

THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. A Pipe Line from the Wyoming Oil Fields to Omaha.
3. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
4. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
5. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

POSSIBLE THIRD PARTY MOVEMENTS.

The Bee, even under the strain of August temperatures in June, refuses to get excited over the possibility that Senators Hiram Johnson and William E. Borah will bolt the republican, and join a third party movement.

Third party movements, if they get beyond the comedy stage, must result from issues, not from mere personal disappointment of individuals. Even Colonel Roosevelt could have made little progress in 1912 had it not been that he found questions of principle and policy upon which to base his personal candidacy.

Today, where are such issues upon which the California senator and his Idaho colleague can seize? Not in the platform adopted at Chicago, for that was declared by them to be good and acceptable. Not in the charge that money dominated the convention, for neither of the two candidates against whom they raised that charge was nominated. Not even in the personal issue of Hiram Johnson's defeat, for Johnson's delegates flocked to the Harding standard in considerable numbers, leaving only a handful who stayed for the finish.

Bolts must have some better foundation than any offered by present circumstances, to be successful or even sizable—and Hiram Johnson, with 1912 in memory, will not seek to lead a fight for a cause worse than hopeless.

Amateur Brews in the Home.

The Volstead act for the enforcement of the prohibition amendment, which prohibits the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes anywhere, seems to have slipped a cog. The constitutional amendment is plain. It is violated when intoxicating beverages are brewed or distilled. But the act of congress for its enforcement provides:

No search warrant shall issue to search any private dwelling occupied as such unless it is being used for the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquor, or unless it is in part used for some business purpose such as a store, shop, saloon, restaurant, hotel or boarding house.

If, therefore, a thirsty citizen manufactures intoxicating drinks in his home for the use of himself, his family and his friends, and does not sell the stuff, how can officers of the law legally invade his home to secure proof of his violation of the constitution?

One of Wilson's Big Blunders.

There never was a graver mistake, or a more costly one for this country, than the tying together of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. It was President Wilson's scheme, made public in one of his speeches when he was angry because any American citizen dared to question his wisdom and authority to tangle the United States in the quarrels and wars of Europe.

If memory serves, the president phrased his disclosure as a threat against certain democratic and republican senators who were alarmed by his high-handed attempt to control the functions of the senate and bend that body to his will. This was during that dizzy period when the president's egotism, inflamed by royal honors abroad, filled his brain with visions on the horizon and his ears with voices in the air. We have often wondered why Mr. Wilson, in those weeks of exaltation, did not say: "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me." All his words suggested some such thought. But to return to our mutton:

The Peace Treaty was one thing; the League of Nations another. What a multitude of perplexities might have been prevented if peace had been made first, and a league considered later. The American people are easily coaxed, but infernally hard to drive. Mr. Wilson coaxed them into the belief that he could keep them out of war, but has made a dismal failure of driving them into a league whose provisions are abhorrent to practically every republican senator, and to a powerful minority of democratic senators. And all the subsequent loss of presidential prestige might have been avoided but for Mr. Wilson's stubborn determination to have his own way regardless of public opinion in America.

A Champion's Hours in Bed.

Georges Carpentier, the handiest man with his fists in all Europe, now touring America with his bride, is a methodical man. Each day he has an unvarying time schedule, the news columns of The Bee have informed us. He has breakfast in bed at 8 o'clock and arises at 10:30—about six hours after sunrise, we judge, not having seen the sun come up for several months, possibly because our shelf on the cliff in which we dwell is on the west side. He retires at 10:30.

Just why a young and husky bruiser spends twelve solid hours in bed we cannot imagine, unless perchance it is because he does not have to get up. That would be a capital reason for most men, but presumably Carpentier follows a routine intended to preserve his fighting strength. Most Americans would regard that many hours in bed as softening. Early to bed and late to rise, however, may be just the thing for a prize fighter.

Anger and just punishment will not mix, whether it be a parent or a judge who tries the combination

The American Legion in Action.

The American Legion has no notion of letting the scandalous escape of the criminal slacker Bergdoll to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things by the present tender administration of the War department. In a series of resolutions the county committee of the Legion at Philadelphia demands the arrest and court-martial of the higher army officers chiefly responsible for conditions which permitted the escape.

Also Secretary Baker is requested to explain why Bergdoll was permitted, after his conviction and sentence, to remain at Governor's Island instead of being at once sent to Fort Leavenworth, as in the case of other and poorer convicts. Mr. Baker, whose notoriously sympathetic treatment of men who sought to evade military duty has often been criticized, and who professed at the time of Bergdoll's escape never to have heard officially of him, is hearing of him now.

The army officers also, come in for the Legion's condemnation for permitting favors to the rich criminal that would not be allowed to a poor one. All these matters are put up to the federal grand jury in session at Philadelphia, as well as to the responsible head of the War department. Altogether, the Legion is functioning along the most commendable lines.

From Seed to Full Flower.

Naturally sadness is mingled with the joy of Nebraska woman suffragists who met in Omaha for the final session of the State Suffrage association. Joy because their cause is practically won. Sadness because their immediate task is done.

No one who really loves his work fails to feel regret at its end, even though that be crowned with victory. The joy of labor comes not merely with success, but in the work itself. And the task of woman suffragists, as suffragists, is over. True, the thirty-sixth state has not yet ratified the national suffrage amendment, but it is only a question of time—and short time at that—until the roll is complete.

With entire propriety, the suffragists in Omaha paid tribute to the pioneers of their cause, to those gallant women who worked and talked and fought years ago when the great majority of opinion was against them. Some of them were our own, some were regarded as fanatics, but today the sober judgment of male voters has given them what they sought.

But as the one task is laid down, another arises. Women are legal voters, but they have not yet demonstrated what they will do with the ballot. Friends of woman suffrage expect confidently that the advent of woman means cleaner politics, candidates of a higher type and issues of greater significance. The task of the women now is to live up to that expectation. The goal set is high, but the opportunity is great. The women who made suffrage possible still have a chance for great national service.

Do not blame working girls who own fur coats too hastily. A Chicago telegram says their reason is this: "If I don't get it before I'm married I never will." And no doubt in the great majority of cases that is true. Working girls look clearly into the future, and harbor few illusions of what life has in store for them.

The tirade of abuse of the republican platform now being printed in opposition papers is the best of evidence that the republicans "beat 'em to it." And besides, the situation is one quite likely to make them discontented and testy.

The perpetuation of Wilsonism in the government can most surely be accomplished by the election of his son-in-law, which would be the nearest thing to an hereditary succession.

Probably some of the newspapers which gave their influence to Mr. Hoover would dislike to have it measured by that splendid gentleman's strength in the convention.

A Long Gone Happy Day.

It seems only the other day I brought her in a red, red rose. She kissed my cheek—and wiped my nose! And then I laughed and ran away. Just yesterday, that's all it seems. She took me up the creaky stair. And said there were no goblins there—Just angels, and they'd bless my dreams. Though yesterday is many a year, And we are distant from each other, Her memory is never dear—
—N. Y. Mail.

Southern Editor Makes Bad Guess.

The man nominated at Chicago will not be fit to be president. His choice will be made in corruption and the spirit of corruption will follow him.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

One Animal Man Cannot Exterminate.

In ten years the descendants of a single pair of rats, if allowed to multiply undisturbed, would number 48,319,698,843,030,344,720, according to figures prepared for the English board of agriculture by a well known scientist. Rats are said to do a yearly damage in the United Kingdom amounting to \$200,000,000.
—Chicago Journal.

"Just Do It Yourself."

Washington should do this," said one, and "Washington must do that," said another. "Washington must establish a secretary of health and take care of us all," announced a third.
Then a little woman from the audience rose. "Couldn't we begin our own health work right in this city?" she asked. "It does seem as though our sick neighbor was of more immediate concern than what Washington should do."

Right! Government today is too top-heavy. It's too easy to say: "Let Uncle Sam do it." Come on! Begin at home. That's genuine good sense and real democracy.—Collier's.

The Breeding Place of Success.

Judge Elbert H. Gary said at a dinner in New York: "If a man wants to succeed, if he works hard to succeed, he will succeed. Show me a failure and I'll show you Jeff Langhorne, or, least, Jeff Langhorne's counterpart."

"Jeff lounged in front of the general store one fine morning, whittling a stick, chewing tobacco and growling about the hard times. 'Hain't no money in farmin' no more,' he said. 'Guess I'll hev ter sell out and go live on my son-in-law.'"

"No money in farmin'!" shouted the storekeeper indignantly. "No money in farmin' with wheat at the price it is and the whole world clamorin' for bread?"

"Nothin' doin'," said Jeff Langhorne. "Nothin' doin' in my case so far as wheat goes."

"Why not? Ain't ye got the land?"
"Oh, yes, I got the land, all right."
"Ain't ye got the seed?"
"Yes, I got the seed; but—"
"But what, consarn ye?" yelled the storekeeper.
"Jeff Langhorne shook his head mournfully. "My old woman, he said, 'is too plumb lazy to do the plowin' and sowin'."—Washington Star.

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the quips fall while they may.

ONE of the largest influences affecting the Republican convention was the heat. If the wind had shifted into the north-east at noon of Saturday, another turn might have been given to the proceedings. The convention might even have demanded Herbert Hoover, with whom the party could win with ease.

SUCH might have been the cooling influence of a lake wind upon the delegates. But the delegates do not select the nominee; they only think they do. The politicians in control never seek certain victory with a nominee not to their liking; they are satisfied with a fighting chance, if the nominee is of their set.

You Can't Go Wrong.

(Notice, Calgary Municipal Railway.)
The proper transfer point is the last point at which the car passenger wishes to transfer to take a different direction from the car he is on.

THE correspondent of the Louisville Times, crazed with the heat, telegraphed his paper that the Missouri affair "sticks like the damned spot that would not come out on the hand of Macbeth."

MR. EINSTEIN! MR. EINSTEIN!

(From the Country Gentleman.)
Prof. D. S. Fox, of the Pennsylvania College, sends in another instance: "On my tractor farmer last summer," he says, "I met a farmer, Harry Hetrich, of Lingsletown, Pennsylvania, who had changed the layout of his farm completely before buying a tractor. He had taken out 1,500 pounds of fence and made the fields large and long."

"ENCLOSED please find a little poem written by L. D. Richards, chairman of the Nebraska delegation," writes J. D. P. "He gave me the original copy himself." Well, well, and where did he get it? The poem has been printed by almost every paper in the land, but we never knew who wrote it.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

My bridal wreath spruce shows,
Her blossoms banked like mountain snows,
Yet delicate as filmy veil;
And where her weighted branches trail
The bumble bee a-roving goes.

I watch him idly; well he knows
Where his desired dainty flows.
And while he seeks his honey-grail,
My thought recalls the day I chose
My bridal wreath.

What dear, prophetic visions rose
Through those white buds, as sunrise glows
Through misty haze. Beside true joy, how pale!
I laid aside those blossoms frail
To find your love, which daily grows,
My bridal wreath. IRIS.

A LUNCH room on Fulton street, New York, advertises: "We never let a dissatisfied customer go." Examination of the premises would probably disclose an oculist. Eh, Watson!

THE CURSE OF A BUSINESS EDUCATION.
(From the Jackson County, Minn., Pilot.)
It may change your fate. What? The summer course in business at Parker College, Winnebago, Minnesota. June 7th to August 7th. Write now.

AUTOMOBILE horns were designed as a warning to pedestrians and drivers of other vehicles, but their excessive use is due to the desire of the majority to make as much noise as possible. An American is never so happy as when he is making a hell of a racket.

Further Information About Actors.

(From a Chicago thespian.)
Dear Madam: I am still holding your cherished letter, in which you make the assertion, that you would like to arrange an interview. Nothing could suit me better but where is aforesaid episode to transpire, as you are now aware of the fact that I have no office. The public at large in general does not understand, natural born actors, all they know is what has been drilled into their ignorant brains. They are equivalent to a horse the majority of them, all the dumb-brute knows is get up, whoa, see how & back up; so it is the same with manufactured would-be if they could be Actor's & Actresses turned out of those no account Theatrical schools that turns them out not even 1/3 finished let alone half or complete. Now Miss Hunt what I want is a (white in color) single unmarried woman that is as free as a bird with no man whatsoever tied to her apron strings, to become my partner in my line of business; to work in Acts, Sketches & be a performer, a Theatrical performer that does not mean Circus performer. Now Miss Hunt if you are as deeply interested as I think you are, just write me an answer to this and let me know when & where I can see you & hold your aforesaid interview. I will close for this time, hoping to receive word from you by return mail, until then I still remain as ever, etc.

THIS FOLLOWS THE RULES OF THE GAME.
Sir: I had enough old blades to patch a hole in a tin roof, laying them 3-16 to weather.
BILLY.

"PEDESTRIANS, thinking Mrs. Nicholson had been killed, rush to her assistance."—The Trib.

Yes, there are always people willing to help when it is too late.
"REVIEWING Twenty Centuries of Christian History."—The Trib.

Zazzo?
VANISHED HOURS.
The stately Hours we never knew—
Like ghosts they pass us by tonight,
A silent band, and a few
Star-crowned, aristocrats of light.

The Hours that dwell with us were plain,
They knew the heart of common folk;
They often supped with Grief and Pain,
And Care, the keeper of the yoke.

Their ghosts are those that follow there,
An unpretentious, happy lot;
And some are sweet and some are fair,
And most are loved, and none forgot.

If some remind us of dark days
And some bring back a hint of tears,
There's none but left along the ways
A flower to grace remembered years.
LAURA BLACKBURN.

"NEW YORK UNIVERSITY confers degrees upon 800 odd men and women at its 88th Commencement."—Interesting item connected with
And some of them are older than others.

OH, VERY WELL.
(From the Lansing State Journal.)
For rent—Modern clean 5-room apartment. Please no children for a good reason. 1033 Jerome.

THE raisin is a splendid food, says Mr. Bryan. It is. Likewise Mr. Bryan's staff of life, the prune.

The Second Post.

(Exhibiting the height of affability.)
Gentlemen: Will you kindly advise at your earliest convenience if there are vacancies existing in any of the departments connected with your firm, particularly clerical traffic employment? My principle object for emphatically mentioning such employment, vividly stands the reason that I have followed this line for the past four years. Consequently if you will afford me the opportunity of explicating my merits, as fully by mailing me your application form, or if possible the permission of a personal interview, will say affably that it will be appreciated beyond comprehension. Yours truly, etc.

"FOR SALE—Fresh cow."—Highland Park Press.

One of the kind that likes to stick its head through the window screen and moo at the baby.

THEY GRADUATE 'EM EARLY IN IOWAY.
(From the classified ads.)
Wanted—Job by experienced farm hand 14 yrs. old, \$45. Raymond Chase, Calamus, Iowa.

NO doubt you expect us to say something about how long the days are getting.

SORRY to disappoint you B. L. T.

How to Keep Well

By Dr. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses, address letters in care of The Bee.

A BABY'S GARDEN OF EDEN.

Please read this story of Villiers-le-Duc, told by Dr. Francis Sage Bradley at the last meeting of the Child Hygiene society. Villiers-le-Duc is a little French village situated in the foothills of the Alps. The inhabitants are simple French peasants and the product of their toil is cheese of several varieties.

Perhaps an epure here and there has heard of the village, many know that General Foch had his headquarters there during the first battle of the Marne, a few have read in this column and elsewhere that in this village they have no baby death rate worth speaking of, but the world at large has never heard of the little French village in which the simple peasant inhabitants have solved some problems that have baffled wise, rich, and strong communities.

In 1854 the peasants made M. Morel their mayor. The birth and death records of their community were well kept and the new mayor studied them to decide on a policy. He thought it quite as necessary to study records of human beings as to inspect roads and public buildings.

He found that one-third of the babies died before reaching 1 year of age. He called a mass meeting and showed the people that they were more successful in raising calves and pigs and asked them to adopt a baby welfare program. They agreed to carry out a simple program and this reduced their baby death rate from 300 per 1,000 to 200.

Mayor Morel died and was succeeded in turn by several men who had no interest in child welfare and who permitted the work to lapse. By this time a son of Mayor Morel had grown to manhood. The people elected him mayor and he took up the work of saving the babies where it was when his father died.

A mass meeting of the peasants was called and the plan of the elder Morel brought down to date was adopted by them. Every woman was to report her pregnancy to the mayor just as soon as the condition was recognized. A physician was employed to come to the village one day a week and while there to see the pregnant women and the mothers of young babies. The women agreed to breast feed their babies. The village was to maintain a herd of milk cows to assure the older children as much milk as they needed.

As soon as this program was written the baby death rate dropped. By 1904 it had fallen to zero. From 1904 to 1917 not one baby under 2 years of age died, there was not one

death in confinement, and there was only one still birth.

In 1917 the mother of a baby 7 months old sold her breast milk to another family and fed her baby on cow's milk. Her baby died. The peasants held a mass meeting and condemned the mother. The mayor at the time, the third Morel to serve as such, was in the army, but he

found time to write a letter from the front to his people. In this letter he expressed regret that this baby had died—the first in more than 10 years—and he asked the women of Villiers-le-Duc to better guard the good name of their town.

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D. C. Geiselman, Cashier;
H. M. Krogh, Asst. Cashier.

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FROM OMAHA

\$26.50 to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and return.

\$36.50 to Estes—Rocky Mountain National Park and return.

\$43.00 to West Yellowstone (Yellowstone National Park) and return. Four and one-half days motor trip in park with accommodations at hotels \$54.00, at camp \$48.00, additional. Sidetrip to Estes—Rocky Mountain National Park for \$10 additional.

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