

TALKING OF MEN AND THINGS

An enterprising local dealer in furniture and other things has his display window full of baby carriages, and the display labeled, "1911 Styles." Of course, he refers to the carriages, not the babies. There will be no new styles in babies this year. They will be just the same little, red-faced, fuzzy-haired, wrinkled-nosed, pudgy-fisted little darlings that have been coming into the world ever since Eve presented Cain to Adam and shortly after presented him with another one because she was able. They will come into the world with the same shrill cries of protest, and through the travail of mothers who have gone down into the valley of the shadow to bring their little souls into the sunlight. They will come along with the same old croup, and measles, and sniffles and colic; develop into stone-bruises and sore toes and blistered fingers and aching hearts, and wind up by becoming mothers and fathers themselves and watching with delight the unfolding of the mysteries that have been locked up in every baby that has come crying and protesting into this old world. New styles in babies? Never! For all of which let us be duly thankful.

Justice to Mayor Love demands that an explanation be given of the interview printed recently in a Sioux City paper, and which was republished under a Sioux City date line by an enterprising evening newspaper of Lincoln that gets a large volume of "special telegrams" via the scissors route. Mayor Love wrote the letter early last October, and addressed it as a personal communication to an inquiring friend. It was written at a time when local labor conditions were good, and with the laudable intent of giving Lincoln a boost. By giving the letter to a newspaper for publication, three or four months after it was written, was something of a breach of confidence on the part of the recipient. It was an injustice to Mayor Love, which injustice was intensified by the enterprise of the local newspaper that made a "special telegram" of it without explaining that the matter was about four months old.

Labor conditions in Lincoln are not nearly so good as they might be, but to claim that this is due to any civic policy is merely to write one's self down as easily deceived. Lincoln is just like every other city, be it "wet" or "dry"—the victim of a slump in all lines of trade and industry. The only difference is that the slump has not hit Lincoln quite so hard as it has some other cities of its class.

There are many of us—perhaps a majority—who do not agree with Mayor Love on the excise policy. But although claiming allegiance to the republican party, Mayor Love is fundamentally a democrat. This is not meant in the partisan sense, but in the broad sense of the definition of "democracy." He stands for municipal ownership of municipal utilities; for the initiative, referendum and recall; for what is commonly called "the single tax," and for other things that wage-earners and thoughtful students of economics stand for. The mere fact that he differs from many of us on a proposition that has no place in economics should not deter us from giving him credit for being a progressive. The sooner we quit measuring all our heights and depths and lengths and breadths from a point we call "liquor regulation," the quicker we will solve some of the problems that vex us.

It is really pathetic to note the fear some of our good friends have that the corporations will find it easy to suspend a statute under the proposed 5 per cent petition for a referendum. The corporations may try the scheme once or twice, but after squandering their good money in vain a time or two they will quit it. And the 5 per cent proposition simply protects the people who are not equipped with a fine organization and supplied with unlimited means. Like the good old lady who was pained to learn that many people were dying who had never died before, some of our good friends who were never before greatly concerned about the interference of corporations in our political affairs are fearfully wrought up right now.

Noting that the train of Miss Gould's wedding gown was five yards long, the Kansas City Star cruelly remarks that it was "almost as long as some of her papa's Central Branch trains." It is too bad that our American aristocracy should be thus subjected to jibe and jeer.

The presence of a few silver coins in his vest pocket is all that saved the life of Guiano Lavanture at New Haven, Conn., the other day. The coins stopped a bullet fired at him by an angry compatriot. We hope no irate party will shoot at the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly until after a few more enterprising and appreciative Nebraskans have come across with their subscription. Right now a bullet would go through the editor with a rush.

Representative Norris of Nebraska ceased insuring long enough to line up with such fine old tariff reformers as Dalzell, Fordney, Gaines, Fassett and Scott against the adoption of the Canadian reciprocity agreement. We greatly fear that Representative Norris is allowing his insurgency to sit on crooked. The congressman who insists that he is for tariff revision—downward—and opposes reciprocity with Canada, owes it to himself and his constituency to do a lot of explaining.

Reports are to the effect that the wheat has come through the winter in good shape, despite the absence of snow. The North Platte country has had more moisture than the South Platte, but right now it seems that the entire state is enjoying an unusually fine February soaking. This means a lot that is good for the coming season. The grave danger now is that we'll have spring weather too early, followed by a freeze that will knock the fruit buds. But what's the use of being pessimistic? Haven't you noticed that you get about as much fruit, and as cheaply, after a spring that killed the fruit as you do after a spring that is ideal?

C. R. Oyler has been nominated by the socialists for mayor of Lincoln. Of course Mr. Oyler stands about as much show of being elected mayor of Lincoln as the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly does of being made king of the Aleutian islands. But the fact remains that Mr. Oyler would make a good mayor if allowed to put into practice some of the principles for which he stands. Our socialist friends may not have their heads in the clouds, although their feet may be a long ways from the ground, yet they offer solutions for some vexed problems. In this respect they've got the old parties skinned both ways from the ace. Some of these days the people will awaken to the

fact that the old party leaders are throwing off a lot of "B. S."—which initials stand for "balderdash stuff"—and when that awakening comes there will be something doing.

A "woman's magazine," which is edited by a man, offers some menus for the consideration of "average families." The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly dearly loves a good laugh, and every time he reads of lot of "menus" dope from the women's magazines he sneaks off by himself and has a good one. Here is a sample "menu" for a Wednesday as offered by the man-edited magazine in question: Breakfast: Grape fruit, cereal with sugar and cream, minced lamb on toast, coffee. Luncheon: Macaroni with cheese, toasted muffins, orange marmalade, tea. Dinner: Corn soup with popped corn, fish balls, hot brown bread, cold slaw, apple pie."

Now study that over a bit and then picture the average American family. It will be a family of five, the father a mechanic earning an average of \$50 a month, and the mother doing all the housework, including the care of three children, the oldest aged ten and the youngest a babe in arms. Wouldn't a bricklayer feel fine after a breakfast of grape fruit, costing about 35 cents for the family, a little cereal with cream at 15 cents the pint, some minced lamb at 30 cents the pound and a cup of coffee? And after working like thunder for four hours wouldn't he be greatly nourished and refreshed with the lay-out offered above? And just imagine the average workingman being satisfied with the evening meal outlined above. Why, his week's wages would be knocked galley west before Wednesday night if he undertook to follow out the scheme of the man-edited woman's magazine. Will Maupin's Weekly wishes some magazine would employ an editor who knows a thing or two about real life, and then insist upon that editor dealing out some dope that would fit the average family. "How to build a lovely little cottage for \$11,700," doesn't interest 79,000,000 of our 80,000,000 people. How to build a comfortable house that will shelter seven people at an expense of not more than \$1,200, payable \$100 down and \$10 a month—that's what a majority of us are looking for.

Some of these days the Woman's Club may invite the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly to address it, and he will accept with alacrity. His address will not deal on "the influence of Ibsen upon our modern life," nor "the beauties of the renaissance," nor "the care of oriental rugs." Not much; he will get down to brass tacks and discuss such ordinary topics as "how to support a family of seven on \$450 a year," or "the evil effects of the fool dress habit," or something like that. Owing to the fact that he is the father of some six or seven fat, lusty, hearty, healthy, hungry and rantakerous kiddies, the editor will not discuss "how to raise children." That is a waste of time, for there are as many ways of raising children as there are children, so he will leave that subject to the maiden ladies and the wives whose families consist of a husband at the club, a poodle dog and other things not necessary to mention.

The Woman's Club movement is a splendid one, and it has brought about some sweeping reforms. Nebraska's splendid child labor law is due to the interest of the Woman's Clubs of the state. But the field for educating the women along lines of domestic