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## Omaha Where the West is at its Best

### PAVED ROAD TO FORT CROOK.

Thirty-five years have gone by since Fort Crook was established as a military post. Yet one of the problems presented at the time for the road was fixed upon remains unsettled. That is the question of a paved road to Omaha. One secretary of war after another has visited the post, one general of the army and then another has received salute on its parade ground. Regiment after regiment of infantry has been quartered there. Steadily the post has grown in importance, but still communication with the city is hampered.

Long ago Omaha paved the highway as far as the Sarpy county line. Many times efforts have been made to secure the co-operation of the War department, of Sarpy county, and other governmental agencies. Always it has been without avail. Omaha might have paid for the paving long ago. The city has no right to invade the territory of a neighbor, however, for any such purpose. So the dirt road has remained.

Now, with the prospect of a great boulevard drive along the river, a portion of which will loop down as far as Bellevue, and the presence of the air mail service at Jarvis Ouffutt field, the need for the paved highway is becoming imperative. Whether it be the high or the low road that is chosen, one should be attended to without further delay.

Under the federal and state aid plan, the cost to Sarpy county will be minimized. The likelihood of the federal government, through either the War or the Postoffice department, bearing the entire cost is remote. Some portion of it will have to be sustained by Sarpy county. The burden will not be so heavy that it can not be borne. Just now the property in the northeast corner of the county is greatly increased in value by reason of its proximity to Omaha. Many fine homes already have been built along the route to Bellevue. Others are projected. A well paved highway will increase these activities and add greatly to the tax roll of our neighbor. In other ways the general prosperity of the county will be furthered.

Determined effort to secure the improvement is being made by the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and others who are interested. We hope success attends this effort. Thirty-five years is a long time to wait for a highway where the need is so great, but if it comes now the wait can be forgotten.

### HON. EDGAR'S "SIMPLICITY."

When it comes to whaling the stuffing out of a straw man, we will pit Hon. Edgar Howard of the Third Nebraska district against any man in the world. His latest triumph in this line is his plea for a "mudless" campaign. Hon. Edgar admits that the private lives of Coolidge, Davis and La Follette are above reproach. Therefore, there will be no scandal of a personal nature. Amen to that.

What he does next is to admit that President Coolidge is a Yankee, and on this to say: "He has nothing in common with western people." That he looks to the preservation and protection of wealth. Has no regard for those who do not possess wealth. Believes that New England is above all other parts of the world. Does not understand or speak the same language as the people of Nebraska. And winds up his pleasant little tirade by insisting that Coolidge believes the Hamiltonian doctrine.

Whatever that is. It has long been a custom among certain classes of democratic debaters that when they wanted to blight beyond hope any republican, they call him a "Hamiltonian." The name of Alexander Hamilton is inseparably fixed with the foundation of this government. His name and his works are in the same glorious annals as those of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and the Adamses. He must indeed be a simpleton who can not see harm to America because Coolidge has views as lofty and as patriotic as those Hamilton shared with the great group with whom he worked.

What we do want to note, however, is that while he deplores the slinging of mud, Hon. Edgar is not above the small practice of damning his opponent by slyly insinuating that he is unworthy of western support because he hails from Massachusetts. Hon. Edgar does not believe in sectionalism, but some of his readers may, you know.

### WHERE RELIGION MEANS SOMETHING.

News that Robert Imbrie, American vice consul at Teheran, had been beaten to death by a mob, will set a lot of people looking up atlas and encyclopedias. Teheran, one of the principal towns of Persia, is also a center of Mohammedan faith. In the great schism that followed the death of the Prophet, Persia and western India went to the Shiite faction, which holds that authority passes by descent from the prophet, and not by election. Although defeated in battle, and put down through weight of numbers by the faction that holds for election, the Shiites cling to their creed.

The World War, as well as events immediately preceding it, stirred old rancors in Persia. Just as elsewhere, and the fanaticism of the mob runs higher now than it has for many generations. Teheran is a school center, as education is understood in Persia. It has long been in contact with western civilization. The mass of the people, however, are in that frame

of mind that rests on the Koran and knows little if anything else. It is not surprising that the American vice consul and his companion were so severely handled by a mob that saw in their presence a menace to their religion.

The Persian government will undoubtedly make full amends without pressure from Washington. The incident will show, however, how delicately balanced matters are in that part of the east. The mob merely mistook its victims for members of a rival sect. Against the Christian these sects may easily be persuaded to make common cause. The "white man's burden" in Persia is not only heavy but extremely pestless just now.

### FIGHTING WINDMILLS.

"I am ready to wage unceasing warfare until the American people have been restored to a full enjoyment of their political and economic rights."—Senator La Follette.

Bunk! Nothing more, nothing less. And no one knows it better than Senator Robert Marion La Follette.

Never before in the history of this republic, nor in the history of any other country, have the people been so free to exercise their political rights. Never before have they been as equally privileged to seize and maintain their economic rights. For years there was an insistent declaration that the bosses controlled. The direct primary was demanded. The direct primary was secured. It was the privilege of every American citizen to exercise his judgment in the selection of candidates and choice of party. The direct primary is almost universal in this republic. Universal suffrage is an established fact. That the people are freely exercising their political rights is evidenced by the multiplicity of conventions and candidates. Yes, even by the appearance of Robert Marion La Follette in the field as the candidate of a certain portion of the free and untrammelled electorate.

There never was a time in American history when the right of men to engage in gainful occupation of their own choosing was more universal or more generally seized upon. The whites about lack of opportunity and oppression of "big business" come almost without exception from a class who believe that legislative enactment can be substituted for labor and thrift, and that a government made up of the people can do for its citizens what they are unable to do for themselves.

Neither Robert Marion La Follette nor any other man can "restore political and economic rights to the American people." This for the very simple reason that the people have never been deprived of those rights. On the contrary they have been enlarging those rights and profiting thereby, socially and economically, at a rate unprecedented in history. That is why the United States is the Mecca of the oppressed of all lands and climes.

"Batting Rob" is fighting windmills of his own erection.

### WHEN THE LAW LETS UP A LITTLE.

Every now and then out of the sordid battle between revenue agent and bootlegger comes something that almost convinces the reader that the whole thing is a sort of game. That some of its elements are as human as anything can be. That some of the men who engage in it have hearts, the same as other people. Mostly we get news of cruel murders, of broken faith, bribes, and other crimes that sicken the lover of his kind. Such proof of man's depravity is disheartening.

Yet good deeds may shine through the naughty world of the rum runner. One such story comes from the Atlantic coast. On "Rum Row," which is at the 12-mile limit off New York, sailors are just as liable to mishaps as they are anywhere. Fortune, by one of the odd turns of her wheel, has landed a regular doctor from Australia among this strange assemblage. He finds his time pretty well taken up. One of his patients was so badly burned the doctor decided to have him removed to a hospital on shore. Accordingly the man was taken in a launch and put in at a coast guard establishment. The case was explained to the revenue officers present.

Permission to take the sufferer to a hospital was granted. The doctor was placed under arrest, however, as an alien, landed without permission. He was arraigned before the proper authority, to whom explanation was made. Promptly the doctor was set free, and escorted back to "Rum Row" in a revenue cutter under a flag of truce. Uncle Sam does not prosecute those who come on missions of mercy. The yarn is so unique and rare that it is worthy of notice. The smuggling trade provokes something besides crime, after all.

Twenty-five deputies sounds like quite a squad for the sheriff's office. Maybe a little rearrangement could squeeze out one or two for service on the highway patrol.

Nebraska counties that have been complaining of empty jails are being silenced by Judge McGee, who is seeing to it that all vacancies are filled in order.

Adam McMullen was not expecting much from the New York convention, but he will benefit directly by certain of the proceedings there.

Now it seems as if the convention was for Davis all along. McAdoo, Smith and all the rest agreeing. It took 16 days for them to find it out.

Fred Johnson may as well make up his mind to be in Lincoln a good deal of the time for the rest of the year.

If monkeys had votes, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Mr. Bryan would be for evolution. That is rubbing it in.

Doubtless Brother Charley thinks that Charley Graff's name should be changed to Gruff.

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

IN THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN.  
 Did you ever look with wonderment when the long, drear day is done,  
 Across the expanse of vale and glade to the land of the setting sun—  
 To the radiant realm of your fondest dreams where the height of your hopes preside—  
 To the end of a journey wonderful, to the end of a quiet trail?

Were you ever lead—as one's fancies go—when the sun sinks down to rest,  
 And the dewdrops fall on the garden wall and the sod is summer-dressed?  
 Were you ever led by your visioning where the elf and the dryads run,  
 And romp away the cares of day in the land of the setting sun?

Did you ever glide in your own dream back to that blue-eyed rendezvous  
 Where the balm winds play at the close of day sweet melodies are true,  
 When you are lost in the broad survey with fervor and splendor and fun,  
 While the dear days seem like a heavenly dream in the land of the setting sun?

## On the Theory That One Bad Turn Deserves Another.



## Letters From Our Readers

All letters must be signed, but name will be withheld upon request. Communications of 200 words or less will be given preference.

**Name Him.**  
 Benson, Neb.—To the Democratic State Central Committee: As my representatives I would caution and instruct you. You are in position of the boy that came to bat in the ninth inning, with the score tied, the bases full, two strikes and three balls. Will you hit the only ball that is coming over? Will you give us a candidate "a yard long," all wove and a yard wide?

Never in the lifetime of those living have the people been in a worse state of unrest. This unrest in both parties, while the rank and file of all want and try to vote for good government. This does not speak well for the leadership of the parties that have been in power during the years this unrest has arisen. The ranks are weary unto distress with political bunk and bunksters and they long for some Moses to lead them out of this political wilderness. If he does not rise within their own party they will seek him elsewhere.

People have faith in this government. As a whole they do not share the belief of some that this unrest is an omen of the decay of popular suffrage, but believe that government advances as a road walk, whenever worthy hand will carry the standard forward again.

If at your coming meeting you select a candidate who from his youth to ripened, mature years has shared the growth of this commonwealth. One who has shared its possibilities and trials with an abiding faith in its people and its future. One whose daily accomplishments in his own and in his community's affairs, as well as has earned the right to enjoy the honor which has fitted him for the responsibilities as governor—a very broad, comprehensive word—a man who understands that the every day affairs of life are important affairs of state. One whose only platform is Nebraska's welfare. A man who consults with all interests and factions and then takes orders only from his God and his own conscience.

We have this man in our party within every county in this state. Choose him and the democratic party in Nebraska will again become a virile force for good whether we win or lose the election.

If at your coming meeting you consider it deserves, and shall choose for a rubber stamp, a political pawn or a seeker, after persons gaining now as a democrat could only vote for by holding his nose with one hand while he makes his X with the other—then hear ye me, common voter in the ranks, for I tell you the men and women who have the backbone of the democratic party in this state for a generation will desert you on next election day by the thousands. Most respectfully yours,  
 TRENMOR CONE.

**In Self-Defense.**  
 Albion, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I think Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook is to be commended for her resistance to the "youth movement," which would make perjurers of every red-blooded boy and girl of America. There would no doubt be a few cowards who would hide behind their pledge, but the majority would think such a pledge most honored in the breaking. Remember, please, I am speaking now as a private individual, not for any of the organization.

not defend their country how long before they would have no country to defend? How long before they would be in subjection to some nation who would not ask if they believed in war, but would put them like "Lies" "in the forefront of the battle." There is no excuse for a war of revenge or agrandizement, but when home and country are assailed, then let Americans shout like Marco Bozaris: "Strike till the last armed foe expires! Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike for the green graves of your sires! God and your native land!"  
 MOTHER.

**Advice to Negro Voters.**  
 Omaha.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: The National Negro Welfare League, through its president, is calling on the negro voters of the country to stand firm in the ranks of the republican party. We do not agree with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People or any other organization that thinks the negro should support any third party movement. While we know that the republican party has not kept all of its promises, it is the only party to which the negro can look with any degree of assurance. We are glad to find the colored voters of the middle west are not swayed by every false promise of every weak-kneed party that would call them away from the party of Lincoln, of Grant, of Roosevelt. The thinking negroes know that President Coolidge is a safe man for all the people and with General Dawes as vice president the nation will know that the government of the United States will be safe for all classes, all creeds and all colors of its citizens.

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V. A. BRIDGE, Cir. Mgr.  
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1924.  
 W. H. GUIVEY,  
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## SUNNY SIDE UP

Take Comfort, not Forget  
 That sunrise never failed us yet  
 Celia Thaxter

A great many things that worried us when we were younger and knew far more than we do now, worry us not at all in these later days. Whereas we once were wont to stew and fret lest a certain set of candidates be defeated, thus pushing our beloved country nearer to the brink of destruction, we now prefer to allow our mind to be agitated or our soul harrowed.

Time was in the somewhat distant past when we would listen to the political orator as he tore the circumambient atmosphere to tatters, and depart with the feeling that it was incumbent upon us to offer our life if need be to save the country from destruction. It is no longer so. We have seen the country survive too many "crises."

In days gone by we believed it every time we heard some agitator declare that the poor workman was being ground in the dust. Then we would become indignant and denounce the predatory interests in language vastly more emphatic than polite. It gradually dawned upon us as we pursued our daily tasks that it wasn't true; that the worker who tried to get ahead had plenty of opportunity, and that it would be better for all concerned if the time spent in listening to the hot air distributors were spent in useful labor.

More than once in olden days we held our breath pending the total destruction of the republic. But sooner or later we had to let go, because the republic kept right on. It is going to keep right on, growing stronger and bigger and better, just as it always has. Not because of the professional reformers and the self-constituted saviors, but in spite of them.

From the window of the exchange littered room in which we daily toil we look out upon the gyrations of the politicians and refuse to take part in their dire predictions. They are false prophets, the lot of them. We know it, because we used to tremble until it finally loosened all our teeth and compelled the investment of a considerable sum in porcelain substitutes, and nothing that they predicted ever happened.

Now and then arises the necessity of correcting a few evils that bob up on our governmental affairs. But they are always corrected, not by rantings upon the stump or the promises of politicians seeking public office. They are cured by the always predominating common sense of the American people.

We look back upon those years only to pity myself for having been so easily deluded. We face the things ahead with something like a hard-boiled feeling. We have ceased trembling. No longer do we shed scalding tears over anybody's woes. And least of all do we lend an attentive ear to those who would have us believe that they alone can save our beloved country from destruction.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

**Timely Directions.**  
 A gentleman having business with a back-country farmer inquired of the farmer's boy where the old man was to be found. "He's out in the pig pen doctoring a sick sows," replied the boy, and added as an illuminating after-thought, "Pop's the one with a hat on."—Christian Intelligencer.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Read the opinion of grain and livestock men given to the press within the past few days; watch the railroad and government reports of crop prospects; observe the upward tendency of prices; consider that business always takes on new energy immediately after a national election.

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