

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
N. B. UFDIKE, President
JOY M. HACKLER, Business Manager

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1898, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

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MUSTER OF THE CLANS COMPLETE.

The fiery cross has gone around, the clans of discontent are now rallying to the leadership of Robert Marion La Follette. Arthur Brisbane says it is impossible to exaggerate the vote for La Follette. Perhaps to estimate, but some of the enthusiasts have little trouble in exaggerating. They have jumped whole groups of voters and set them down as solid for "Batting Bob," without stopping to learn if these actually are committed. For example, it is popular to say the railroad brotherhoods all are for him. Very recently Vice President Doak of the trainmen, which is numerically the strongest of the "Big Four," said that organization had not endorsed La Follette, and probably would not. Its members are free to vote for whom they wish.

Railway shop crafts have endorsed La Follette, but these are not so many in number as before the disastrous strike of two years ago. That a great many of the men now working will vote for La Follette is probably true, but that only adds to the difficulty of making the estimate of his strength.

The American Federation of Labor executive council, giving its endorsement to La Follette's candidacy, rests its decision more on its grievance against the republican and democratic parties than on its devotion to "Batting Bob." The approval so reluctantly given to the self-chosen independent candidate is more in the nature of a protest than a war whoop of a militant antagonist. Very heavy emphasis is laid on the statement that no general endorsement is given to the dogma of the various groups that have wheeled into line behind La Follette.

Here is one of the main difficulties of the whole campaign. Mr. La Follette announced himself as an independent candidate, writing his own declaration of principles, and asking support on his platform. He was immediately greeted by the third party organizers of various stripes and callings, and hailed as their savior and candidate. They did not hesitate to write their own platforms, and put La Follette at the head of their ticket. The socialists banded for the time their custom of nominating Eugene V. Debs, and name La Follette. But they made Debs general manager, and framed their own platform. The Conference for Progressive Political Action also named La Follette, and wrote a platform of its own.

Now comes the American Federation of Labor leaders and call attention to this confusion, which is rapidly being worse confounded. How can any man look for success in politics or elsewhere who is asked to stand on four different, and in many ways inconsistent platforms at one and the same time? La Follette will feel himself bound only by his own declarations. He opposed a third party, and declined to consider one. He wrote what he thought would attract votes to his cause. All the active elements of what Roosevelt called the "lunatic fringe" of American politics hastened to the muster, and each brought with him his own pet vagary for inclusion in the general program.

So far "Fighting Bob" has not shown the courage that is exhibited by Samuel Gompers. That grand old opportunist is not so eager to elect La Follette as he is to teach the old parties a lesson. He does not hesitate to say he will not accept the dogma of the dreamers, malcontents, or deliberate wreckers out to simply stir up strife. La Follette might look better if he would show similar courage, but as yet he has not indicated any inclination to disappoint any of the mixed lot who look up to him as Moses.

Of all the clans that have marched at the summons, the socialists are the only one to present a definite program. It includes government ownership of the means of production and transportation as its central plank. That rests on Marxian doctrine. It is the first step along the road to the full application of that doctrine, as Lenin exemplified it in Russia. Before the campaign is over it will be interesting to learn if Mr. La Follette expects to go with Messrs. Berger, Debs, Hillquit, Gerner and others to the fulfillment of this great change in our system of civilization. It will be well, too, for Americans who own homes and are establishing themselves in business in a small way to take note of the various things that "Batting Bob" is expected to bring about.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Word that comes down from the north is that the annual mobilization of the wheat harvest army is in progress in the Dakotas. Between 15,000 and 20,000 men will be engaged in the fields up there. This is one of the most noteworthy of all movements of migratory labor. Usually the start is made in northern Texas, and the route is through Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, on up through the Dakotas and over into Canada. Beginning late in May, the army is occupied until equally late in August. The many years the wheat fields have been the great training and recruiting ground for the I. W. W., that sinister group of political Ishmaelites,

whose hands are raised against all other forms of organized workers. They have a political creed that goes along with their social dogma. Not even Russia has produced such hardboiled anarchists as have thrived in the past in the great wheat fields of this trans-Mississippi region. For some reason this year has been an exception, at least so far as outward manifestations of the presence of the I. W. W. is concerned. Very little has been heard of the pestiferous brood.

The farmer-labor group has repudiated them, the nonpartisans give aid and comfort no longer to the "sab cat," which was the euphemism for the I. W. W. exchequer. The wonder may be pardoned if there are as many of these avowed enemies of all government as there were a few years ago? Will the gathering home of the harvest which promises relief to hard-pressed tillers of the soil be as productive of "red" agitators in 1924 as in 1914, for example, when every harvest hand carried a card and at least openly avowed allegiance to the "cat"? It will be interesting to note the change, if any. In this part of the world it was noticed that the I. W. W. was missing from the wheat fields. What will the harvest be in the Dakotas?

NEPTUNE'S MEAN DISPOSITION.

A lot of hard luck was awaiting the American globe-girdling fliers when they started to cross the North Atlantic. They had plenty of adventure making the passage of the Pacific, but Neptune was holding off, ready to catch them on the home stretch. And catch them he did. Jumping from the Orkneys to Iceland is quite a feat, even on a steamship. A lot of young Americans can tell something about it, for they took the ride under conditions almost as exciting as aviation can provide. Nelson and his mate made the hop all right, but Smith and Wade and their companions were compelled to make two jumps of it. Smith got away from the Faroes and reached Iceland in good order, but Wade and Ogden were forced down. And here comes the tragedy. The very precautions that were taken to secure the safety of the gallant adventurers seemed to contribute to the undoing of the disabled plane. When an attempt was made to hoist it to the deck of a man-of-war, an accident resulted in such damage as made its salvage doubtful. A night in tow gave the waves opportunity to work on the helpless plane, and now it is at the bottom of the sea.

A new plane should be provided for Wade and Ogden, that they may be permitted to end their flight with the others. It would be a tragedy indeed if they were to be counted out just in sight of the goal. We are just coming to understand the hardships and toil these young men have endured to make possible the first round-the-world flight. As they draw nearer and nearer home, with each day's jump, public interest becomes more and more intense, and the news of the mishap to Wade's plane was a shock indeed.

We trust, also, that Smith and the other gallant officers who have shared in the vicissitudes and trials of the journey, will not mistake the spirit of the welcome that awaits them. They will be permitted to end their journey, as planned, on the Pacific coast, but they will not be permitted to deny to their admiring countrymen the privilege of giving them one rousing greeting after another, as they make the various landings along the air mail route.

Neptune may have a mean disposition, and soldiers may not fare as well as sailors, but when the boys get back to land again, they will be given ample evidence that their exploit is fully appreciated if not entirely understood by their countrymen.

WHO KILLED THE LAST "BUFFLER"?

A lot of history is yet undecided upon. A witty French critic once said that "History is a lie agreed upon." A very recent critic complains that we are not yet accurate about things that happened only twenty years ago, so can not expect to get very close to the truth of what took place twenty centuries past. All of which is called to mind by a story to the effect that a former cowboy now resident at Peoria, Ill., killed the last wild buffalo.

Aside from the fact that a considerable number of "wild" buffalo still are alive, although but a handful compared to the great herds that once roamed the prairies of the west, the statement is interesting from another angle. Like the "sole survivor" of the Custer massacre, this man is certain to have imitators, until there will be almost as many of him as there ever were of the bison. The man who killed the last buffalo will increase and multiply, even as the last buffalo has.

We do not doubt that the retired cowboy alluded to actually did what he says he did. That is, he shot the surviving animal of a little bunch he had located a few miles northwest of Cheyenne. This was in 1885. Just about that time, however, Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, who was then the Indian agent at Pine Ridge, was rounding up a considerable bunch of the animals from the free range, and impounding them in a big corral not far from the agency. "Buffalo" Jones was collecting his famous herd in Kansas, and several other collectors throughout the west were putting together little groups that still are represented in the greater herds.

The main objection to the claim of the Peoria gentleman is that the last of the buffalo has not yet been killed.

Jackie Coogan's mother has stipulated that Jackie is not to be kissed while he is making his tour across the country. If a middle-aged understudy is needed for Jackie we are positive of the whereabouts of one perfectly willing to act.

Why should there be a shortage of lumber? Because so much is wasted in making useless planks for political planks.

The pillbox officers are notified that the pillboxes are not supposed to provide soporific ingredients.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

MY TREASURES.

How lovely, indeed, is the pen that has written
My lines through the years that have entered and gone;
How faithful the chair in which I have been sittin'
From dusk until came the faint breaking of dawn.
The old oaken desk and the chair that stands near it,
The pen that is precious and priceless to me;
The attic that holds them—at heart I revere it
For all that it has been and yet is to be.
How tranquil the attic wherein are my treasures;
How modest—but teeming with splendor, it seems;
Sweet cot of my hills where the firmament measures
My nomadic fancies and wandering dreams.
The old oaken desk and the chair that stands near it,
The pen that is precious and priceless to me;
The attic that holds them—at heart I revere it
For all that it has been and yet is to be.

Introducing the Chief Orator of the Day



Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Letters containing more than 200 words and less will be given preference.

Waste That is Needless.

O'Neill, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: While it is plain to be seen that L. H. Monroe of Council Bluffs is an out and out La Follette, I wish to reply to one statement he makes. He cites us to the high priced farm machinery that is impoverishing the farmer. If Mr. Monroe will come out and travel with me over 400 miles of Nebraska farm and hay land, I'll show him thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of that said high priced machinery, rotting and rusting in back yards and fence corners. I make bold to assert that not one-tenth of all the farm machinery is actually worn out. In other words Nebraska farmers add many fold to the cost of their farm equipment through wilful neglect. Shall we pass a law to compel them to take care of their machinery?

Now, lest Mr. Monroe may retort that these cannot care for their machinery properly, I will offer to take him to a man who has used the one self binder many seasons and its going good yet. That binder never saw the inside of a shed. But at each harvest end all its working parts are oiled and greased and the deck covered with an old bit of canvas. I claim that the farmers of Nebraska waste more each year than it takes to feed every man, woman and child in the state. "Wilful waste makes woeful want," someone has said, and no truer words were ever spoken. I fully realize, Mr. Editor, that all of the long haired office seekers will rear up on their hind legs and pronounce me a friend of the trusts, and big business, and blood thirsty capitalist.

Abe Martin



There's few things we like 't say better'n "Well, he wouldn't take my advice." "Why call 'em 'progressives' when they don't never git nowhere?" (Copyright, 1924.)

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION

for June, 1924, of THE OMAHA BEE
Daily 74,616
Sunday 76,224

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 5th day of July, 1924. W. H. QUVEY, Notary Public.

topuses, or worse if their command of English permits. But really it grieves me to have the word go forth that Nebraska, the state of all states in my estimation, and I've tried it out for nearly half a century, is poverty stricken and soon will be in the hands of the sheriff.

In conclusion, reminded by your excellent editorial, "Other Sources of Farm Wealth," let me state that farmers along the lines of the C. & N. W. in Nebraska sold over 4,000,000 pounds of butter fat each month since May 1, 1924. Twelve million pounds of fat represents at least \$4,000,000 at the price received.

For God's sake let's away with this false and adverse advertising of the agricultural industry, lest we pull the entire structure down about our heads. G. H. NICHOLS.

"Auditors. "Does your wife lecture you as much as she used to?" "No," said Mr. Meekton. "Her lecture is too fine a spectacle to waste a whole lecture on one person. Her audience is now much larger, but less attentive."—Washington Star.

Conservative Estimate. It is estimated that there are 128,642 horn leaders in America who have

DEMAND TANLAC The World's Best Tonic Over 100,000 people have testified that TANLAC has relieved them of Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism, Mal-Nutrition, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Weight, Torpid Liver or Constipation. "Ask Anyone Who Has Taken TANLAC" OVER 40 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD For Sale By All Good Druggists

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SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Having made the study of Nebraska something more than a passing pleasure for 30 or more years, we seldom join the summer throng that complains of heat. When spring brings copious rains, and an occasional shower falls during June and July, we revel in hot weather during August. As the perspiration trickles from our shiny nose, and we long to take off our flesh and sit around in our bonnets, we utter no complaint. There is ever present the comforting thought that the hot weather has made the small grain, and is making a corn crop, and with these crops made there comes the comforting assurance that the old job will continue and daily associations made brighter by the smiles of prospering neighbors and friends. It would be mean of soul and an exhibition of ingratitude for one to complain in such circumstances.

Speaking of the month of August, reminds us that on its last day we will be privileged to celebrate another birthday. We decline, although from no motive of pride or otherwise, to reveal its exact number. Suffice it to say that if admiring friends wish to give us a cigar for each year it will require considerably more than can be packed in the usual box of 50.

We gather from the preliminary announcement that the summer meeting of the Nebraska Press Association, to be held in Omaha August 21, 22 and 23, is going to be a Humdinger with Horns and Altogether Pleasurable. At noon of the first day Montague Tancock will be hung without benefit of clergy. At sunrise of the second day Ole Buck smothered in the smoke of his own pipe. During the afternoon of the third day decision will be rendered as to the homeliest member of the association, previous elimination contests having left only Lew Shelley of Fairbury and Ace Wood of Gering as contenders. Various other exhilarating sports will be interspersed during the three days. Now is the time to make arrangements for attending.

A Sing Sing convict has been pardoned because he sang so beautifully over the radio. We know a lot of radio singers who might be benefited by a course in Sing Sing.

A West Virginia wife, jealous of her husband, secured the services of a number of her male friends and tarred and feathered the other woman. We presume the erring husband was given a medal and hailed as a Conquering Hero.

The growing corn and the rattling threshing machines make so much noise that we simply can not hear the oratory of the political spellbinders.

As a Chautauqua attraction we suggest a debate between W. J. Bryan and William Jennings Bryan on the availability of John W. Davis as a democratic candidate for the presidency.

The corn is coming to the front. The wheat is in the bin. The oats have made their gorgeous stunt. Alfalfa is joining in. The sugar beets are growing sweet. The steers are gaining weight. Good old Nebraska can't be beat— Say, she's some bully state. —From "Odes of Prosperity," by E. O. Oster. WILL. M. MAUPIN.

Both Overdone. "I care not who makes the laws of the nation, if I may but write 'Em' side Ermine." She took over the side of the car—Oh, it's all right. It's flat on the bottom, but it's round at the top. —London Answers.



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Department of Engraving of the Omaha Bee

Ernest Scherer, Mgr.