

THE OMAHA BEE

MORNING-EVENING-SUNDAY

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Publisher
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The Omaha Bee is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the recognized authority on circulation audits, and The Omaha Bee's circulation is regularly audited by their organization.

Entered as second-class matter May 28, 1908, at Omaha postoffice under act of March 3, 1879.

BEE TELEPHONES
Private Branch Exchange. Ask for the Department or Person.
AT lantic 1000

OFFICES
Main Office—17th and Farnam
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GOVERNOR BRYAN ACCEPTS.

The formal speech of acceptance by Charles W. Bryan, in response to the notification address, will be conjoined with interest by Nebraskans. They will look in vain for any new substance: The governor made all familiar with his line of thought, during his campaign two years ago. His experience in the executive chair has added little if anything to his political philosophy.

By far the greater part of his address is given over to the consideration of the plight of the farmer. He unhesitatingly repeats the exploded charge that the farmer's troubles are all due to the deflation brought about as a result of the election of Warren G. Harding in 1920. This assertion has been often challenged with proof to the contrary. It needs no more consideration than an expression of regret that the democratic candidate for vice president could find no better starting place from which to set out on his crusade. Had he read the platform he would have discovered that the convention ascribed the condition to the republican "policy of isolation," and to the protective tariff. Maybe we are not justified in expecting a candidate to stick so closely to his platform.

Pursuing the subject, the nominee gets back on the track, and follows through with the pledges of the platform. These are to reduce the tariff, so that the farmer can buy as well as sell in a "competitive market." This means free trade, and 1913 prices. Railroad and steamship charges are to be reduced, which means lower wages for employes or bankruptcy for the companies. Condemning the republican party for having provided means for sustaining the farmer's credit, Mr. Bryan endorses the democratic pledge "to secure for the farmer credits suitable for his needs."

Also following the platform, Mr. Bryan bears down heavily on the need of assistance for farmers in reclamation areas. Has he so soon forgotten the exploit of Senator Key Pittman, democrat, from Nevada. It was Senator Pittman who prevented the passage of an administration bill, providing relief for agriculture in the reclamation regions.

Reviewing his own record in Nebraska, the governor modestly recounts how lessons learned in the counting room of the Commoner qualified him for the higher duties and responsibilities he now aspires to assume. He demands a referendum vote before war is declared by congress, except when invasion is threatened. His praise for the women voters is not unlooked for, nor is his pledge on behalf of child welfare. In his boast that Arkansas, a democratic state, was first to ratify the child labor amendment, the governor conveniently overlooks the fact that Georgia, also a democratic state, was first to reject the amendment. He also boasts that it was Woodrow Wilson who appointed the first secretary of labor, again overlooking a little detail of history. It was William Howard Taft who signed the bill that made that appointment possible, and republicans enacted the law.

On the issue of government ownership, the address is as vague as the platform. Development of water power and conservation of natural resources are demanded in the same breath, but nothing said as to how or under what conditions either is to be accomplished. Some apprehension as to the effect of the La Follette movement is disclosed, and the lure of the platform is displayed for those who may be inclined to stray to other leaders.

Finally, the governor is entitled to credit for restraining himself. Whatever is especially ambiguous or obscure in his address must be the result of his effort at concentration. He will probably be expanding enough, if not explicit, before the end of the campaign. It will be worth while to follow him through the next four weeks, to see if he clears up some of the things he only hints at in his maiden effort as a national candidate.

The speech as a whole is such as one would expect to hear delivered at a county convention. As a candidate for vice president Mr. Bryan is in big company. He will find that to be true in due time. He will learn, too, how weak he is in such company. Speeches that he might make with impunity in Nebraska he will find will not do with the eyes of the nation upon him. His habit of twisting facts to suit his purposes will be noted immediately.

Those who read Mr. Davis' speech, who measured his breadth of view, can appreciate the sinking of the heart that must have come to him as he read Brother Charlie's effort.

RED WARRIOR STILL SEES NOTHING BUT.

Again we are discovered by M. Leon Trotzky. Not only discovered, but mercilessly exposed. Held up to full view of the world, if not to scorn at least to make our perfidy clear. M. Trotzky has found out once more that America's so-called peace ideals are hollow. Base imitations, so to speak. Behind the pretensions we are making of friendliness to all the world, he deciphers the sinister purpose of Balkanizing Europe. After that job is done—well, M. Trotzky does not divulge just what is to come next. Anyhow, Balkanizing Europe ought not to take long.

if Trotzky gets much of a hearing. The folks would do almost anything to be well rid of him.

However, he tells all within hearing that never, never will he consent to having the "boozwah" Americans put Europe on rations. We have crushed German industry, are slowly but surely engulfing England and France, and steadily reaching out to put all the other European peoples under our capitalistic control. But we can not succeed. Class and nationalistic resistance will not permit. Finally, there is M. Leon Trotzky, with his faithful "red" army, prepared to go to the front at a word for the sacred right of the proletariat to dictate. If any people is to dominate any other people, it must be the Russians who will do the dominating. They have discovered the secret of happiness, and are so willing to share with others that they will cheerfully assist in wrecking everything, just as they did at home.

M. Trotzky ought to take something for it. Surely that immense lot of medical supplies donated by the United States ought to contain something that would help him. Meantime, he should watch for election returns and see how many votes the "Workers Party" collects. That will be the true test of how deeply the Trotzky doctrine has bitten into the body politic of America. Even La Follette could not stand for that outfit.

A 'BIBLICAL PARALLEL.

There is a striking parallel when one studies the political life of Congressman Howard and the political life of Absalom, the son of David. History has a wonderful habit of repeating itself, and "there is nothing new under the sun."

If you will dust off the family Bible, then turn to Second Samuel and head the 15th chapter, the parallel will be strikingly apparent. And after reading the first ten verses of the chapter, take a long breath and read over the eleventh verse two or three times. For fear some may not have a Bible handy we will reprint the eleventh verse:

"And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were called; AND THEY WENT IN THEIR SIMPLICITY, AND THEY KNEW NOT ANY THING."

The peculiar aptness of that verse will be emphasized after the reader has finished the story of Absalom's career.

Another striking feature of the parallel: Absalom, as you know, or will know after following our advice and reading up on the life of David's favorite son, wore long hair. That was Absalom's most outstanding characteristic, save, perhaps, his ability to pose as the friend of the common peepul.

A most unattractive son was Absalom. He was willing to lead his people into the political swamp and morass in order to satisfy his own selfish ambitions. As a purveyor of political palaver he was the great-granddaddy of the whole tribe of peddlers of political palaver who have come after.

It will be noted that Absalom's long and beautiful hair was the means of his final undoing. As he rode through the forest his long hair was caught in the forks of a limb, and his saddle animal rode out from under him, leaving Absalom to hang suspended in the air until he died.

Even this is more likely to be paralleled during the present campaign in the Third district. The thoughtful voters of the district are preparing a lot of forked trees. A modern Absalom, he of the long and luxurious hair, is going to find himself suspended in the political air, and old King Horse Sense, dethroned two years ago by an unattractive son, will be returned to the throne.

Absalom was great on promises, and as an apostle of political reform in Israel he was a stem-winder. But, like many another reformer of these modern days, he talked so much he did not deliver the goods.

The planting of more forked trees in the political field might help a lot these days.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

The county fair season is on us who are privileged to live in Nebraska. Farmer John is watching the pumpkin he expects to take the prize in his class. He is paying particular attention to Papa and Mama Hog and their progeny, hopeful that they will be awarded the blue ribbon. The pet bull is being carried and curled, and the pet milk cow is being petted and polished.

Mrs. Farmer has her jellies and jams jarred and labeled, knowing full well that if she doesn't take the prizes offered it will be because the judges do not know their business. She has the hit-and-miss quilt all ready for the domestic science hall, and the kiddies have their district school exhibits all ready for educational hall.

Every horse and cow and sheep and hog on the place is perking up and wishing the fortunate ones picked for contenders the best of good luck.

The county fair is one of the biggest educational and social assets in this great state. It is also one of the state's biggest business assets. It stimulates competition. It stimulates pride and inspires the farm boy and farm girl to stick to the farm. It brings neighbors and friends into closer contact, broadening their minds and increasing their opportunities for acquiring knowledge.

The county fair is the Mecca of aspiring office seekers. There they may meet and mingle with those whom they hope to look upon as constituents. It affords the lads and lassies an opportunity to ride on the merry-go-round, ring the canes, try for the Kewpie dolls, munch popcorn and whisper the sweet rotings that mean all the world to adolescent youth. It is the harvest festival of the year.

The county fair is your fair. You owe it to yourself to visit it and enjoy its display of production while taking on new courage.

Nebraska has many successful county fair associations. Most of them have outgrown the old conception of the county fair and are now veritable expositions.

Here's hoping we meet you and all the old friends, and a lot of new ones, at our county fair.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet—
Robert Worthington Davis

PLODDIN' ALONG.

It's ploddin' along that counts at length,
Whether or not we've ample strength.
Are big and rugged and young and strong—
The thing that counts is ploddin' along.
If we go slow and find the way
A trifle rough, are game to play—
Our parts and do our level best—
Old Time will surely do the rest.
We'll find as the years go slowly on
That there is more to fame than brown;
We'll learn as life's grim thing we fight
That one can't climb up overnight.
It takes long years amid the strife
To reach the summit of this life.
And whether we reach or stop,
The thing that counts is ploddin' along.

Now That They Have Removed the Instrument the Surgeons Sewed Up in Him the Last Time They Operated.

HE'LL PROBABLY
PICK UP PRETTY FAST
NOW AND WANT
SOMETHING PRETTY
HEARTY



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.

Dissecting Davis' Talk.

Omaha—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: Mr. Davis made a great talk in his acceptance monologue, but he made several mistakes that will cost him a number of votes, i. e., his attitude toward the K. K. K., stand on prohibition—which is a joke—his ideas on "importation" which are visionary for the reason that they are not practical, and his condemnation of the republican party. He tipped his hand when he did that. If he had kept quiet on this subject and let the newspapers do the muddling, he would have impressed the most of the intelligent people with his sincerity; as it is, he expects to cast the glamour of his great oratorical personality over the multitude. Well, he will fool a few of the gullible, but that brand of softsoap has been relegated to the attic.

I wonder if Mr. Davis would promise to voluntarily resign from the presidency—if he were given it—at the end of say three years, providing he did not fulfill his tentative promises? I'll bet he wouldn't make such a promise, and I'll further bet that if he will tell the truth that prohibition cannot be enforced without too great expenditure of the public money; he knows that we dare not allow foreign importation of goods in the amounts he suggests, because this would cause our own factories and workers to stop operating, he knows that our shipping cannot compete with foreign bottoms on account of the wage scale, and he knows—or at least he should know—that as president would be up against just what Woodrow Wilson had to contend with—a contrary congress.

He knows that his talk about bringing the government back to the people

is just talk and nothing more. The people couldn't govern this country if they had the chance—there are too many factions, and we are not an amalgamated nation; we would be in everlasting turmoil. Capital is handling the reins of government and they can't be ousted by a mere political party. Mr. Davis—like Mr. Madison—should have kept to his trade, the law, and let others better fitted do the governing stunt.

HENRY BELDEN.

Defends Mr. Bryan.

Madison, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: James Welch in Aug. 7 issue of The Omaha Bee, in getting rid of the spume in his system, makes the assertion that a "pacifist is a person who refuses protection to his country, that to be patriotic he must be militaristic, that patriotism is supposed to refer to love of one's country, and that he knows it is impossible to end war."

Yes, patriotism is love of one's country, and it would be impossible to end war if everybody's attitude toward it was the same as J. W.'s. The fellow that struts around with a chip on his shoulder looking for trouble can always find it just around the corner.

I don't know where he gets his definition for "pacifist"—I cannot find it in Webster's unabridged—but my definition of it would be, one who loves his country so much that he will do all in his power to avert war.

but in case it cannot be avoided, is ready to defend home and country to the last ditch, and is therefore the greater patriot than the one who always has his bristles up, and he is not the one who refuses protection to his country. But you will find those of the type of J. W. who boast of their patriotism and denounce all those who do not hold the same narrow views as he does, as "un-American and undesirable citizens," to be the ones found wanting in time of need.

As to "Preparedness day," I think our governor's attitude toward it is approved by a very large number of our people.

When we are posing as the nation that is trying to end war, and in line with our beloved late president's disarmament wishes, it seems to me a peace day celebration would be more



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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of August, 1924.

W. H. QUINCY, Notary Public

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Five or six lads, ranging in age from 14 to 16, seated in a crowded street car. Several elderly ladies standing. And the elderly ladies stood the entire distance. It wouldn't have happened a few years ago. Something slipping somewhere.

It isn't listed on the program, but one feature of the Nebraska Press association outing at Krug park Friday will be a fat man's race between Don Van Dusen, Asa Wood, Dan Webster and N. J. Ludl.

"America" is a wonderful picture, and it should be seen by every boy and girl, and every adult, while it is in Omaha. Especially should it be seen by those who are opposed to preparedness for eventualities. And this is a good time to revive patriotism, too.

Bob Manley asks us to inquire as to the present whereabouts of the old-fashioned gentlemen who used to walk the streets with their suspenders in plain sight.

Some 20,000 people at the University of Nebraska Stadium Monday night started to sing the first verse of "Star Spangled Banner." About 325 were singing when the last line was reached. We have our own idea about the judgment of a program maker who would ask a multitude of plain people to sing that song, it being a song that demands vocal talent of more than ordinary ability. Besides, in these days more people know the words of "You've Gotta See Mamma Every Night" than the words of the national anthem.

A Sheridan county farmer boasts that he has produced a strain of hens that lay eggs as big as halibut.

One by one the old-time printers, the real craftsmen of the art preservative, are passing on. Al Edmondson, for more than half a century active at the trade, has just been laid to rest. Al was one of the old "Missouri River Pirates" when we were just breaking into the game as a journeyman. With the frailties of the average man, Al had many things that younger wage earners would do well to cultivate—pride in his craft, loyalty to his organization and his job, and devotion to his country. His memory will be cherished by the older craftsmen who were privileged to associate with him for so many happy years.

We are still looking for the automobile tourist who did not drive his car 1,526 miles without tire or engine trouble. We have seen so many of the other kind that a tourist who will tell the truth will receive from us a hearty welcome.

Friends returning from vacations spent on the northern lakes drop in now and then to taunt us with stories of their big catches. We never knew of but one honest fisherman, and his name was Peter. He admitted that he had fished all night and never got a bite.

Right now we can find in our heart no feeling of sympathy for the around the world fliers who are tied up in Iceland. On the contrary, we admit just a slight feeling of jealousy. Were we there right now it is a cinch we wouldn't be worrying about breaking any records in getting back.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

appropriate and would not be looked upon with apprehension by other nations.

We are inclined to believe the European nations ready to fly at each others' throats, and yet a few days ago Vienna set us a good example by holding an anti-war demonstration in which 300,000 persons joined in a peace parade.

There are other things our war de-

partment is doing that are not conducive to the confidence of other nations in our sincerity concerning disarmament and world peace.

Quite recently the action of our navy in elevating the guns to increase the distance of range, brought forth a protest from Great Britain as being contrary to the spirit of the disarmament program.

J. O. TRINER.

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