

TALKING OF MEN AND THINGS

of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. We'll bet a couple of

Well, thank heaven, George the 'Seenth is at last officially crowned King silver sesterces against a plugged dime that George is almighty glad it is all over. We'll likewise bet the same amount that George would be awfully glad to swap places with some one of his subjects who hasn't a thing to do but loaf in the shade of the trees along some river and fish till he's tired. That's a cinch bet if George is as tired of being an active participant in all this ostentatious flap-doodle and poppycock as the average American citizen is of seeing columns about it staring him in the face from the pages of his favorite newspaper.

John Hayes Hammond, our official representative at the coronation seems to have been able to perform quite as well as any of the liveried flunkies who kow-towed to George. And Johnnie is quite on a par with the little lordlets and dukelets and earlets he trained with. But the sturdy Britons who were not in the coronation parade readily understand that Johnnie doesn't come with gunshot of representing the real Americans who never sweat a hair nor wilt a collar when this republic's administration changes.

We have been vastly entertained by the esteemed State Journal's interviews with Nebraska republicans concerning the Taft chances for re-nomination and election, the interviewed parties being the editors of republican newspapers. After carefully scrutinizing the returns we find: First, every republican editor who got a postoffice is cocksure that Taft is the Great and Only. Second, every republican editor who got turned down when he applied for a postoffice is cocksure that Taft is a Down and Outer and that LaFollette is the One and Only Best Bet. But any man of ordinary intelligence could have forecasted the result and thus saved the esteemed State Journal a neat little sum of money uselessly expended in postage stamps.

Some men have queer ideas of what constitutes rest and recreation. Now here is our old friend, E. H. Marshall, who has just disposed of his business and is able to loaf around and have a perfectly lovely time doing nothing but enjoying himself. Does he? Not much! He opines that he would enjoy holding a political office and being beholden to a lot of cheap politicians, hounded day and night by officeseekers and subscription gatherers and subjected to a thousand worries from as many different sources. Men get some funny notions in their heads occasionally, and this political office bug is one of them. We happen to speak by the card, for we've been through

it. Of course, if Brer Marshall thinks that is what he wants, all right. But speaking as a real friend we are of the opinion that we could best serve him by protecting him from himself.

Frederick L. Stimson seems to have profited fairly well by his connection with the sugar investigation. For "assitting" the attorney general, who receives \$10,000 a year, Mr. Stimson pulled down the modest fee of \$87,500. He had some assistants who pulled down from \$15,000 to \$40,000 each. The sugar trust had bilked the government out of something like \$30,000,000 by false weighing. Stimson secured a compromise whereupon the government compromised for less than 10 per cent, and then paid half of that amount to the "special assisants" of the Stimson brand. Then Stimson is rewarded by being made a member of the Taft cabinet. It's a great game—and the producer is the "goat," always.

Under pretense of protecting the American sugar industry the people of this country are taxed \$230,000,000 a year on the sugar they consume. Do you know how much sugar was produced in the United States last year? The production was 384,000 tons of beet sugar and 350,000 tons of cane sugar, a total of 734,000 tons of sugar. The total consumption of sugar in the United States during the same year was 3,185,789 tons. In order to "protect" an industry that produces less than 12 per cent of what we need we tax sugar consumers \$311 a ton for every ton produced at home, and sugar is today retailing everywhere in Nebraska at the rate of \$117 a ton. And the funny part of it is that the people stand for it.

Nebraska democrats seem to be playing a waiting game in the matter of supreme judges. There will probably be but three democrats file for the nominations, and as there are three to elect it will not be necessary to make a fight in the primary. With the republicans it is different. There are already five filings for the three places, including the three incumbents, with more in prospect.

After attending a couple of sessions of the excise board we make free to extend our sympathies to Messrs. Unland and Porter and Mayor Armstrong, especially Messrs. Unland and Porter. His honor, the mayor, receives a pretty fair salary, but Unland and Porter receive only \$300 a year, and as badly as we need money we wouldn't undergo their worries a week for that amount of money. To have to sit for hours listening to a lot of legal rot, be pulled and hauled hither and yon, and have one's auriculars pumped full of hot air and secondhand libations—well, it is an undisputed fact

that Unland and Porter are earning the money.

In Colonial days Massachusetts used the ducking stool on confirmed gossips and mischiefmakers. Would to heaven we could resurrect one of those old duckingstools, erect it on the banks of Salt creek in close proximity to some sewer outlet, and work it up and down a few times with one certain mischiefmaking anti-saloon leaguer occupying the front end thereof. We have progressed a great distance since Colonial days, but by my haldiome, and gab-zooks, we've left behind some almighty good institutions.

The biggest battleship in the naval parade in honor of the coronation of King George was one of Uncle Sam's. Its appearance in the parade will induce Great Britain to build a bigger one, and then Uncle Sam will build a bigger one, and then John Bull will build a still bigger one, which will compel Uncle Sam to build one yet bigger, whereupon John Bull will go Uncle Sam one better, which means that Uncle Sam—O, what's the use? People who will stand to be taxed for that sort of dampoolishness are getting just what's coming to them.

A BIG TASK

President B. F. Bush, the new chief executive of the Missouri Pacific railroad, has told the public that his first task will be to rehabilitate and build up that great railroad system. We have heard something like this before, but not with the same degree of authority behind it. Candor compels the statement that the Missouri Pacific in Nebraska has degenerated into something like a joke, and that, too, in the face of the fact that it should, mile for mile, be one of the best paying systems in the state. It taps the richest agricultural districts of Nebraska, and affords an excellent service—or should—from and to the great southwest country. If President Bush will rebuild the system in Nebraska it will mean a great deal, not only to the Missouri Pacific but to the business interests of the eastern part of the state.

THE POSTAL CLERKS

No surprise need be felt that President Taft opposes the idea of federal clerks organizing into unions and affiliating with other trades unions. The president is a friend of organized labor, provided organized labor does nothing more than pay sick and death benefits. The trades union, however, that really does things for the betterment of its membership is not high in President Taft's favor. Mr. Dooley has given us a pretty good description of the kind of a labor union the president and many others favor: "A union wit' no strikes, no dues, no benefits, hardly ony wages an' dom few mimbers."