

on trial on charge of having dynamited the Los Angeles Times plant is just another one of those fool propositions so often made and always resulting in damage to the cause of labor organization. Pray tell us what good it would do McNamara to have 3,000,000 men lose approximately \$7,500,000 in wages? The writer of this paragraph is the proud possessor of a union card; he admires the spirit of unionism. But every now and then the actions of some would-be leaders reminds him of the man who was found butting his head against a stone wall. "What are you doing that for?" queried his friend. "Because it feels so good when I quit," was the reply. We fondly hope some of our union leaders will soon quit butting their heads against such stone walls and see how good it feels to act with common sense now and then.

Last Wednesday was "Flag Day," and by proclamation of the governor and mayor was something of a holiday. A careful inspection of the city disclosed a few flags flung to the breeze. We make bold to say, defying successful contradiction, that Lincoln can come as near not decorating on special occasions as any other city of similar size in the country and when decorations are attempted they are usually punk. We say this in no spirit of carping criticism; it is the simple statement of a distressing fact. The only saving clause is the ornamental street lighting plan that may be completed before the millenium. That portion of it now in use is beautiful and goes a long way towards redeeming the city. But our merchants really ought to wake up to the fact that a lot of cheap cotton bunting and a flag or two do not constitute "decorations."

The Evening News quotes a Holdrege citizen as declaring that most of the republicans are going to vote the democratic ticket hereafter, because the republican board of public lands and buildings located the new agricultural school at Curtis. Tut, tut! Likewise pish-tush! Our southwestern republican friends may think that way now, but when election day rolls around they will have forgotten it and will walk up to the polls and drop in the same old g. o. p. ballot. We've felt that way many a time, but we soon got over it. We trust that no good democratic friend of ours will chase after state office on the single ground that the southwestern Nebraska republicans are going to bolt the ticket on account of the location of the agricultural school.

Postmaster Thomas of Omaha has received a Scotch verdict from the civil service commission, the postmaster general has disagreed, and President Taft will act as final judge. We can see Thomas clinging to his job. He was charged with being perniciously active in behalf of Senator Burkett last fall, collecting money from his subordinates and contributions

from other sources. Everybody knows he did. He wouldn't have been made postmaster at Omaha in the first place if it had not been quite sure that he would do that sort of thing. The snivel service commission is a huge joke when it comes to handling such matters as the big post-offices and other fat jobs.

Elsewhere we remark that you couldn't stop 'em—the Nebraska boys. A day or two after the announcement that a Nebraska boy had carried off the scholastic honors at Iowa University, came the news that a Nebraska boy, Phillip Bracken Fleming, had graduated as honor man in a class of eighty-three at West Point. From time to time we hope to mention the Nebraska boys who are making good, but we can not hope to mention all of them. This is a weekly newspaper, somewhat limited as to space. But it is safe to wager that wherever you find a bunch of young men making good you'll find one or more Nebraska boys leading.

We rather regret the announcement that Otto Kotouc of Richardson has decided to file as a democratic candidate for regent. Not that Mr. Kotouc would not make a good regent, for he would, being a young man of parts, a graduate of the university and full of enthusiasm. But we had been saving him up for an entirely different office, one which he would honor and in which he could be of splendid service to the people. Young men of Mr. Kotouc's ability and energy are needed in Nebraska political life.

Ex-Warden Tom Smith has returned to York county to make his home. The state never had a better warden than Mr. Smith, and his record will long stand as a mark for his successors to strive for. With business ability of a high order he coupled an almost instinctive knowledge of how to handle a penal institution. He put the state prison in better shape than it ever had been before, made it practically self-supporting, and instituted reforms in management that proved effective. Mr. Smith is being mentioned as a democratic candidate for governor next year. The democracy of Nebraska would honor itself by thus honoring Tom Smith, and he would make a strong candidate.

Bitterly partisan and prejudiced indeed is that man who did not wish Governor Aldrich a pleasant visit to the scenes of his boyhood in the old home towns of Ohio. Doubtless the governor felt a pride wholly pardonable in appearing as the chief executive of a great state among those who had known him as a tow-headed boy or as an adolescent youth. We do not envy Governor Aldrich his exalted office, but we do envy him that trip to the home of boyhood. If we had our way about it we'd be hiking for the old home about every other week.

After cunningly loading down the pro-

posed amendment for the popular election of senators with a proviso that threatens federal supervision, the senate has finally agreed to give the people what they have so long demanded. The chief opposition to the amendments came from New England, of course. Naturally decadent Pennsylvania's senators opposed it. And you have one guess as to how the unspeakable Lorimer voted. Eight southern democratic senators voted in the negative. Their excuse is the fear of federal supervision, but every posted man knows that they voted against it because they are democrats in name only.

One hundred years ago last Wednesday there was born a baby destined to grow to womanhood and exert upon her generation an influence given to but one person in a generation. That baby grew to womanhood and became known to fame as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The book itself lacked very much of being a literary production of high merit, but it appeared at the psychological moment—the moment when the question it treated was uppermost in the minds of the people. It appealed to the sentimental. It contained much that would now be called "slush," and it was not wholly fair. But when Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she wrote a book that has circulated more widely than any book ever printed with the exception of the Bible and the works of William Shakespeare.

It is noticeable that those Nebraskans most sure that Taft will have the Nebraska delegation next year are postmasters or holders of other federal appointments. About the crickest way to tool off a crowd in Nebraska these days is to mention the name of William Howard Taft. That he is beginning to play for re-nomination is evident. That he will be re-nominated is practically assured, for a federal brigade is a powerful factor. But a federal brigade in 1892 did not save Harrison, nor did it save Cleveland in 1888.

One of the cabinet members of the present administration is Henry L. Stimson. He is the man who had charge of the sugar trust investigation, and after having disclosed frauds against the government running up well towards the hundred million mark, he compromised with the trust for a paltry two millions. Then he stepped into the cabinet. This is only one of the circumstances that has chilled the Taft feeling in the progressive west.

The most caustic comment, as well as the briefest, we have seen on the Standard Oil decision of the supreme court is that of the California Independent: "The court gave a death blow to a name, but not to an alias." That covers the case completely.