

CURT COMMENT OF THE TIMES

Robert Manley, the famous advertising expert of Omaha who has charge of the advertising department of the Brandeis stores, has conceived a plan whereby "fake" and objectionable medical advertisements may be driven from the newspapers. He suggests that all reputable advertisers stipulate that their advertisements shall not appear on the same page with "medical ads." The idea is a good one. The better class of daily newspapers no longer carry the flaunting and nauseous "weak men" and "of interest to women" ads that were wont to fill up so much space and make the daily newspapers a menace to every home. But these same quacks still manage to get into too many papers with less sensational stuff. The average patent medicine ad is a bald fake. They have made drunkards and invalids by the millions by playing on the morbid fears of the people. Reputable advertisers would do themselves and the decent public a favor by adopting Mr. Manley's sensible suggestion and forcing these disreputable charlatans out of business.

In this connection Will Maupin's Weekly takes pleasure in calling attention to the fact that in the eight years it has been a newspaper—for seven and a half years under another name—it has never carried a patent medicine advertisement; has never advertised a quack doctor, and has never advertised a "medical school" or "maternity hospital." Its advertising columns have been as clean as its reading columns—and the reading columns have been as clean as they could be made by a newspaper man who has a family of his own and would no more think of risking the mental pollution of another family circle than he would of polluting his own.

Among those who complain that Omaha is unjustly accused by the people of Nebraska outside of Omaha is the editor of the Omaha Examiner. The Examiner's editor is forever having an abdominal convulsion over the abuse heaped upon Omaha by outsiders. And it really is too bad. But there is an old saying to the effect that people who are domiciled in glass residences should turn off the light, or words to that effect. Here is a sample of how the Examiner refers to other cities than Omaha: "It's a fact that Lincoln has more 'dead ones'—more stiffs—than any other city of its size on the map" And the newspaper that thus refers to a sister city is grouching because his own city is "knocked" so hard and so often. We greatly fear that our good friend Sorensen does not love Lincoln. But while losing no occasion to vent his hatred upon this modest and unassuming little city he should not deny to his fellows an equal right to express their opinion of Omaha. Will Maupin's Weekly desires to say in passing that it knows Omaha to be one of the most progressive, enterprising and hustling cities in the country, and on quite as high a moral plane as any city of its size in America. Its chief trouble is that its enterprising citizens have been so busy building a city that they have allowed a noisy bunch of narrowminded praters about "personal liberty" to become so vociferous and pestiferous that the people are to be pardoned for believing that a big majority of Omahans imagine that the city's whole business future is wrapped up in booze and beer. We who know the real Omaha

know better—but Omaha isn't as well known as she should be. We mean the real Omaha.

Among other good laws enacted by the thirty-second session was the one increasing the fee for filing waterpower rights. Heretofore all a man had to do to acquire a "prior right" was to remit \$2 to the state engineer, together with his claim. The thirty-second session put a stop to that game. Hereafter it requires a fee of \$5 for each 50-horsepower proposed. And the law was signed just in time to prevent a New Yorker from filing on 1,220,000 horsepower and claiming prior rights on using the Platte and Niobrara rivers from the Colorado and South Dakota lines clear through to the Platte's junction with the Missouri. If the New York man gets his certificates he will have to remit about \$130,000 more.

Will Maupin's Weekly is in favor of a law that will permit a municipality to sue for criminal libel. Under the provisions of such a law any man who denounced a city as a "sink hole of corruption" or "just three miles from hell," or some other such term so much in vogue among a certain class of reformers, would have to prove his assertions or go to jail. And why not? An Omaha clergyman recently delivered a pulpit tirade against the city in which he lives. If one-tenth of what he says is true, and he knows what he is talking about, he should be compelled to come forward with the proof. If it is not true he should be punished for the crime of libeling a municipality. With such a law on the books and enforced, we might have an opportunity to arrive at a rational solution of some vexed problems without being harassed by the mouthings of a lot of self-consecrated reformers who are mighty free with statistics of their own manufacture and entirely too careless with the truth.

For genuine snobbery commend us to the average army or naval official and his underlings. Recently a midshipman at the Anapolis academy attended a "navy function" in company with a young lady who happened to be officiating as governess in one of the best families of that city. The matron of the family was an old school friend of the young lady's mother, and the young lady is the daughter of a Yale professor. But she is a "hired servant," and the snob who has charge of that particular branch of naval instruction reprimanded the midshipman for bringing the snobs and snobesses of the school into social contact with her. We hope the democratic young midshipman stands pat and tells the prize snob in authority to take a running jump at himself, or words to that effect. As for the prize snob himself, he should be gently bent over a barrel and have applied to him divers and sundry applications of large, earnest cowhide boots. As between a self-respecting young woman earning an honest livelihood and a uniformed snob living in ease on a governmental salary, our admiration and respect goes out to the young woman. The governess in question is complimented by receiving the condemnation of that egotistical ass who happens to be at this moment disgracing the democracy he pretends to serve.

More than 300 mine workers killed in mine disaster since the beginning of the present year.

Yet there are those who would deny these mine workers the right to organize in order to secure better working conditions and a wage somewhere near commensurate for the dangers under which they must labor. The disregard for human life that prevails in the United States is at once the sin and shame of the republic.

John J. Egan, writing to the New York World, explains the so-called "crime waves" in the large cities and offers the simple and only remedy. He says: "The wave is caused by human wrecks in the struggle for existence. The idle rich are dangerous, and the idle poor are desperate. Society must find a way of putting both to work."

That is the best and truest word yet spoken on that subject. Think it over: "The idle rich are dangerous, and the idle poor are desperate. Society must find a way of putting both to work."

Lord Lansdowne of England offers a famous painting by Rembrandt to the national gallery at London for the modest sum of \$450,000, intimating that the sum asked is \$25,000 less than an American art lover stands ready to pay for an opportunity of bringing the picture to New York. The picture cost the Lansdowne family \$4,000 about a century ago. It strikes us that a nobleman who insists on being pampered because he is noble, shows a decidedly yellow streak" in making such a proposition.

Apropos of the Lansdowne proposition is the story of the tramp who was caught by the lord of the manor trespassing upon the manor grounds.

"Sir, these are private grounds and you must get off," said the lord.

"Whose grounds are they?" asked the tramp.

"They are mine," said the landlord.

"Where'd you get 'em?" queried the tramp.

"From my father."

"And where did he get 'em?"

"From his father, and he from his father, and so on back to the first lord of the manor."

"And how did the first lord of the manor get 'em?" asked the persistent tramp.

"Sir, he fought for them," said the landlord with great pride.

Immediately the tramp shucked off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, threw his fists to the front and shouted:

"Then, by cripes, I'll fight you for them."

And if it was all right for the first lord of the manor to acquire title by force of superior might, why would it not be right now for some of the landless to acquire land the same way from men who have more of it than they need or can possibly use? We merely ask for information, not because we would advocate force or condone the wresting of property from rightful owners by physical force. But who really owns the land, anyhow?

For platitudinizing and phrasing, commend us to Theodore Roosevelt. In the Outlook for February 25 he says: "Justice is based upon law and order." As usual it sounds good—Rooseveltian, in fact—but means nothing. Analyzed it reveals the untruth that lies behind it. Justice is not based on law and order. Quite the