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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

"SOME" DEMOCRAT IS RIGHT.

The New York Times, democratic to the core, laments the fact that President Coolidge did not rule congress with a rod of iron. Accustomed to the schoolmaster policy that marked the Wilson administration, the democrats appear to forget that congress is a body independent of the president, and not to be coerced on any occasion. Sometimes executives have been able to drive a complacent legislative group hither and yon in response to whatever policy may seem good at the White House. But in 1918 the cry was "Restore congress to its constitutional power," and on that the majority was vested in the republicans. Mr. Wilson's greatest failure was his inability to drive a congress that did not want to be driven.

So Mr. Coolidge found in congress leaders who were not in harmony with his views, and who insisted upon having their own way. Some of the men who professed to belong to the president's party took great pleasure in openly opposing him on the principal points of his program, and some others tacitly consented to what was going on by passively submitting to the dictation of the opposition. The president is not to blame for this. He did not crack the whip at any time, never assumed to be a boss, but patiently allowed the legislative branch of the government to take its own course as the Constitution contemplates.

The Times is right, though, when it says that "any democrat" will not do. It will require "some" democrat to successfully head a ticket against Calvin Coolidge, for

it would be a gross blunder to underestimate the elements of Mr. Coolidge's political strength. He will take a lot of beating. He can not be beaten by a man who does not measure up to something like his own political stature. . . . The democrats ought not to lose a day in casting about to find such a man if they are to have any hope at all of defeating President Coolidge next November.

As days go on the real strength of the cool, capable man at the White House will loom bigger before the voters who realize the need of moral strength and courage in the office of president. And while this sentiment is growing, the other element of Coolidge's popularity will also be better understood. He is, as Dr. Burton said at Cleveland, just a human being. No one pretends that he is a superman. His sympathies and attributes are all human, and the people are coming to know this.

Nor is it wise to think that the sole qualification of Charles G. Dawes is that he has given the country a neat form of expiatory. If that were all his title, then he would merit the contempt the democrats express but do not feel. Andrew Jackson's "By the Eternal!" was an index to the aggressive courage of the man who met his foemen head on, and gallantly won his battles. General Dawes, like any other doer of big things, explodes once in a while, but his acts are really what count. He has won his way in the world by sheer ability. He has a long string of actual achievements to his credit. On his record he stands before the public, to be tested by what he has done.

At that, "Hell Maria" is really a billion-dollar "cuss word," for it was Dawes who made the budget work, and that budget has saved the taxpayers \$1,250,000,000 in the expenses of the federal government. And the dignity of the United States senate will be quite as safe under the gavel of Charles G. Dawes as it is when entrusted to Heflin, Harrison, and a few others of the kind, who love to turn its solemn precincts into semblance of a bear pit. Coolidge and Dawes are giving the democrats something to think about. The party leaders know the New York Times is right when it says "some" democrat is needed.

WHEN THE RED MAN GOES TO VOTE.

A new factor has been introduced into American politics. The president has signed a bill clothing the American Indian with citizenship. The red man remains, however, a ward of the nation, and his voting will not interfere with any of his tribal rights. Whether it will do much more for him than it has for the rest of us is yet to be determined.

Indian voters are not a novelty in Nebraska. The Santee and Ponca Sioux were clothed with the franchise many years ago, and the Omahas have been voters for at least a generation. In Oklahoma and Kansas others have gained citizenship, and an Oklahoma Indian has sat in congress, while Senator Curtis of Kansas is not very far removed from the enjoyment of tribal rights. So the body politic will suffer nothing from the intrusion of the red man. It is curious, though, that we have taken 148 years to get around to the Indian who was here before the white man came, and at the same time have clothed with citizenship the man who came from Europe only five years ago.

At to the fitness of the Indian for the duties and obligations he will be called upon to assume, he can hardly be much worse than some of his white brothers. The Sioux Indians established themselves as farmers, stock raisers, business men, almost overnight when the government made the order to change from blankets to breeches. A people with the capacity that has been exhibited in so many directions may be trusted with the vote. For the benefit of eastwarders, who cling to the belief that western people thrive by cheating and deluding the red man, we would suggest they come out long enough to get a glimpse of what is going on. The benighted Indian has little if any trouble in holding his own, and he

long ago found the trail to the courthouse, where he does not hesitate to go if he has any suspicion that he is getting the short end of a trade.

"WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE?"

Cordell Hull, being chairman of the democratic party's national committee, is not expected to note any good in whatever republicans do. He is set to go off automatically when the opposition leaders make a move of any sort. So his outburst concerning the candidates chosen at Cleveland is not unexpected. Something of the same may be said as to Carter Glass, who is hovering around the outskirts, ready to dash for the arena and accept a nomination as president on the democratic ticket. Ditto other democrats who join in the grand salvo fired from the heavy guns in salute to the Cleveland convention.

None of them express the pleasure they ought to feel. One would imagine these doughty democrats would be bubbling over with glee to think the republicans had so completely cleared the way for them. But they show no joy, nor give any sign of the exultation they might feel if they really were honest with themselves. On the contrary, they know the donkey is up against a fight they do not hope to win, except by a fluke of some sort.

To win the candidate for president must have 266 votes in the electoral college. The democratic candidate, no matter who he is, sets out with 186 votes absolutely assured. These come from the solid south, where no republican can possibly hope to break through so long as the oligarchy represented by Hull, Glass, and the others holds its firm grip on 17 states. This means the democratic candidate has only to hustle for 80 votes, while the republican nominee must get 266.

With such a handicap, the sachems and sagamores of the party that always look backward should be happier than they seem. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" Is it not because they can see the shadow of the Cleveland convention stretching across the days between now and November?

If the ticket and the platform are so weak, would it not become the democratic convention at New York to pass a vote of thanks to the republicans for helping them out? Surely it would, but will they do it? Not in a million years. The democratic leaders know what they are facing, and the prospect is not encouraging to them.

LORRAINE NEEDS SOMETHING.

Lorraine Nathan of Chicago, who claims to be the sweetheart of Richard Loeb, says she will be waiting for Richard when he gets out.

That sounds very sweet and pretty, and doubtless Lorraine imagines that she is being acclaimed as wonderfully sacrificing and quite the heroine. But Lorraine is mistaken, of course. She will not be waiting for Richard when he gets out, and she is not being acclaimed as a heroine whose devotion is marvelous. Quite the contrary. She is being acclaimed as a very foolish girl who should long ago have been taken into a quiet bedroom and turned across the maternal knee for the purpose of making it convenient to apply the maternal slipper. Perhaps a bedslat might have been more effective.

It is possible that Lorraine will pine for a time and languish like the imprisoned maiden who looked out across the moated grange. But she will get over it. It is possible that in time she will have sense enough to laugh at her foolishness, while at the same time being just a bit ashamed of it. Some girls who are quite as foolish as Lorraine will clasp their hands and roll their eyes upward, envying Lorraine her opportunity to pose and languish and cherish an aching but faithful heart. They are in need of the same firm but gentle treatment that should be accorded Lorraine.

Time was when Lorraine's frame of mind would have fitted well into the pages of a Mary Jane Holmes novel, or a story by Bertha M. Clay. It is a pity, too, that she lived too late to be utilized by Laura Jean Libbey. But this is a material age, Lorraine dear, and instead of recommending that you be made the heroine of a wonderful love story, it is suggested that you should be taken into an upper chamber and remonstrated with, and quite severely, too.

Incidentally, if you really mean it, and stick to it, you are in for a long wait and an indefinite spinsterhood.

Seven hundred young men and women have just been graduated from the city high schools, most of whom are ready to take up the serious business of earning a living. These young people need not worry about the chaffing they will encounter, for those who poke most fun at themselves had to make a start. It may take a little time to get shaken down into the proper groove, but each may be assured the world has a place and a need for them.

No democrat has yet arisen to say that neither Coolidge nor Dawes knows anything about agriculture. The one comes originally from Vermont, the other lived long in Nebraska, so they must know something dirt farming.

The women now have 50-50 on the republican national committee, so it is up to them to make as good a showing at the polls.

We are still watching hopefully, waiting for some anti-administration man to commend Key Pittman's performance.

As usual, after the convention got under headway, a lot of know-it-alls had to revise their estimates.

Taking the tax off luxuries does not mean that American people are no longer to indulge in them.

Talk about emancipation, the schools of Omaha have just turned loose 39,000 youngsters.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davie

GOD BE WITH HIM TILL THEY MEET AGAIN.

The postal clerk, poor fellow—
(My eyes are filled with tears)—
Thrumbs softly on his cello,
And sings away the years;
He dreams of veto grim,
And smiles as animation
Comes stealing over him.
Shut in by duty's fetters
Beneath the spiraled dome,
He flings away the letters,
And hums a song of home;
His song is rich and mellow,
And from his heart it comes—
The postal clerk, poor fellow,
Is thinking as he hums.
His thoughts are strangely mystic,
Such as the prophets read;
His courage is poetic
As to its innate need—
With grief and filibuster,
With veto and no raise;
He hears the cruel winds bluster,
And looks to calmer days.

We May Have to Remodel the Quarters for the New Tenant



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.

Distorted Philosophy of Life.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," is a maxim of trade as old as trade itself, one much venerated, but as wrong as can be. An illustration:
On a street car a man seated behind me asked a man sitting alongside me, "Do you know an amateur painter who wants a job? I know a man who will give him one. He doesn't want to pay regular painter's wages, for he is a workman himself."
A considerably colloquy followed, in which much was said about the wages that are paid painters, the quality of paints, the difficulty of getting good linseed oil, and finally that one property owner was having houses painted by high school boys, who could daub paint as well and probably better than some painters, and who did not expect to get rich at the job.
They probably will not, but what about the man who is a painter by trade, and has to meet such competition? In the case of the workman who wants a job of painting done, but does not want to pay full wages for it, what would he say if the painter took the same advantage of him? Live and let live still is a good rule, the only one on which our social structure can safely stand. If the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker set about to cut one another's throats by invading each other's domain and reducing prices below what is fair, where will he be in a very short time?
In common with others who work

Center Shots

Pat Harrison sounds the keynote. The G. O. P. is preparing to denounce it as an ex-splitting shriek.—Dallas News.
Democratic women are said to be compiling a democratic convention book. To such extremes are men forced by an amended constitution.—Philadelphia Bulletin.
It must seem like old times to the Germans, who have received a sharp note, this time from Russia.—Indianapolis News.
Perhaps we are rash and strong-headed, Uncle Andy, but we are inclined to try out this tax reduction bill and see what happens. Who knows but it may help to educate congress in economy?—Chicago Evening Post.
The Volstead act made chemists of the American people; the bonus is making mathematicians.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.
Radio developments have led to confident scientific prediction of interplanetary communication. Better clear up these various little scandals before we get ourselves talked about all through starry space.—Washington Star.
If you knock a man people will say you're jealous of him. If you praise him they'll say you're his hired press agent.—Birmingham News.
Ever notice that most of these guys who can tell you just how the government should be run have trouble establishing credit with the grocer?—Winnebago Enterprise.
Strange that when an ambassador wants to quit his job there is always sickness in the family.—Des Moines Register.

Classical Music.

Said the man who was trying his best to appreciate good music: When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical.—Christian Register.

Abe Martin



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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget
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Celia Thaxter

"APROPPOS."
I was tramping out in Oregon
An' lost my way around.
My feet was sore an' yellin'
From scuffin' on the ground,
I hadn't had a thing to eat
For hours stood on end—
When turnin' sharp among the crick—
A town showed in the bend.
I was mighty glad to see it,
I sent up a feeble yell;
When, comin' closer to the place
I said, "This looks like h—l."
Five battered shacks an' nary store
Made up this dismal burg.
The gurgling crick flowed silent by
With not a single gurg.
A hairy townsman then appeared,
Said I: "Od's Bods and Whew!
For Crimmins' sake, what is the name
Map-makers gave to this?"
He viewed me with a fishy eye,
His words began to spill—
"This town is 'Maupin' on the map—
We named it after Bill."
—Anonymous.

Our self-appointed mentor and guide, John Q. Tallen, dropped in on this morning and, after showing the exchanges off on the floor, remarked:
"Since you asked me to define the difference between private and public ownership I'll—"
But our mentor and guide silenced us with a wave of his hand and went right on.
"Since you asked me to explain the difference, I'll say that you'll get it by noticing the kind of pen and ink put out for public use in the postoffices, and then notice the kind offered in banks. You can always write with the bank pens and ink."
"Last week I had to move, necessitatn' gettin' hooked up with privately owned light and publicly owned gas. In just 40 minutes I had the privately owned light, but it took 40 hours and a \$5 deposit to get the publicly owned gas. The private light company treated me like it believed I was half-way honest, and the public gas company treated me like I was out on parole and under suspicion."
"That ain't all, either. Since you asked me to explain this difference to you—"
"But nobody asked you to explain the—"
"That's all right; no trouble at all," said our mentor and guide. "I had to ship a carload of stuff during government operation of the railroads, and was asked to pay an additional \$48 three months after paying the original freight bill, the agent claiming that the weights had been wrong. And when I refused he threatened to send a government man after me. I paid. Last week I shipped a car of household goods to Omaha from my former home, paying the freight in advance. When I went to get my stuff I was informed that a mistake had been made and I got a refund of \$28.71."
"Since you asked me to explain my opposition to public ownership I'll—"
Fortunately the telephone rang at this juncture and, after answering it, we pretended that it was an imperative call to another department, thereby making our escape.
Vehemently denying that we have any desire to pose as an expert on economics, we are inclined to the belief that if only those who actually need to purchase gasoline would do so during the next few weeks, the price of the fuel would slump with a dull, agreeable thud. It is the uselessly consumed gasoline that keeps the price up.
Major Martin says his wreck on the around-the-world flight was caused by a mirage. The major is not the only man who has met with that kind of an accident. We can recall several mirages that resulted in our piling up in a state of sad disorder.
WILL M. MAUPIN.

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