

CONCERNING MEN AND MATTERS

Attorney General Wickersham's activity in prosecuting the criminal trusts reminds us greatly of the grist mill to which the little boy took the family grist. Growing tired of the slowness with which his corn was being ground the boy complained: "I could eat the meal faster than your old mill grinds it." "How long could you keep it up?" asked the miller. "Till I starved to death," retorted the boy. Wickersham is prosecuting the trusts at a rate that threatens to compel them to die of old age.

We can imagine that Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison are not worrying a bit over the outrageous rulings of Judge Wright. Wright may sentence them to jail again for contempt, but certainly no superior court will affirm the Wright proceedings. One thing is sure, if Judge Wright were to commit to the District of Columbia jail all who have an utter contempt for him and his court, the taxpayers of the District would be mulcted in enormous sums to feed the prisoners.

Of all the fool propositions ever put forward in the name of organized labor, the proposition to call a general strike on the day the McNamara brothers are put to trial is the most foolish. Indeed, it is really a crime to suggest such a thing. What good would it do the accused if two million men quit work, entailing suffering upon themselves and the millions dependent upon them for bread and butter? How would it help the McNamaras for the wives and little ones of union men to starve and freeze while fathers struck? And what about the injury that would be inflicted upon fair and liberal employers? On more than one occasion we have remarked, and we repeat it now, organized labor has suffered more from the damphoolishness of its self-constituted leaders than it ever has from the aggressions of capital.

At the Fremont convention Chairman Mike Harrington charged that one would-be candidate for railway commissioner was too closely associated with the railroad interests. Pressed to be more specific Chairman Harrington pointed to C. E. Harman of Holdrege and said, "thou art the man," or words to that effect. After looking the matter up with some care Will Maupin's Weekly finds that about all Chairman Harrington had to base his charge upon is that Mr. Harman is a distant relative of Edson Rich, one of the Union Pacific's able attorneys. If Mr. Harman is to be barre from office because he happens to be related to a railroad employe, then the editor of this newspaper must give up all of his political ambitions. At present he has a broth-

er-in-law and a nephew in the railroad service, and a couple of years ago he had four brothers-in-law and a nephew in the railroad service. With all due respect to our good friend, Mike Harrington, we greatly fear he allowed his tongue to get the better of his judgment.

The death of C. C. Husted, which occurred a couple of weeks ago, removed from the scene of action a man of parts. Though working in an humble capacity in the public service, he gave to his work that painstaking care and attention that made him invaluable, so much so, in fact that changing administrations found him at the same old desk in the executive offices of the state. Quiet and unassuming, he was in reality one of the best informed men in this section. A linguist of ability, an expert accountant, and possessed of a remarkable memory, he was a walking encyclopedia of state history and a compendium of information. It was the privilege of this editor to be more or less intimately associated with Mr. Husted for several years, and the memory of that association and friendship will be cherished by us through all the years that may come.

While the Fremont convention was adopting a platform plank advocating the service pension, the Lincoln convention was contenting itself with asking old soldiers to stand up and be counted. We fully recognize the fact that pension planks in platforms are meant to be vote catchers, but what we fail to understand is how it came about that the g. o. p. managers and platform makers overlooked it this time.

With tariff reduction that really means something staring the tariff beneficiaries in the face, they have set their subsidized press to again talking about our "balance of trade." To date not one of them has dared undertake the task of explaining just what is meant by "balance of trade." They say that last year we sold Europe \$600,000,000 more of goods than we bought from Europe, and this amount they call the "balance of trade" in our favor. That "balance of trade" in our favor was been running from \$250,000,000 to \$600,000,000 a year for the last twelve or fifteen years, every year showing a favorable "balance." Call it \$350,000,000 a year for the last ten years—\$3,500,000,000! Will some advocate of a prohibitive and extortionate tariff please tell us what has become of the money? It was paid to us in commodities, for that would wipe out the "balance of trade." What was it paid in if not in money? And if in money, where's the money? And if

we annually export \$600,000,000 more than we buy, and fail to get the money for it, in the name of heaven how long will it be ere our "balance of trade" thrusts every last one of us into the poorhouse? That "balance of trade" fiction and "home market" fallacy has been deceiving people for so many years on end that there is grave fear it will continue indefinitely.

Whatever else may be said of Detective Burns it will be admitted that he is wise in his selection of a press agent. Ever since the arrest and abduction of the McNamaras from Indiana, Burns has had his name and fame, together with his side of the McNamara case, exploited in newspapers and magazines from one end of the land to the other. If ever there was a clear case of a concerted attempt to pre-judge a case and secure a conviction before the court of public opinion in advance of a legal trial, this McNamara case certainly supplies it. The activity of the Burns press bureau is one of the strongest evidences, in our humble opinion, of a "plant" and a cooked up scheme to railroad the McNamaras to the gallows in order to cast a fatal stigma upon trades unionism.

With American citizens wearing knee breeches at the coronation of a king; with a New York millionaire playing on a \$120,000 pipe organ in his castle while hundreds of starving men fight for a place in the bread line; with girls working in department stores for \$4.50 a week in order that the proprietors when they die may bequeath millions to found museums; with the biggest church corporation in the world piling up millions from rents of foul and unsafe tenements; with one wage earner in every seven out of work all the time and more than that most of the time, while giant trusts make fortunes for magnates to give in ostentatious charity and philanthropy—with all these conditions staring us in the face, it does seem strange that about all our great daily newspapers can find to print and discuss is automobile roads, lot lines, high society affairs and police court items.

Mr. Guggenheim—that is the head push of the Guggenheims—threatens to pick up the Guggenheim millions and hie to some other land. The very threat itself makes us feel faint. But Guggenheim will not. All he can take with him is the income from his properties, and he is not entitled even to that. Most of his property is watered stock, which is a tax upon the people. Some of these days the community will proceed to take its full share of community made values, and