

ing. We will have a universal church just as soon as we all think alike—which will not be until the millenium, and then we'll not need it. But the sectarian spirit is rapidly dying out. A generation ago the average adherent of one peculiar faith would scarcely admit that the adherent of another faith had any show of salvation. Happily that is practically unknown today. Perhaps it is well that we have different sects, for it tends to keep them all working, but it would be well if we could abolish about 75 per cent of them. But while practically everybody admits the wisdom of abolishing a lot of them, the minute we start the work of elimination trouble begins. We are reminded of a story, and in the telling thereof we shall use denominational terms merely because it makes the story easier to tell. A couple of Hard Shell Baptists preachers went to hear a Campbellite expound the peculiar tenets of his faith. The speaker used the blackboard and chart, and went at his task hammer and tongs. When he was about two-thirds through with his sermon one of the old Hard Shells leaned over to the other and whispered: "That fellow is more'n half right." "He's all right," replied the other, "but I'd go to hell before I'd admit it." It is that sort of feeling, inborn and instinctive, perhaps, that is making the church universal an iridescent dream.

Nebraska statutes forbid the playing of professional baseball, or the indulgence in any other kind of outdoor sports on Memorial day, if aforesaid sports have a financial consideration attached thereto. This is all right. But if it is illegal for professional baseball teams to compete before an audience that pays an admission fee, is it not equally illegal for golfers to compete for prizes? And why should those of us who are debarred because of financial limitations from membership in a society club be denied the privilege of seeing a sporting contest, while those who are able to belong to such clubs are accorded the privilege? Will Maupin's Weekly is of the opinion that those able to belong to society clubs are just as much in duty bound to observe Memorial day as the rest of us—and it should be our pleasure as well as our privilege to observe that one day in the year set apart in honor of the men who made it possible for us to enjoy life in a free republic.

A few years ago the veterans marched in long lines on Memorial day. Last Monday the lines were short everywhere—short because the veterans are rapidly departing this life, and those who still linger on the scene of action are not so well able to march as they used to be. But as their ranks grow thinner their comradeship increases. Those old soldiers are bound together by ties that the average man will never be able to understand. If the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly were permitted to enact a rule

to embody in the school rules of every city, he would enact one that would, in time, teach every boy to salute when he passes a grayhaired veteran who wears upon his coat the button or badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

One-fourth of the pumice stone consumed in the United States is produced in the United States—and Nebraska produces it. How many people know that Nebraska produces all the native pumice? Funny, isn't it? We haven't any oil wells or coal mines, such as are boasted by many other states, but we have pumice mines, and that's something no other state can boast of. Last year we produced \$35,000 worth, and about \$200,000 worth was imported. In a few years we'll be supplying the market. Every day one may learn something new about this wonderful young state.

#### WHAT PLACEK WOULD DO

State Senator Placek of Wahoo, who may be justly considered a gubernatorial aspirant, if not next year then a year or two later, labors under the same old delusion that others before him have labored under. He says that if elected governor he would immediately set about saving the state a half million dollars a year. This "economy" talk has fooled a lot of people, and politicians have kept shouting about it until not only Nebraskans themselves but outsiders as well actually believe that this is still a grasshopper stricken, drouth-ridden state. The fact of the matter is that Nebraska's greatest need right now is not to reduce expenditures, but to see to it that the state gets what it pays for. The state is not spending too much money—rather it is not spending enough. But the money it is spending is being wasted in many directions. One need not investigate long to ascertain that the state is paying first-class prices for most inferior goods and service. In other words, under the present system the state is deliberately robbed and jobbed on every side. Senator Placek says that if elected governor he would get a check on every state institution and keep a close tab on all expenses and receipts by a systematic arranging of detailed reports. Senator Placek thinks he would, but he wouldn't. He wouldn't because he couldn't. Our long since outworn constitution would not permit it. There are just as many systems of accounting in the state's business as there are accountants.

If you really want to see a sight calculated to arouse mirth, just attend a meeting of the Board of Purchase and Supplies and watch the members thereof solemnly buying clothing, foodstuffs, stationery, agricultural implements, etc. Four or five men doing this, not one of them able to tell a piece of all-wool goods from the veriest shoddy; not one able to tell the difference in brands of coffee or tea; not one of them able to grade groceries. Yet these men buy hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of such supplies, all by

sample, and then never know whether the goods delivered come anywhere near being up to sample. Why? Because a dozen state institutions under as many managements and using as many different systems of accounting receive and use the goods.

The Board of Public Lands and Buildings lets a contract for building a hundred thousand dollar building for the state. The members of the board don't know the difference between Portland cement and plaster board, and under our foolish system of "economy" they must trust the overseeing to a cheap politician who is always an easy mark for designing contractors.

Senator Placek thinks he would reform all this if he were governor. But he wouldn't. He would find himself so infernally busy answering the demands of cheap politicians, attending to multifarious duties imposed upon him by a constitution that is utterly inadequate and keeping peace in his official family—he would be so busy with all these things that he wouldn't be able to accomplish a single one of the reforms he speaks about.

Nebraska is the victim of antiquated methods which it is unable to correct because of constitutional limitations. What it ought to have is a new constitution, and a constitution that would not only permit but would compel the state to transact its business on an up-to-date business basis.

#### ED HOWE'S GREAT PLAN

Ed Howe is planning a stunt that will send his name down into history as a benefactor of mankind. He is going to organize a fine brass band of forty or fifty people and take it around over the country and give free public concerts. He will have a big tent, and will pay all expenses himself, refusing to charge any admission fee. Mr. Howe will allow the band to play nothing but first-class music.

That is an idea worth while. And if Ed Howe carries it out he will confer a greater good upon humanity than Carnegie confers with his libraries or Rockefeller with his gifts to universities. It will delight millions, lift them out of sordid surroundings and leave them with a brightened outlook. And while Ed Howe is carrying out his great idea Will Maupin's Weekly will be planning along similar lines. Its editor will organize a male octette, every member an artist, and will follow up Howe's band concerts with a vocal concert in which damp-hool rag-time songs will not have place. The program will consist entirely of songs that have been familiar and beloved for from twenty-five to two hundred years. The first suggestion that an extra be injected which will thrust one of those "moon- spoon-June" or "mah baby" monstrosities will be frowned upon so strenuously that it will not be repeated. How would you like to hear a double quartette of trained male voices singing "Old Kentucky Home," "Sweet and Low," "Suane River," "Rock of Ages," "Robin Adair,"