# THE OMAHA BEE

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### Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

TRUTH MAY HURT, BUT TELL IT.

The first public utterance of Charles G. Dawes after his nomination is characteristic of the man. Instead of its being a partisan political speech, it was an appeal to the common sense of his hearers and of all Americans. He begged them to break away from the cajolery and comforts of demagoguery and to courageously face the truth, whether it be pleasant or not.

It is good to have a man in high place, a leader of men, speak frankly. Americans have acquired an unfortunate habit of shutting their eyes to anything that is unpleasant, no matter how inevitable, and meeting their troubles with little if any preparation. Eight years ago Charles Evans Hughes was greatly criticized because he told us we were living in a fool's paradise. He urged his countrymen to be courageous enough to face a storm that was about to break over the nation. Against Mr. Hughes was raised the voice of Martin Glynn, sounding the keynote of the St. Louis convention, "Thank God for Wilson! He kept us out of war!" Refuge found in that majestic bit of verbal magic was not sufficient to afford safety sought by so many, who could not or would not see what was plainly put before them.

Considering this propensity of the people, Mr. Dawes has this to say:

"As human beings whatever may be our party, we are bound to differ on many subjects, but as good citizens we can unite to demand from those who represent us in political debate that they present our differences honestly and from the standpoint of truth-not from the standpoint of passion and prejudice. The man who distorts factsthe man who preaches pleasant doctrines to one portion of our people and another pleasant but absolutely inconsistent doctrine to another portion, is a menace to the safety of our fundamental institutions. As good citizens, irrespective of party, we must demand from our political leaders a strict adherence to the truth, including disagreeable truth."

To be free men must stand upright in a world where things are not always ordered just as they would have them. Truth hurts at times, but it is better to know the truth. A physician can not prescribe the remedy until he knows the character of the disease, where it is located, and how deeply it is seated. This applies to business, to politics, to every normal activity of human life. With leaders like Coolidge and Dawes, the republicans go into the campaign, confident at least that demagoguery will not rule as long as these men are present.

#### MAKING IT EASY FOR M'ADOO.

Out of the dense fog of uncertainty that lowers over the approaching democratic national convention one gleam of light breaks through. William Gibbs McAdoo is the center of as bitter a fight as ever disturbed the councils of the unterrified. Four years ago, when he approached San Francisco as the "heir apparent," he was generously fought by those who thought him ineligible. Now that generosity seems to have turned to fierce animosity, and all the tricks known to the crafty manipulators of conventions are being employed against the leading candidate. That is, he is leader so far as the numher of pledged delegates goes.

This will explain the mysterious telegrams coming out from Ohio, which Chairman Durbin of that state says are without his knowledge, threatening disclosures that will wreck the McAdoo hopes in event he should be named. The trick is one of the oldest in the armory of political weapons. It is used to work both ways, generally to produce a sympathetic reaction among delegates who are chivalrous enough to resent the secret approach of a wily caluminator. Whatever its purpose, the campaign is significant of the respect with which Mr. McAdoo's eminence is regarded by his opponents.

The alternative also is interesting in Omaha. Should the McAdoo men, failing to land him, throw their strength to Carl Raymond Gray, as it is hinted they may do, the program at New York will be beautifully varied. It would be a distinct departure for the democrats to name as candidate for president a man whose capacity has been so thoroughly demonstrated. Carl Gray has proved his ability, by handling a great variety of business assignments. He started as a telegraph operator 41 years ago, and by degrees has come up to one of the most responsible positions in the transportation world. It scarcely seems possible that the democrats would select a man so eminently practical, yet no one can tell, least of all the democratic bosses, just what the convention will do.

#### MEXICANS FALL OUT WITH ENGLAND.

The little flare-up between England and Mexico dicates how tender is the balance between nations. It simply involves the point of national honor, on which finally all international relations must rest. Herbert A. C. Cummins, formerly consul general of Great Britain in Mexico, is present there as charge des archives, pending resumption of relations between the two governments. England is the only power that has not yet recognized the Obregon government. Cummins is personally distasteful to the Mexican authorities, and has been ordered to withdraw from the country. He is at present under protection of the Chilean minister.

A commissioner was on the eve of leaving London for Mexico to negotiate a settlement similar to that reached by the United States with Obregon when the order to expel Cummins was issued. Rammay MacDonald immediately demanded that the order of expulsion be recalled, in the meantime detaining his commissioner. Obregan refuses to

recall the order, and diplomatic relations are entirely broken off.

There the matter rests. Each nation insists its henor is involved, and steps will have to be taken to adjust the difference. That these will promptly follow there can be no doubt, for England does not seek nor can Mexico afford to be engaged long in such a controversy. The world will get from the incident a little better understanding of what the United States put up with for eleven years in dealing with the Mexicans. Advanced as the nation is under Obregon, it has not yet come to fully realize the responsibility as well as the authority that devolves upon an independent people.

#### OLD SOL AND THE WEATHER.

Much of our present day belief rests on the purely mechanical effects of the sun's heat on the terrestrial atmosphere. Back in the dim past, when civilization was coming to life in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Ganges, man did not understand these things. He did know, however, that rain and heat and light came from above, and that these were necessary for the fructification of the fields on which he depended for food. Out of this he builded a simple but satisfactory system of cosmogony, all resting on the thought of a higher and more beneficent power than any known on earth.

Some of that faith still lingers. Man does not yet know all about the relations of the sun to the earth, but he knows vastly more than did those original worshipers who adored the great orb as the embodiment of the great omnipotent God, a living symbol of His power and goodness. We know now, for example, that one effect of the sun's rays is to produce evaporation of surface water. This is caught up into the air, where it is held as vapor. In time this vapor condenses, forms clouds, and finally precipitates. Atmospheric movements are in response to another effect of the sun's heat on the earth. Warm air rises, and cold air comes in to take its place, and so there is a constant exchange.

After we get away from these fundamental facts, the developed knowledge of man concerning the sun and the air begins to spread out rather thin. At the moment it is suggested the unusual climatic exhibition is due to an enormous crack in the surface of the sun. As that orb is 860,000 miles in diameter, exclusive of its tremendous gaseous envelope, it will take some crack to materially affect the ordinary influence of the sun on the earth. As to the permanence of such effect, consider the month of June, 1983, which is comparable to the present, in that the local rainfall was almost, identical in volume. Fortyone years have elapsed since then, years of seed time and harvest, of alternate plenty and scarcity. When thinking of the daily rains, recall the merry month of May, 1892, when the Methodists assembled in Omaha were so thoroughly and persistently drenched.

The argument is that "the wind bloweth whence it listeth," just as it always has and always will, so long as there is wind to blow. And the covenant made between Jehovah and Noah has stood for many centuries. The weather is one thing man can not control, so grumbling at it is effort wasted.

#### GOVERNOR NOT A SELF-STARTER.

Omaha's merry little gasoline war, which now involves all filling stations, is getting some attention from abroad. St. Paul and Minneapolis are wondering how we do it, and other cities, where the auto users still pay high prices for power fuel, would like to know the secret. Just what the process is may some day be divulged. It is enough for Omaha drivers to know just now that they are getting 15cent gas, and that one station is selling it at 14

An unlooked for, but none the less welcome, development is that Governor Charles W. Bryan has set out to redeem his promise to the Lincoln drivers. Attorney General Spillman made many trips to Omaha, held consultations, examined witnesses under oath, and kept very silent as to what he found out. He has promised some disclosures, however, and these will doubtless come in good season. But the effect of his visits was direct on the governor.

Far away in the southwest corner of Lincoln, remote from the busy center of town, the governor has opened a filling station, where gasoline is dispensed on the 15-cent basis. The selection of the site is not so important as the fact that after weeks and months of talk the governor did set about to make good. It was belated, but it was the fulfillment of a promise made by the executive, and as such it marks an epoch in his regime.

Lincoln auto drivers who can spare the time will drive to Sixth and South streets, to have their gas supply renewed, and while not knowing it was Mr. Spillman who started it, may bless the governor. Also they will fervently hope that he pursues his campaign long enough to get a station opened a mile or so east of the one he has started.

"Do fish hear?" is a question now being discussed by scientists. Of course they do. If you don't believe just look at all the suckers who think they hear themselves called to save the country.

The state has just cancelled all mineral leases, but that doesn't help the fellows who bought gold bricks during the heydey of prosperity.

'One Hundred Years of Gas" captions the New York Sun. Gracious, is congress threatening to meet in continuous session?

Perhaps they call them Wall Street Lambs be-cause it is sheer foolishness for them to think they can beat the game.

The cold and reserved Senator Lodge had plenty of opportunity for both at Cleveland.

# Homespun Verse Robert Worthington Davie

#### TRANSFORMATION.

I used to roam o'er the fields and dream, And sit on the bank of a rippling stream, And measure the azure, and strive to find The limit of vision within my mind. There wasn't an atom of discontent In all the world nor the skies of blue; Nothing disturbed me wherever I went, No one kept telling me what to do.

The urge to embark for the New grew strong, The placid days and the nights grew long,— I drifted afar to the busy mart, found a home but I lost a heart. I left the fields and the rippling stream; learned the title I've earned, but still I haven't forsaken the magic of dream, And don't presume that I ever will,

But here I am in the whirling space-One of the cog wheels set in place-Doing my bit mechanically fine For nothing I may regard as mine I've wakened at last from a foolish trance;-And, measuring time with the caravan, I see and know with a fleeting glance That I am only a hired man,

# Pinning on the Donkey's Tail



# Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Com-munications of 200 words and less will be given preference. Hanging Also Murder.

Buda, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: When will this nation, which claims to be Christian and civilized, cease violating the ville Courier-Journal.

Such was the burden of ner song. "If that is what you enjoy," declared her husband, "next time I will take you to a poultry show.—Louisville Courier-Journal. laws of God by taking human life under the pretense of legality? Has the law any right to take from a man that people into a realization of the awful-ness of capital punishment. So long as governments kill legally we may expect the influence to be reflected in wars and personal revenges and murders. Capital punishment should be abolished. JOHN A. ARMAD.

#### Judge Was Right

Benkleman, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: No question can be made that the judge in Chicago was right when he sentenced a self confessed murderer to be hanged. What would become of us if a culprit could escape the penalty crime by admitting his guilt? Mawkish sentimentality wasted on murderers is the undoing of a lot of our boasted civilization. Long before Moses brought down from Sinal the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," Jehovah had made a covenant with all mankind through the patriarch all mankind through the patriarch Noah, part of which says: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." This was further exp.essed by, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." A murderer has forfeited his claims on society and society is justified in exacting from him the full payment of his (Copyright, 1924.)

ife. It is not vengeance, but protecion for society that executes a mur ferer. H. J. HUNTLEY.

Saving Money.

A man who had paid \$8 for a couple of seats at a musical performance was editor of the Hastings Tribune, Adam annoyed because his wife raved over nothing but ostrich plumes worn by the various members of the cast.

"What beautiful feathers."

Editor of Breede.

Editor of Breede.

Abe Martin

Such was the burden of her song wisest mother can tell potato stain "If that is what you enjoy," de from cigaret stain on daughter's clared her husband, "next time I will fingers.

# throwing his'n into the ring.

On the Nebraska Press.

of the Crete Vidette, announces his retirement therefrom. But he will be Franks boy should be total depravity represented in its future publication, instead of insanity. just the same. His daughter, Lucille, has just been married to George The Pierce Call opines that if any

Write or ask for

RED CROWN

Road Map

# That sunrise never failed us yet

A WORLD TRAVELER.

Throughout the long and busy hours of day I have to read of men and politics,

I have to listen to the things men say

Until I hear the whistle blow at 6.
And then I heave a sigh of great content,
Slap on the cover of my old machine,
Don hat and coat, and footsteps gladly bent For home, start out with appetite so keen.

With supper o'er I wander 'round the world, From torrid clime to far-off Arctic cold, I sail the main with pirate flag unfurled, Or fight Alaskan cold for yellow gold. I ride the ranges of the boundless west,

And fight the schemes of crooks in busy mart-Then politics forget, lie down to rest.

And sink to dreamless sleep, content at heart.

Throughout the day the politicians cry.

And traffic roars and rushes through the street. I try to play my part while day goes by,

Add like a man my ev'ry duty meet. But at the close of day I doff my years, Shut out the world and scheming, busy men: Start out with Huck and Tom with rousing cheers,

And for a time I'm just a boy again

We boast of a private library that has few equals in this section of the country. It has been in process of accumulation for three-quarters of a century or more, having been started by a preacher father who did not incline wholly to books on theology. It includes books on science, art, sociology, economics, philosophy, history and psychology, and plenty of good, red-blooded fiction. But there are four volumes therein that show an unusual amount of wear and tear. Their pages are well thumbed, the binding soiled and a bit ragged, and many of the leaves loosened by much handling. We read each of them at least once a year, and have for many years.

When we reach the age that we can not chuckle while adventuring with Huckleberry Finn, laugh while companioning with Tom Sawyer, indulge in delightfully terrorizing shudders at Long John Silver's actions and Captain Flint's shrieks of "Pieces of Eight," or revive our own boyhood memories by re-reading the life of that bad boy, Tom Bailey, who wasn't so bad, after all, then we are ready to close our own volume and be laid upon the shelf.

Edson Rich confesses that he has a weakness for stories of the South Seas, and Judge Sullivan admits when pressed that he dotes on detective stories of the "Old Sleuth" brand. Few Omahans know that Gurden W. Wattles loves poetry ,or that he has written some verses that are worthy of the best magazines, but which will never see the light of day.

Freedom will shrick when Pat Harrison yells.

We now insist they Pass a Law To nab the cuss contrary Who shuts the door he always left WILL M. MAUPIN.

Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, both printers and both capable newspaper publishers, will hereafter publish the Vidette, which is one of the oldest weeklies in eastern Nebraska. They will be joyfully welcomed to the fold by the brethren and the sisters.

NET AVERAGE

R. P. O'Connor, editor of the Deni son (Ia.) Review, visited in Alliance Neb., recently, to look over 7,000 acres of land he owns in Box Butte county. And Editor Brewster of the Editor Botkin of the Gothenburg Independent days that not even the wisest mother can tell potato stain

Allan D. May in Auburn Herald: Speaking the recent conference of the Brothers Bryan at Chicago the Neligh Leader opines that W. J. B. concluded that he had lost enough hats and was willing to let Charley begin theywing his n into the ring.

Alian D. May in Abourn Revalcation of the small boys who wonder about town with nigger shooters, killing song birds in violation of the law may grow up to be "super-intellectuals" and kill a boy just for the thrill they can get out of it. Then their parents will be the last to blame themselves.

J. H. Walsh, for many years editor The Clarks Enterprise man opines

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

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

with gasoline as with paint-

it's BALANCE that COUNTS

TIGH quality pigments and oils I I don't guarantee a paint that spreads, covers and wears well. Neither do low, medium and higher boiling. point fractions in gasoline assure superior motor fuel. In both cases balanced proportions determine real worth.

If altering the proportions of low and higher boiling point fractions in Red Crown would improve it, we would change it to a blended gasoline.

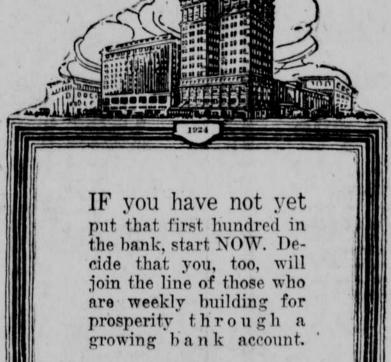
But Red Crown is so accurately balanced to give quick starts in any weather, burns up with such a slight residue of carbon, develops power so dependably and gives such big mileage per gallon that it would be a mistake to change it.

Innumerable experiments have proved that you can neither add nor take away any fraction of Red Crown and have as good an all-around motor fuel.

Drive in to any Red Crown Service Station and fill up with balanced gasoline. You will receive prompt attention, courteous service and full measure of gasoline that is suited to the needs of modern motors and Polarine motor oils that give protective lubrication.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEBRASKA





The first hundred banked here may mean a change in your whole life.

First National Bank of Omaha

