

CURT COMMENT OF THE TIMES

Right after our matutinal meal lawst evening, doncher yer know, we perched our editorial corporosity in front of the type-writing machine, determined to write a red-hot and moving editorial declaring for the municipal ownership of the street railway system of Lincoln. But, just as the editorial tinkery began working it dug up from the recesses of memory the facts about the horrible botch the city government made of the ornamental street lighting proposition—and the editorial demand for the municipalization of the street railway system is as yet unwritten. If the city owned the street railway system, and went about its management with the thickheadedness that has characterized its management of that ornamental lighting stunt, we wouldn't have any more street railway facilities than Belochistan in about six months.

But this is not an argument against the municipalization of public utilities; it is merely a forceful argument in favor of selecting good, levelheaded business men as managers of city affairs, instead of electing politicians and dreamers of strange dreams. Those ornamental street lights would have been shedding their rays along O street long ago if a private corporation had taken the contract to erect and turn over all rea for turning on the current. Although the poles and fixtures have been in place for weeks, the city has not turned a hand to put them into operation. And when it does begin it will take months to complete the work that the Tracion company offers to complete in a week or ten days. President Sharp of the Traction company has made the city a fair and reasonable offer pertaining to lighting those lamps, and common-sense demands that the offer be accepted.

We greatly fear that the esteemed Star is endeavoring to measure men according to the wrong standard of measurment. The man who have exerted the best influence upon their generation have not been the men who made big piles of money and then gave liberally to quasi-public enterprises. We never heard that Wendell Phillips and Owen Lovejoy gave largely to public enterprises, but we fail to recall two men of their time who exerted better influence upon their generation than they. And for all of their big gifts to universities and libraries and peace funds and missionary funds we are not quite ready to agree that Rockefeller and Carnegie are exemplary citizens. As for Will Maupin's Weekly, it is of the opinion that men like Edwin Jeary, who give liberally to the support of such institutions as the First Christian church of Lincoln, are of quite as much service to the community as men who give with equal liberality to such splendid public enterprises as a Commercial club building. And, too, this humble little newspaper that is trying to shed sweetness and light everywhere within the confines of Nebraska, believes that men like Howard and Condra and Burnett, who are leaving their impress for good upon the minds of the young men and young women, are of quite as much value to the state as the men who are building tall buildings. Let's be fair in this little controversy over the excise question. And above all, let us keep sweet!

The Beatrice Creamery Co. has just performed a splendid service to Lincoln by erecting a mammoth and expensive manufacturing plant and warehouse. It gave employment to scores of mechanics in the construction of its big building, and it added

much to the communal value of property. Because of its enterprise and public spirit we will now proceed to fine the Beatrice Creamery Co. about \$3,500 or \$4,000 a year as long as it continues in business.

What? The supreme court of the United States coming across with a decision that is not a 5 or 4 affair! Doesn't seem possible, does it? Yet it is the unexpected that happens. By unanimous vote the court has upheld the valdity of the corporation tax law. Whether this is an evidence of growing senility or returning reason this newspaper is unable to state. But it is gratifying to know that the court of ultimate conjecture can agree upon something.

"Girls are not much given to considering that question when they marry?" replied the wife asking for a divorce when asked why she married a man who had such small fear of hard work that he would gladly lie down by the side of it and go to sleep. Why don't they? Ask the foolish and negligent mothers who should have many heart-to-heart talks with their daughters instead of allowing them to keep indiscriminate company with young men. How many mothers of today ever sit down with their daughters who are just budding into womanhood and talk to them seriously and plainly upon questions that every girl should be informed upon? And how many fathers of boys just crossing the line from youth into manhood ever take their boys off into a quiet corner and "talk turkey" to them? The school in which boys learn these things nowadays merely graduates them into rakes and dissolutes; the schools in which young women learn these things too often graduates them into "grass widows" or flip young things that no soberminded young man would think of choosing as a helpmate. Just as soon as Will Maupin's Weekly can frame up some scheme whereby it can get it past some shallowpated postoffice official it is going to write so plainly about some of these things that prudes will throw up their hands in horror and shriek a blamed sight louder than Freedom did when Kosiusco fell.

On next Monday evening a lot of democrats who have been holding a wake over the political remains of the oft-killed William Jennings Bryan are going to foregather at the Auditorium in Lincoln and howl themselves hoarse when the corpse throws aside its cerements and arises to make a few remarks. It does beat all how dead that gentlemen will not stay.

Of course a lot of the Bryan denouncers will avow and aver that they are going solely for the purpose of hearing the irrespressible and irresistible Champ Clark, and have prepared themselves for the affliction of a Bryan speech. But, just the same, before Bryan has been orating seventeen seconds those same gentlemen are going to be up on their rear underpinning and yelling themselves hoarse. We've seen this happen so many times in days gone by that we are willing to stake our reputation as a seer and sage upon the foregoing prophecy.

A few years ago a gentleman named Treloar addressed the Young Men's Republican club of Lincoln. Mr. Treloar is the gentleman who defeated Champ Clark for congress in the big slump of 1894. Monday night the members of that club should go and listen to Champ Clark, and then

spend a few minutes in wondering how it came that any Missouri constituency could prefer the mediocre Treloar to the brilliant Clark, even for a minute.

A lot of good measures are bound to die an untimely death by reason of not having been reached when the legislature adjourns. Something like 1,700 bills have been introduced in both house and senate. Some of them are excellent measures; more are good measures, and still more are vain and impossible. But we'll continue to have the bill without merit until we are able to devise some method of compelling every member of the legislature to remain on duty until the whole list is thrashed over. It might be a good idea to limit the number of bills a member may introduce.

A man may be engaged in business for himself and making money, but possessing less than \$500 worth of property. He is secure against gaarnishee proceedings. A mechanic struggling against adverse fate, possessing nothing but his meagre wages and owning but a few dollars' worth of household goods. Although his wife and babies may be dependent upon his weekly wage for bread and butter, those wages may be garnisheed and the family deprived of creature comforts. That is the present legislature's idea of justice and equity.

A number of Lincoln women have petitioned for the passage of the Hatfield anti-hatpin bill. Sure! But we move to amend by prohibiting the wearing of a bale or two of jute upon the feminine caput, and the heinous crime of pinning a lot of animated weinerwursts in geometrical designs upon the outer surface of said jute piles. Gee, if a woman's hair naturally grew the way she fixes it with infinite pain and discomfort she'd make the barber business a better snap than a license to rob banks.

We read in the public prints that a firm is about to erect a forty-story building in Seattle. We presume this includes the twenty-two or twenty-three stories—some would call them by a shorter and uglier name—told by the promotors.

Excuse a word personal: Will Maupin's Weekly is receiving many words of praise from men who know a good thing when they see it. A great deal of its cheerful comment is being quoted by leading newspapers, and as a result subscriptions are coming in from all quarters. Just as soon as a people weary of predigested editorials, sterilized comment and scandalmongering news columns get wise to the fact that there is a newspaper to be had that looks on life cheerfully and through rose colored glasses, unbiased and unafraid, they'll make the subscription list of Will Maupin's Weekly look like a roll call of the nation's wisest and most discriminating citizens. A dollar a year—fifty-two consecutive weekly does of optimism, sunshine and good cheer. The dollar will be devoted to the maintenance of a poor family we know about, consisting of one wife and six children, dependent for support upon one poor, weak man. Never put off until tomorrow something that you should have done several weeks ago. If you live outside of Lincoln we'll cheerfully pay exchange on your personal checks. We're actually foolish on this matter of being accomodating and obilging.