

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

A STRAIGHT SHOOTER. Straight from the shoulder was the message of Calvin Coolidge to the government employees. Clear, distinct, unmistakable. Like all of the president's statements it reveals a keen sense of responsibility to the people. Calvin Coolidge is not playing politics—not thinking of his own fortunes in the petty terms of the political trader. He is acting statesmanship.

He told the heads of departments and bureaus on Monday that he expected a further cut of \$83,000,000 in estimates for running the government for the fiscal year, 1925. He has set a limit of \$3,000,000,000, and insists this shall be met.

"I am for economy," the president said. "After that, I am for more economy."

An intensive campaign for economy in governmental expenditures was started three years ago, with the adoption of the budget and accounting system. For the fiscal year 1921, the pre-budget year, expenditures were \$5,538,000,000, and receipts were \$5,624,000,000. Each succeeding year has seen a substantial reduction in the cost of running the government, with a corresponding increase in the surplus. This, too, in face of the fact that taxes have been lowered twice and thus receipts lessened. The hobbled debt of the government has been reduced within three years by an amount that equals the saving of \$120,000,000 a year in interest charges alone.

When Calvin Coolidge says economy, he means it. Not parsimony, nor cheese paring, but the abandonment of extravagance. He has shown by his own example how this can be done. Look at the governor of Massachusetts, living in a home for which he paid \$35 a month rent. We can then understand the president of the United States urging those under him to cut out fripperies and folderol that the burden of taxation may be lowered.

We commend the picture of Calvin Coolidge in his modest Massachusetts home to those members of congress who are now complaining that they can not live on \$7,500 a year. All over the country, and even at Washington, men and women are practicing economy, because it is right. The sin of national extravagance, love of luxury and display, has been denounced as the cause of much of our economic embarrassment. Thrift is wisdom. It is not a source of disgrace or inconvenience. Its practice leads to prosperity. Only through thrift and prudent administration of one's resources does the individual gain financial security. The same thing applies to the nation.

President Coolidge told the government employees what he expects of them. He gave them, too, advice and directions as to how to bring about the savings that are necessary:

"We must have no carelessness in our dealings with public property or the expenditure of public money. Such a condition is characteristic either of an undeveloped people or of a decadent civilization. America is neither. We must have an administration which is marked, not by the inexperience of youth, or the futility of age, but by the character and ability of maturity."

This is just what any employer in any line of business would ask of those on his payroll. Attention to details. Proper handling of materials. Careful administration of funds. The government will continue to meet its demands. In the present year \$132,000,000 for handling the adjusted compensation law must be provided. It will be provided. It will come, however, out of savings made in other directions. There will be no increase in tax burdens.

NOT IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

Three former members of the cabinet of Woodrow Wilson spoke to the delegates at New York on Saturday night, endeavoring to interpret for them the wishes of their dead leader. William Jennings Bryan and Bainbridge Colby had been at the head of the State department, the beginning and the end; Newton D. Baker was secretary of war.

In the name of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Baker pleaded for the League of Nations. He made what is admittedly the most dramatic appeal of all the convention has heard. The New York Times says it was the greatest speech of his life. Then came Key Pittman, grim, sardonic, even sneering, and he bargained with Hearst was sealed before Mr. Baker had recovered from his own emotional efforts.

Bainbridge Colby opposed the Klan. He said: "If you are opposed to the Ku Klux Klan, for God's sake say so. . . I am opposed to the majority resolution, because it does not express the thought or feeling of this convention. I am opposed to the majority report because it is an obvious, stuttering, stammering and falling failure. It does not satisfy my thought. It does not satisfy my manhood. It is no credit to the democratic party."

Then the Old Master stepped in and cracked his whip. Not a lash of cruel things. They were honeyed words, which fell like balm across the lacerated souls of the perturbed delegates. Mr. Bryan never pleaded so earnestly, so convincingly for principle as he did this time for compromise. The convention heeded his plea.

Two at least of this trio of former cabinet officers were not at home in that gathering. Mr. Bryan is credited with writing that part of the League of Nations plank which consigns it to the

limbo of a referendum that never will be taken. He might not have been so much pumpkins in the cabinet, but he certainly knows how to do things in a convention.

MR. BRYAN, OUR HAT IS DOFFED.

The democrats at New York missed a glorious opportunity when they neglected to pay to William Jennings Bryan the deference that is due to so young a great-grandfather. Politics is mighty important, but nothing in a man's life can be more absorbing than the coming of the grandchild of his child. That little mite of feminine humanity, born to the Meekers at Tampa, ought in all right to look bigger to Mr. Bryan than any man or woman of the multitude assembled at Madison Square Garden.

A child, a grandchild, a great-grandchild. It is an honorable mark in the life of man. What did Jehovah say to Noah and his sons, what time He made His covenant with them and their seed: "And you, be ye fruitful and multiply; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein."

Among the patriarchs the coming of a child in any generation was a welcome sign of favor from on high. Carefully, even meticulously, they traced genealogies, keeping track of relationships as closely as they do in Kentucky these days. It was necessary, perhaps, for one to know his kin folks. Some of that spirit has died out, but men still obey the command given in connection with the promise. The strongest urge in all nature is to reproduce.

Mr. Bryan has not come to patriarchal years. He is but 64. He is old in experience rather than in days. Yet he sees himself carried to the fourth generation, a most honorable distinction. We salute him, not as a leader of a great political party, but as a great-grandfather. He has yet another hold on life, a tiny, tender tendril to twine around his heart and hold him steadfast.

LET'S MAKE IT A REAL ONE.

Omaha Legionnaires want the national meeting of the American Legion in 1925 held in Omaha. Now, if everybody in Omaha will just second the motion, the battle is more than half won.

The American Legion national reunion is not only one of the largest, but one of the most important gatherings in the country. It is attended by thousands of visitors as well as delegates. They are all live wires, too. As a business proposition, to entertain such a convention is profitable. No other known form of advertising will pay quite such a dividend. The immediate return will exceed the outlay in dollars and cents, while the return through reputation enhanced is beyond calculation.

Omaha can take care of conventions, big ones, in good style. The Lions were not the first to come. We have had the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Methodist General Conference. The populist national convention. The Imperial Council meeting of the Shriners. The national convention of the Christian church. The Eagles flocked hither for one of their most important general sessions, and innumerable smaller bodies have assembled in Omaha. So well were they satisfied that some have come back the second time.

What is needed now is to determine if the city wants to be hostess in 1925 to the Legionnaires. Settle that question, and the rest will be comparatively plain sailing. While we are going after conventions, let's make the job a real one, and get the biggest we can.

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett of Virginia, delegate to the New York convention, has made a great discovery. She says, "Wall street is just as much part of America as Main street." Wait till Mr. Bryan finds this out!

At this distance, speaking as merely a disinterested spectator, we hesitate to decide whether McAdoo is posing as a martyr or merely pleading the lady act.

Brakes in good working order are greatly to be desired. But men who run with their brakes set all the time seldom get anywhere worth mentioning.

Mr. McAdoo is still complaining that he isn't getting a square deal from the New York newspapers. Maybe he forgot to oil the bearings.

"Smith is gaining strength from unexpected sources," declared Franklin D. Roosevelt. Perhaps Frank meant "illegal sources."

The day and night air mail got away to a good start, and now may be regarded as a fixture in our public service.

Rhode Island isn't as big as Oklahoma, but it seems well able to give Oklahoma a few pointers on political war.

Of course those fleeing Rhode Island senators were found outside of the state if they ran any distance at all.

The gown worn by many a debutant at her coming-out party has excited wonder as to when she went in.

A lot of litigants hold to the belief that the courts are awfully afraid of being fined for speeding.

The man who selected the donkey as the democratic emblem had a head as long as the beast's ears.

Tammany was there when it came to shouting for Smith, but fell down when the voting started.

Now, if the sun will continue to shine, watch old King Corn do his famous comeback.

The report that Al Smith did not want the nomination is probably groundless.

Mr. Bryan will not be accused of race suicide.

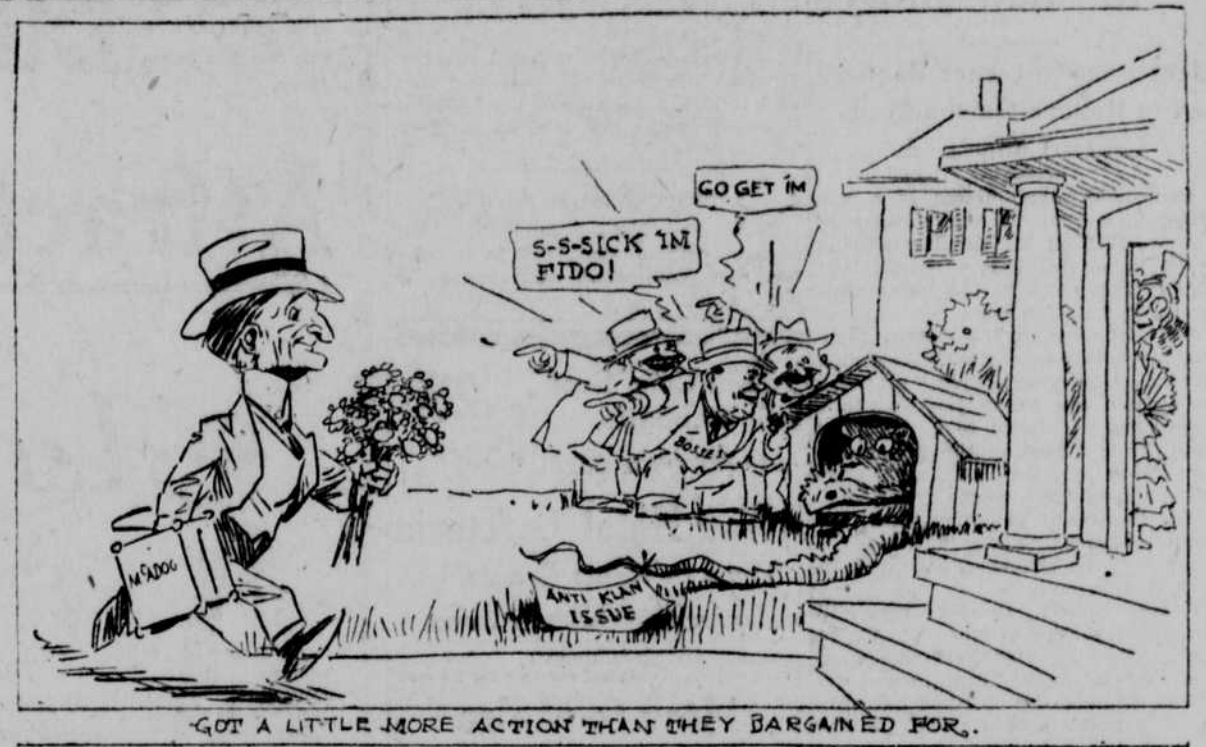
Homespun Verse

By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davie

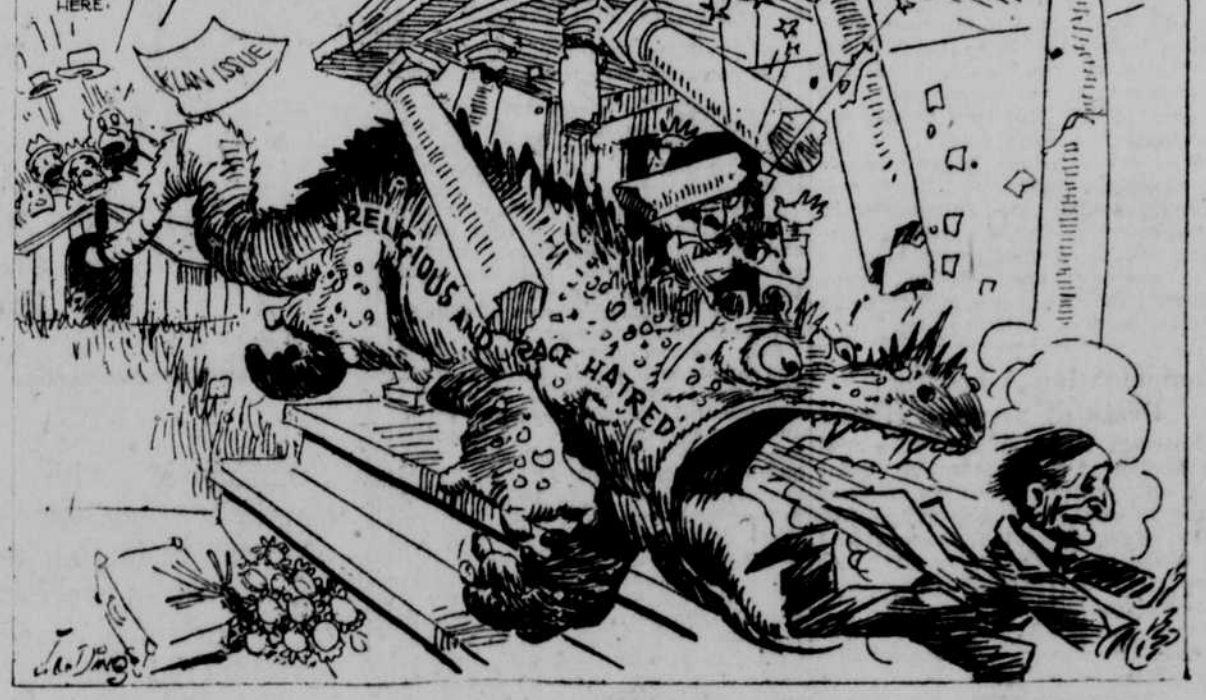
TRANSIENTS.

Each evening I see them go wandering down The hard, cold streets of yonder town;— Decrepit and weary, the transients roam, Longing and craving for comforts of home. I ponder their lot and wonder if they Have come to distress in a natural way; I wonder if life has been quite on the square As I see them drifting relentlessly there. Their raiment is tattered, their features are sad,— They plainly exhibit the grief they have had; Unkempt in appearance, their eyes seem to show An infinite knowledge that I do not know. I sadly behold them,—I wonder if they Have come by distraction to travel their way. They seem to be human, their faces portray A touch of the good that keeps ever away. Each evening I see them go wandering down The hard, cold streets of yonder town. O, what need they suffer of sorrow and strife, Living as beggars and outcasts of life— And where are their dreams as they solemnly roam Adrift from the joy and contentment of home! I wonder for naught as I sadly behold The travelers, ragged and weary, and old.

The Boys Who "Sicked on" the Dragon—



GOT A LITTLE MORE ACTION THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 250 words and less will be given preference.

Trend of Education.

Gibson, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: May I speak a few words of congratulation through the columns of your paper to "Old Fogey" upon his excellent letter regarding the present educational craze. He certainly hits the nail on the head in several ways in his criticism of the way in which our institutions of learning are being conducted at present. It seems that the people are literally falling over one another in supporting our present so-called educational system, without stopping to seriously consider what the result is going to be. School attendance is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of population, and the cost is growing faster than the attendance.

In every conceivable way the educational propaganda is being spread, that more material may be obtained to provide more graduates to operate more schools to spread the propaganda and so forth. Our attention is constantly being drawn to the bright side of the picture, but we are told nothing of the bitter disappointment that so often results, of the toil and self-sacrifice that are so often necessary that "Johnny" and "Mary" shall have an "education"—an education that in many cases causes them to look down upon the home that has sheltered them and upon those whose toil and self-sacrifice have made their education possible. Although the theoretical effect of modern education may be all that is claimed, the effect in practice is to make those educated feel that they are above doing the common tasks of life. Of course, there are exceptions, but they exist not because of what they have learned in our educational institutions, but in spite of it.

Taken all in all, I think it can truthfully be said that, with the exception of the automobile, the present educational craze constitutes the greatest curse that rests upon our country, and if we do not awake to a realization of this before it is too late and cease trying to create a race of supereducated loafers, our nation must inevitably meet the fate of the Roman empire.

GEORGE LUKENBILL. Farmers Not Fools. Hampton, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read in The Omaha Bee the address of Senator Walsh, and do not mean to call him a liar, but will say it is a mistake, that we western farmers are not facing bankruptcy on account of the republicans' protective tariff.

We went bankrupt receiving Wilson's \$2 price on wheat, paying eight-hour laborers \$3 per day. Not only the laborers that handled our grain, the laborers that worked in the implement and in twine factories. We were honest. We couldn't pay our debtors out of our income. We borrowed to pay them and went bankrupt.

I say, Mr. Walsh, we western farmers are not quite as big a bunch of fools as we were when we listened to your former democratic junk such as "put in a man for the poor people who will keep us out of war."

We thought then we were poor, Mr. Walsh, but no, no! It was the boy who paid no tax to run this government. We're going back on you democrats because you don't practice what you preach. R. E. REED.

Spice of Life "I'm half inclined to kiss you." "How stupid of me, I thought you were merely round shouldered." Trivolt. Musician (doing badly)—Ah, gentlemen, if we all 'ad our rights, I should be ridin' in me own carriage as I 'ave done before. Sleepie—Yus, but your poor old mother couldn't push you now!—London Humorist.

"Boss, I don't know where my next meal is coming from." "I don't, either. My wife never sticks long to one dealer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Too many gemmen," said Uncle Eben, "is influenced in their political opinions by de fear of sayin' some thing dat might damage de chances of deir friends an' relations fo hold in office."—Washington Star.



OUR business is to recommend the truck tire equipment that will serve you best and cost you least. We are giving you advice straight from the heart—and the records—when we say: Equip with the ideal Goodyear combination—the new Goodyear Pneumatic Cushion in front, the new Goodyear Heavy-Duty Cushion in the rear.

It is one of the complete line of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Truck Tires we sell.

Rusch Tire Service 2205 Farnam St.

GOOD YEAR

Does not include returns, advertising and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind. V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1924. W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet. Colee Thaller

During an hour or two in Wahoo—of which we shall write more at a date in the near future—we passed by the ball grounds where a game was in progress. Whereupon we recalled one day in the distant past wherein we thought we knew a thing or two about pitching baseball. We went to Wahoo to pitch a game for an out-state team against the Wahoos. The fellow who pitched that game against Wahoo never acquired any laurels as a baseball player, but the lad who made the four home runs did. "Wahoo Sam" Crawford has written his name high in baseball history.

Emil Placock of Wahoo, who thinks he can beat Congressman McLaughlin, is still considerably in debt to us for a bit of literary effort in his behalf several years ago. Emil has, we cheerfully admit, paid interest installments on the principal at divers and sundry times, but the debt itself is not yet cancelled. Candor compels the admission that we prefer the interest installments.

Mrs. Edwards of Wahoo is not only a loyal republican but an ardent radio fan. She has kept tuned in on the democratic convention every hour it has been in session. She confessed to us in the course of a conversation that the trouble with listening in was that she didn't know whether the convention was in tumult or whether it was the static interfering.

"Anderson" is a very common name in Saunders county, hence it would be difficult to locate the particular farmer quoted. He has been a consistent democrat for years on end, but he has announced in no uncertain terms that he is for Coolidge. We asked him why, and his answer is worth quoting: "He is the only executive I know of in recent years who has talked economy in public expenditures and then backed up what he said by putting a veto to outrageous appropriation bills. I'm for the man who proves that he wants to save the taxpayers money."

We are not at all surprised that Col. Earney Burch's time-trial warriors are occupying the elevated perch in the percentage table. Every since we became possessor of Pink Card No. 238 we have been exerting our telephatic energies to the full, and when we do that success is assured. But this should cause no lessening of effort on the part of the Buffaloes. There are limits to our occult powers.

A friend of ours who is not yet "sold" on the 18th amendment, asserts that it is perfectly proper to soak the convicted hooch-makers to the limit. Not, however, because they have violated the law, but because of the poor quality of their product.

We claim credit for the great self-restraint exercised by us, whereby we refrained from pulling a wheeze about finding those skulls and bones in a Council Bluffs street. It wouldn't have been true, anyhow.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

6% NO COMMISSION REAL ESTATE LOANS 6% INTEREST NO COMMISSION Easy Repayments The Conservative Savings & Loan Ass'n 1614 Harney Street 6% NO COMMISSION 6% USE BEE WANT ADS—THEY BRING RESULTS



"I am leaving protection to my family"

TWO men were discussing the question of provision for their families.

"I have had to decide between leaving my insurance and property outright, or in some safeguarded form," said one of the men.

"Recently I conferred with a trust company, and a very satisfactory plan has been worked out. I have had my lawyer draw my will, naming the trust company as trustee to manage my insurance and property for my family.

"To my wife I am leaving a sure income. To the children I am leaving an education and a start in life. When they reach college age, the trust company will pay their tuition and expenses out of a fund set aside for this purpose.

"In certain contingencies, the trust company may pay out additional sums.

"I regard the moderate fee—which is regulated by law—as extremely cheap insurance against loss and mismanagement. I recommend the plan to you."

Ask an undersigned trust company for information as to how it can serve you. A 24-page booklet, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," that will be helpful in planning for your family's protection, may be obtained free from any one of the companies below:

- Peters Trust Co. First Trust Co. U. S. Trust Co. Omaha Trust Co. Members American Bankers Association