

Mr. Randall advises, by inference, of course, that we make all the noise we got-blamed please on that day, but suggests that Dad attend to the touching off of the crackers and other fireworks, thus lessening the danger of property destruction by fire and the sudden amputation of digits and whole hands by premature explosions. Being quite as much interested in noise making on the Glorious Fourth as any boy in the country, we doff our hat to Fire Commissioner Randall and hail him as a wisehead deserving of the commendation of every American boy in whose veins runs red blood.

Grahame White, the aviator, is going to the coronation ball in his aeroplane. That is just where Grahame differs from us in methods of conveyance. He goes in his aeroplane—we go—in a horn.

A farm hand in Pawnee county, being refused the hand of the daughter of the man for whom he worked, deliberately killed the whole family, save the girl, following this up by killing the sheriff who tried to arrest him and then committing suicide. It was a horrible affair. But we are not prepared to throw all the blame on the murderer. It seems that for a year or more he had paid court to the daughter without opposition from the parents until he asked for her hand in marriage. This was refused, whereupon followed the tragedy. Not having any daughters of courtship age we can not say exactly what we would do under similar circumstances, but we rather opine that any man unworthy of our daughter's hand in marriage would not be allowed to come a-courting for a year or more. A whole lot of misery is being caused by the damphoolishness of the fathers and mothers of daughters budding into womanhood. After mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that one of the imperative needs of this country is a school for the education of parents, with a law compelling attendance.

They make good everywhere—Nebraska boys, we mean. Now comes William F. Wilbur, born and reared in Omaha, who graduates from the Ames, Ia., State College at the head of a class of 229 in the engineering course. Not only that, but he has the highest averages among the leaders of graduates in the nine other departments of the school. You simply can not head them off, those Nebraska-born boys. They get the impulse with the first breath of Nebraska air they breathe, and it is developed with the sustenance they draw from the breasts of their splendid Nebraska mothers. Time was when "westward the Star of Empire took its way." No more. The Star of Empire is fixed insofar as this republic is concerned. Every Nebraska-born boy can, by looking up, see it immediately overhead.

Carrier Nation is dead—peace to her ashes! We are proud of the fact that

never in all our multiplied writings have we written one word of disparagement of this motherly old woman, misguided though she may have been; nor have we ever referred to her in jest. While we never had any patience with her methods, we had the utmost contempt for the alleged newspaper wits who saw in the actions of this motherly old woman subjects for ribald jests. She should have been restrained by her relatives and friends instead of being allowed to roam at large. But she was not, therefore she should have been treated with the respect and consideration due to womanhood and age, instead of being cartooned and lampooned by scribblers who found it easier to earn their miserable stipends by using her as a subject than to earn it by chasing down real news or writing about topics worth while.

Once more have we turned our back upon an opportunity to acquire sordid wealth. Again have we refrained from jumping at the chance to add largely to our rather slim bank account. Nor were we copped to exert ourselves to the utmost to successfully refrain from succumbing to the tempter. An advertising agency in Kansas City—that of W. L. Witmer—made us a gorgeous offer, but strangling our impulse to acquire sudden wealth we bid Satan get behind us, and he got. With a generosity unusual in this day and age of the world the aforesaid Witmer offered us a medical advertisement, three inches double-column, expressing a willingness to pay us the munificent sum of \$18 if we ran it eighteen months, the aforesaid \$18 to be taken out in various kinds of junk, mostly out-of-date type faces. We could have taken the advertisement, run it eighteen months without change, and then, if we got the junk at all, might have traded it off for a dog and then shot the dog. But we refrained. We call the Witmer offer "generous," but we mean it sarcastic. An ad of that size run in Will Maupin's Weekly for eighteen months would have to bring into our coffers five times the amount offered by Witmer—and in cash payable every month. And the advertisement offered by the aforesaid Witmer couldn't get into the columns of Will Maupin's Weekly at any price. We merely quoted a price to the Witmer person for the purpose of discouraging future offers from that source.

We have been watching the Omaha papers carefully for the past ten or twelve days, hoping to see some editorial expression concerning Judge Estelle's decision in the case of the Omaha parties charged with violating the female employment law. To date we have seen nothing. Nor were we able to discover even a news item in a couple of the Omaha dailies informing the world what Judge Estelle's decision was. Of course the mere matter of upholding a statute designed to protect the womanhood of the state is of little consequence beside such

gigantic matters as the revolution in Mexico, the coronation of King George, the latest flying machines and other grave matters that have received editorial attention, but we insist that it is of some concern—quite enough to entitle it to a small measure of publicity. Judge Estelle's opinion is to the effect that it is better to protect the future mothers of the race than it is to cater to "big business" interests. It may be that this is an explanation of why the decision received such scant attention at the hand of the metropolitan press.

The death of George W. E. Dorsey at Salt Lake removes another Nebraska pioneer, and one of the now almost forgotten school of politicians. Personally Mr. Dorsey was one of the most lovable of men, and in his prime performed great service in the development of Nebraska. As a politician he belonged to that school which deemed anything to win perfectly justifiable. His "have manufacturers quote lower prices" telegram in the congressional campaign of 1890 was one of the greatest political jokes ever uncovered. After being defeated for congress in that year Mr. Dorsey retired to private life and spent his time in looking after his large mining interests. For several years he has been a resident of Salt Lake.

If the Omaha school board declines to make Miss Kate McHugh principal of the Omaha high school simply because she is a woman, then the Omaha board of education ought to be submit their collective heads to a specialist to see if an augur would bring up anything but bone-shavings. Miss McHugh has the experience, the education and the tact to fill the place acceptably. To deny the deserved promotion because she is a woman is unthinkable. Ella Flagg Young's work as superintendent of schools in Chicago has put a quietus on the talk that women are not competent because of their sex, to superintend the schools of a great city.

As long as speed maniacs kill only themselves we are not going to waste any time in sympathizing with them. The quicker the speed maniac is killed the safer the public will be. It is the speed maniac who kills the innocent pedestrian that ought to be haled into court and cinched a plenty.

We have waited a long time, and our patience has been rewarded. The cry of the "widows and the orphans" is now heard above the turmoil of trust prosecutions. It does beat all how many widows and orphans manage to get hold of stock in concerns that defy the law.

The Nebraska railway commission should have tied a string to its permission to the Missouri Pacific to issue \$20,000,000 worth of notes for improvements. Not less than \$15,000,000 of that amount should have been ordered expended in Nebraska.