

**THE OMAHA BEE**

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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**"FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN."**

Through nearly 9,000 words of almost perverted oratory, Senator "Pat" Harrison of Mississippi carried his hearers at Madison Square Garden to the real keynote of the democratic convention.

The keynote was not in the oratory. It was not in the long denunciation of republican misdeeds. It was not in the well-rounded periods with which the senator from Mississippi told of the great accomplishment of the democratic party.

The real keynote, the climax to which all of the oratory pointed, came in almost the last paragraph.

"Winning is no wicked," said Senator Harrison, "Strategy is no sin." Standing alone these slogans of victory with which Senator Harrison called the democrats to battle, have in them the ring of a real fighter. Back of these brave words, however, is a story of apostasy that will shock the men and women who followed the destinies of the democratic party in the strong days of Woodrow Wilson. "Far better is it for the American people," continued Senator Harrison in the climax of his keynote, "and the future of the democratic party that in this convention we deny to ourselves some vaunted expression or surrender some temporary advantage that we may succeed in this campaign than tenaciously to persist and lose."

"The vaunted expression" that the senator urged the democrats should deny themselves is nothing less than the League of Nations. This great issue, the heart and soul of the democratic party as revealed and reconstructed by Woodrow Wilson, the greatest leader of democracy since Hickory Jackson, is to be disregarded if the Hearst-Harrison cabal has its way.

Woodrow Wilson died for the League of Nations and almost in his last breath passed on the torch of his faith to hands that he fondly hoped would carry it aloft until final victory came.

To "Pat" Harrison, keynote of the democratic convention, and to the lesser breeds who have stepped into the shoes of Wilson the strong, the League of Nations, carrying with it the hope of Wilson for world peace, is but a "vaunted expression."

Should the makers of the platform follow the sounder of the keynote, the democratic party will face the American people faithless to every principle that made it strong in the days of Wilson, and once more it will be merely an organized crew of buccannery seeking the fleshpots of office. Upon the banner of its leaders, upon the banner of its candidates for president and vice president will be inscribed these keynote words of Senator Harrison: "Winning is no wicked. Strategy is no sin."

There is no place under such a banner with such a keynote for men and women with courage, with hopes and plans for eductive building toward that better day in politics and in economics that lies just ahead if we will but have the courage and the strength to carry on.

**GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.**

Father John Williams, as he is affectionately known to thousands of Omahans and former Omahans, has just celebrated his 89th birthday. The word celebrated is used advisedly. One whose life has been filled with good works, and who has served his fellows so faithfully as Father John Williams has served, is entitled to celebrate four score years and nine.

Few men have been privileged to look back upon a life so filled with deeds of loving kindness and helpful service as that of this beloved minister. A rigid churchman, he has ever been tolerant of the faults and frailties of men. A mechanic who was proud of his skill as a workman, he never forgot through all the years of his ministry the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. The eulgers always found in Rev. John Williams a staunch friend and earnest champion. He knows men as few ministers know them, and this knowledge made it possible for him to get next to them and win their confidence and respect. The love his fellows bear him is evidenced in the loving greetings given him upon his recent anniversary. While others have been accumulating worldly wealth, Father John has been accumulating friendships and love that can not be measured in money. Others had to wait until after death for monuments to their memory. Father John has erected in the hearts of untold thousands monuments more enduring than brass or marble.

May this splendid Christian gentleman, this stalwart representative of the church militant, be spared to many years of usefulness.

**THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.**

Despite dire predictions made during the presidential campaign of 1900, predictions to the effect that unless we turned the Philippines loose we would so far violate the fundamentals of the republic that we would cease to celebrate the Fourth of July, several hundred cities, towns and villages in Nebraska are preparing to stage celebrations of the anniversary.

And we still maintain control of the Philippines. It is heartening, to say the least, to note in many of the advance announcements that it is going to be an "old-fashioned celebration," with the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and a real Fourth of July oration, and basket dinner under the trees. It is especially heartening to note the emphasis laid upon the reading of the old Declaration. There has been too much tendency of late to overlook the contents of that old document, to say nothing of the disregard shown of late years for the other old

document predicated upon the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States. A genuine revival of old-fashioned celebrations of Independence day might serve to bring the people back to a fuller realization of their rights, to say nothing of a fuller realization of their duties as citizens.

Then, again, revivals of the old-fashioned Fourth might wean us away from mercenary thoughts and impress us with the fact that the Fourth of July is not an anniversary for money making or mere indulgence in noise and merriment. It would not hurt this republic a bit to look upon the anniversary as one calling our renewed attention to fundamental principles and convincing us that liberty is something that must be renewed every day if it is to be retained in all its fullness.

**DEMOCRATS! FACE THE RECORD.**

All the misrepresentation of democratic partisans will not overcome the stubborn facts of the last four years of the republican administration.

In his keynote speech at Cleveland Theodore E. Burton marshalled those facts in statesmanlike manner. He did not seek to "rouse the rabble," not to paint glowing word pictures of an impossible Valhalla. He stuck to the record. It is a record that is as damning to the democrats as it is glorious for the republicans.

"So long as the democratic party continued in power after the war," said the keynote, "America's progress on the road to rehabilitation was hardly more satisfactory than that of the European countries. But when the republican party came in, re-establishing nation-wide confidence that its tried capacity for constructive policies and administration were at the country's service, there was immediate improvement. The democrats could not even make peace. The republicans did."

"Scarcely half a year had passed when a turn was called. Workmen in multitudes returned to the shops, peace was proclaimed, and that stability which is the strength and life of nations dwelt here in a measure not enjoyed in another part of the earth. If there is now a slackening of activity it is due to uncertainties in our domestic policies. Oil and other, and to the unsettled state of Europe."

The people do not want European conceptions of government or economics introduced into America. This is the admitted goal of the democratic party. Their chief slogan is to be a demand for a lowering of tariff protection and the wholesale importation under free trade of the products of the bread line labor of Europe.

The American people everywhere sympathize with the people of Europe, but the democratic party can not expect to win many votes with their proposal that we tear down our protection walls and fill our own country with bread lines.

**GOOD REASON FOR BEING FRIGHTENED.**

When Charles Gates Dawes announced that he was going after the demagogues, hammer and tongs, it naturally followed that a lot of democratic orators and editors showed signs of a panic. These panicky symptoms differed in appearance, varying from the attempted humor and sarcasm of agitated editorial souls to the fierce denunciations of the fiery spellbinders whose roarings rouse the rabble.

Careful observers of the political situation will admit that General Dawes has cut out for himself no small task when he undertakes to skin all the demagogues who take the stump in opposition to the policies of the republican party. But tackling big jobs and finishing them up in a manner satisfactory to himself and honest-minded people generally is General Dawes' specialty. Nobody is complaining about the task picked by General Dawes save only the demagogues, editorial and otherwise. They are very generally calling attention to themselves by their utterances and gyrations, and in due time will be properly attended to by the red-blooded and dynamic gentleman who will be the next vice president of the United States.

If Japan really wants the low down on the whole thing she can find it in the way she is taking on about it. Every now and then Columbia shows a renewed determination to conduct her business in her own way, without outside dictation or interference.

While Tex Rickard views the interior of his Garden during the convention he will probably experience deep regret that he didn't figure out some method of charging spectators admission.

The New York song writer just sentenced to four months' imprisonment didn't get half what is coming to him if he wrote the song the phonograph next door is rendering all the time.

Mr. Bryan should have expressed his disapproval of the republican platform before it was finally adopted and it was everlastingly too late to take his suggestions.

Prof. Clarke of Goddard university proposes to shoot a rocket at the moon. But that is just as sensible as the habit some politicians have of baying at the moon.

Among other things for which Calvin Coolidge should be given credit is the fact that he did not say, "This is so sudden," when the news came from Cleveland.

The hairpin makers should cheer up. Their product will be in demand as long as milk bottles are to be opened, shoes to button or dresser drawer locks to pick.

"I keep the democratic party straight, and that's no boy's job," says Mr. Bryan. And he might have added that he also keeps it safely out of power.

With Debs out of jail the socialists have decided not to put a national ticket in the field. The socialist party depends upon having a martyr.

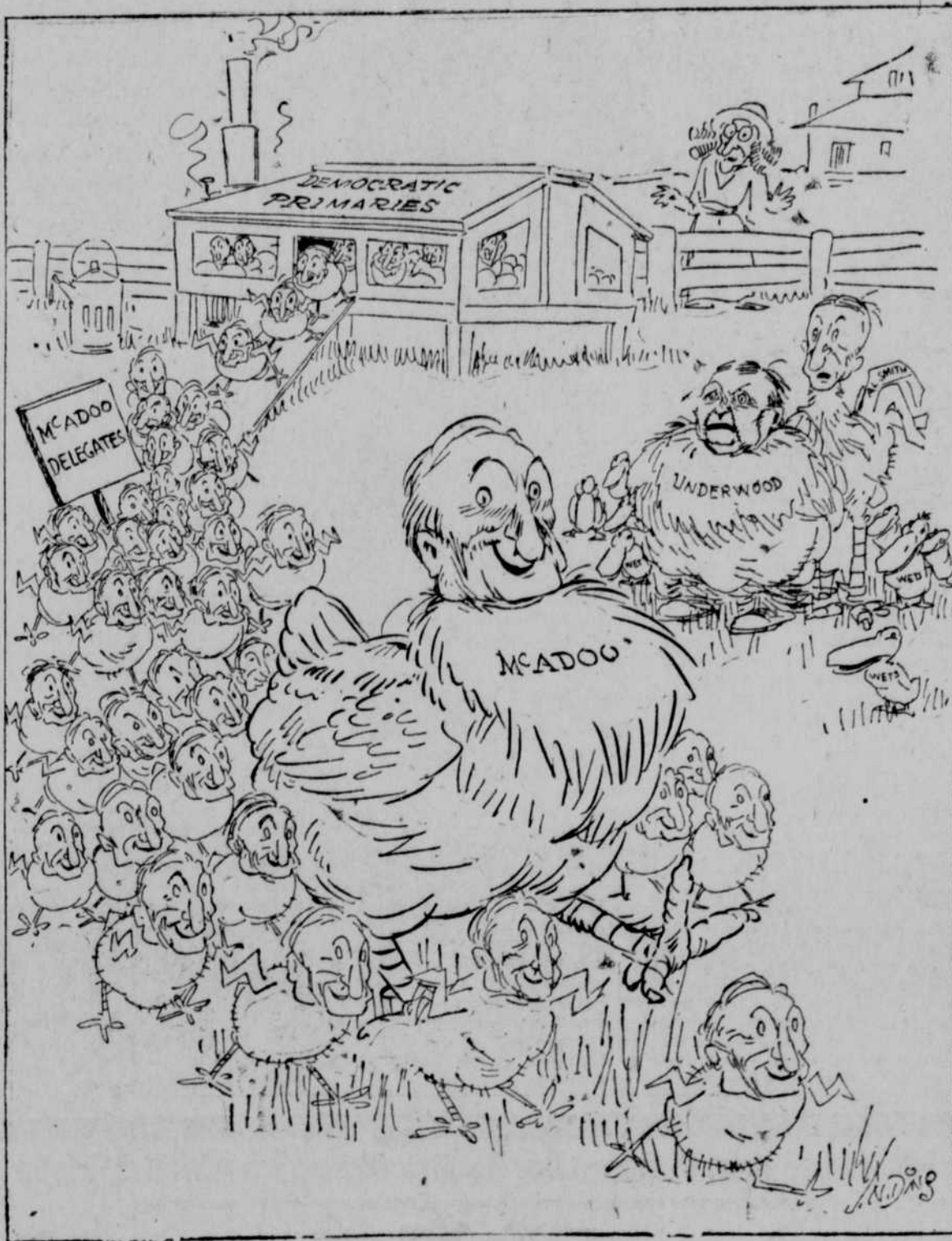
Frenchemen hissed American athletes and the American flag. Just for that we'll let 'em win their next war themselves.

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

A gray-headed bard—I am thinking how rude and how brazen he was  
To censure cosmetics and lipsticks—to doubt their rare virtues—because  
They hide the fair color of blouses, they alter the natural grace  
They're mere imitations of beauty, too bold for a beautiful face.

A silly old bard—I am thinking how thoughtless he spoke; he, perchance,  
Forgets the gay days of his boyhood, sweet dreams and the charm of romance  
The fine, luxuriant enjoyment of courtship and thrills of his day  
The customs that entered with fashion, and likewise went drifting away.

Eccentric old bard—I am thinking he wisely might grow with the years,  
And welcome each change for the better as it in the limelight appears  
He might to his glory remember that vogue was repulsive in his time,  
And anchor the past with the present in rippling and rollicking rhyme.

**In the Democratic Chicken Yard****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.

**Early Days at Brownell.**

Fremont, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read in The Omaha Bee a few days ago about the beginnings of the days of Brownell Hall, in which I was much interested, having been a student there myself. Entering soon after it was opened, Bishop Talbot had charge and Rev. O. C. Duke was the principal. He had been the rector for the First Episcopal church in Omaha for some time in connection with that of Brownell Hall, with his family also. Later on he came to Fremont with Bishop Talbot and our Episcopal church was organized at that place. Bishop Talbot died some time after and Bishop Clark took his place.

Mr. Dorke, after a few years' stay in Fremont, and constructing a prosperous church here, went to Lincoln to take the place of professor in the university, and died suddenly after a few years' stay in that place. He was quite a poet and left two volumes of his writings, which have always been precious to his friends. Miss Lerchard was matron of the Hall at Saratoga for some time. Miss Gilmore was a teacher there. I think some of her relatives are living in Omaha at the present time. The school was troubled financially at that time, as the civil war going on using money everywhere, and some friends who were much interested in its welfare assisted in teaching for some time. Many of the friends of that time must have passed away. I recall the name of Miss Lizzie Davis, who later became Mrs. Harman Kountze, who has gone long since, and several girls from Nebraska City, whose names I forget as it is so long ago—60 years. It recalls the old lines: "Few are left to greet me, Tom, And few are left to know, Who played with us upon the green Just 60 years ago."

**Christ and the Commune.**

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: A lot of enthusiasts are waving communitarianisms and many words over what Christ would do or say if he were here on earth. Those class conscious individuals who adhere, or profess to adhere, to the dogma of the Third International, insist that Jesus was a proletarian, and would be today found on the side of the proletariat. I say "profess to adhere," for the vast majority of those who grate most glibly know only what some one has told them about the principles they clamor for. Few of them ever took trouble to investigate or weigh what is involved in the contest. They are profoundly ignorant of political economy. Marx is only a name to them, and if any ever heard of Adam Smith it was only the Smith part that meant anything to them.

So far as Holy Writ affords light, Christ only spoke once with regard to worldly politics. Some wily lawyers sought to trap Him into an expression that might be twisted into disloyalty to Rome. His answer is perfect, even to this day. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." If we are to judge by this utterance, we may be sure that Christ would say the same if he were preaching now, for we are told that He is "the same, yesterday, today, and forever."

Jesus was a workman, the son of a carpenter, and a commoner. His NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION for May, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE Daily ..... 73,980 Sunday ..... 76,373 Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in setting, or papers spoiled in printing, or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1924. W. L. QUIVERY, Notary Public (Seal)

**Allying.**

"Whom do you consider the greatest business genius of our times?" "The man who invented the term deferred payments."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Gosh! Ain't Scientists Wonderful!**

Scientist who claims that no man is altogether sane evidently bases his conclusion on the way folks act.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

**Alluring.**

"Whom do you consider the greatest business genius of our times?" "The man who invented the term deferred payments."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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**CENTER SHOTS.**

The Calcutta Derby Sweep nets \$20,000 for one liberal member of parliament, Harcourt Johnstone. His popularity will not lessen and sinews of war being adequate he is likely to remain a very long time in public life.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Congressmen shouldn't be too severely criticized for trying to raise their own salaries. They know if they don't do it nobody else will.—Southern Lumberman.

Three more cabarets have been padlocked in New York, which will eventually learn that in spite of itself it is a part of the United States.—Detroit News.

There isn't much difference between a keynote and a keyhole speech.

They both mean, "Let me in."—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A British laborite quoted Solomon and David in an argument for government ownership. A better recommendation, however, would have been Dun and Bradstreet.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

After looking the specimens over we have decided to have our next photo done by the new wire process. It is much more charitable than even the conservative retouch artist.—Saginaw News-Courier.

We infer that the fundamentalists who insist on a literal acceptance of the Bible, can reconcile the miracle of the marriage feast of Cana with the Volstead law.—Columbia Record.

There is nothing particularly wrong with Senator Lodge's world court plan excepting that it is apparently designed to keep the rest of

**SUNNY SIDE UP**

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Colia Theater

**FATHER JOHN WILLIAMS.**  
(An appreciation, however feebly expressed, of 79-yr.-old bright years behind you, 78 yrs of service gladly wrought; Hints of friends who now remind you Of the help to them you brought. Useful years to friends and neighbors, Daily duties nobly done, Rejoicing now from kindly labor, Goal you seek now nearly won.

Eighty-nine! A crown of glory Made from deeds you loved to do, Time has touched with frosts so hoary— Left untouched the heart of you. Friend and helper, true and steady, Waiting for the eternal dawn; Unafraid to answer, "Ready!" God be with you, Father John!

**Favorite Songs of Well-Known Men.**  
Al Dresher: "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow."  
Will Krug: "Send the Light."  
Charley Gardner: "Let the King Come In."  
Robert Trimble: "Land Ahead, Its Fruits Are Waving."

Fred Carey advocates Passing a Law providing adequate punishment for people who insist on "spelling it 'Farnum'." We will give the suggestion our official attention just as soon as we can convince the liotopers and proof readers that Scotts Bluff is the name of a county and a mountain, and Scottsbluff the name of a city. But we are beginning to despair.

For several weeks we have been anticipating Percy Powell intimated in divers and sundry letters from Washington that he was going to bring us something in the family car. As a result we welcomed him to our city with open arms and truly anticipatory watering at the mouth. What he brought us was greetings and kind words from old friends down Washington way.

Were we less obese and a score of years younger, we would mount to the third floor of the Omaha National bank building and proceed to turn that big flag the right way. With the stripes up and down, the blue field in the upper right-hand corner, please, for those who view it from the street.

Far be it from us to indulge in carping criticism, but we can not refrain from asserting that a few barrels of paint carefully applied wouldn't hurt the looks of the Municipal Auditorium a little bit.

The press reports tell us that during a tedious wait at the Cleveland convention the delegates and visitors whiled away the time by singing "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldier." We're laying a bet that they didn't do anything of the kind. They may have sung the choruses, but it's a cinch that not one in a hundred knew even one verse of either song.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

These days when a service car goes out it frequently tows in an automobile wreck and three or four nervous wrecks.—Nashville Banner.

Douglas Fairbanks found he was nobody in Denmark. It takes a Doc Cook to register in that country.—New York Herald-Tribune.

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**Rome Cafeteria**

Open 24 Hours Every Day

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