

claimed. 'There's a bill for \$27.88 for gas during the month of August. We left the house on July 29, and I just got back yesterday, four days after the last of August. There hasn't been a soul in the house for thirty-three days until day before yesterday, when I got back. I've simply slept out there, taking my meals down town. Now here's a bill for \$27.88 for the month when there wasn't a foot of gas used.'

"I tried to pacify him, but he insisted he was being robbed and jobbed, and said he wanted a man to go right out and inspect the meter. I finally sent a man out with him. A couple of hours later he walked in, rather humble, and paid the bill. When I asked for an explanation he said:

"We found the oven burners of the gas stove going full tilt. I guess my wife forgot to turn them off after getting breakfast the day we left."

What's the Joke?

Every now and then one finds floating around in the channels of trade one of those old pennies having an eagle on the obverse side, the eagle being represented with outstretched wings. President McKelvie of the Ad club had one the other day and meeting E. H. Truman showed it to him and asked:

"Do you know why the eagle is represented as flying?"

"No, why?" asked Truman.

"Because it is on a cent."

Truman smiled, of course, and passed on. Later he became possessed of a similar penny and showing it to Leo Soukup asked: "Soukup, why is the eagle represented as flying?"

"Search me," replied Soukup. "Why is it?"

"Because he smells something," exclaimed Truman.

(Diagram: Truman was born in England.)

Hard Luck.

"Time was," remarked Forry Moore the other day, "when hard luck stories did not appeal to me. However, that was before I and several other Lincoln fellows took the road with our late lamented minstrel show. Before starting I took the precaution to invest in a meal ticket at F. X. Clark's restaurant in the Salisbury block. When we finally managed to struggle home I felt all right because my eats were provided for for some days to come. I rushed to the restaurant and ate a hearty meal. On my way to the cashier's desk I dropped the ticket, and a man behind me who wore hobnailed shoes stepped on it and punched out nineteen meals."

Deserving of Praise.

"Perhaps we deserve an occasional roasting for the poorness of some of our attractions," admitted Manager Zehrung of the Oliver, in a burst of confidence.

"But," he continued, cheering up a bit, "I think that the knockers ought to pause now and then and give us a bit of credit for not booking some of the attractions offered."

An army of policemen and detectives swarmed around the participants in the Dices-Gould wedding. Naturally. The people attending as guests got theirs mostly that way, and of course they were suspicious of one another.

CURT COMMENT OF THE DAY

Tacked away into obscure corners of the papers last Sunday, and printed under an ordinary two-line head, was the announcement of the death of a man who held the undivided attention of the civilized world a few years ago. This man, a farmer, held the British empire at bay for months, and made one of the most notable fights for freedom ever waged by man. For years he has been forgotten of the world that once gave him undivided attention. General Piet J. Cronje showed the world that a Boer farmer could meet the trained military strategists of the world and outgeneral them; he proved that a Boer farmer could, with a handful of untrained men, nerved by love of home and freedom, hold back for months the armies of a Kitchener and a Roberts. Given one-half the men and one-half the wealth backing Roberts and Kitchener, and Cronje would have made Great Britain look as humble as little Japan made arrogant Russia look. But it was not to be. Like the brave man and gallant soldier that he was, Cronje accepted the result and retired to his farm home. When he died one of the world's great soldiers died; and likewise one of the noble characters of this generation. And he received a paragraph dead where he received pages while fighting for freedom. "How soon we are forgotten when we are gone," sighed Rip Van Winkle.

Disregarding the lesson taught by the failure of other international matrimonial alliances, and especially the most disastrous one in which another Gould girl figured to her sorrow, another Gould girl has linked her fortune to the title of another scion of a washed-out nobility. Last Tuesday Helen Vivien Gould, the 18-year-old daughter of George Jay Gould, gave her hand to Lord Decise, aged 44 years, of England. The papers were full of it. The bridal train was five-yards long, heavily weighted with silver and made a load for two sturdy pages who carried it. The floral decorations of the church cost \$50,000; the bride's trousseau cost as much more; the wedding presents on display cost a million or more, and as many more were not displayed; the wedding cake was the most elaborate creation of the kind ever seen in New York. Of course the newspapers printed all that rot because the public wants it and demands it. But it is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the public. While all these millions were being squandered—or worse than squandered—in a vulgar display of wealth, within a stone's throw of all the revelry exists the most utter and abject misery and woe. Within the shadow of the mansion is the blight of the slum; within sound of the music of revelry is the stifled sob of widow and orphans starving and freezing; within sound of the wedding march hopeless and helpless humanity going down to unmarked graves because of human greed and human selfishness and human indifference. It is a merry world, my masters!

Despite the censorship maintained by the government of Mexico enough has leaked across the border to indicate that the Mexican rebellion is something more than a mere riot. We love to prate about our "sister republic of Mexico," but the fact remains that no monarch of Europe is more despotic than Diaz, nor has any European country, not even Russia, a greater degree of serfdom to the "upper classes" than Mexico. And the pity of it all is that our own government has lent itself to the monarchial schemes of Diaz and helped him to throttle the aspirations of Mexicans who yearn for

real freedom—for the substance instead of the shadow. But this republic has lost something since the day it refused to recognize the Boers in South Africa and bought sovereignty over "yellow-bellies" at \$2 per head.

Is Mr. Morgan and his cohorts planning a magazine trust? Really it looks like it. Having practically throttled the big daily newspapers by using the business office to throttle the editorial rooms, "Big Business" thought it would have easy sailing. But "Big Business" had failed to reckon with the magazines. "Everybody's" started the trouble with its Lawson articles, and there was soon trouble a-plenty for "Big Business." It is due to the magazines more than to any other agency that we had so much light shed upon "Big Business" methods, which light brought about reforms. And the thanks of the people are due the magazines despite the appellation of "muckrakers" applied by the "Strenuous One." The American Magazine has been secured by one of Morgan's partners, and negotiations for others are well under way. The plan is to get all the big magazines into the hands of men representing a community of interests. That will stop the "muckraking" of course. Then will follow the exploitation of the magazine business, just as our railroads, our street railways, our gas companies and our water works systems have been exploited. Magazines are no longer luxuries; they are necessities of life. Hence "Big Business" will profit. But it will be a sorry day for the United States when the magazines are throttled as the daily press has been throttled.

While Representative McKelvie's bill appropriating \$50,000 for the extension of farm education is being vigorously pushed, who is pushing with equal vigor some sort of legislation in the interests of the 75,000 wage earners of Nebraska, half of whom work around dangerous machinery, and none of whom has the slightest protection in law. Far be it from Will Maupin's Weekly to oppose the expenditure in the interests of agriculture, but it does insist that the 350,000 Nebraskans dependent upon industrial pursuits are entitled to as much protection and paternal care in proportion to their numbers as the 600,000 people dependent upon agriculture. Yet Nebraska pays more to prevent cholera in hogs than it does to protect its industrial workers from the ravages of consumption; and it spends a thousand dollars to educate farmers how to improve their methods where it spends a penny to teach mechanics and artisans how to improve their methods and conditions. Gentlemen of the Nebraska legislature, it is not fair; it is not just.

The spectacular robbery of Rector's cafe in Chicago last Sunday morning merely goes to show how easy it is to scare men. Also how easy it is to get away with the money. A lone bandit holds up an entire train. A couple of men terrorize a crowd in a bank and ride away with a sackful of money. The Rector incident is not without its humorous phase, for we are informed by the dispatches that the Chicago police "believe the robbery the work of a professional crook who had planned it for some time." Wonderful perspicacity possessed by these Chicago sieuths. One would naturally suppose that the robbery was the work of a college professor or a clergyman, committed on the spur of the moment.