

COLEMAN, PUBLICITY MAN

The visit of George Coleman of Boston to Lincoln was a big business event. Not to know Coleman is to argue yourself unknown. He is a president. Not of the United States, but of the next biggest thing in this western hemisphere—the Associated Ad Clubs of North America.

And to be president of such an aggregation of organizations, made up of men engaged in the greatest work in the world—advertising—requires a big man, big in ability and personality and aggressiveness and tact. Coleman is all of those things—and then some.

President Coleman found Lincoln alive to the importance of his visit. He was met at the depot by a committee of enthusiastic publicity men, and this committee whirled him about Lincoln and showed him the prettiest city full homes, great educational institutions fits size in America. He saw beautifications, thriving industrial plants and a people who showed every evidence of push and enterprise.

Then, at noon, at the Lindell hotel, he sat down at table with 300 enterprising business men who came to welcome him and listen to him. And they were well repaid. President Westfall of the Lincoln Ad Club presided as toastmaster and introduced S. R. McKelvie who told the guest of honor a few things about Nebraska. Then State Treasurer George was introduced and he, in a witty little speech introduced Mr. Coleman.

After expressing his pleasure and gratification at the honors accorded him, Mr. Coleman proceeded to outline what was going to happen at the Dallas convention, and he pictured it so well that immediately 300 men made up their minds to be there. Then in well chosen words and with an air that lent conviction, Mr. Coleman proceeded to tell of the purpose of the Associated Ad Clubs.

"We have laid the foundation for honesty and truthfulness in advertising in the last two years under the administration of President Dobbs. It is my ambition that during my administration we shall lay the foundations for efficiency in advertising. Then, with honesty and truthfulness in advertising, coupled with efficiency, the field broadens to our vision and invites us to our best efforts."

Upon this phase of the advertising question Mr. Coleman dwelt at some length. Then he entered upon his peroration, and doing so brought out hearty applause.

"Three things have marked epochs in the history of the last hundred years—the application of steam to the industrial world, the application of scientific thinking to the mental world. We are now entering upon that but upon co-operation. When that epoch, and that is the epoch when co-operation shall take the place of competition. Not that competition will be eliminated, but the emphasis will no longer put upon that but upon co-operation. When that epoch shall have dawned in its full, then shall we enter upon our manifest destiny.

"We are in the midst of troublous times, and is it any wonder? These three things I have named, the age of steam, the age of scientific thinking and the age of co-operation—all these lines are converging to a common center, and we have therefore these unsettled conditions. But as in the past we will settle them and apply them rightly. Co-operation in its fullness, not wholly without competition, for that is needed to some extent to spur ambition, when all are working for a common end, the common good—then shall we be prepared to go forward, knowing well that prosperity is ours to command."

During the serving of the luncheon Ad Club songs were sung, several of them having direct reference to the guest of honor. "Jack" Matthews acted as choirmaster and showed himself thoroughly capable in that as in other things.

A number of the city's leading merchants listened to Mr. Coleman with deep interest and took occasion to

meet him personally after the luncheon. Mr. Coleman left at 2 o'clock for Omaha where he was the guest of the Omaha Ad Club in the evening.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

If you wonder why the average man, and especially the very poor man, has lost respect for the courts and holds to the opinion that they are used to obstruct justice instead of to insure it, let them study the case of the poor Bohemian of Omaha. Two years ago he was maimed for life in an accident. He sued the corporation maiming him, and after having his case postponed a couple of times in district court he finally secured a verdict for \$2,000 damages. The defendant corporation took the full six months in which to perfect an appeal to the supreme court. The case has been in the supreme court nearly a year, and if it takes its regular turn it will be at least eighteen months before it can be heard. In the meantime the poor maimed Bohemian, ignorant of our language and customs, crippled for life and unable to earn enough to supply even his simple wants, is wondering where justice is. This poor devil actually walked on his crutches from Omaha to Lincoln, part of the way through last Saturday's storm, in order to learn at first hand, if possible, why he could not get the money that a court and a jury of twelve men said is rightfully due him.

And the case is typical of thousands of others. The delays of the law are invoked, not to escape the payment of judgments, but to discourage the bringing of suits for damages. The question of justice is not considered for a minute. "Law the poor devils to the limit, and we'll be able to settle for a small sum hereafter." That seems to be the course pursued, and the courts, instead of putting a stop to it, are actually encouraging it.

We realize full well that corporations are too often sued without warrant, and that too often they are made the "goat" simply because they are corporations. But isn't this, after all, another indictment of the courts?

A NEEDED AMENDMENT.

As a matter of justice, of expediency and of sentiment, Will Maupin's Weekly is an ardent advocate of equal suffrage. It doesn't care whether a majority of women want the ballot or not, so long as even one woman wants to vote she should have that right. To deny it is to give the lie to the stand taken by our forefathers against taxation without representation. Foolishly we have allowed to grow up in this country an industrial system that compels more than 7,000,000 women to be wage earners. It is unjust to compel these wage earners to live under laws and conditions in the making of which they are denied a part. First, last and all the time, this newspaper will be found demanding that justice be done to the women of this republic.

But we warn the women—God bless 'em—that our election laws must be changed in more than one respect ere they may feel privileged to enjoy the ballot. Not only must the constitution be amended by striking out the word "male," but the ballot law must be changed somewhat. The ballot law now provides that booths must be constructed in such manner as to afford the voter strict privacy, but it is further provided that they must be constructed in such manner that when the voter enters that voter's person must be "visible from the knees down." To avoid any possible embarrassment, and to insure a full vote from the women when comes the time they are permitted to vote at all elections, we insist that this particular section of the ballot law be amended. And in order that our motives may not be misconstrued we insist that the curtain in front of the booth be lowered.

The steady "thump! thump! thump!" you hear during all the daylight hours is only the sounds of big, fat, well cured ears of Nebraska corn hitting the "throw boards" on Nebraska farm wagons. Mighty sweet music, too, if anybody asks you.

CURRENT COMMENT. (Continued from Page 1)

The stock argument against woman's suffrage is: "Women can not bear arms, therefore should not be allowed to vote." That argument gives us a groping pain in our abandon, as Mrs. Partington would say. True women can not bear arms, but they can bear children—by the side of which service the bearing of arms is mere pastime. They can not bear arms, but they do bear the children who bear arms. There never was a soldier on the field of battle who made greater sacrifice for his country or his flag than the little woman who goes down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring back with her the tiny life that shall bloom and blossom into citizenship. The man who opposes woman's suffrage because women can not bear arms ought to be ashamed of himself. He isn't worthy the name of man, and even more unworthy of a good wife and mother than the average man.

"Champ Clark will learn in time that the American people never elect a joker to the presidency," gravely remarks the Omaha Bee. The trouble with the Bee is that it wouldn't know a joke or a joker under any circumstances. We wouldn't trust as far as we could throw a bull by the tail a man who hasn't a sense of humor—and a pretty well developed sense of humor, too. The greatest president this republic ever had was a confirmed joker. Perhaps no prominent man in American history had the sense of humor more perfectly developed than Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, it was this sense of humor that enabled Lincoln to bear up under the awful load upon his shoulders. We would advise the Bee to study up on history a bit before it attempts to put the political ban on the men who loves a good joke or a good story. That sort of thing would subject us to an awful lot of disagreeable conditions.

The New York Times makes very clear the fact known to all observing men that without the support of Mr. Bryan the democratic party cannot hope to elect a president in 1912. Perhaps the democrats can not elect a president with Mr. Bryan's support—but without it they are fighting utterly without hope. The Times is for either Harmon or Wilson, with a decided preference for Harmon. In the humble opinion of this little newspaper Harmon can not make it because he would not be able to swing the west. Wilson would get fine support west of the Mississippi river, but could he get support east of that historic stream? That's the burning question. Will Maupin's Weekly still insists that the logical democratic candidate is Champ Clark of Missouri.

Col. H. P. Shumway of Wakefield, former senator from that section, was a caller upon the business manager of this institution the first of the week. Col. Shumway is taking an active part in educational work, especially in the scientific agriculture branch. But he is not too busy to engage in politics, and may again be a candidate for senator from that district. Having made a capable and hard working representative on a former occasion there seems to be no reason why he should not be re-elected without much opposition.

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CLOTHING

CHEAP

NOT CHEAP CLOTHING

There is a vast difference—mark it. Poor clothing is dear at any price. Good clothing is always a bargain. We have the real clothing bargains—bargains because you get extraordinary value for your money, and because you get the bargain right now when the season is beginning, not at the season's end when stocks are picked over and the choice garment taken. This is a point deserving of your consideration.

We Make the Bargain Price Now!

Elsewhere you will find garments of perhaps less value at the same price under the title of "season's clearing sale," or something like that.

We have an immense line of suits and overcoats—none better made in American garment factories—at prices ranging from

Ten to Thirty Dollars

They are built for youths and men who want service, combined with skill in workmanship, style in finish and material in fabrics.

We call the especial attention of organized workers to the fact that we handle the largest lines of union made clothing, hats, caps, shoes, shirts, etc., in this section. We take pride in the fact that we can outfit the union man from head to feet in union made articles.

This is the real bargain store of Lincoln—and the bargains NOW.

SPEIER & SIMON

10th and O Streets

WE SAVE YOU MONEY

On the Corner

On the Square

When in the senate in 1891 Col. Shumway was the only republican senator from the North Platte country.

THE LINNELL CASE.

It is perhaps to be expected that ministers in this vicinity should refer from the pulpit to the tragic death of Miss Linnell, but no occasion arises for churches or pastors to take the defensive. Even if the worst should be proved, the circumstances only teach us that ministers are mortal—something we already know. The church universal ought not to suffer if it should be proved that one churchman has gone astray.

Instances of evil doing among clergymen are rare, and when one is accused of a capital offense a shock naturally is communicated to the community. Ministers and church members are the innocent sufferers in a case of the sort now stirring Massachusetts, and they are entitled to sympathy, for they suffer in a matter for which they have no responsibility.

A case like the one presented by the death of Miss Linnell should not be permitted to agitate the emotions of a community any longer than is absolutely necessary, and an early trial of the accused, with a just disposition of the case, either by conviction or acquittal, is demanded. English justice did not take long in the Crippen case, the Beattie trial in Virginia of recent date was quickly over, and it would seem that here is another case which calls for prompt action.—Boston Globe.

THIS IS A TRUE STORY.

Something like thirty years ago a young German immigrant landed in Dodge county without any other assets than a wife, a couple of children, a poor team of horses, a cow, a few chickens and a wagon. He worked as a farm hand for a year or two, then rented a

farm. Inside of five years he had bought an 80-acre tract, paying part cash and giving a mortgage for the balance. In a few years he had his little farm clear, well improved and well stocked. Four years ago he harkened to the lure of the Canadian northwest and sold his Dodge county farm for \$125 an acre, spot cash. He went to Canada and remained there two years. Then he hastened back to Dodge county and bought back his little farm, paying \$135 an acre for it. In other words, the man who bought it from him had the land free for two years, and a premium of \$10 an acre for farming it. And that German-American farmer has learned his lesson. He knows that there is no better farm land in the world than in Nebraska.

The man who owns an 80-acre or 160-acre tract of land in the corn belt of Nebraska has a potential fortune. It all depends upon his own energy and industry.

LISTEN TO A GREAT TRUTH.

Election is over and no matter whether all of your candidates were elected or not, Nebraska still has all of her broad and fertile acres to bring prosperity to her people. Nebraska contains the largest acreage of loess soil in the known world, according to reports made directly to the editor from our national expert, so that no matter how this or that election may go, you still have the richest heritage, the most productive state and a climate equal to the best. It is simply a question of activity and application and the rainy day problem will have vanished.—Blue Springs Sentinel.

We haven't advertised Nebraska very extensively as an apple country, but it is well to note that this year's apple crop was so big the growers couldn't get 'em all in before the frosts came.