

THE OMAHA BEE

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Omaha Where the West is at its Best

BROOKHART'S PETULANCE BOILS OVER.

One conclusion is irresistible in considering the remarkable outburst from Colonel Smith W. Brookhart. He is evidently preparing for his transition from the republican party, which has honored him, to membership in the heterogeneous collection of divergent groups that is milling but not massing behind La Follette. To indicate the nature of the support that is going to "Battling Bob," note that in Washington four different aggregations are contesting in court for the privilege of putting the names of La Follette and Wheeler at the head of their tickets. Victor L. Berger, one of the leading spirits and prime movers in the Cleveland conference, has just formally declared his intention of supporting the nominee endorsed by that conference.

All this proceeding has a silly aspect. It is the tomtom beating for calling the tribes together to join the war dance. Brookhart's part in it is extra ludicrous. His assault on Charles Gates Dawes goes no further than the calling of names. Names that are petty, fantastic, the emanations from a mind that is rancid with envy.

Compare Dawes' record of public achievement, of genuine service, with that of Brookhart. Begin with his appointment to be comptroller of the currency by McKinley and follow him on down to the present. It was not only as a soldier, as the organizer of the supply service of the A. E. F., as director of the budget, and as head of the commission that gave Europe a basis for settling its troubles, that Dawes has served the people. He has been active in private as well as in public life. A citizen whose high sense of civic duty has rested on lofty ideals, and who has contributed to the development of modern life to an extent that is not attained by any of his detractors, Dawes has a standing that will not be seriously affected by such assaults as those coming from Wheeler and Brookhart.

The Brookhart proposal that Dawes be removed from the ticket and a candidate acceptable to himself be placed thereon is preposterous. It hardly can be made in good faith. Dawes was nominated by a convention at which the regularly elected delegates from the state of Iowa were in attendance and voting. Iowa's vote was cast for Coolidge and Dawes, and for the platform on which they stand. It is not absurd, then, for a single member of the party, even though he be a nominee for high office, to insist that the work of the convention be overturned and set aside that his personal wish may prevail?

Nothing in connection with the present political campaign is more certain at this time than the election of Coolidge and Dawes. Unless it be the absolute certainty of defeat for both the Davis and La Follette tickets. Radicals in both groups still cling to the hope that the election will be forced into congress. The people, however, awakened to the danger that lies in that direction, are determined that no such calamity will be permitted to overwhelm the nation. "Coolidge or Chaos" is the choice, and they are choosing Coolidge.

Should Brookhart pursue his gesture, and land himself bodily in the La Follette camp, the effects on the national ticket will be slight. His influence outside his own state is no more than that of Burton Kendall Wheeler, whose defection is not reckoned as severe by the democratic leaders. In Iowa the problem will be one for the republican committee to deal with. And there the matter will rest.

If Brookhart's attitude were not ridiculous before, it is now. His attempt to dictate to the party in a national way is but a weak and belated imitation of the course of La Follette. "Battling Bob" only asked to write the platform. Brookhart only wants to name the candidates.

SUPREMACY IN THE AIR.

Down at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton is celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' triumph. About that same time the globe-trotting flyers of the United States army landed at Seattle, making the official contact that concluded their monumental job. The third side of this interesting trilogy is getting the ZR3 ready for its trip across the ocean.

Exactly what this means is difficult to vision. It holds too much of demonstrated possibility alongside of hoped-for future accomplishment to make easy analysis of a service that is yet so young, but which has shown so much of capacity for the benefit of humanity. Chiefly, the science of air navigation has been developed in connection with war. As yet aviation is discussed more in connection with its possibilities as a means of national defense than for any other phase of its adaptability in the United States. To the army and navy has been left almost exclusively the task of studying the science, of finding out what may be done and how to do it.

Chiefly, the developing of the airplane as a factor in commerce has been in connection with the air mail. There the fact is developed. What its future will be depends on commerce, whether it will give the support that must be had to maintain the cross-country flight of the airship bearing the mail sack.

So slight has been the commercial use of the airship in this country outside of the mail that it scarcely amounts to experiment.

First to fly, first to encircle the globe, owning the greatest of rigid dirigibles, the Shenandoah and the ZRS, America has every right to claim supremacy in the air. France has many times the number of airplanes owned by the United States. So also have other countries. It is not the number, though, but the use that is made of them. Application of what has been learned within the last few months about aerial navigation should increase our supremacy in the air. When we also become first in practical use of these machines, our claim will be complete.

SWEET TIMES WITH SUGAR.

One of the chief centers of attack by the free traders has been the sugar schedule of the Fordney-McCumber tariff act. What seems to be the principal cause for complaint is that the sugar industry has returned a profit to those whose money is invested in it. H. E. Miles of Racine, Wis., head of the "Fair Tariff league," is carrying on a campaign for a reduction of the rate of duty charged, and as an argument in favor of his proposal cites what purports to be the profits of the Great Western Sugar company. Against this, Mr. Miles contrasts the beet grower's experience:

"This year's contract with the beet grower is the most favorable in years. It gives them \$5.50 per ton for beets with about 15 per cent of sugar content. Heretofore it has been about \$5 and at that price the growers have always been as hard up as our wheat farmers for the last three years."

We do not know that Mr. Miles is aware of the sliding-scale feature of the contract between the growers and the sugar company. He might be willing to modify some of his statements, were he better informed as to the facts. Sugar beet growers in the North Platte valley have so far been paid \$8 per ton for their 1923 crop of beets. Final settlement is due on October 1, when another dollar is expected, making a total payment of \$9 per ton, instead of the \$5 recorded by Mr. Miles.

That the tariff has not caused the great increase in price of sugar complained of is shown by the experience of four years ago. In 1920 no protest was made by the Fair Tariff league against the Underwood rates on sugar. Omaha housewives who paid that year as high as 30 cents a pound, and were able to get only a pound at a time, know that the high price was not due to tariff. Nor is it today.

England has found out to her cost the beauty of free trade in sugar. Philip Snowden has proposed that the government subsidize the production of sugar at a rate above the Fordney-McCumber schedule, in order to relieve the British breakfast table from the extortion of foreign sugar producers. Only the fact that the United States does produce one-fourth of the sugar its people use and that the output of beet sugar is steadily mounting, preserves us from the experience England undergoes. In 1920 we got a taste of what it means to be at the mercy of the foreign sugar producers. Wipe out the home industry, and that condition will become permanent. But base the action, if taken at all, on more defensible grounds than that the capital employed in the carrying on of the industry is earning a profit.

ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING.

Old King Corn is coming down the home stretch three lengths ahead of Jack Frost. It's all over but the shouting and cashing the tickets. It has been a tight race from the time of the first planting. King Corn, out of Optimism, by Hope, has been the favorite all along. Millions were put up by his backers, and they played him to win against Jack Frost, Cold Spring and Flood. Cold Spring failed to last to the quarter, and Flood switched his tail at the half as a token of defeat. Only Jack Frost was left, and proved a contender all the way.

But King Corn, the winner in many a spectacular race, set the pace the entire distance. Into the stretch and next to the rail, the good old rider is striding to certain victory.

The bookies will please get ready to cash the tickets.

WHERE THE BLAME RESTS.

It is something more than a coincidence that the rising tide of radicalism parallels the ebbing tide of interest in the franchise. In 1896, just 28 years ago, 90 per cent of the legal voters went to the polls. In 1900 the percentage had fallen to 73. In 1908 there was further decrease to 66. Eight years later, 1912, the percentage was 62. In 1920 it was for the first time in history below 50 per cent.

If the republic is to endure, its people must take a more active and intelligent interest in politics. Government by a minority of a minority spells ultimate tyranny.

It is all well enough to die for one's country, but living for one's country is also well worth while.

Every time you pause to listen to a man who complains that the politicians are running the country, you are wasting time listening to a man who just sits around on election day and does nothing to prevent the politicians from running it.

Political prognosticators who base their predictions of no election on the ground that Nebraska is one of the states La Follette will carry, should throw a few more toads and things into their witches' pot.

Beaver Dam, Wis., has one of the prize bands of the United States. Don't Givva Dam, in Nebraska, is very likely to result in the adoption of Sorenson's fool amendment to the state constitution.

An 80,000,000-candle power searchlight has just been constructed. It will be needed to find the brains of the citizen who complains about political corruption, but never takes the trouble to vote.

Homespun Verse

—By Omaha's Own Poet— Robert Worthington Davie

SATISFACTION.

There's lots of ways undoubtedly A man can make a haul; There's lots of chances, too, that he Will go straight to the wall. I've had my eyes on lots of schemes I thought were pretty good, And oftentimes I might have tried To swing them, if I could. There's wealth galore in mining stock, If one gets what is sought; There's fortunes buried casually In sand hills cheaply bought— And there's a chance to get rich quick In nearly every trade, If at the proper time the deal Desirable is made. But I've been gathering my wealth In little bits and slow— And what I get I do not risk Or gamble with, I know. And while I can't expect to put A great amount away, I'll have the meager pile I've made When I grow old and gray.

Looks as If the Pitcher Might Have to Invent a New Curve or Something



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.

Grat That Was Grat.

Grand Island, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I read much in another prominent Omaha paper in headlines, editorials and letters written about the rotten republican administration. These paragraphs often quote Senator Wheeler, La Follette and J. W. Davis. All the world knows or should know that Wheeler started the phoney investigation to turn the attention of the people from the prosecution of grafters who stole the people's money during the war under a democratic administration. Why don't these critics demand the priority rule and prosecute the men who were responsible for the following graft:

- Bought: 41,000,000 pairs shoes for \$500,000 men. \$21,000,000 worth of harness for motor vehicles. 23,333 new automobiles, sent to France after the armistice six months. 2,032,204 nose bags for 391,000 horses. 36 sets of spurs for each officer entitled to wear them. 1,000,000 double sets of harness, \$ for each team. 195,000 branding irons for 391,000 horses. 149,456,611 bread cans, 42 for every man. If every democrat who grafted during the war was in the penitentiary, Leavenworth would be the metropolis of Kansas. S. A. ANDERSON.

More About the Klan.

Hampton, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: A letter appeared in your paper September 25, "Why Worry About the Klan?" I am not going to either, because it has not got my \$15, and furthermore, is not going to. I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Duzzenmatter, as I have to several other members. You say, "It's here to stay." I don't know about that, but I do know that it has been here even since '76, when my parents' parents were driven out of Kentucky just because they wore the blue instead of the gray. One kluxer came to me for an argument and he got it. He was a Christian. I was, too, and he wanted my membership. I said: "If you can prove to me that it is for the better and not for the \$15 I'll join." How do you think he went at it? Came out with a lit. He said: "I don't know about that, but I believe in America; I believe Jesus died on the cross; I believe that Mary was Jesus' mother." I said, "I do, too, and it did not take \$15 to make me believe it." I told him maybe some Catholic or negro had that card printed. "No, no," he said, "they're all alike," and he went and got my

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Money Gratefully Received.

A good—and I am told, perfectly true—story about Rudyard Kipling is that of an American autograph hunter who read in a paper that Mr. Kipling never put pen to a paper for less than half a crown a word. He conceived the idea of sending 5 shillings to the great man, together with his autograph album, asking him to write two words in it. The album came back without the 5 shillings, but instead of finding the words "Rudyard Kipling" as he fondly hoped, our friend discovered the words—"Thank you."—New York Evening Post. European royal bloods get \$7 a day as supernas. If they had been content with that, they might have held their old jobs.—Chattanooga Times.

BEWARE THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON

Chronic coughs and persistent colds lead to serious lung trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with twofold action: it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and kills the germ. Of all known drugs, creosotes is recognized by the medical fraternity as the greatest healing agency for the treatment of chronic coughs and colds and other forms of throat and lung troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and destroys the germs that lead to consumption. Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of chronic coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, catarrhal bronchitis and other forms of throat and lung diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or the flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist, Creomulsion Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NET AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION

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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 August, 1924. W. E. QUINCY, Notary Public (Seal)

Abe Martin



Lester Mopps has been out of school far nigh on two years an' he can't even play a saxophone. No matter how much money a woman's got she can't look up-to-date unless she's got th' nerve. (Copyright, 1924.)

SUNNY SIDE UP

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

Winging Through Wisconsin—Greatly disappointed. Thought that when we reached the great dairy section we would see pretty milkmaids in costume, tripping blithely from barn to dairy house, carrying sweetly and smiling whily at the tourist. But nothing like that. More men in white duck uniforms manhandling the cows while patent milking machines extract the lacted fluid. Haven't seen a milkmaid on the entire trip. This has romance given way to practicality in this mechanical age.

We have always been interested in signs. At Fort Atkinson we saw one that intrigued. We got a laugh out of it, and hand it on. "BULL MILKING MACHINE CO." (Explanatory Note: The inventor of the machine was named Bull.)

A glass of milk in a restaurant in these parts is more than a glass of milk. The line of demarcation is easily discernible and it is always quite a ways below the top of the little bottle in which it is served.

Memories of youthful days down in old Missouri recalled up here. We gathered a handful of butternuts from a tree. Showed them to the Nebraskians on the special dairy train and only one man in twenty knew what they were.

Misfortune camps upon our trail. We arrived in Fort Atkinson late Sunday night and did not get up until late Monday morning. Fort Atkinson had a big brewery in the pre-Volstead days, and when prohibition came it engaged in the almost-beer game. That is, it so claimed. But the day before we got here the prohibition agents landed on it and discovered several thousand bottles and a hundred or more kegs of beer that wasn't almost but quite. And they dumped the whole lot less than 24 hours before the hot, tired and thirsty Nebraskians arrived.

George Jackson of Nelson, ex-speaker of the Nebraska house, is a member of our party. George sings first tenor in the Milkmen's quartet. And George is as good a tenor as he is a speaker, which puts him in the Curuso class withly.

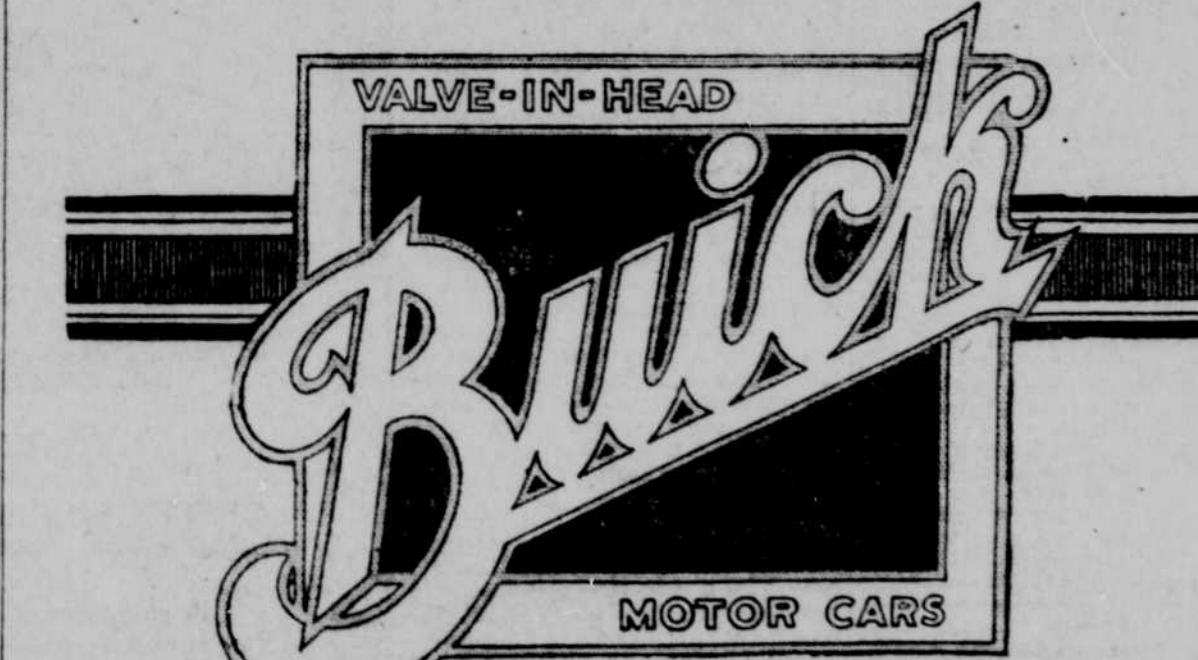
A high spot on this trip was Waukesha, for there we had the rare pleasure of again meeting and greeting Major Buchanan, formerly general passenger agent of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, now the Northwestern. Major Buchanan was located in Omaha for many years, but upon retirement from active connection with the Northwestern he moved to Waukesha, where he is gracefully growing old. The major is now in his 87th year. Fifteen minutes spent with this rare good soul recalled to mind many pleasant recollections of early days in Nebraska. Major Buchanan sent greetings through this department to all of his old friends and neighbors in Nebraska, and it gives us utmost delight to be a messenger for this Grand Old Man.

Don't it just beat all how many pin-headed politicians there are who think they can improve upon the monumental work of Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and their co-workers? WILL M. MAUPIN.

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WHY "FEET OF CLAY" ???



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Buick leads in performance!

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