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Omaha-Where the West is at its Best

NO BAND WAGON FOR BOB.

One of the best things "Fighting Bob" La Follette does is to denounce dictators. Likewise, that is the long suit of John Nelson of Madison, Wis., also William H. Johnson of Washington, D. C., who are the chief engineers of the La Follette machine. Each of these gentlemen is a dyed-in-the-wool enemy of the bosses. That is, if you listen to him tell the story.

But, ever since the La Follette machine got big enough to buck the Stephenson machine off the track in Wisconsin, the people have had the presence of a double-acting steam roller impressed upon their minds. In Wisconsin the La Follette machine works both ways, going and coming. Very seldom does it have to go into back motion, for usually when it does flatten a victim he stays flat. His only chance to recover is to get out of Wisconsin and try somewhere else. That very efficient machine is just now being applied to national affairs.

"Fighting Bob" never would have been a candidate had the republicans accepted his willing proffer to write the platform, name the ticket and conduct the campaign. Outside of that, the party could do as it liked, for La Follette did not want to dictate to anyone. When he could not persuade the Cleveland convention to accept his terms, he decided he would run himself on his own platform, and with his own party.

His first move was to tell the "reds" at St. Paul they could not nominate him. Then he told the "pinks" at Cleveland that if they would nominate him and nobody else, and accept his platform, just as he had written it, he would run. He also told them not to worry about his running mate. He

feel its effect as it gathers in swelling deposits, and note its benefits as they stamp "Paid" on notes that are long overdue and some of which had been given up as lost. And the tide is rising, steadily, until it is no longer to be denied.

Prosperity is our guest again. That is the distinguishing feature of "Merchants Market Week" this year. You must have noticed this.

DAWES AND THE MOVIE STUNT.

If Charles G. Dawes had desired to pose in a stunt movie picture, he had eminent precedent for doing so. No less a personage than William Jennings Bryan did it back in 1898. He passed in makebelieve before a camera at the statehouse at Lincoln. A newspaper man induced him to take part in a "rehearsal" of Governor Holcomb's handing him his commission as colonel of the Third Nebraska regiment. However, Mr. Dawes did not rely on that occurrence to support him in any possible delusion of the public.

Opponents are making out that the republican candidate for vice president is about to forfeit the vote of everybody who goes to the moving picture theaters because of his conduct. If this is true, we are facing a new bloc, and Dawes may well beware.

General Dawes was at the Grand Central station in New York for 20 minutes between trains. Moving picture men had set up their Kleig lights, and everything else, ready to get action pictures of the candidate. The general was asked to step before them. He protested he did not have time. The motion picture man pleaded. He told Mr. Dawes he was in danger of losing money, if he did not get the pictures. Then the good-natured general relented, and started to march.

As he got nearly into focus, he discovered two made-up movie actors marching one on either side. The whole affair was so palpably a "posed" attempt to show off the candidate in a stunt that he balked. "I will be myself," he said, and declined to go on with the actors. "I am not after any stunt votes," he added, declining flatly to make any pretense, even for the camera.

We believe that the public will appreciate this act, which is characteristic of Dawes. He does not decline to be photographed, even puts himself out, as in this instance, to accommodate a photographer. But he does decline emphatically to have it made to appear that he is something other than himself. Americans are pretty well fed up on "pose" by men in public life. So they turn with relief to Coolidge and Dawes, who make no pretense, but stand frankly before the people for what they are.

Even the most rabid of moving picture fans likes to see things in nature displayed in natural form. Also, they want their "news reels" to show what actually happened. Certainly, they want to see their public men on the screen just as they are in life.

"TRACKS OF HIS OWN."

An Omaha young man has just been given a promotion by one of the big meat packing concerns. He already had a responsible position, and his ad-vancement in the service justifies the belief that he is making good. Annals of the packing industry in the United States abound with stories of how young men started at the bottom and ended at the top, going all the way by merit. The Cudahys, well known hereabouts, were in this class. This young man has ambition plus energy plus capacity. No better combination could be found. He wants, he says, to be known by his own name, rather than that he is the son of his father. has a mighty good name, one that is all the better because the father made it himself. He started out, not so very many years ago, in a very humble most on two keys him in line, but somehow he could are ware obtwo him in line, but somehow he could are promotion by one of the big meat packing concerns.

THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1924.



Letters From Our Readers Have we really investigated, or do we 6% All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communi-cations of 200 words and less will be given preference. formed? Perhaps if we formed? Perhaps if we looked into the matter, truths would be revealed promising as much in our lives and

in legal

6%

untold usefulness and happiness for

Another View of Prohibition. Missouri Valley, Ia.—To the Editor if The Omaha Bee: Some of you olds are iumping all over John Lang-



There are a number of men in Nebraska who are making more noise than a certain Danish-born American citizen named Ole Hanson. Ole is not a candidate for political office. He have a yob. It is doubtful if he would trade the job he has for the best job within the gift of the people of this commonwealth.

Ole is general manager of the Farmers' Equity Co-Operative Creamery association at Orleans, Neb. It is said to be the largest co-operative creamery in the world. Whether it is or not it looks it; and Ole is the man who made it such. Of course other good men helped, but it was Ole's knowledge of dairying, acquired from a long line of Danish ancestors, the butter and cheese makers of Europe, that put it courses, the

This creamery is making upwards of 80,000 pounds of fancy grade butter a day. It is also making 200 gallons of ice cream a day, and 10 tons of ice a day. The company does not owe a lollar. It is the biggest industry in Orleans, and the pride of every citizen.

Ole Hanson has one pet peeve. It is keeping a cow that scarcely pays her board. It makes him mad to think that the average Nebraska cow only pays 100 pounds of butterfat a year for her board. He says the average should be above 300 pounds a year. Ole says that if every cow in Nebraska would just increase her board 50 per cent a year it would add \$10.000,000 to the bank accounts of Nebraska farmers. If she paid the average paid in Michigan and Ohio the farmers would add \$31,000,000 to their bank accounts.

Ole is preaching better dairy cows and more of them; cooperative creameries and many of them; more co-operation among farmers, and more of it between farmers and townspeople. Right here we are going to take you into our con-fidence. We would rather listen to Ole while he talks dairying and co-operation than to listen to any politician or officeseeker. One morning this week we listened until we almost bought a dairy cow. And we would had we been able to figure out a way of keeping her in our somewhat circumscribed apartment.

"Pride goeth before a fall," and "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted." The other morning, riding a Burlington inspection engine, we were asked by Superintendent Mullen if we would like to play engineer. Of course we would. To be a we would not to play engineer. Of course we would. To be a locomotive engineer was our earliest boyhod ambition. So, after a brief instruction as to the use of throttle and air-valve we assumed our new duties. For quite a considerable time we were puffed up with pride. About two hours after relinquishing the throttle we indulged in a fit of boasting, only to be told that we had been cruelly hoaxed. Those inspection engines are fixed so they may be operated from the observa-tion car perched up in front, or the cab behind. Mullen had tipped the wink to the fireman, who had disconnected the front apparatus, and all the time he had been running things. All we had done was to pull the whistle lever for the crossings. But all on board admitted that as a whistler we were a grand success.

One of these days, before the fishing season closes, we are going back to the village of Champion, Chase county, equipped with all our fishing tackle. We have the invitation, and we know the little lake is full of fish. WILL M. MAUPIN.



NO COMMISSION

6%

would attend to that himself. No intention of dictating, of course. The pinks could take it or leave it, just as they liked.

Out here in Nebraska, Frank Harrison came all the way from California to tell W. J. Taylor and the rest that La Follette was not dictating terms or candidates or anything to anybody. He is just heading a spontaneous uprising of the downtrodden masses. Certain terms are to be accepted, however. All the independent forces, organized or not, must drop everything else and devote their time to carrying on for "Fighting Bob."

Finally, from Nelson and Johnson in Washington comes down the word that there will be no La Follette band wagon. No other candidate is to get any encouragement or help him or his chiefs. He is to be the one and only, with Wheeler in second place. All movements, all revolts, all third parties, must get out of the way. Over in New York, where the third party has a ticket in the field, La Follette's son has gone to tell the leaders they must not mix papa's name with any of their local affairs. Just the orders that were given out in Nebraska to the "progressives."

One of the reasons for this attitude of the La Follette boosters may be found in the desire to have a single exchequer under a single control. At present there are as many treasuries as there are groups. This is embarrassing. Quite embarrassing. Some unauthorized person may get hold of some of the campaign funds.

At any rate, the senator from Wisconsin does not intend to share with anybody. He will accept aid from all, but he will give help to none. He is calmly, calculatedly selfish in his aspirations. The boss in the glory of his development.

How this attitude will appeal to the voters of the United States is to be determined. Ordinarily, the average American citizen does not take kindly to dictation, no matter from whome it comes. The strength of our democracy has been in the individmality and independence of the voters. They may follow a leader, but they certainly do object to being told where to head in by any one. The La Follette campaign so far has been a one-man show. That one man is telling all the rest what to do.

MAYBE YOU HAVE NOTICED IT.

Omaha is undergoing another of those out of the ordinary experiences this week. Nothing unusual for a great market center to note the presence of buyers and sellers. They come and go every day. This is a little different, though, for it is the annual feast of fall buying by out-of-town retailers. Even that in some ways is a commonplace, but in the present instance there is a marked difference.

These buyers are optimistic. They are confident of the future. The "twelfth of a dozen" limit has been discarded, and goods are being purchased on a scale that indicates a belief on part of the buyer that he can sell them later on. Back of this lies something else. Unless the customers of the country merchant are prepared to buy, it is idle for him to make ready to sell. Therefore, when he comes to the market and lays in a stock of goods, the inference is warranted that he knows what he is doing.

The money that has been pouring into Nebraska for the last month or so has loosened the jam in the currents of trade. It is swirling in little eddies around the cross-roads store, it is trickling into the tills of the merchants in the little towns. Bankers

were above him in line, but somehow he could see past them all. From the day he started he had his eyes fixed away beyond where he stood, and he worked. So well did he apply himself that promotion after promotion came .and he found himself one day standing on the height that made him dizzy when he first looked up to it. He has gone still

further, and has fixed his name high in the world around him.

The son, with that father's example to urge him on, will not fail. He will come to be known for himself in Omaha. But, however great his achievements, and we would fix no limit for them, one thing he can not expect. The name of Robert Buckingham will never displace the name of Everett Buckingham on Omaha's roll of honor.

Texans express satisfaction at the victory of "Ma" Ferguson, and will have plenty of approval from outside the state. The next step in the clean-up should be to give the electoral vote to Coolidge and Dawes

Four Iowa boys under 20 have just been arrested as having committed an atrocious murder. They sought cash rather than a thrill, but the effect was just the same so far as the victims are concerned.

All Americans will rejoice that Locatelli and his three companions were picked up safe. His ex-perience shows more clearly what the American fliers had to overcome.

Charles G. Dawes had no better luck than did Charles W. Bryan in suiting certain democratic editors by his utterances. Well, that ought to worry Dawes a lot.

How nice it would be for the democrats if John W. Davis were permitted to set the pace and pick the issues for the republicans.

Perhaps the most unworthy charge yet made by a biased partisan is that Brother Will wrote the speech for Brother Charlie.

isconsin men are reported to be wearying of La Follette. That weariness is becoming general.

At last accounts Babe Ruth was still hitting homers.

Homespun Verse -By Omaha's Own Poet-**Robert Worthington Davie**

DESIRE.

Give me a shack in the truest sense, Built where the waters flow; Give me the prairie's confidence,-Lyrics the blam winds blow; Give me the flowers, sweet and wild; Give me the sunshine, fair and mild.

Give me a cherub's attitude, Power to dream while the days glide on: Give me the blossoms' gratitude;

Give me the zest of the blue-red dawn; Give me the peace of the placid night, Guidance that beckons the mute aright

Give me, amid the prosaic things, What the inanimate has, and I Won't forsake for the want of wings, Strength to climb to the regions high; Give me these and Till guarantee To meet the folks in Calvary.

I admire the enthusiasm of the laws from Scottsbluff, but a problem like this requires more than it—it re-quires some good, hard, stiff thinking. To compare murder and the breaking of the 18th amendment is foolish, silly talk. If a man commits murder is not to protect their families and friends to do likewise, there will be a La Follette landslide not how to protect their families and friends to do likewise, there will be a La Follette landslide

silly talk. If a man commits murder in your town or mine, we are all out to help get him. Are we not? How many are ready to help when it comes to capturing a bootlegger? Be fair now. A whole lot of us are a pretty bum bunch of citizens. Are we not? Are the number of arrests for its vio-lation decreasing? If not, why not? lation decreasing? If not, why not? so silly as to be ridiculous on its face, The prohibition officers do not want will avail them nothing. Because The prohibition officers do not want will avail them nothing. Because-to get the big boys, or too many of the little ones in the game. They'd lose their jobs. You know it and so does everybody else. The officers have got some horse sense if a lot of too, that the entire union be likewise. enthusiasts have not. Hence feared by the Mellons, the Respectfully,

Is drinking among the young folks decreasing? The older people have sense enough to leave most of it alone. Where do they get the stuff "Some Day with the kick in it, but does not lay them out-where? Right at home. Now, don't get excited, just look

F. PHILIP HAFFNER. "Some Day." Omaha .-- To the Editor of The

Omaha Bee: In one southern state a woman candidate for governor leads around you. Quit abusing everybody who does not agree with yau. Be fair and think both ways. Get hard facts and not a lot of oratory to work

facts and not a lot of oratory to wors with. I have not got all the brains in the world, and I know it, but I do know there's always two sides to the right to hold office. It was not hour comparatively, that Susan

I. T. DUZZENMATTER.

He Likes La Follette.

Abe Martin

Anthony was arrested and fined for voting in a presidential election, with the influential everywhere look-Omaha .- To the Editor of The ing on in open approval. Almost

Omaha Bee: Not since the days of the memory of people now living, the Lincoln has a candidate for the presi-teaching to women of writing was dency gripped the hearts of the plain opposed lest wives should forge their people like Robert Marion La Folusbands' names! This is not written to boost the

he was born in a log cabin, reared in movement is packed with hopeful adversity, began his career as a poor possibilities. Neither possibilities. Neither should the value of voting and of holding office be estimated too highly, since cer-

tain other activities pierce to the heart of things more deeply and deliberately The lesson of much in the presen

lorid's Best Toni

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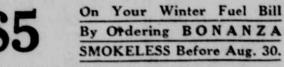
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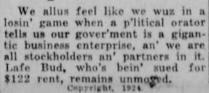


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