

# THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### FOURTH OF JULY.

This is the Fourth of July, the nation's birthday. What does it mean to you? Did you step a little lighter? Hold your head a little higher? Look with pride at the flag of your country? Feel just a little more important as you walked along the street? Or has the day lost its significance for you, and become just another mark on the calendar?

If the latter is true, you need shaking up. Your moral tone is low. Were your physical condition as bad, you would be under the care of a doctor. We do not ask that you suddenly develop the condition of a jingo, a braggart, or make an infernal nuisance of yourself by shouting for the old flag, or anything of that sort. You are only requested to pay a decent tribute to your citizenship by acknowledging with becoming gratitude that you have the privilege of living under the one great government "of the people, by the people, for the people," that has endured and will endure as long as the people are true to themselves. And the first sign of weakening of fiber that sustains that government is indifference to the Fourth of July.

We do not celebrate the Fourth of July as once it was observed. It would be well if we did. Such observance would offend none but those to whom the very existence of this government is an offense. We have in our land a few misguided mortals who look upon our system as a failure. They can not or will not see what it has done for humanity throughout the 148 years that have passed since the old Liberty Bell rang out its message, literally speaking in response to its motto, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitant thereof." Such jaundiced souls would be unhappy wherever they might exist on earth. Healthy minded people feel sorry for them.

On the old fashioned Fourth of July a great deal of flapdoodle was uttered, but it was of a stimulating variety. The speeches made were inspired by a patriotic desire to uplift the hearts and minds of men to higher and better things, to a fuller conception of the blessings and a more complete realization of the responsibilities of American citizenship. What if they did

Strange tongues that have not three in awe—  
Such boasts as the Gentiles use  
And lesser deeds without the law,  
Can we not still pray  
For frantic hoast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

On that day was brought forth a government, as Lincoln said, "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." For almost a century and a half, through war, through adversity and prosperity, that thought has kept alive this nation, "conceived in liberty." Once each year for 148 years, Americans have paused to celebrate in some fitting fashion the anniversary of the signing of that great Declaration of Independence which sets out that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

That is the life, the very heart of hearts of the Fourth of July. From the consent of the governed is not an idle phrase, not a mockery of man's hopes. America is great, because its government has exercised its just powers only in response to the will of a free people.

Is it not fitting, then, that that people today celebrate itself, its strength, its authority, its service to the human race, and its own hope for the future? Not boastfully, not with undue pomp, but with the dignity of its might, and the humility of its power under God?

Old Glory is not a painted rag. The Fourth of July is not an empty holiday. Together they are the symbol and the meaning of the greatest event in human history since that sad day on Calvary. And, as the sun of Easter morning shone on the open, empty tomb, betokening the emancipation of the human soul from the bondage of death, so the sun of July 4th denotes the emancipation of the human soul from the thralldom of despotism.

Be glad today, then, and rejoice that you are a citizen of the United States. And if you are not, rejoice that the Declaration of Independence was signed, and that the United States exists, for its message is to all the world.

### THE WORLD IS GROWING SMALLER.

The airplane, the railroad, the telephone and the radio have so contracted the limits of the world that today Omaha and New York, or New York and London, visit much like our mothers of the old days visited over the back fence. The automobile has made neighbors of those who were 100 miles away only yesterday.

All this has resulted in added joys to those who spend their vacations in automobile or travel to some far-off resort. It gives an added zest to life to pull into some tourist camp in the evening and have some friend or acquaintance give the joyful hail:

"Hello there, old top! Where from and whither bound?"  
It may have been an acquaintance made 1,000 miles away last summer, or the summer before. It may be a friend made during a convention in a distant city a few years ago, or an acquaintance met on the train while traveling back from California. No matter, the joys of the day are added to, and the evening passes more quickly and pleasantly.

Today our neighbors are not merely those who live just across the street, or just around the corner or in the next block. Our neighbors are scattered from Vancouver to Tampa, from Brownville to Bangor. Yes, sir; the world is growing smaller, and because we are becoming neighbors and friends, the world is growing better. It is growing better, despite the plaints of the pessimists and the doleful dol-drum of the professional reformers.

### FLIGHT OF THE AIR MAIL.

One swallow, we are told, does not make a summer. One flight across the continent came mighty near establishing a great social service. It was the experimental flight, made months ago, when the air mail pilots carried on both ways between New York and San Francisco. Based on the knowledge then gained, the regular scheduled flights of the continuous service are now in force.

A letter mailed in New York one morning is delivered in Omaha the next, and in San Francisco on the second evening. Grown indifferent in the presence of many marvels, the world does not pause long to heed the flight of the air mail. It is a different society from that which greeted the Montgolfier experiments with a balloon made buoyant by heated air. Or the throngs that lined the banks of the Hudson to watch Robert Fulton's "folly" churn its way against the current. Or those who wagged their heads with grave forebodings when Jimmie Stephenson's "Lion" snorted down the track at the incredible speed of 12 miles per hour. Ninety miles an hour is the running time for the air mail.

A new von Zeppelin is again talking of the 57-hour flight between Berlin and New York. This was proposed before the war turned the Zeppelin from the service of commerce to the work of destruction. It can be made use of in peace. The Shenandoah has solved a great many of the problems, and other dirigibles have shown much of the way to be fairly easy. Transoceanic flight need not be regarded as a vision.

Man is moving from point to point very rapidly nowadays. Stage coaches look well in pictures, and smack of romance and adventure, but the automobile, the airplane, and electric locomotive have ushered in a new era. We must adjust ourselves.

### THE JEWEL CONSISTENCY.

About the only consistent thing about Mr. Bryan is his inconsistency. Those who can remember his genesis as a politician will contrast his present position on prohibition with his pronouncements against sumptuary legislation when he was a candidate for congress the first time. They will also contrast his championship of equal suffrage with his refusal to sign a petition for it a few years ago when he was a potential candidate for a third presidential nomination.

But Mr. Bryan's consistent inconsistency was never better shown than in his fight upon John W. Davis and his championship of W. G. McAdoo. He opposes Davis because of the Davis connection with Standard Oil and the Morgan interests, and champions McAdoo in spite of his connection with Doherty, the Morse coal case and the Big Four of the moving picture industry. He overlooks the fact that Davis has appeared as the legal counsel of many of the organizations for which Mr. Bryan professes love and loyalty, such as the striking West Virginia miners and the American Federation of Labor. So far as known McAdoo never attracted any particular attention as a lawyer until after he had resigned from the cabinet, and then his legal knowledge was less sought after than his personal influence with treasury subordinates at his own appointment.

The spectacle of Mr. Bryan hurling jermiads at Davis with one hand and with the other hand adjusting a halo to the head of McAdoo is one that might incline angels to weep. It certainly does furnish further evidence that his consistency is confined wholly to his inconsistency.

Mr. Bryan's opposition to Mr. Davis because the latter has appeared as attorney for Standard Oil and J. P. Morgan reminds us that Mr. Bryan once appeared in court as the legal representative of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

H. L. Mencken does not like the present form of national conventions. The Cleveland meeting was too cold, the New York meeting too hot. A happy highbrow medium seems to be the need.

Japan blew off quite a bit of steam to denote the coming of July 1, and probably lowered the pressure under the danger point. The immigration law went into effect just the same.

Nebraska delegates at New York may be scattering just now, but you watch them land in the hand-wagon when it comes along.

Talk about tragedy—a want ad asks information concerning a lost pillow case which contained three hats and a man's wig.

Baltimore was all set to have the second section of the convention transferred there, but New York cooled off in time.

So far as history records no great-grandfather has ever been elected president of this republic.

Consistency is a jewel never yet seen scintillating on the heaving bosom of W. J. B.

The favorite song of the Nebraska farmers right now is "In This Wheat By and By."

Delegates must be impatient when they will not listen to Mr. Bryan.

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## Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—  
Robert Worthington, Davis

TRUE KINGLINESS.  
I'm filled with love of sovereigns and solons great and wise,  
My thoughts are growing weary with the satellites of time,  
The gloss of gilded monuments is blinding to my eyes,  
I'm searching for a glimpse of that which prudence moulds sublime.  
Within the modest cot I peer at evening to view  
A tired little woman, smiling sweetly as she sings  
And gently rocks a baby as devoted mothers do.  
While leaving for a moment other pressing household things.  
Adown the lane cometh carrying his luncheon pail—  
One who is more familiar with the hammer than the trowel.  
Whose days are gladly given that each morrow will avail  
The faithfulness of those who make his humble house a home.  
This is to me true kingliness bejeweled and divine;  
And this to me symbolical of progress day by day,  
When in the lampa around this hearth at night-time  
Brightly shine the mellow rays of the sun,  
Their mellow rays illuminate the dark, dark, Far-away.

## Stuck Between Floors and Can't Move Up or Down



## "From State and Nation"

—Editorials from Other Newspapers—

**Fruitful Middlewest.**  
Joseph Herzogheimer in McNaught's  
If I were young, if I could begin again and select the place of beginning, the middlewest would be my choice. I'd write in the language of the people, a language rich with local idiom, and absolutely provincial, a prose, I hope, as sweet with the scent of dried hay as it was brilliant with early wheat and bit-ter with death.  
One form of existence may well be no more interesting or important than another; but life itself, love and birth and the getting of food and dying, has a magic which the so-phistication of life and habit misses. And when such essential being is actually set in the soil of its sustenance, a part of the round of the season, when it is all one from the seedling to stored barns, woven and interwoven, then its beauty is supreme.

**Talk Sense.**  
From the Milwaukee Sentinel.  
The country is in for its quadrennial upheaval. For the next few months the air will resound with the echoes of campaign oratory. The spoolbinder will be busy and eloquence of one quality or another will fill the national ear.  
There are evident signs that the people have grown weary of political bombast. Despite the earnest efforts of opposition leaders to discredit the republican convention, the business-like atmosphere and the selection of candidates who are known definitely to stand for straightfor-ward dealing have made a strong

**"No Wage Cutting, Now."**  
From the Brooklyn Eagle.  
It is not Samuel Gompers, but William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, who makes this statement:  
"No true American, at this time, would wish to see any reduction in the general purchasing consumption power of this country. We do not think this is the proper time to consider a reduction in wages."  
To this extent and degree the ideas of the textile magnate and of the labor magnate may be said to run along parallel lines. Only Mr. Wood seems by implication to hint that there may be a "proper time" for wage reductions, which Mr. Gompers would emphatically deny. Also the captain of industry adds, not without significance:  
"The outlook for business must steadily improve as the political situation for a business administration advances."

**Too Kind Hearted.**  
Foreman to slow moving workman—  
"Excuse me, you're too kind hearted for this job—afraid of hitting a nail 'ard for fear of hurting it!—London Mail.

## Abe Martin



**NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION**  
for May, 1924, of  
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Daily ..... 73,980  
Sunday ..... 76,373  
Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers spoiled in printing and includes no special sales or free circulation of any kind.  
V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of June, 1924.  
W. H. QUIVEY,  
Notary Public  
(Seal)

## SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget  
That sunrise never failed us yet  
Celia Thaxter

**JULY FOURTH.**  
The crackers won't sound as loud to me  
As they did in a past July;  
And rockets won't soar so bright and free  
As they did in the Fourth's gone by.  
The noise and the smoke and the milling great  
Will fuddle my nerves to wreck.  
But Dannie and Jack must celebrate,  
And I'm gonna to help 'em, by heck!  
I hate the crackers that bang and roar,  
Torpedoes that snap and ring;  
The rockets and candles that brightly soar,  
The chasers that buzz and sting.  
But Dannie and Jack must celebrate,  
And hoping to save them burn.  
I'll have to banish my dread and hate  
To show 'em just how, by darn!  
Oh, gee, I'm dreading the whole day's fuss  
And shudder to play it through!  
But Dannie and Jack make such a fuss  
There's only one thing to do:  
I'll light their crackers with smoking punk,  
Pretending I'm quite blasé.  
But Dannie and Jack well know that their bunk—  
I'll enjoy it as much as they.  
Merely because we fear that a very large portion of the American public will overlook the fact, we order the presses stopped while we insert in this department a little reminder to the effect that July 4 was the date on which a number of thoughtful, thoughtful and patriotic gentlemen adopted the Declaration of Independence, therefore bringing about the birth of the United States of America. It wouldn't hurt a bit to keep this fact in mind during at least a small portion of the day.  
**Nebraska Limerick.**  
There was a girl in Kansas  
Who wed a slob with much eclat,  
E'er one month sped  
The newly wed  
Came home to live upon her paw.  
"How long is that session going to last?" inquired an irate Omaha father shortly after the clock had chimed the hour of midnight.  
"It is hard to tell, father," replied his daughter in accents sweet. "It is deadlocked now."  
The chances are that if some clear-voiced man should stand up before a huge crowd today and start to reading the Declaration of Independence, three-fourths of the crowd would listen about a minute, then mutter, "Ain't that the bunk," and hasten off to where the orchestra is rendering the jazzy jazz.  
WILL M. MAUPIN.

**Center Shots**  
A vanity case may seem absurd to the male, but the girls must have some way to carry their bathing suits.—New Haven Register.  
As a public enterprise Muscle Shoals should, at least, afford a nice reserve for game ducks.—Jersey City Journal.  
The two Chicago boys who thought murder a thrilling adventure are getting the thrills now.—Dallas News.

**Coal Figures.**  
Of the 1,335,000,000 metric tons of coal produced in the principal countries of the world in 1923, the share of the United States was nearly 581,000,000 tons. Great Britain supplies 283,000,000 tons. World production in 1922 was 1,223,000,000 tons and 1,132,000,000 tons in 1921. The percentage of the United States of the total was 43% in 1923, 35% in 1922, and 40% in 1921.—Automotive Industries.

## MRS. WOODWARD GIVES FACTS TO THE PUBLIC

**Omaha Lady Says 4 Bottles of Tanlac Brought Relief.**  
"Tanlac is the best medicine I ever heard of, and I know something along this line, too, for I was reared in a doctor's family and studied nursing for a while," recently declared Mrs. June Woodward, 521 South 25th Ave., Omaha, Neb.  
"I have never felt better in my life than I do since taking Tanlac, and I just can't praise it enough. Yet, a few weeks ago I never felt so worn out and bad, I hadn't a bit of strength and energy, and would be as worn-out in the mornings as at the finish of the day.  
"I have now finished four bottles of Tanlac and feel wonderful. I eat everything, have gained seven pounds and think Tanlac is so fine that I want everybody who is complaining to try it. The change in my condition is so radical and complete as to astonish me. People in need of a good medicine and tonic will find Tanlac ideal from every standpoint. Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.  
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—Boys' Prep School	—Law School
—Business Administration	—Medicine
—Business College (Co-educational)	—Military Academy
—Far Girls and Women	—Music
—Business College	—Normal School
—Catholic Schools for Boys	—Nurses' School
—Catholic Schools for Girls	—Pharmacy
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