

election. Why not? One of the best recommendations Mr. Quiggle could produce is the fact that he refused re-election to the city council because that body seemed much more capable of "playing horse" than of handling the city's business sensibly. Really we would be inclined to support Mr. Quiggle for that very act, even if there were no other reasons to advance in his favor. A man of such good judgment, and willingness to express it and stand by it, would be a pretty good man to entrust with the city's business.

E. L. Fulton, a Nebraska born boy, is again candidate for election to congress from the Oklahoma district in which is situated Oklahoma City. Mr. Fulton was elected four years ago but defeated for re-election by a narrow margin. The indications are that he will win this time by a handsome majority, although he is up against one of the wildest and strongest men the republicans have, Bird Maguire.

Senator Owen of Oklahoma is a rattling good story teller, even if he does not make a specialty of them in his public speeches. But he can tell one in good style when necessary to emphasize a point. We hope readers will pardon a reference to family, but the story is a good one and susceptible of wide application. Elder Maupin of Hennessey, Oklahoma, is a retired Christian minister and a very radical republican. A year or so ago Senator Owen went to Hennessey to make a speech, and while there was introduced to Elder Maupin.

"Well, senator," said the Elder, "I suppose you have come up here to convince us republicans of the error of our ways."

"I hardly dare hope to do that, because—" here the senator smiled and then continued: "But that reminds me of a story. An old-time Campbellite preacher held a meeting in a country school house, and with chart and blackboard began giving the reasons for his denominational faith. A couple of old-time hardshell Baptist preachers were in his audience, and after he had talked for an hour, using chart and board, one of the old Baptists leaned over to the other and whispered: 'That man is about half right.' 'He's all right,' whispered the other, 'but I'd go to hell before I'd admit it.'"

The day funeral services were held over the remains of Omar H. Rothacker, a little knot of Omaha newspaper men stood on the corner of Tenth and Farnum and watched the funeral cortege pass slowly by on its way to the depot. Would-be Senator Al Sorenson, with tear-filled eyes, gazed upon the plume-decked hearse, and with a voice choked by sobs said:

"Poor Rothacker. The most brilliant man the profession has known, but so uncertain, so erratic. If the truth were known this is probably the first appointment he ever kept."

Adjutant General John Hartigan has some queer ideas. He actually entertains the idea that the state militia should be under discipline, and that the members thereof should actually strive to learn how to be real soldiers. This sort of a stand is so unusual that it is exciting considerable comment as well as some wonderment. The result, however, of General Hartigan's queer ideas is that while the state may have fewer militiamen than usual, it has rather more men who are acquainting themselves with the duties of a militiaman. It is gradually percolating through the militia skull of Nebraska that there is a disciplinarian running the war department of this state right now.

We opine that Senator Burkett will manage to make dates keeping him out of Lincoln indefinitely. Charles O. Whedon shows every evidence of keeping close watch for the senator's return, and the bulge showing on the Whedon right breast clearly indicates some documents rightfully entitled to the designation of "hot stuff."

While reprinting Dahlman stories from the New York daily papers, the State Journal might, if it would reprint from those same papers some mighty interesting articles concerning the republican candidate for governor.

A vote for John E. Miller for representative is a vote to secure the services of a thorough business man whose success in private business is a guarantee of his ability to serve the business interests of the people.

By iterating and reiterating the charges against Dahlman the State Journal manages to refrain from finding time to discuss the other serious charges preferred against Aldrich.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

The nation loses heavily by the death of Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, who died at his home in Fort Dodge last Saturday night. Senator Dolliver was for many years a hard-and-fast party man, but he early became imbued with the spirit of revolt against partisan bondage and by reason of his commanding ability tireless energy and devotion to his ideals he became one of the leaders in what is undoubtedly the greatest uplift movement ever known in American political life. Senator Dolliver left an indelible impress upon the thought of his generation, yet his life's work had just begun when the grim messenger called upon him. But he accomplished enough to point young men to the better way in American politics. Republican Iowa, easily the first among the republican states in the revolt against party tyranny, will experience difficulty in finding a man capable of filling the place left vacant by the death of Senator Dolliver. But with Senator Cummins still in the thick of the battle for political reform, Iowa will not lag back in the movement. It is to be hoped that Governor Carroll will prove big enough to select wisely the temporary successor to Senator Dolliver. The death of Dolliver is not alone a loss to Iowa; it is a loss that will fall heavily upon the progressive west.

Walter Wellman, who is, by the way, a Nebraska product, has at last pulled off another Wellman advertising stunt. His recent spectacular "dash for the pole," which was such a glittering failure in every way save that of advertising Wellman, is still fresh in the public mind. This time his advertising stunt takes the form of an attempt to cross the Atlantic in a huge dirigible balloon. The start was made last Saturday morning. By the time this issue of The Wagoner is off the press the trip will either have scored a success or a failure. Whatever the balloon does, however, Wellman will have gained another bit of advertising. That is, unless the balloon drops into the Atlantic and the whole party sinks beneath the waves.

P. S.—He dropped before he was well started.

One of the interesting queries now awaiting answer is: "What will President Taft do for the 'lame ducks' of his administration?" A "lame duck," by the way is an administration congressman who has either been defeated for re-nomination by a progressive, or will be defeated by a democrat at the November election. Already there are numerous "lame ducks" anxiously awaiting an answer, and still more who know full well that they will be "lame ducks" immediately after November 8. James Tawney of Minnesota is one of the most conspicuous "lame ducks." He will demand something good for all his blind fidelity to party. J. A. T. Hull of Iowa is another one who will insist on having something that will permit him to continue enjoying high life in Washington. McKinley of California is another "lame duck" who will insist that he be taken care of in his crippled condition. President Taft is going to have a lot of trouble in finding hospital accommodations for all those who have been crippled in their attempts to bolster up a "standpat" administration that won on a "revision downward" promise.

The death of Julia Ward Howe calls renewed attention to the fact that after all it has not been so very long since the closing of the greatest war known to civilized history. Mrs. Howe achieved her greatest fame because of her authorship of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," but that was not all that she accomplished in a long, useful and singularly sweet career extending over nine decades. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was as good as any army division, for it inspired men wherever it was sung, just as it is an inspiration to patriotism today. Some people never outlive their usefulness, and Mrs. Howe was one of these. Her beautiful life was an example, just as her magnificent song was an inspiration in the dark days when the nation needed inspiration.

Mr. Aldrich strenuously denies that there was anything shady or crooked about his connection with the rather savory divorce case in New York in which the affidavit of a Nebraska woman was to have played an important part. His declaration that he was not an attorney of record in the case is entitled to no weight whatever. The question is, did Mr. Aldrich have anything to do with procuring a false affidavit, knowing it to be false? He says not. The affiant says yes. The fact that Mr. Aldrich represented the plaintiff in the case in other transactions, and was present in the court room when the affiant admitted perjury and testified that Mr. Aldrich