

While attending an Ad Club luncheon the other night we heard a Lincoln business man tell how he advertised and why. That was all right. But before he got through he seized the opportunity to criticize the advertising policy of other business men—one in particular, who happens to handle a similar line of goods. The speaker said the competitor in question wasted a lot of advertising space, and we wondered. The critic is doing business in a room 24 feet wide by 100 feet long. The competitor he criticized is doing business on two floors, each 100 feet wide and 142 feet long.

They have said some pretty harsh things about Dahlman recently, but has it ever been charged that he allowed his father to die in a public institution? We've heard it charged that a man very loud spoken in opposition to Dahlman did that very thing.

MR. THOMPSON'S WAGER

Very often we are compelled to admire a man's bravery while condemning his judgment. The offer of Mr. Thompson, recently given much publicity, is a case in point. We are not surprised that Mr. Thompson's offer was not accepted. It reminded us of the story of the two tramps in a box car playing poker and betting imaginary money.

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars," said one.

"I'll see your thousand and raise you a million," said the other.

"I'll see you willion and raise you a billion," came back the other.

"I'll see that billion and raise you a duo-decillion," said the other.

"Take it, you educated pup," said the other one. "You win with your dodgasted education, for I don't know what the next highest amount is."

Mr. Thompson had us all buffaloed with his money, for it's pretty hard for a lot of us to think in terms of tens of thousands. We'll take Mr. Thompson on with his little wager for charity if he'll make the terms even.

Mr. Thompson is reputed to be a millionaire several times over. We don't know how much he is worth, but feel pretty safe in saying that it is three millions. We are worth about \$3,000 over and above all indebtedness, counting equity in a home that is mortgaged, a printing plant not wholly paid for and household goods and chattels. In other words, for each dollar we are worth Mr. Thompson is worth a thousand dollars. Now we are getting down to brass tacks, and here's our offer:

Mr. Thompson says there are 1,500 vacant houses and apartments in Lincoln. We say not, putting the limit at 500 or less. Mr. Thompson says he is willing to back his judgment with money. So are we. We'll agree to donate to charity 10 cents for every vacant apartment and house over 500 if Mr. Thompson will agree to donate \$100 to public charity for every vacant apartment and residence under the 1,500 he claims. That's making the terms even as between us and Mr. Thompson.

Public charity is bound to win either way it goes.

We cheerfully admit that there may have been a lessening of what Mr. Thompson is pleased to call "bright spots," but we insist, upon the other hand that there has been a corresponding decrease in the number of slippery spots. And as for the loss of "ozone," we have been told by medical sharps that too much ozone, or oxygen, is bad, for with an excess of oxygen our hearts pump too fast and we live faster than we ought, thus shortening our days. We are so well satisfied with this old world of ours that we prefer a little less oxygen and longer life to an increased supply of oxygen and a corresponding shortening of the days we hope to spend here below.

What we especially object to, in this whole matter, however, is that Mr. Thompson 'knocks' on the city. He has no moral right to do that. He injures us when he does it. He may injure himself if he feels so disposed, but he has no moral right to injure the rest of us. Mr. Thompson hasn't got as much invested in Lincoln as we have, for only a small part of his possessions are in Lincoln, and every bit of ours is. Lincoln might become another "Deserted Village" tomorrow without seriously inconveniencing Mr. Thompson, but it would mean absolute beggary of a lot of us.

And mind you, we are not very much concerned about this liquor question, either. We are not now, and never have, objected to the sale or use of liquor. We are fighting the system. After the advocates of "personal liberty" and "regulation" and the advocates of prohibition which never has prohibited—after all these have frothed and faunched until they quit from sheer exhaustion, we'll arrive at a sane conclusion. We'll remove all license and those of us who want liquor will go to a grocery store and get it or order it

by phone. Then there will be no licensed saloons with their menace to public morals. The liquor question will not enter politics. The revenue will not act as a bribe to the public nor to public officials. The city, state and nation will not be a partner in the business. That will not mean "bright spots" such as Mr. Thompson mentions. But it will mean a commonsense solution of a mighty pressing problem.

WHY NOT ADMIT THE TRUTH?

Why not admit what every thoughtful man knows to be the truth—that LaFollette, Cummins, Beveridge, Bristow, Norris, Bourne and others of the so-called insurgents are but giving louder, and perhaps better, voice to the very same ideas that the old-time populist, of the late '80's and early '90's voiced? Men who become leaders today do not become so because they originate the ideas they voice. They have merely had the good fortune to become the men who have focalized the thoughts and aspirations of humble and unknown men of generations past. The old-time populist knew something was wrong, and he had a pretty good idea what and where it was. Unskilled in politics and unaccustomed to public debate, he could not shine with the brilliance of men of a later day who benefitted by research of others. And even the populist owed much to the greenbacker who preceded him.

The populist of 1888 saw first, but perhaps not so clearly, what LaFollette and Beveridge and others are making plainer to us. The populist may have had "vagaries," but he at least had an inkling of the fundamentals. And even if the populist party never got very far in the way of securing political control through the party, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the movement he started proved to be the greatest political educator of modern times. This country owes a debt of gratitude to the pioneer populists of the middle west.

ABOUT MEN YOU KNOW

Much has been said lately about Mr. Dahlman's career as a member of the late unlamented appointive board of secretaries of the farcical "state board of railway commissioners." It will have to be admitted that Mr. Dahlman's services as secretary were quite as beneficial to the people as those of any other secretary. But it would be mighty interesting to everybody if we could have a full and free comparison between the actual record of Mr. Dahlman in that capacity and the record of another secretary who is now quite prominent in the movement against which Mr. Dahlman has set his face.

The late W. H. Cowgill, state railway commissioner, was a man whom it was an inspiration to meet and know. He fairly radiated sunshine and good cheer. As a public official he was attentive to duty and gave the state his best service. As a citizen he stood in the front ranks, and as a friend and neighbor he excelled in all those good qualities that men love and honor—often too late for the recipient of the honor to know. Not being given to standing in the spotlight, Mr. Cowgill's real ability and good service to the state were not fully realized. In his death Nebraska suffered a real loss.

Already there are numerous applicants for the position made vacant by the death of Mr. Cowgill. Without discounting to any degree the ability of any of the applicants for the position, we have no hesitancy in declaring that Governor Sralenberg could settle the matter to the satisfaction of a great many people by appointing a man who has not, and will not apply for it. Quiet, unassuming but vigorous and able John Furse, present secretary of the governor, would be an ideal man to appoint. He is a lawyer of ability, he knows men, and he is a diplomat of splendid proportions.

The announcement that John W. Cutright has been made managing editor of the Lincoln Star will be hailed with delight by a host of newspaper men as well as by a host of others who know Mr. Cutright. His appointment to that position is a tribute to the ability of one of the ablest newspaper men in the west, as well as an evidence of the sound judgment of the new proprietors of the Star. And, by the way, The Star is giving many evidences of rapid improvement as a newspaper these days.

While out on the recent trade excursion Mr. Charles Quiggle was made the republican nominee for mayor of Lincoln at the next city