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NOT A POVERTY-STRICKEN PEOPLE.

"Fighting Bob" La Follette's combined keynote, nominating speech and letter of acceptance contains some evidence that he no longer thinks as keenly as once he did. Or, it may be, he clings fondly to the belief that a certain element of the voters of the country will accept as true anything he cares to say. Take your choice. The point is that "Bob" let himself loose in one paragraph something to this effect:

"In a land of untold wealth, dedicated to the principles of equal opportunity for all, special privileges to none, life has become a desperate struggle for the average man and woman. The millions at work on the farms, in the mines, in transportation, in the factories and shops and stores, with all their industry and saving, find themselves poorer at the end of the year than at the beginning."

"Bob" doesn't believe that himself, but it sounds good for one who is appealing to the man who never thinks. It lacks the element of novelty, however, for it has been used before, and gets about the same amount of attention one time as another.

If you want the answer, look down any street in Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, Kansas City, any town in the United States, and see the long rows of automobiles, parked and awaiting their owners' convenience. Can these things be in a land where the struggle for existence has become desperate for the average man or woman? If "Bob" thinks every owner of an automobile is an aristocrat—but he knows better. He knows that at the conference to which he addressed his letter the majority of the delegates own their cars and drive them.

Workers who are buying homes, paying for life insurance, laying aside money in savings accounts, these will all be interested to learn that each year's end finds them poorer than did its beginning. If that is true, why did Senator La Follette and his followers so strenuously urge that the income tax be lowered to exempt the workers?

In no other country, in no other age, was the great general wealth so widely distributed and universally enjoyed as in the United States. We have one John D. Rockefeller, Sr., one Henry Ford, one Andrew Mellon, but we have millions of happy homes, owned by their occupants. Poverty does not enter, because the man and woman who have gone into partnership are on guard. They are industrious, frugal, confident in themselves.

Where do all the radio sets go, the phonographs, the vacuum sweepers, the electric irons, and hair curlers, if you please? Into these homes. Who buys the electrically-driven washing machine? On whose floors are laid the rugs that are woven and sold? Who wears the clothes, goes to the movies, rides on the roller coaster? Those men and women for whom "life has become a desperate struggle."

Certainly something should be done to mitigate the conditions under which Americans live, and "Fighting Bob" proposes to do it. He will have the assistance of Victor Berger, who is also of the fighting corps from old Wisconsin. So will Morris Hillquit enter the lines, he being a famous fighter from Riverside Drive, up near Grant's Tomb, New York. Other illustrious, battle-scarred heroes of many a soap-box conflict will join in the fray. They will rid the American worker of the dread menace that now hangs over him, and make him as happy as the Russian mujik in time. Until then, if you let "Fighting Bob" tell it, the situation of the wage slave in this country is something awful. He only gets three good meals a day.

A PROBLEM WORTH CONSIDERING.

At the 1920 general election considerable less than 47 per cent of the qualified voters of the United States took the trouble to go to the polls and vote. Since that time something like 97 per cent of the qualified voters have seldom lost an opportunity to complain about something or other connected with politics.

The number of people voting at the 1920 election is about the same as the number of men and women in the United States who are communicants of the various churches. But it is not conceivable that the 47 per cent voting was made up entirely of church communicants. On the contrary, the inevitable conclusion is that of those who refused or neglected to vote a majority were men and women who at least claim to be church members.

This gives rise to a question that is deserving of more than casual attention:

"Can a man or woman be a real Christian and at the same time carelessly or willfully neglect the duty of exercising the franchise when opportunity offers?"

It is evident that the forces of evil and corruption never lose an opportunity to vote or to control party organizations. That they are able to exercise that control is not due to their numbers, but due wholly to the fact that men and women who claim to be supporters and defenders of the right are too indifferent to their duties as citizens and Christians. Indifference, not corruption, is the bane of American politics. If every man and woman in this republic who claim to be trying to lead a Christian life would make good the claim of being good citizens and taking a loyal citizen's part in public affairs, the

political corruptionists in all parties would soon be forced into retirement. While Christian men and women hold themselves aloof from public affairs, leaving politics to the crooks and corruptionists who profit by professional participation, nothing better is to be expected. But when these Christian men and women, when men and women think more of right than of wrong, more of justice than of justice, more of cleanliness than corruption—when such men and women become real citizens instead of mere occupants of space on American soil, we may expect better things.

DAVIS NAMED AT NEW YORK.

On Tuesday, July 1, William Jennings Bryan said to delegates from Mississippi at New York: "This convention must never nominate a Wall street man, Mr. Davis is the lawyer of J. P. Morgan."

Amplifying his statement, the Great Commoner, who was at the moment acting for William Gibbs McAdoo, further condemned Davis:

"I know the temper of the northwest, and I offer as my opinion to this delegation that you are throwing democratic chances to the wind in voting for Davis. His clients and his connections in the east make him desirable there, but he can command no following in the northwest, where the election will be decided. I tell you that La Follette will take more votes from Davis than he will from the republicans."

On the 104th ballot, a week later, the convention gave Hon. John W. Davis of West Virginia the necessary two-thirds majority, and set him forth as the democratic nominee for the campaign of 1924.

Thus Mr. Davis, condemned in advance as a Wall street tool by Mr. Bryan, falls heir to all the acrimony, the dissension, the strife and rancor engendered during two weeks of the bitterest political convention ever assembled in America. Riven and shattered in every direction, the democratic party has forgotten what harmony means. Torn by factions and without agreement on any major issue, its back turned on the great policy of its "revered" leader, it stands before the world, discredited by its own bosses.

Who can unsay the bitter invective that swept over the council of the bosses during the last ten days? Who can undo the damage wrought by their intemperate conduct? Is John W. Davis possessed of that power of personality that he can unite the elements that clashed in such discord and lead them into a campaign against a unified opposition?

John W. Davis is a democrat of distinction, a man of proved ability. He has served in many public capacities, his most notable position being that of ambassador to the Court of St. James, where he succeeded Walter Hines Page in December, 1918. His name was presented long ago among the list of those eligible for the nomination. In the east and throughout the country generally, he had a following among the thoughtful democrats. Overshadowed by the noisy McAdoo-Smith-Ralston-Bryan element, the chance for Mr. Davis appeared remote.

Had he been selected early last week, before conditions reached the point where the stalemated bosses said, "Oh, let him have it!" his outlook would be much brighter. Accepted as Hobson's choice, named by a convention, tired out and longing to adjourn, simply as a stop-gap candidate, even the most optimistic of democrats will not regard his prospect especially rosy.

THE MODERN PRODIGAL SON.

The prodigal son in the parable told by the Master, came home penitent and ashamed. It was different with the prodigal son of Seward county.

The father gave to each of his two sons his portion of the estate. One remained at home, industrious, frugal and dependable. The other sold his portion and wasted the cash proceeds in riotous living in a far country.

But when the Seward prodigal was on his uppers, his stomach empty and his whilom friends missing, he did not admit that he had sinned. He did not return home humble and penitent. He came back hating his industrious and frugal brother and with enmity in his heart for the father who had been so generous. He did not admit that his plight was the fault of himself. He had enjoyed his fling, but he was not willing to abide by the results of his own folly. Instead of buckling down to work and making a man of himself, he indulged in self-pity until he became obsessed with the idea that his steady-going brother ought to be made to divide up. When the steady brother refused and insisted upon the erring brother going to work instead of loafing around, the modern prodigal foully murdered his brother in order to get the money he was too lazy to work for.

Now he is in the penitentiary for life. Just as there was a great moral to the story of the prodigal son, told by the Master, just so there is a moral to the story of this modern prodigal of Seward county. There is no need to dilate upon it. Those who can profit by it will readily see it; those who can not see it would not profit by any explanation.

By the way, how would you like to have the railroads of the country managed by a board of directors made up of delegates that nominated La Follette for president?

Evidently the Brothers Bryan do not propose to have any presidential candidates from Nebraska other than one of themselves.

Dan Stephens also knows how hard it is for the democrats to govern themselves.

Tune in on your radio and hear Nebraska corn growing.

"The sting of ingratitude" is out for another airing.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—

Robert Worthington Davie

DREAMS AND FRIENDS.

How queer that fate still leads us

So wisely on our way.

And yet—how fond the memory

Of one long fleeted day—

Of sunshine, flowers and fervor,

And more than we may hold

In thought, which is a flaming

Hyperbole of gold.

And oft we sit a-dreaming

Of emblematic things—

Of sweet bouquets and kisses,

And fine engagement rings;

And oft our hearts are giddy,

Our thoughts dynamic whirl

Across the space of memory

With some forgotten girl.

And oft we go a-soaring

From dream material things

"The End of the Trail"



Letters From Our Readers... LISTENING IN On the Nebraska Press... Spice of Life... When in Omaha Hotel Conant... THIRD Largest in the World... is now the position of Durant Motor Co. as compared with other manufacturers of cars.

Stiff Joints Now Limbered Up By New Oil Formula

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

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SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet... ALL'S WELL! I'll face the future, come what may. Great joys or bitter sorrow; The sun may hide its face today. But it will shine tomorrow. And if the road seems rough and long, I'll make it smoother, brighter, By trudging on with smile and song To make my burden lighter.

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