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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

"SO THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW."

American citizens will pay perfunctory attention to what went on in the committee room when the republican platform was being framed. It is of little moment whose voice was raised, or whose knuckles thumped the table to give emphasis to words. What came out of the committee room will be closely read by the voters between now and next November. It is in the platform they will find what may be expected if the republican party is given power to put its plans into operation.

Voters in Nebraska are chiefly concerned in agriculture, and taxation. On these points definite pledges are made. The republican party stands committed to the restoration of agriculture to an economic equality with other industries. This does not mean a farm. A sincere effort was made in the last congress to secure legislation that would be helpful to the farmers. That it failed is not the fault of the administration group. Democrats persistently opposed every attempt to enact any measure that would be of benefit to agriculture of the west, and they had sufficient help from a group that was opposed to the president to defeat all such measures. But Coolidge is committed to the program, and the convention has pledged the party to extend every effort to set the farmer in his rightful place and give him his full share of prosperity.

One of the chief arguments used in behalf of the so-called Mellon plan for reducing taxation is that it was scientific. Admittedly, our system of raising revenue, local, state and nation, is not scientific. Methods of makeshift nature have been adopted or changed from time to time, as expediency might suggest. Always the true principle of taxation has been ignored or very warily recognized. A commission to study the entire question, and to propose such reforms as will more evenly distribute the burdens, permitting none to escape and at the same time oppressing none, is the remedy proposed by the platform.

This is the rightful way to go about the big job. When the tariff question became so acute it was necessary to take it out of politics as far as possible, a nonpartisan commission was established. Just as soon as the democrats came into control of the government, they abolished the commission, and resorted to their free trade theory. So serious did this blunder prove that the tariff commission was restored, and now it functions, to the relief and satisfaction of all industry. Something of this nature may reasonably be expected from a tax commission.

On prohibition, the klan and such like questions, the platform states a policy that can not be questioned. Law enforcement is pledged, and the maintenance of freedom under the Constitution, both religious and political, is guaranteed. In other regards the party declaration of principles is one that will appeal to the thoughtful. From now on it will be debated in detail, and we feel that as it is given close attention it will seem the more potent.

Frank Mondell, in his short speech as chairman, asked that the republican party be given a majority in congress, that it may carry out its pledges to the people. The last congress was unfortunate in having a considerable division between groups of republicans. The convention has solved some of the questions then raised. Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, will hardly be regarded as an "insurgent," but he opposed the president as steadfastly as anyone in the senate. He is but a small figure at the convention.

So far as the Cleveland meeting has gone, its every step has been in the direction of closing up rifts in the party. A new leadership is developing, and a new birth of freedom may be looked for. The republican party continues without serious dispute the party of the people, firmly devoted to the best interests of America in all sections.

OWED TO THE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

No, the caption is not an orthographical error. It was so written with intent, and as an intimation of what is to come. No poet could possibly indite an ode worthy of the real, genuine, fresh-from-the-oven strawberry shortcake, and no orator, though he have the eloquence of a Demosthenes or even a W. J. B., could fittingly paint a word picture worthy of the subject.

We refer not to the spongy and tasteless strawberry shortcake of commerce, but to the artistic creation of the inspired household artist who disdains all culinary rules of measurement, and with a pinch of this and a pinch of that, concocts, compounds and creates that toothsome delicacy in all its everlasting glory.

Were we charged with the work of providing legal enactments for the people, one of our first chores would be to Pass a Law making it a penal offense to flout upon the public a bit of spongecake ornamented with a few fragments of strawberries, under the cognomen of "strawberry shortcake." And nothing less than from now on at hard labor would adequately punish the offender.

What we have in mind, and what we yearn to have placed in front of us at any old hour of the day or night, is the strawberry shortcake consisting of a large, light portion of highly sweetened biscuit dough well baked, then split and delicately soaked in fresh butter, piled high with an amplitude of fresh and frapped strawberries, accompanied by a bowl full of finely granulated sugar and a sizeable pitcher full of thick, rich cream. No, not the cream of commerce, but the cream that memory recalls as having covered the crock of milk in the old springs

house, so thick and so firm that a spider could skate across its surface and never leave a track.

On such occasion we ask only that we be the only one upon our side of the table, that we may have ample room, and that we be not annoyed by desultory conversation about politics, the weather, the Franks case or the dope on tomorrow's races. With such a strawberry shortcake confronting us, flanked by the concomitants mentioned, it is treason of the rankest kind to obtrude with thoughts of sordid and earthy things.

It is not given to the victims of the delicatessen, the cafe or the cafeteria, to realize the delights of the genuine strawberry shortcake. To such there is given only the weak and feeble imitations of the real thing. It is to be found only in those homes where the housewife gives more thought to culinary skill than to expertness at mah jongg or bridge. The building of strawberry shortcake is an art, a science. It may not be accomplished by rule of thumb, but only by inspiration and genuine love of the good, the beautiful and the true.

It is to this sort of strawberry shortcake that we bow down in humble adoration, and to which we indite this feeble, though heartfelt, tribute of praise.

KEEP THE GOOD ROADS GOING.

June rains, more than the spring breakup, emphasize the need for good highways in Nebraska. Travel by roads just now is anything but easy. All but the best of hard-surfaced thoroughfares are in worse than bad conditions because of the rain. True, Nebraska's porous soil soon takes up the excess moisture, and it will not be long until all the main highways are in good condition. When all have been properly treated, they will be in good condition all the time.

Secretary Wallace, in apportioning the \$75,000,000 government road fund, has apart \$1,577,155 for Nebraska. This sum will make possible the completion of a considerable mileage in Nebraska, and gradually raise the total of well-built roads to the standard that ought to be maintained. At the end of 1922, the last year for which figures are available, Nebraska had 496 miles of hard-surfaced highway outside of cities and towns. Of this total 160 miles were constructed during the calendar year 1922. Federal aid roads to the extent of 604.6 miles were completed in 1923. This indicates that at the beginning of the present year 1,100 miles of dependable highway existed in the state. Nebraska has 88,556 miles of public highways outside of incorporated places, so it will be noted that there is much work yet to be done.

Douglas county will share in the government allotment this year to the extent of 12 miles of brick paved highway. The determination to locate the bridge over the Platte river to connect with Saunders county at the Center street site brings it in line with a road built by government aid. Slowly the state system of all-year road highways is growing, and it should be kept moving steadily, until every county and every town in the state is connected by a road that can be used at any time, no matter what the weather.

WHAT DID WILL SAY TO CHARLIE?

What really took place when the Brothers Bryan met in Chicago last week may have some bearing on the proceedings scheduled to start in New York on June 24. All along it had been supposed that Brother Will was in Brother Charlie's confidence, but now no less a prophet than George E. Hall suggests that the Nebraska's boom has been inflated without the consent at least of the Florida.

Under the gentle influences of the Florida primary, William Jennings Bryan is reconciled to the candidacy of William Gibbs McAdoo. He has so publicly announced, which is taken to mean that he is not his brother's keeper, so far as the democratic national convention is concerned. What handicap this will prove to the governor's prospects must be developed.

The consultation held in Chicago may or may not have brought them to an understanding as to a course of conduct, mutual or otherwise. Each is the head of a state delegation, and that is a fact not to be overlooked by the convention. Florida has instructed for McAdoo, but Nebraska democrats go to New York unaltered, unless the shadowy aspirations of Governor Bryan may be regarded as in some way binding the home boys to stick together.

The list of possible candidates still stands at 22 all told, so far as those in the open have been counted and catalogued. This leaves considerable room for scattering, and a deft and able manager may cover up his strength and mask his intentions for quite a while behind such a bunch. Some day one of the Bryans may tell what took place at their conference. Just now a lot of democrats are wondering.

We trust that at the most dramatic moment of the New York convention no practical joker will megaphone an announcement to the effect that the 12-mile limit blockade has been broken.

French scientists claim to have devised a method of extracting fuel from palm nuts. Would that they could extract some foolishness from the too many nuts who sit behind steering wheels.

A large number of men will visit in New York during the convention, hopeful that the 12-mile limit will be contracted about 24 miles.

Closing fire houses will not prove popular as a measure of economy. The council might think of some other way to save money.

The fuz now being made by the Japanese is another reason why the exclusion law was passed.

Even from dawn to dusk will keep a flyer busy crossing the continent.

One dead burglar is worth a hatfull of clues.

Homespun Verse
 —By Omaha's Own Poet—
 Robert Worthington Davie

VIVACITY.
 It seems as we go forth across the vista of the years
 That smiles are not deserved until we've shed our share
 of tears—
 Nor is their worth exemplified ere gloom has had its
 sway.
 And we have faltered as we've tried to lead our forward
 way.
 A few of us'er cheerful and show no signs of pain;
 The weariness that grows with Time appears to grow in
 vain—
 But underneath the sprightliness life's cares are just as
 deep
 As though we chose to tell our thoughts, and often
 paused to weep.
 How wise it is to feign the truth when truth reverts to
 tears—
 To keep the spirit of free youth with which to cross the
 meers.
 And when decrep it have grown, be young enough to
 share
 The gratitude that lives beyond the limits of despair.

Somebody's Liable to Be Crowded Out Onto the Floor If They Aren't Careful



"From State and Nation"
 —Editorials from Other Newspapers—

Forests as Friends to Cherish.
 From the Minneapolis Tribune.
 This is a good time of the year for vacationists of 1924 to resolve firmly that if they go up into the woods of Minnesota for an outing they will be exceedingly careful where they build campfires, and even more careful to put out the fires to the last ember when they are through with them.
 If they were practical, every resident of the state and every visiting tourist who go to seek recreation or sport in the forests should be supplied with written fore-warnings against carelessness with fire, whether it be fire for cooking and warmth, or fire on the end of a discarded cigar or cigarette. The potential destructiveness of either is incalculable in many instances.
 Most forest fires are caused by sparks from passing locomotives or are traceable to human thoughtlessness. Some are charged up to brush-burners, who take unwarranted risks with their own property and the property of others. Very infrequently does lightning start a forest fire.
 The vast destructiveness of fires to the forest resources of the United States is an old story. The bill in dollars and cents runs far into the millions each year. The laying waste of timber lands has far-reaching effect. It levels unnecessary tribute on every man who builds a home for himself. It increases the cost of every article or structure into which wood enters as a principal material. It has its adverse effect on climate and water flowage. It tends to dry up lakes and streams, thereby inflicting a hurt on the farming business and lessening the wealth that is to be found in water power. Still other costly consequences might be mentioned.

Minnesota citizens themselves ought to be careful not to cause forest fires in their own state, if they believe it is economic good sense to cultivate and develop the summer tourist business. Recreationists like the woods in their normal condition, but they do not relish a smoke-laden atmosphere. They are not attracted by the charred remnants of dead trees. Desolate wastes, either of field or forest, soon pall on them.
 There are so many reasons for safeguarding the forests that it seems every man, woman and child ought to make it a personal matter to be careful of them, but unhappily not all are so impressed. That being true, the fire protection laws should be rigidly and impartially enforced. There is so much at stake that excuses are no longer in order.

The States and Child Labor.
 From the New York Sun.
 It is almost 20 years since John Spargo wrote "The Bitter Cry of the Children," and H. G. Wells in his book on America gave a scathing chapter to child labor. It is seven years since congress "invaded the rights of the states" by the first of its two attempts to prohibit child labor, both found unconstitutional.
 Backward states have had ample warning that public sentiment was determined to stop child labor by national action if it was not ended by state laws. Yet when the child labor amendment passed the house recently the same old cry was raised of "Let the states alone; they will soon act." In the senate the opponents will rely upon southern members rallying to the state rights cry.
 Actually the states will not lose the right to legislate on child labor. The federal amendment calls for a law which will fix minimum standards, but will allow any state to enact fuller legislation of its own. The one right that a few laggard commonwealths will lose is the right to abuse small children and to carry on a cut-throat competition with more enlightened neighbors on the basis of this cheap labor.
 It is the height of inconsistency for

congressmen from southern states which passed the prohibition amendment with a whoop to declare that state rights are violated by this new amendment. The makers of the constitution framed their instrument for 3,000,000 people, mostly on farms, without factories or industrial problems. They would be the first to cry out against the absurdity of fettering legislation for a great industrial nation of 110,000,000 people by strict adherence to the letter of 1788.
 Whatever injures the health, morals and education of small children injures national welfare, and when it occurs on this scale and with this persistency is a subject of national action. The house vote, 327 to 62, holds out hope that the necessary two-thirds can be obtained in the senate.
Harmony at Home.
 A manufacturer of automobile accessories was hiring a factory superintendent. "There's just one thing more," he said to the applicant who appeared to be satisfactory. "Could you run a house organ in connection with your other work?"
 "House organ?" said the man with a puzzled expression. "What's the idea of music in a factory?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Abe Martin



The old time bride that used t' bring her husband a little dowry on th' side now has a daughter worth o' dental work done t' begin with. Nothin' turns a house upside down like a sick fat man.
 (Copyright, 1924.)

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 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1924.
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 Notary Public (Seal)

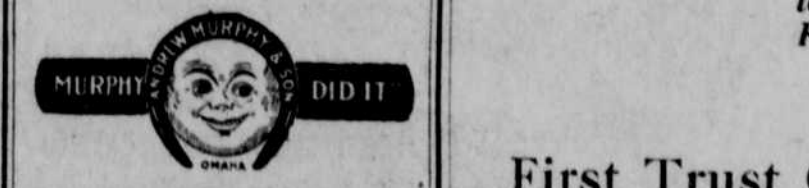
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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet
Colin Thayer

RECOMPENSE.
 When the work is done and the toil of day
 Brings time of rest in the evening gray:
 When the cares and trials that sore beset
 I have laid aside, for a time forgot
 And I start for home with a heart elate
 With thoughts of welcomes that there await—
 A smiling face at the open door
 And the kiddies calling to me once more!
 With the world shut out, and my world within?
 I can close my ears to the world's harsh din,
 Forgetting the worry, and stress, and strife
 In the quiet hours of the loved home life.
 While others may scheme for power and place,
 I am well content that a smiling face
 Shines bright for me 'neath the warm home light,
 And my very soul sings, "Right, all right!"
 O, the lights of home where the loved ones wait
 Are the boundary marks of my vast estate.

The lanes and penates are now snugly located in No. 4 of the Winona apartments, and, as a result, the skies are a bit bluer, the sun a bit brighter and the present a bit rosier. We regret that conditions are such that we can not make proper acknowledgements to certain thoughtful friends. They are assured that the latching is always out for them.

We were awakened on our first morning by a concert, the like of which he had not heard in many years. It seems that a convention of song birds had been called for this especial morning, in the huge maple tree that shades our particular apartment's windows. The attendance was surprisingly large, and every delegate was in splendid voice and spirits. None exhibited a temperamental streak, and there was no professional jealousy. And shortly after the close of the musical symphony of the birds, a bunch of squirrels disported themselves amidst the branches of the old maple, chattering what we took to be a welcome to the city.

"Who made Coolidge?" is a question now going the rounds. While not posing as an authority on such matters, we venture the opinion that Cal had something to do with it. We are quite certain that while a young man he didn't spend his time loafing in joints or on the street corners and cussing because there wasn't no chance at all for a young fellow now. Equally certain are we that he didn't rear back and declare that the world owed him a living, and loiter around waiting for the world to come along and drop his wages in his hat.

Why all this ado over the fact that the prince of Wales takes an occasional tumble from a horse? Right here in Omaha we can point out just as capable young men as his princelike dare be who fall off the wagon oftener than he does from his equines, but we never see their picture in print. Among other things, we insist on Passing a Law about this thing of toadying so much to British royalty.

"When Summer Comes" is heralded as being one of the popular books of the day. It must be a futuristic novel.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

said to the applicant who appeared to be satisfactory. "Could you run a house organ in connection with your other work?"

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Good Enough for Grandfather, but—

A SLATE and a cash till were enough to keep a track of a business—a hundred years ago. They have given way to comprehensive auditing systems, cash registers, adding machines and frequent audits.

A friend or relative could easily act as executor and trustee of your will—a hundred years ago. But the man who trusts to such a method now is as unwise as if he cut notches in his counter to keep account of his sales.

The modern trust company, with its trained specialists, wide experience, and state-controlled responsibility, is to the business of estate management of greater benefit than modern accountancy is to a commercial business.

No man is wise who neglects to make a will. No man is wise who denies himself the advantages of a modern trust company in carrying out the provisions of his will.

An informal talk with one of our trust officers will show you the advantage to your heirs of naming a trust company in your will, as executor and trustee. Our booklet, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," is free upon request.
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