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LEAGUE AND THE ARMS QUESTION.

A very important meeting of the League of Nations is to open at Geneva on Monday. Two pieces of business expected are of interest beyond anything yet presented to the League, with the possible exception of the affair between Italy and Greece. One of these is the anticipated application of Germany for membership. The other matter on which much is contingent is the presentation by Ramsay MacDonald of his alternate program for disarmament.

Germany, it is reported, has signified a willingness to apply for membership, if assured that France will not oppose. French action has been contingent upon Germany's accepting the London agreement. This having been ratified by the reichstag, which passed all the laws required, the great obstacle to Germany entering the League has been removed. The gossip in advance of the meeting signifies that no black balls will be found in the ballot if Germany is proposed. The Germans have, it is reported, asked for a place on the council, and this, too, may be granted.

MacDonald's announcement in connection with the disarmament plan of the League, which was adopted by France and rejected by Japan, was rather disconcerting. The British premier frankly stated he could not guarantee that either the present or a future government would not exceed the expenditure for armament permitted by the plan. Rejection by England decided the fate of the League's proposal, and now MacDonald is looked for an alternative. He will, according to late reports, suggest an extension of the principle of arbitration, with a permanent board to consist of England, France and Germany.

Reports from committees on suggested modifications of the Covenant are also expected. The proceedings of the sessions, for these reasons, will be of great interest. President Coolidge's announced intention of calling another arms conference is noted with gratification in Geneva, and will not be without influence on the deliberations of the League.

LIGHTENING THE LOT OF MAN.

Cincinnati is setting out on what looks like a paying plan of propaganda. It is to have the city become noted for the politeness of its policemen. The St. Joseph News-Press, noting this, comes to the fore with a claim that St. Joseph already has the politest policemen in the world. For St. Joseph, we will admit that. But not so far as Omaha is concerned. For Chesterfieldian manners we will support the Omaha policeman against all comers. We do not need to go far to support this claim. Has St. Joseph or any other city anywhere ever had a policeman photographed by the moving picture men, just because of his grace and aplomb in the matter of directing traffic. Well, Omaha has, and until some of our contemporaries tie that record, we will let the case stand.

Moreover, the Omaha policeman, especially he whose duty it is to stand at one of the busy downtown intersections and direct the ever-flowing traffic, is continually engaged in an exhibition of patience, tact and diplomacy that would fit him for a place in any college of ambassadors. His duties are unique, because the situations he must face are complicated. It is not alone the home-made driver he has to deal with, but the touring variety come at him in shoals all the year around.

The man who wrote the dictionary does not far surpass the Omaha policeman in the matter of general knowledge, and certainly not in the methods of imparting it. Nor is this quality confined to the traffic directors. The plain or garden variety of "flat foot," who patiently trudges his beat, is a walking compendium of more kinds of useful knowledge than is ordinarily given to one man. Indeed, he might stand for a picture of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, of whom the doctor wrote:

"...and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

Our police are as gallant as they are wise, as prudent as either, and withal go far to make the pilgrimage of life easier for any and all who come into contact with them, even the erring. Omaha is really proud of its policeman.

TESTING THE CRITIC'S JUDGMENT.

Ever since there was art and perhaps even before there has been criticism. Those who listen to or view any effort of man, pass judgment upon it. Good or bad, fair or unfair, this judgment is criticism. In certain lines the business of passing judgment has been turned over by common consent to those who are by nature and training qualified to speak at least with understanding if not with authority.

In the field of art, drama, music, literature, painting, sculpture, the business of criticism is almost as important as that of production. At any rate, nothing is offered but must undergo the scrutiny of the critics. Sometimes the judgment pronounced is accepted, again it is rejected, and frequently the critics are unable to agree amongst themselves. But the game goes on.

John Golden, a well known producer of popular dramas, proposes a variation. Critics, he says, can tell what is wrong with a play after it has been produced. Can they tell in advance of production? To test this he has arranged for a contest, to be presided over by the professional dramatic critics of 192 American newspapers. The contest is open to the public. Anyone who wishes may write a play for consideration. The three finally selected by the critics will be produced by Mr. Golden, who has deposited \$100,000 as a guaranty of his sincerity. All expenses will be borne by Mr. Golden, and profits from the production will go to the writers.

The Omaha Bee is co-operating with Mr. Golden in the undertaking. It may be the means of uncovering unknown talent. It certainly will put the critic's judgment to the test.

Forty years ago Nebraska republicans were shouting for "Jimmy" Dawes, who had just been nominated for governor. The same enthusiasm now goes for Charlie, the governor's cousin.

One thing the detested postal detective knows now is that no man can serve two masters. Also, that easy money comes high in the end.

A garden with 47 varieties of flowers in bloom deserves more attention than it is likely to get from anyone but the woman who cares for it.

Texas evidently meant it, for "Ma" Ferguson has a majority of 100,000 in the biggest vote ever recorded in the Lone Star state.

Colonel John G. Maher approves Defense Day. The colonel's typewriter is always ready to go into action.

If Smith and the other fliers will only come home soon, they will find plenty of ports free of ice.

Good news for the "independent" oil men: John D. Rockefeller's digestion is fully restored.

Also, we have very few summers in Nebraska without a hot spell.

Omaha Where the West is at its Best

THE CASH REGISTER—I.

Much interest naturally attaches to the scheduled arrival of John W. Davis in Omaha on September 6. Heretofore Mr. Davis has confined himself in his speeches to generalities. This was particularly true of his speech of acceptance.

An unfortunate feature of this tendency to deal in generalities is the praise which Davis' supporters give to it. One of his ardent supporters arguing recently in favor of those generalities compares his speech of acceptance to that of President Coolidge, saying, "Mr. Davis lifted up his eyes unto the hills, the president fixes his upon the cash register and never lets them stray far from it."

It was a beautiful sentiment that Mr. Davis expressed when he spoke of the hills. It touched a responsive chord in that love of poetry which is in the heart of all of us. There is an inspiration in the hills. There is beauty and wonder in the sunrise. As we lift our eyes unto the hills for strength so, too, we find hope in the majestic arch of the rainbow. Some have even followed the rainbow searching for that fabled pot of gold which our parents told us in our childhood days. But, there is work to be done.

Davis, lifting up his eyes unto the hills; Coolidge with his eyes fixed upon the cash register, are symbolic of the everlasting conflict in the souls of men. There is song and poetry in all of us, and at times there is a great temptation to pass up the work of the world and give our lives to the rhythm and the beauty of poetry and the concord of sweet sounds. But the work of the world must be done. There is none else to do it but ourselves. Coolidge with his eyes on the cash register is the tug of the work-a-day world that brings us back to the job.

The presidency of the United States is not a recital hall, but an office in which grim work centers. Mr. Coolidge knows this. He knows, too, that in every household there is work to be done, there are budgets to balance and, if you please, cash registers to be kept in mind.

All these budgets—all the balances that are recorded on the cash registers in the millions of homes throughout the land, center in the president's office. He would be a callous president who did not feel the weight of this responsibility.

Every wife in the land who works and plans that the family expenses may balance the family income—and leave something for a rainy day—every breadwinner, filling in his tax schedules, is made more secure because President Coolidge "fixes his eyes upon the cash register."

Woodrow Wilson was one of those who lifted up his eyes to the hills. The beauty he saw there he told to his people. We were thrilled by it. It was indeed a majestic beauty. The whole nation followed him and his story of the beauty of those hills. There were those who gave warnings—those who knew that some day we must strike a balance. But we were walking with our eyes on the hills. We gave small heed to the cash register. While Wilson fixed his eyes on the hills, thieves were looting the treasury. War millionaires were made over night. Then came the rough spots in the road. Wilson, with his eyes on the hills, tripped and fell. The nation, that had followed him tripped and fell.

John W. Davis in his speech of acceptance gave much praise to Wilson, he who kept his eyes on the hills.

That praise was natural. Davis is much like Wilson. He longs for the day when we shall "enter the League of Nations." But America long ago took its eyes from those hills and fixed them on the abyss at its feet. It will never again follow a pied piper on such a journey as that on which Woodrow Wilson whistled the tune.

Davis with his eyes on the hills has not yet seen the war millionaires—the airplane graft, the reckless waste of billions of dollars. No, he still gazes afar off. He continues to dream those Wilson dreams.

It was because Wilson lifted up his eyes unto the hills that Coolidge had to keep his eyes everlastingly fixed upon the cash register. Maybe in some other generation a hill gazer will again be entrusted with the presidency. In this year the memory of the last hill-gazer is too keen. The pain of those wounds we suffered because Wilson did not see the rocks at his feet, is too fresh.

Until those memories are effaced and those pains forgotten the American people will keep on the job the sort of man who fixes his eyes on the cash register.

Lifting up our eyes unto the hills we will leave for those hours when we sit by the evening lamp and read our story books—or when on our summer vacation we go to the lakes and fish.

The rest of the time we will watch our own cash registers, as we expect President Coolidge to watch that even more important cash register at Washington.

What do you think might have happened if the man had lost in Texas before the New York convention? A lot of democrats are noisy now who were tongue-tied at the end of June.

Three American Wise Men Call on Coolidge

Carter Field in the New York Tribune and Herald.

Three of the best known figures in American life drove up through the New England hills to pay their respects to Calvin Coolidge. Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison and Harvey J. Firestone, with young Russell Firestone, after a night at Ludlow, passed an hour with the president and his family.

All are enthusiastic admirers of the president. Mr. Edison declaring he thought the United States fortunate to have such a man as Coolidge in the executive mansion; Mr. Ford saying that there were no issues in the campaign except Coolidge, and Mr. Firestone asserting that the administration's success in starting Europe on the road to economic recovery already was having its effect in promoting prosperity in this country.

Mr. Firestone added that the president would have the greatest prosperity in its history if Mr. Coolidge should be elected. All were Coolidge home town boys.

President Coolidge gave to Mr. Ford a sugar pill he found in the garret of the old farmhouse, where the generation of Coolidges lived, less than a quarter of a mile to the rear of the house where the president is staying with his father, Col. John Coolidge, and about the same distance from the house where the president was born.

On the bottom of this bucket, which has been branded with a hot iron more than 125 years ago with the word "Coolidge," standing for John, and the word "Plymouth," the president wrote out the following above his own signature:

"Made for and used by John Coolidge, of the village of Plymouth, who died in 1822. Used also by Calvin Coolidge in the sugar lot when he was a boy at home."

"Since I was married I have never got anything so precious as this one," Mr. Ford told Mr. Edison. The old sugar pill was produced shortly after the Ford-Edison-Firestone party dashed up in big automobiles—not flippers—and returned to the Coolidge front porch.

"John Coolidge, the first owner of this pill," said the president, "was my grandfather's settler. He died here at Plymouth in 1780, and died in 1922. The pill is made of pine, split, as you can see, both sides and bottom, while the hoops are ash."

"How much will it hold?" he was asked.

"How much, father?" the president asked the colonel.

"Sixteen quarts," was the reply. The party stood on the little front porch for some hours after the arrival, while Colonel Coolidge, with a little help, got out the golden oak dining room chairs to supplement the front hammock.

Then Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison sat in the hammock, with Mr. Ford talking across to Mrs. Coolidge and the president conversing with Mrs. Firestone. Every moment or two Mr. Ford would shout in Mr. Edison's ear, acquainting the inventor, who is deaf, with what was being discussed.

"This sugar pill," Mr. Ford said, "was taken down to the Wayside Inn. Mr. Ford said, 'The Wayside Inn is the one made famous by Longfellow's poem and bought some time back by Mr. Ford.'"

"Who told you that?" he asked the colonel, autographed the bottom of the bucket after the president had written the inscription.

A small boy with a camera, edging in and clicking with the best of the photographers, caught Mr. Ford's eye. "Here's something for you," he said, and handed the little fellow, George, a radio-faced watch. Mr. Ford explained later that he bought these watches by the gross just to give to small boys.

Mr. Edison was up before daylight at the little Ludlow hotel and began banging on the doors of Mr. Ford's

and Mr. Firestone's rooms about 5 o'clock.

"With a wide yawn Mr. Ford walked out into the common bathroom in his stocking feet, about three-quarters of an hour later, with a pitcher. He explained that he wanted to get some hot water for shaving. Mr. Edison cheats just a little on this short hours of sleep thing, some of the guests at the hotel thought. He did not go to bed until midnight, but he passed most of the evening, he said, napping in his chair, and occasionally repulsing his friends if they asked him would he not prefer to go to bed.

"How much does the president sleep?" Mr. Edison asked Mrs. Coolidge.

"Too much, I think," she said. "He takes a nap after dinner and sleeps until 4, and then goes to bed early at night."

"Lack of sleep never hurt anybody," Mr. Edison commented. "I agree with you," replied Mrs. Coolidge.

The visitors went through the little cheese factory, which is a simple concrete structure, and sawed liberally the product in all the stages of manufacture, beginning with that from last night's milk. The president ate liberally, both before and after Colonel John Coolidge rained up with a bag of salt to savor the cheese. All said it was good. The cheese is of the Cheddar variety.

It was in the factory that Mr. Ford was cornered by interviewers, who asked questions until he was finally rescued by the president, who came back to take him upstairs to look at the cheese again.

"There is no issue in this campaign," Mr. Ford said, "except Coolidge. Mr. Edison says the United States is lucky to find a man like Coolidge in the sugar lot."

"Are you going to take any part in the campaign?" he was asked.

"I have no plans, but I will do anything in my power to help the president," Mr. Ford said. "I am sure to go for Coolidge. I don't know about the senatorial situation. I was never in it."

"How will La Follette run?" he was asked.

"I just told the president that I thought the more that got in the better. I want to see real prosperity on a good sound basis and I think it is coming. I don't think the Dawes report has very much to do with our prosperity, and I don't think the tariff has very much to do with it. But I think times are getting better, and for sound reasons. It may be that speculation is responsible for the increase in wheat prices."

"I think Coolidge's speech accepting the republican nomination is the finest I ever heard."

"Did you listen on the radio?" he was asked.

"No, I read it in the newspapers."

"Why do you think Mr. Coolidge is strong?"

"Because he is a man," replied Mr. Ford. "The country needs a man like Coolidge to let the people know there's a law in this country. There's too much lawlessness."

"Why have we been violating?"

"The prohibition law for one."

Mr. Edison was cornered when Mrs. Coolidge explained how to take sap from a maple tree.

"Who told you that?" he asked the colonel, who thought about the political situation and general business conditions." Mr. Edison was asked.

"The corn doesn't get nipped," he replied, "we're going to have a fine season financially. But I'm afraid some of it is going to be nipped, as the season has been backward. But what the Dawes plan has been agreed upon and the French minister and German minister shook hands every thing looks good. Except I'm afraid of frost on the corn, otherwise there's going to be good times."

"Is Coolidge going to be elected?" was the next question.

"Sure, if he doesn't let out too much oratory. He is strong with the American people."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't talk too much. He's got a lot of horse sense. Bryan is an illustration of talking too much."

"Which Bryan?"

"I never heard of the new one until now. The other fellow's had the stage so long there's no room for his brother to get on it. I never knew he had a brother."

"What do you think of La Follette?"

"Fine fellow. But there's something that doesn't connect right with his five senses. One little ligament missing. Still, I think he's a fine fellow."

"What do you think about the radio being used for political campaigns this year?"

"Not much in it. People like multifarious music; they like to hear about contests such as the democratic convention, but to sit and hear a political speech—well, I'll tell you a story. One reformer went to Sing Sing to deliver a talk to the prisoners. He started in with that reform talk, you know, and kept on talking and talking until he had 'em all bored to death. He talked for an hour, when a colored man let out a yell. A guard hit him over the head and knocked him senseless. When he came to in about an hour the reformer was still talking. The man called the guard and said: 'Hit me again, boss, I can still hear it.'"

"What is this diet you three are indulging in?"

"It's about as much as a cat eats. But it leaves no rheumatism," Mr. Edison replied, kicking the man next to him lightly on the leg. "You see, I've got no rheumatism."

"About how many hours have you been sleeping?"

"I was up this morning at 4:30. I'm the fellow in charge of walking the other fellow up the leg. Well, I'm nearly 80 years old; don't you think I ought to have five or six hours' sleep?"

"What about your inventions?"

"I have several. I'm working on the fire. Now and then I pull out a little one."

Mr. Firestone, when asked whether the Dawes plan would help American prosperity, said: "It has already helped it by putting it into the minds of the American people that prosperity is coming. The effect of prosperity will not come until later, but every one is satisfied we're going along on safe grounds. We're going to have the greatest prosperity we've ever had if Coolidge is elected."

"What about the way to Montreal?"

The party then drove to Woodstock Inn for lunch, and this afternoon resumed their tour, which will include Montreal. "Let me know if there is anything we can do as your special agent," Mr. Ford told Secretary Siemp, as he drove away from Woodstock Inn.

We Forgot That

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

An Ohio farmer, speaking to the St. Paul Kiwanis the other day, gave us a new thought. He is Charles H. Allen, president of an organization of 1,200 farmers, building a beet sugar factory at Defiance, O. Said he:

"Fifty years ago farmers used no fertilizer. Now they are compelled to return to the soil some of the elements their fathers and grandfathers took out of it. But how are they to meet the competition of farmers who have soils that are not depleted and who ignorantly are selling their phosphorus, potassium and nitrogen at less than market price?"

"That is something to think about. The northwest is young and its soil is still vigorous. It does not, as the land of older states, probably including Ohio, yet require fertilizer. But the day is coming when it will need it. The best of soils is not inexhaustible. There has been a movement to return the valuable elements for our soil through the raising of livestock and dairying, for the fertilizer from the dairy barn is as much wealth as the butterfat from the cow. We have been trying to promote the idea by prevailing upon farmers to retain all droppings at home, instead of shipping to and to use that droppings for stock feed, chicken feed and the like. We have urged the handling of straw to make it a fertilizer instead of burning it. These are all necessary steps to restore to the soil some of the things we dip out of its reservoir year after year."

Yet here we are, shipping it out without even taking the value into consideration. In 1923 we sold wheat that cost \$1.50 to raise for 70 cents. In the cost was figured interest on investment, overhead, depreciation, labor and all expense. But we forgot the valuable chemicals—phosphorus, potassium, nitrogen—which we mined from the land. If the farmer could sell them at the market price, his

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WELL CONTENT AT SIXTY-ONE.
August 31, 1863-1924.

Sixty-one and still a keeping ever young of heart. Watching shadow eastward growing as the happy days depart. Loved ones gathered all about me, friends so staunch on every side.

And the years are all forgotten in the ever-swelling tide Of real joys that life is bringing as the rich days come and go. Joys that bring the richest blessings that the human heart can know.

Life is good, and in the evenings, when the work of day is done, I find peace with loved ones round me, well content at Sixty-one.

Swift the years have sped behind me, some of weal and some of woe. All made brighter by the truest friendships that the heart can know. Sunny days made fairer, brighter, by the friends so true and true.

Darkest days by love and laughter made to turn their Sunny Side. Weary toil made pleasant labor by my fellows on the staff. Who meet every task with courage and pass trouble with a laugh.

Why should I give way to sorrow as the long years backward run? Here I am with joys surrounded, well content at Sixty-one.

Here's a health to those above me! May your years be full of joy. May you have more that will please you; may you have less to annoy. May you think of years as blessings, not as burdens hard to bear.

May you overlook the sorrows in the joys spread everywhere. If the dark clouds round you hover, never give way to fear and dread. Just keep smiling while you're working and you'll turn them inside out. Three score years, and one more added—praise the Lord for all He's done In the years that lay behind me—I'm content at Sixty-one!

There is a great difference between being 61 years old and being 61 years young. Sixty-one years ago today, in Callaway county, Missouri, a son was born to a mother whose husband was somewhere down south, following Gen. "Pap" Thomas. Both mother and father long since passed to their richly deserved reward. And today, the last day of summer, the son greets his friends through the medium of this department.

Of course we do not remember the first three or four years, so they must have been uneventful. But, believe us, good friends, all the rest of them have been things doing. This is no autobiography. We couldn't tell it all if we would, and we wouldn't if we could. But as far back as we can remember they have all been years of happiness above the average. Measured in time we are just 61 years old today; measured by real standards—happiness, friendships, loved ones—we have lived longer than old Methuselah.

Measured by the world's too common standard, our life has been pretty much a failure. But if we haven't accumulated things material we have accumulated a number of things that Jawm and Henry could not buy with their combined fortunes. Our accumulated possessions wouldn't sell for enough to interest a high pressure stock salesman for a minute; the capital stock of the world's biggest corporation could not purchase the real friendships we enjoy, nor the smile and kiss that await when day is done.

Today we shall set aside an hour or two for the purpose of counting a few of our blessings. And, after counting the loved ones of the family circle, we shall next count all the friends, far and near, known and unknown, whose kindnesses have been so many and whose forbearance has been something wonderful. WILL M. MAUPIN, (Sixty-one Years Young)

wheat would be double and more the price it is today. If he can not get that price—he can at least replace the lost chemicals with others that are at hand and that he is now wasting.

An Unlucky Horseshoe.

Erase from your list of so-called "lucky" charms the horseshoe. During a heavy thunder shower the lightning, attracted by one of the above emblems, over the door of the home of Capt. George Huntington of Lubec, struck the domicile, and in the fire that ensued the family lost most of its household goods and personal effects. The horseshoe has been discarded and thrown where it will not prove a hoodoo to the first motorist that comes along—Kennebec Journal.



The Trend of Fashion

Just as fashions change in dress from year to year, so does styles in the treatment of advertisements and all sales literature change to meet the needs, requirements and fancies of progress.

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