wondering a little, I walked down the hall toward the living room, tone: If our mental atmosphere had not Dicky lagging behind to hang up his been already electric I would have topcoat. As I entered the room I thrown all my good resolutions into saw the reason for Junior's tardiness the discard and taken his bet with as in running to greet us. His grand much arrogance as he displayed, for mether, seated in an armchair, held him lightly but closely beside her, quiet and noninterference on my part and when he joyously exclaimed "My piece vot Danzie taught me," to bring my baby boy to my arms "Mama!" as he caught sight of me He released himself from my arms

So that was it! I did not need the vas to say-vot vas it, Danzie? I unconscious disapproval written upon fordot." "I never bet against a sure thing." Marion's lovely young face to tell me that my mother-in-law, with one of there is to it," his grandmother Dicky laughed. that my mother-in-law, with one of there is to it," his grandmothed "Wise lady," he said patronizingly, her occasional spells of mean jealousy, snapped, but Junior was persistent. nd with the words I drew the car had trained the small boy to greet his up to the veranda steps. Dicky, father first. When Dicky appeared at "You know." springing down, helped me out and the door I watched closely, saw her Lillian's daughter cast an oddly release the little lad with a tiny push apologetic glance at me, and I re-

Everything that was jealous and jealousy underlying the whole abing the iron repression which my malicious in my own nature bubbled surd situation.

mother-in-law always puts upon my to the top in the mental caldron that little maid in my absence.

malicious in my own nature bubbled surd situation.

"You were to say, 'Welcome home, daddy,' she said, managing to convey'

"Oh, Junior darling!" He ran directly into my arms, with outstretched arms. "Yah, he all right!" she said. "He a glad little cry, and for a second or in living room by hee's grandmudder. two I forgot everything else in the ously, he wriggled uneasily, and anthat from the furtive, annoyed "You win the nounced in a conscience-stricken glance he shot at me and guessed said tantalizingly."

"You Win-" I stole a glance at my mother-inlaw's crimson face and asked an unctuous question:

"Forgot what, sweetheart?" bring my baby boy to my arms "Mama:" as ne caught sight of and turned toward his father. "Danard toward his father. "Danard turned toward his father. "Danard turned toward his father. "Danard toward his father. "Danard toward his father." but, weary and dispirited as I was, tighten her class upon him and heard her whisper: might one reciting a lesson, "and I

"If you've forgotten, that's all

alized that young as she was, she understood the ridiculous feminine

the ears of every relative he had in the "Oh, zes!" Junior's tone was vastly room, including for the instant the relieved as he ran to his father, with child looking up at him. Then, his face clearing as his chivalry and his "Welcome home, daddy!" he caroled, sense of justice battled with his irri-Dicky's face was a study. He had tation, he caught up his little son and sheer delight of cuddling him close to missed no phase of the incident, in hugged him tightly, while his eyes me. When he had kissed me rapture cluding my call of the child. I knew twinkled at me.

me. when he had kissed me rapture cluding my call of the child. I knew twinkled at me.

"You win the bet on a foul," he writerled uneasily, and and that from the furtive, annoyed "You win the bet on a foul,"

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