

editorial duty to roast everything that came along and failed to meet with our approval. Did a man oppose our political views? Immediately we proceeded to skin him and pickle the hide. Did some man differ from us on the matter of religion? Forthwith we proceeded to grill him on the spite of our disapproval, nor were we choice in the matter of epithets. As we look back from the vantage point of the now to the days of the then, we can see that we were very much like the belligerent William Goat that busies himself looking for something to butt.

It is different now. It may be that advancing age has not taught us wisdom, but it has at least rid us of a lot of dumb foolishness. And this habit of roasting and toasting those who differ from us is about the most foolish one a fellow can engage in. Advancing years has shown us wherein we were so often wrong, and the fellows we roasted were so often right, that we are now inclined to be very cautious. Besides, the saying of pleasant things leaves a much better flavor in the mouth. A few years ago we could not admit that a man could differ from us and be honest. We know better now, because nearly every day we discover that we were mistaken after honestly holding for years that we were right.

After all, good friends, it is not necessary to "knock" and "roast" and "toast" time too valuable to waste in wasting in order to show your disapproval. No one people. There is too much satisfaction in handing deserved bouquets around to waste time in shoving thorns into the time too valuable to waste in roasting hands of our opponents. It is us for the bouquet throwing from now on. We will in the future, as in the past, unhesitatingly condemn the wrong and plead with the wrongdoer, but never no more the "roast" or the "gridiron." Will Maupin's Weekly is dedicated to good cheer; to boosting for Nebraska and the men who are accomplishing things; to the sunshine of life; to handing bouquets to the living instead of wasting flowers upon the dead.

### HEBREW BAITING

The army colonel who, sought to prevent a private from taking an examination with a view to promotion to a lieutenancy simply because that private is a Jew, ought to be hissed out of the army. There is entirely too much of snobocracy in the army, anyhow. Put a fellow through West Point and then adorn his shoulders with some dinky little official straps, and immediately he becomes imbued with the idea that he is something of a lord, or duke, or earl, or something like that. He seems possessed of the idea that he is above the common herd, when

the fact of the matter is he is a charity scholar, educated at the expense of that same common herd and devoted to life as a paid servant of the people. If that Jewish private is mentally able to stand the examination he deserves his promotion—more so, perhaps than a West Point graduate. If we remember rightly the Jewish race has produced some almighty fine soldiers. We have never heard of a West Point graduate who could give any pointers to Gideon in the matter of strategy and fighting. David was some warrior himself; so was Joshua, and Moses was no slouch. As a fighter on the defensive Nehemiah made a record. Begin with Moses' time and name a half-dozen leaders in any one of the world's great activities—war, peace painting, music, sculpture, philanthropy, and others—and the chances are that you will name one or more members of the Jewish race in each group of six. In this connection we venture to repeat a quotation from the lips of Rabbi Hirsch of New York: "There never was but one perfect Christian, and He was a Jew."

### THE THRIFTY HALES

The Hale family of Maine seems to be a very thrifty lot. Frederick, son of former Senator Hale, received \$50,000 for services on a boundary commission, the money being paid on a simple voucher "O. K'd" by Secretary Knox. At another time a \$20,000 appropriation to the geoditic survey was mysteriously raised to \$25,000, and the extra \$5,000 paid to Hale. The house committee is on track of other monies that found its way into the hands of members of the Hale family through divers and sundry channels. The state department has some queer ways of doing business, and the house committee is bringing them to light. As it proceeds it is revealed that our senators, representatives and other high officials have an amazing retinue of dependent relatives, all of whom have been getting the crumbs regularly, some of the crumbs looking suspiciously like whole loaves.

### A PLUGGED-UP RECORD

Postmaster General Hitchcock claims that under his administration the postoffice department shows a surplus for the first time in its history. The claim, however, is based upon the figures of a very peculiar system of bookkeeping. By demoralizing the service, reducing the pay and increasing the time of already underpaid and overworked railway clerks, and by various other devices, the postmaster general is able to make a showing. The fact of the matter is, the postoffice department has never lost money. The an-

nual deficit has never been as large as the benefits the government has secured. Be it remembered that the government does not credit the department with the hundreds of tons of government mail handled each year, nor for the franking privilege of thousands of officials. Nor should the postoffice department be profitable. It is owned by the public, and the public is entitled to whatever advantages there may be in the way of postal rates.

### CHEER UP, BROTHER

The San Francisco Labor Clarion, than which there is no cleaner, more forceful or better edited representative of organized labor in the world, complains because an esteemed contemporary uses Clarion editorials without due credit. What's the use? There always will be editors who can scissor better stuff than they can write, and prefer to do so. That is one reason why the Clarion editorials are clipped. Time was when we waxed wroth and grew superheated under the neckwear when we saw one of our brilliant mental effusions clipped and printed without credit. But we soon came to appreciate it as a compliment paid us—an admission by the clipper that he couldn't write it so well and wanted to make a favorable impression on his readers anyhow. The mission of Will Maupin's Weekly is to spread the gospel of good cheer, and while it would like to have credit for all its accomplishments in that direction, it is much more interested in the spread than in the credit. If the Clarion does not want its editorials clipped and run without credit, it has the remedy close to hand. Let its editor quit writing stuff worth cribbing.

### GOOD ROADS IN NEBRASKA

Adoption of sounding resolutions and delivering of eloquent speeches will not suffice to improve the roads of Nebraska. "Good roads meetings" will serve a good purpose only as they succeed in inducing men to get right down to the work of making roads. And the means of making good country roads in Nebraska are ready to hand. If every farmer will simply drag the roads abutting on his property, and drag them at the proper time and in the proper way, the good roads problem is practically solved in Nebraska. In the city every lot owner is compelled to lay a sidewalk of a certain kind in front of his lot. Let a law be enacted compelling farmers to drag the roads abutting on their property a specified number of times a year at the order of a competent road supervisor. That is simplest and best way of securing good roads in Nebraska. It is time to stop the criminal waste of money now caused by our foolish, incompetent and antediluvian methods of "road building."