

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING—EVENING—SUNDAY

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

ONE COUNTRY, ONE CAMPAIGN.

The republican party recognizes the United States of America. It knows "neither east nor west, border, or breeding or birth." Such will be its appeal when it goes before the people of the United States, offering its candidates and asking approval for its principles. This is the plain meaning of what Chairman Butler said, after consulting with President Coolidge:

"We do not propose to seek support in one section of the country through concentrated and obvious effort and to try to gain it in another section by silence and evasion of issues."

A campaign in every state in the union, with one set of candidates and one statement of principles. No evasion at any point, no special pleas, no effort to captivate a local sentiment for the sake of securing factional support. The Coolidge campaign will be to elect a president of the United States. He will be representative of the people of the United States. He will not be subservient to any special interest, group or subdivision of the nation. He will stand for the best interests, the welfare and prosperity of all.

Contrast this with the plan the democrats are outlining. It squares with their platform. They are already assured of 183 votes from states traditionally committed to the democratic column. No matter who was the nominee of the New York convention, he started with that assurance. Wet or dry, free trade or high tariff, klan or anti-klan, the nominee knew before he was named that if the choice alighted on him, he would get the vote of the "solid south."

This means he must carry three or more of the northern states to get the votes necessary to elect. So Brother Charlie was named as vice president. This was with the purpose that he might have some influence among the so-called radical states. John W. Davis was selected to cater to the conservative east. A platform equally shifting and vague was prepared. It was drawn that it may be interpreted as fitting the requirements of Massachusetts on one hand and Nebraska on the other.

Illinois, Indiana, New York, all will be invaded by specially organized groups of democratic leaders, to stir up sectional feeling and secure support on local grounds. California, Oregon and Washington also will get particular attention on home issues, if any such there be. The whole democratic campaign presents an aspect of sectionalism. Pretending to be national, the party depends on sectional feeling for any hope of success.

So, too, with the La Follette effect. It not only seeks particular localities, but appeals to social divisions. To break up Americans into groups on racial, religious, or property lines, and then to array one group against another, are the tactics adopted by the forces that are supporting "Fighting Bob." He would not have a handful in his parade if it were not for the socialists, the communists, the extremists, whether they are found in the "parlors," or in the I. W. W. camps. La Follette may control his own utterances, but he can not control those of the men who look to him as leader. These include the entire group that is devoted to the overturning of our government, from Oswald Garrison Villard and Victor L. Berger down to the "red" who agitates "on the job."

Size them up, and then read again Butler's statement, and choose the party that really represents America. That is not sectional, but national. That seeks to represent all citizens, and not a group or class. One country, one flag, one campaign, is the republican way.

DEVIL DOG AND THE WARD BOSSES.

Now it appears that Philadelphia, like some other communities in this great and glorious land, wants to be good, but not too good. When W. Freeland Kendrick was running for mayor, he promised the voters he would clean up the town if elected. His first great move was to get General Smedley D. Butler from the Marine corps and make him director of public safety. It is now rumored, and with reason, that General Butler is to be dismissed. In the parlance of the army, he is to be "boobyed." He is told that if he will "be good" and "go along," he can stay until his year is out, on January 5, 1925. Otherwise, he will be superseded at once.

All of which affords another interesting chapter of the world-old fight of good against evil. General Butler sought to restrict crime in the great city of Brotherly Love. He did not regard infraction of the Volstead act as the worst thing that could happen. He did try to close up the open bars and stop the sale of liquor in Philadelphia. He also made war on footpads, burglars, gamblers, loose women, and all the other elements of vice and crime. Not with the hope of entirely doing away with them, but to minimize their activities and make the city safe. Those who knew Philadelphia well watched the progress of Butler's campaign with great interest. Its spectacular opening was discounted, for the great display of activity did not warrant the expectation that it was the real measure of the effort. The long, hard, dull drive of law against outlawry never ceases. Many folks who profess to be interested in

good order, however, lose their zeal when the sky-rockets die down.

Butler now finds himself opposed by the ward bosses, who are the real power in Philadelphia. He has gone too deeply into the police force to suit them. They see, or pretend to see, a connection between Butler and Pinchot, and that means Pennsylvania, which is something else again. This far away from the scene only an academic interest is held in the local politics of Philadelphia, but in the effort to restrain vice all are concerned. The present example is one as old as Babylon or Nineveh, Sodom or Gomorrah. Man is not to be purified by police power or the efforts to enforce law. Wherever many men are gathered together, there will we expect to find the most sinful.

BRYAN TONGUED—HEARST TALKS.

Oh dear, oh dear! How Hearst is ripping up John W. Davis. It's a shame. To be sure Hearst is saying no more about Davis than W. J. Bryan said on the floor of the democratic convention. However, it is different with W. J. Bryan the convention nominated "Brother Charlie" to run with Davis—and that makes a lot of difference.

The tragedy of it all is that the democrats thought they had Willie Hearst all safely tucked away when they made their deal that cut the League of Nations out of the platform.

Now that the league has been abandoned for an absurd post card referendum—that can never be taken—Hearst jumps the fence. He has what he wanted—the democrats are holding the bag.

Then, just to rub salt into the wounds, Hearst is pouring the very sort of hot shot into Davis that W. J. Bryan was all set and ready to do when they tied their ardent tongue by nominating his brother for vice president.

Comes now, Hearst in his Chicago newspapers of July 21 and says these unkind things about John W. Davis:

"The New York Telephone company wanted an increase in rates.

The New York Public Service commission refused the request.

John W. Davis went to a federal court to get an order increasing the rates.

Mayor Hylan, acting for the city of New York, asked the court for the right to interpose an objection.

Then:
 "But John W. Davis, who was the telephone company's lawyer, opposed this motion. He wanted the judge to take \$6,000,000 a year away from the people of New York and give it to the telephone company, and he didn't want the judge to let the people even protest against it. And the judge did as John W. Davis asked him to do.

"Mr. Davis had no hard feelings against the people of New York—not at all. He just told the telephone company how to take the money because they paid him for it.

"Mr. Davis declares that he is proud of his clients. Doubtless they are proud of him, too! The telephone private monopoly would indeed prefer that corporations have no souls if it were not proud of having a lawyer who could tell them how to take your money perfectly legally—without letting you know about it beforehand or giving you any chance to protest against the holding.

"The Public Service commission, voting three to two, has now decided that the telephone company had no right to increase its rates in New York City. But the telephone company will go right on taking the extra \$6,000,000 a year, thanks to its lawyer, John W. Davis, and one federal judge."

And to think—W. J. Bryan, the great moral leader—who started the attack on Davis, must needs hold his tongue and all because "Brother Charlie" is the Davis' running mate. It may be that Hearst will smoke out W. J. before he gets through.

INCREASE IN HOME OWNERSHIP.

Omaha has always been known as city of home owners. From the time the townsite was laid out until the present, with all the multitude of extensive additions made to the original plat, residents have owned each his share in the city. It is good to own part of Omaha. Wherever one goes, all around the business section, the eye is greeted by the sight of neat, attractive homes, from the mansion to the bungalow, all belonging to someone who has worked and paid for the place. It is a proof of industry and thrift.

Omaha has 50,551 homes, of which 27,807 are owned in fee by the occupants, and a considerable proportion of the remainder are being paid for on contracts, under which title has not yet passed. Of homes with children of school age there are 23,739, of which 14,552 are owned by the families that occupy them. This is an increase of home ownership among this class of 1,400 for the year. In four years the number of home owners in Omaha has increased 6.6 per cent.

In 1923 the building and loan associations of Omaha increased their assets by \$10,000,000. On December 31, 1923, the aggregate assets of the 12 associations in Omaha were \$71,641,401. As the operations of the building and loan organizations is exclusively in the promotion of buildings, and fully 90 per cent of it with small homes, the figures given ought to answer the question, whether they indicate in any way the prosperity of the people.

Tell the young husband and father that every time he pays a monthly installment on his home nest that he is that much poorer, and see what he will say to you. Even the labor government of England has failed to realize the socialist dream of having the state provide homes for the people. In "capitalistic" America the people are providing homes for themselves.

Hon. Vic Berger optimistically counts the Roosevelt vote of 1912 for La Follette in 1924. Well, if you want to figure that way, why not add the Wilson vote of 1916 and the Harding vote of 1920, and make it a good one?

If you want to know why they always pick a rich man for ambassador to England, read the accounts of receptions and garden parties being given by the Kelloggs in London just now.

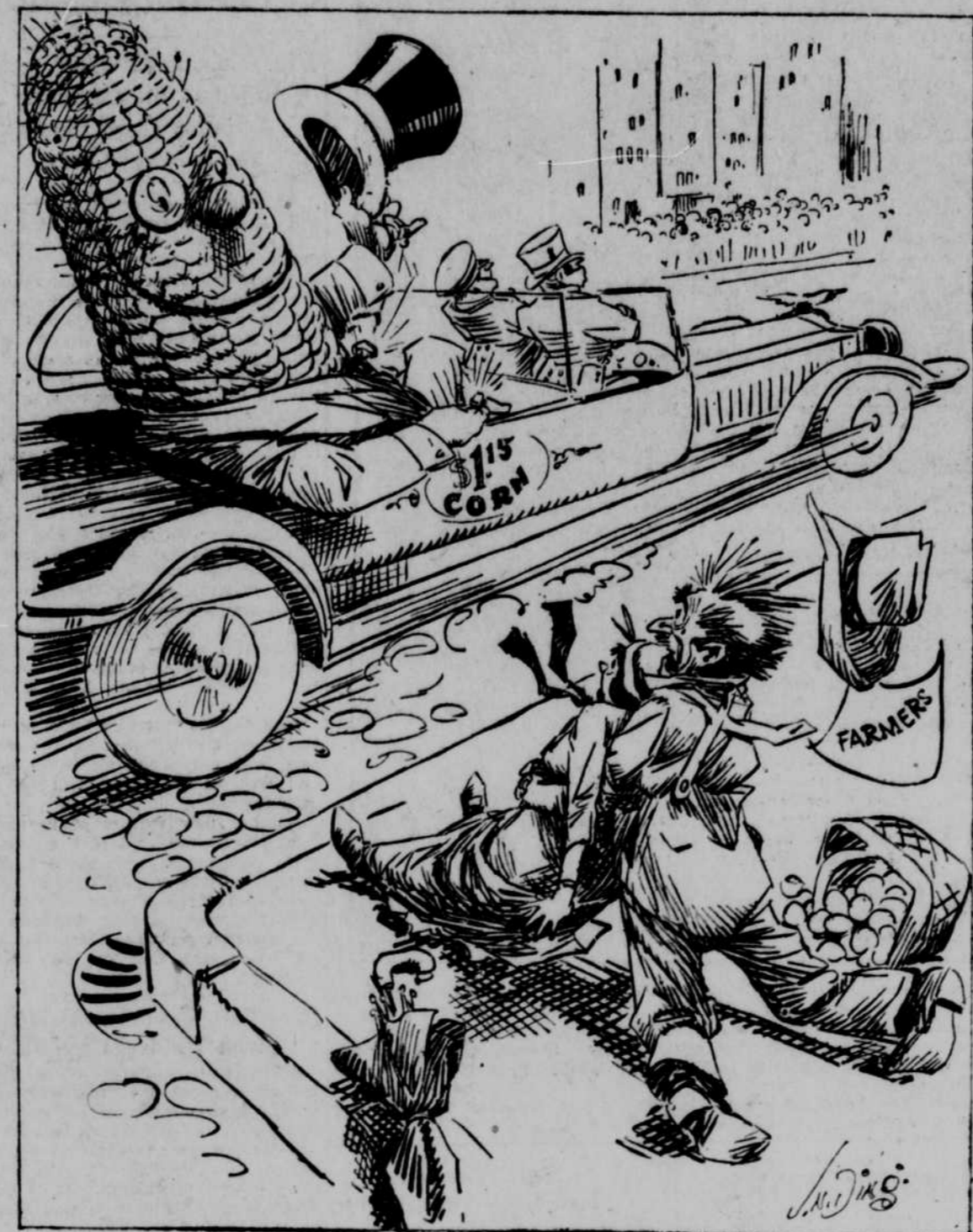
Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
 Robert Worthington Davis

WHEN THE ICE CREAM MAN COMES DRIVING UP THE STREET.

It's a shame to wish a person less than he himself may own,
 And it's awful to begrudge a man his meat—
 But I'd like to be a waiting with a brick bat or a stone
 When the ice cream man comes driving up the street.
 Three or four he comes shouting, and his bell incessant
 rings,
 And the children go a-running to the gate;
 Long ago I spent my nickels and I've gone to saying things
 That I can not rightly name appropriate.
 I don't like to be a grumbler, and I'm not inclined to kick
 Though my problems aren't all like dreams to meet—
 But I'd like to be a waiting at the portal with a brick
 When the ice cream man comes driving up the street.

You'd Never Thought He'd Ever Amount to Anything When He Left the Farm 6 Months Ago



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.

Hope of the Adullamites.

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: One enterprising editorial observer quotes the first book of Samuel to describe, as he thinks, the candidacy of La Follette:

"And everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them."

Looking up the passage, I find that this particular captain was none other than David, who killed Goliath, wrote many of the Psalms and became king over united Israel. Few followers of La Follette would claim so much for him, but the designation of him as captain of the discontented is substantially correct. Probably a majority of the American people are discontented with existing economic conditions. To take hold of this state of mind, essentially destructive, and to turn it into constructive channels is vitally necessary; and here may be the principal function of the new movement.

I am by no means an enthusiastic follower of Robert M. La Follette, if indeed a follower at all. His castigations of the communists—just and unnecessary by the way—shows how short is his viewpoint, how little inclined he is to direct effective fire on the causes of the very abuses he condemns; but, for the time being, his candidacy seems to offer the most possibilities. By it great multitudes will be brought together, thinking clearly and acting earnestly. Being largely of the great betrayal and exploited mass, their action will be at least the beginning of a prelude to a greater movement and greater accomplishment. The future, and no distant future.

Abe Martin



Too many lawyers get big fees for their pull instead of the legal ability. 'T' barbers are going a merry clip.
 (Copyright, 1924.)

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THE OMAHA BEE
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Does not include returns, left-overs, samples or papers sold.

V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.,
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July 1924.

W. H. QUIVEY, Notary Public.

"From State and Nation"

Jury Reform.

From the New York Post:
 One important objection to the proposal to establish courses in jury duty for college students, made by Frederick O'Bryne, commissioner of jurors of New York, is that many of those who go to colleges elect to follow professions that are exempt from jury duty under the law.

In offering his plan the commissioner complains that most citizens of intelligence and education evade jury service in every way. But he is mistaken in thinking the average man of intelligence and education is unwilling to do his duty by the state.

The prospective juror is often examined with more acerbity than the prisoner on trial. "The thief in the pen was innocent until he was proved guilty," said a facetious juror, "but we jurors were guilty until we were proved innocent of any crime." It is exasperating for a busy man to sit around waiting while lawyers resort to a variety of subterfuges to delay, postpone or drag a trial along.

Jury reform, like the administration of justice in general, will have to begin in the courts.

Why Not End the Farce?

Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read your editorial on "Make the Streets Safe" with sentiments of commendation. The danger is too apparent to need discussion.

Then I read the account of the incident held over the body of the little boy who was killed, and was amazed to find that the driver of the truck had been exonerated and released. What sort of conclusion are we to draw from this?

In telling his side of the story, the driver of the truck said the sunlight shone in his eyes and blinded him, so that he could not see the car he struck. Yet he kept on going, not knowing where he was going. He knew that he was coming into a street that is ordinarily crowded with cars. He could not see. He kept on going, and a little boy was killed.

A coroner's jury finds no fault with this. Exonerates a driver whose own admission of carelessness is enough to condemn him. Suppose a man entered a crowded room, firing a pistol wildly, and someone was killed. Would it be sufficient defense for the murderer to say he did not see his victim?

Is there not some way to end the farce of law enforcement so far as traffic on our city streets is concerned? Omaha is no worse than many other cities, where traffic is dense and huge trucks and cars are moved at high speed. Yet that is no excuse for laxity here. A start ought to be made, and Omaha is a good place to make it.

Slapping the reckless driver on the

Movies you make yourself

With the same ease that your boy makes snap-shots with a Brownie, you make motion pictures with a Ciné-Kodak.

And it's easily proved. Interested salesmen will not only show you what the outfit is but what it does. They will project on the screen Ciné-Kodak movies that other amateurs have made, so that you can see for yourself.

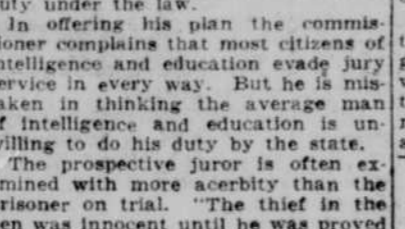
Eastman Kodak Co.
 (The Robert Dempster Co.)
 1813 Farnam St.
 Branch Store
 308 South 15th St.

When in Omaha Hotel Conant

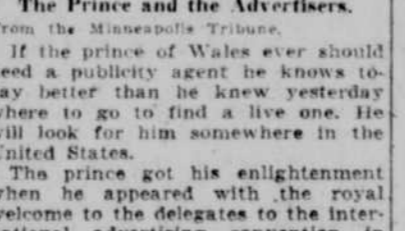
250 Rooms—250 Baths—Rates \$2 to \$3

D.W. GRIFFITH MADE AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

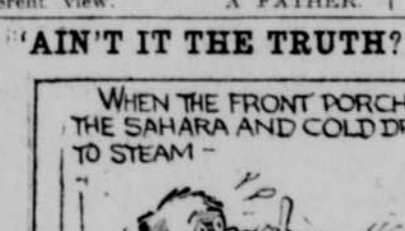
WHEN THE FRONT PORCH IS HOTTER 'N THE SAHARA AND COLD DRINKS TURN TO STEAM—



AND THEN YOU SEE SIGNS OF RELIEF AND DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE—



AND DISCOVER THERE'S STILL ONE COOL SPOT IN TOWN—OH BOY, AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



COOL AS A MOUNTAIN TOP IN THE ICE CREAM PARLOR



KEEP COOL AT THE RIALTO



KEEP COOL AT THE RIALTO

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Vint Stahl of the state agricultural department was a delegate to the New York convention and, although a Bryan supporter, was friendly to W. G. McAdoo. One afternoon Vint caught McAdoo in a reminiscent mood.

"Many years ago down in Georgia," said McAdoo, "a bunch of little boys organized a baseball club. They didn't have any money to buy a ball, so one of the boys wrote a letter to Commodore Vanderbilt of New York and asked for a dollar. The boy had to hang around his father's office for several evenings before he could get a stamp to mail the letter.

"Finally the boy got a reply from Commodore Vanderbilt, but it did not contain a dollar to buy the baseball.

"Governor Bryan is now making capital out of the claim that he has greatly reduced the price of gasoline for the good of the people. A lot of Nebraskans can remember when the governor was selling 'Buttermilk Chewing Gum, Good for the Complexion.'"

As we try to hit the keys of a battered old typewriter while simultaneously trying to prevent the drops of sweat that trickle from our nose from landing in the mechanism, our only solace is that although the weather is mighty hard on a middle-aged man inclined to obesity, it is mighty fine for the corn. The solace is slightly tinged with regrets, however, by the fact that we haven't an acre of corn in the field or a bushel of old corn in the crib.

"We've been bragging too much," whispered a county commissioner who was on his way to Lincoln to appear before the state board of equalization and protest against the valuation fixed by the board.

Dr. Bass, who specializes as secretary of the republican state committee, has a lot of democratic friends, and isn't afraid to josh 'em now and then.

"What do you think of the way we democrats are playing the political game this year?" asked a democratic visitor.

"Playing politics!" exclaimed Dr. Bass. "I thought you democrats were merely playing rummy."

Our favorite grocerman asked us the other day if we thought the tremendously increased demand for yeast indicated that housewives were returning to the old-fashioned habit of baking their own bread. We are unable to enlighten him, but consultation with several wholesale bakers revealed that they have suffered no reduction in patronage.

We have only a faint recollection of the campaigns in which flat money arguments played a leading part, but it seems only yesterday that we had dealings with the flat promises of politicians. Despite advancing years and increasing avoidopolis we are prepared to sprint at record-breaking speed at the sight of any man who gives evidence of a desire to talk politics. We are prepared to reminisce at length on old days when tall, cold ones were obtainable, or when the water in the old swimming hole was a degree or two above freeze, but we harp politics. We might argue tolerance in religion, or discuss the League of Nations, but we have put politics on our Index Ex-purgatoris forever and a day.

WILL M. MALPIN.

10 minutes in the best American style. The prince was a bit startled by this sharp departure from the paths of traditional British restraint, but he proved to be as good a sport under the circumstances as his American admirers expected him to be. He discarded his set speech and waded into the informalities of the occasion as if he liked it.

It doesn't make much difference to the American citizenship represented in the Wembley convention whether the young man chooses to be known as the prince of Wales, or Lord Renfrew, or in some other capacity. It is about all the same to this type because it is more interested in the man than in the regalia, and it happens to be drawn to a regular fellow because he is regular and has a good sense of the real human values.

The incident that swirled around the prince was interesting, but the gathering is still more notable in what signifies as to the importance that has come to attach to the business of advertising, which is today a remarkable combination of busi-

ness, science and art. Up-to-date advertising addresses itself to the senses as well as to the mind. Its appeal to the eye is a part of the psychological purpose, and a very considerable part. The United States has taken a leading part in erecting an ethical code for advertising. Its representatives in the convention will have nothing to be ashamed of when that phase of the subject is up for discussion. They will not say that the code is universally practiced, but they will be able to say in truth that efforts to that end are tireless and that refreshing headway has been made in placing the whole structure of advertising on a high plane.

Golf Books. Canvasser—Does your husband play golf? Lady—Yes. Canvasser—Then I'm sure you will be interested in this set of 33 volumes I am selling; it will help you to while away many a lonely hour.—London Opinion.

Children Cry for

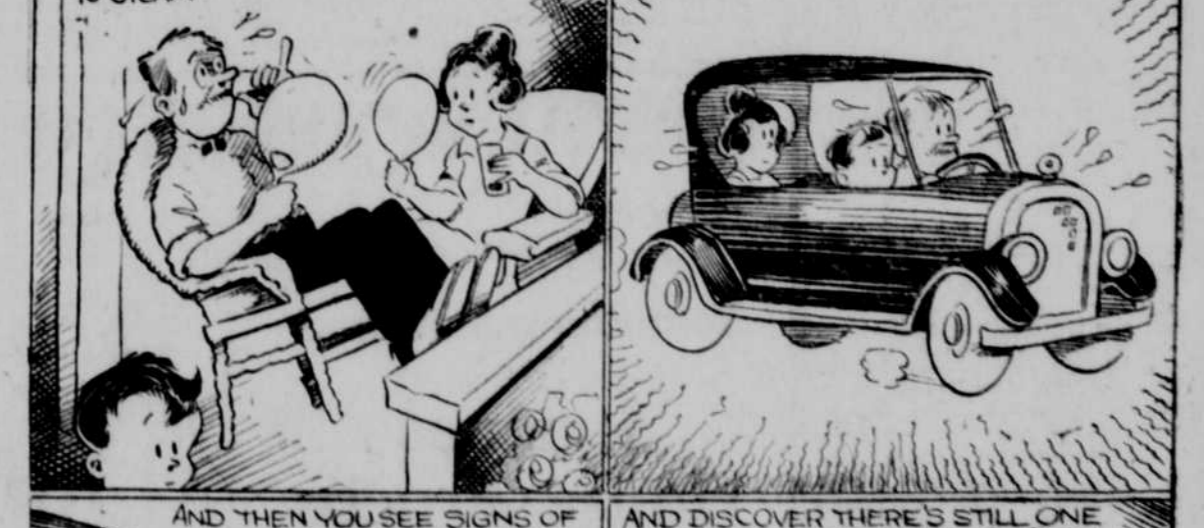


MOTHER!—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

—By IGICLE

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?"



SUMMER ATTRACTIVE QUALITY COOLING SYSTEM JUST INSTALLED FIVE CARBONS OF MACHINERY FOR YOUR COMFORT WASHED, DRYED, WAXED AIR



KEEP COOL AT THE RIALTO