

Today

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 McAdoo'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." line, foolishness that will make democratic defeat inevitable if it continues. The American people do not like religious prejudice in any quarter.

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 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.

The senate agricultural committee, 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 prayer 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 otherwise, we should have different officials.

Something frightened speculators yesterday. Stocks dropped and

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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.
We ask that when the night gathers
For us who have struggled and fought,
You'll keep firm the faith of your fathers,
And better the works we have wrought.

—Will M. Maupin.



scattered minus signs through the list. Europe frightens Wall street, and the fact that "Commodities," things produced by nature and labor, are dropping in price. Later something cheerful will come along. Then the speculators 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.

Seven dead, 20 burned in a Newark hotel fire. Four killed in a New York fire. Thirty-six dead, 70 hurt in tornadoes sweeping through Mississippi. Alabama, Louisiana, also one big and 50 little eruptions in the volcano of Kill-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 causes of cancer. Keep your system light, clear, clean, full of energy, and it will deal with the diseases that await it. Overloaded it is helpless.

An unfortunate widow dies insane, leaving a fortune of above \$20,000,000. That fortune was inherited from a man who made all of his money selling articles for 5 and 10 cents each. What he got was profits on the nickel or the dime. Those who think it not "worth while, to save in dribbles" will observe that dimes and nickels are important, piled together.

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Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Madge Couldn't Resist Calling Junior Before Dicky.

There was a cockily mischievous assurance in Dicky's manner as he made his wager on Junior's running to him first that piqued me.

If our mental atmosphere had not been already electric I would have thrown all my good resolutions into the discard and taken his bet with as much arrogance as he displayed, for I knew that it needed only absolute quiet and noninterference on my part to bring my baby boy to my arms first of all.

But, weary and dispirited as I was, I wished to avoid any further cause of friction, so I forced myself to a demure meekness I was very far from feeling and murmured smilingly:

"I never bet against a sure thing," Dicky laughed.

"Wise lady," he said patronizingly, and with the words I drew the car up to the veranda steps. Dicky, springing down, helped me out and we went up the steps together.

The door opened before we reached it and Katie answered our greetings smilingly, but with a reserve betraying the iron repression which my mother-in-law always puts upon my little maid in my absence.

"Is Junior all right?" I asked breathlessly, wondering why neither he nor Lillian's young daughter, Marion, was racing down the hall to meet us.

Katie's lips pursed disapprovingly. "Ah, he all right!" she said. "He in living room by his grandmudder. She say you come dare."

Mother Graham's Plot.

Wondering a little, I walked down the hall toward the living room, Dicky lagging behind to hang up his topcoat. As I entered the room I saw the reason for Junior's tardiness in running to greet us. His grandmother, seated in an armchair, held him lightly but closely beside her, and when he joyously exclaimed "Mama!" as he caught sight of me and struggled to get down, I saw her tighten her clasp upon him and heard her whisper:

"Wait!"

So that was it! I did not need the unconscious disapproval written upon Marion's lovely young face to tell me that my mother-in-law, with one of her occasional spells of mean jealousy, had trained the small boy to greet his father first. When Dicky appeared at the door I watched closely, saw her release the little lad with a tiny push and a whisper:

"Now."

Everything that was jealous and malicious in my own nature bubbled to the top in the mental caldron that was in my mind at that moment. As

if I had noticed nothing, I opened my arms to the advancing little figure and called softly:

"Oh, Junior darling!"

He ran directly into my arms, with a glad little cry, and for a second or two I forgot everything else in the sheer delight of cuddling him close to me. When he had kissed me rapturously, he wriggled uneasily, and announced in a conscience-stricken tone:

"Oh, I ferdid!"

"You Win—"

I stole a glance at my mother-in-law's crimson face and asked an unconscious question:

"Forgot what, sweetheart?"

"My piece vot Danzie taught me." He released himself from my arms and turned toward his father. "Danzie said I was to come first to you, not to mamma," he announced, as might one reciting a lesson, "and I vas to say—vot vas it, Danzie? I ferdid."

"If you've forgotten, that's all there is to it," his grandmother snapped, but Junior was persistent.

"Vot vas it, Marion?" he asked. "You know."

Lillian's daughter cast an oddly sociologic glance at me, and I realized that young as she was, she understood the ridiculous feminine jealousy underlying the whole absurd situation.

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

subtle disapproval in a way many an older woman might envy.

"Oh, zee!" Junior's tone was vastly relieved as he ran to his father, with outstretched arms.

"Welcome home, daddy!" he caroled. Dicky's face was a study. He had missed no phase of the incident, including my call of the child. I knew that from the furtive, annoyed glance he shot at me and guessed

that he could cheerfully have boxed the ears of every relative he had in the room, including for the instant the child looking up at him. Then, his face clearing as his chivalry and his sense of justice battled with his irritation, he caught up his little son and winkled at me.

"You win the bet on a foul," he said tantalizingly.

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