

UNFAIR CAMPAIGNING.

Judge Hamer is sure getting it where the chicken got the ax. He advertised liberally, exceeded the limit, violated the law, beat the printer to some extent and now it is charged that the liquor interests furnished most of the money. The advertising that he is getting now is gratuitous but it will be extensive just the same. If he is elected we will know what element elected him. It will be the element that holds high carnival in the third ward of Omaha.—Minden Courier.

Here are three assertions that the Minden Courier should be asked by Judge Hamer to prove in open court. First, that Judge Hamer exceeded the limit set by the corrupt practices act; second, that he violated the law, and third, that he beat the printer to some extent.

There is another statement in the above quotation that is absolutely untrue—that Judge Hamer's support is chiefly among the kind of people who have made the third ward of Omaha synonymous with vileness. Judge Hamer's vote was a flattering one, and his heaviest support came from the rural communities—communities where he is best known as a lawyer, as a jurist and as a citizen of probity.

It is mighty easy to charge that the liquor interests are doing this or that, and the charge is usually made against men who will not exhibit fanaticism on that issue. It is also easy to allow blind partisanship to sway one's better judgment. Will Maupin's Weekly has known Francis G. Hamer for more than twenty years. It knows him to be a man who stands foursquare, a man of ability, of unswerving honesty and high citizenship. His record as a judge is an open book that all may read.

The charge that Judge Hamer will, if elected, owe his election to "the element that holds high carnival in the third ward of Omaha" is a base libel on more than 20,000 lawabiding, respectable, upright citizens who expressed their preference for Judge Hamer in the recent primary.

YOU BET YOUR LIFE

Will M. Maupin writes in poetic style to the effect that he is forty-eight years old. The good old man is certainly just as pert as ever.—Ord Weekly Journal.

Well, I guess yes! And we always expect to be until Old Gabriel puckers up his lips, applies them to the trumpet and blows the final toot. We don't care a continental how the years pile up—we are keeping young of heart. We long ago made up our mind to quit worrying about anything, for most things we used to worry about never happened anyhow. Every time a dark cloud looms upon the horizon we chase around the edge and bite a chunk out of its silver lining. There is a little cottage on a quiet street in Lincoln, over which the roses and honeysuckles are growing, wherein as fine a lot of little ones as any man can have make merry from early morning till candlelight; where the "old man" is king the minute he gets his slippers on and his pipe stoked up; where there is a wealth of love, a lot of good books, a warm welcome for friends and a

peace and happiness that money could not purchase.

Why shouldn't we be pert? With home and friends and a good business; with the ability to appreciate and the good things of life and the ability to get our share of them, and with a heart as young as the youngest of the kiddies—say, we don't intend to grow old. We are just going to keep on growing younger every year.

A SAD COMMENTARY

It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization that there should be enough morbid people in the country to make it profitable for the moving picture promoters to exhibit pictures of Beulah Binford. It should be that if any moving picture promoter even hinted at such an exhibiton that he would be boycotted out of the business. We have quite enough of Beulah Binford and Henry Clay Beattie during the nauseous trial just closed. The daily newspapers reeked with the disgusting details until scarcely a one of them was fit for entrance into a respectable home. Now, we are told that Beulah Binford, the notoriety-seeking little strumpet for love of whom Beattie killed his wife, is to be exhibited to the public through the medium of moving pictures. The amusement resort that exhibits such pictures should be shunned as a plague, and its proprietor should be driven out of business.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT

A governor or candidate for governor may freely spend a thousand dollars in filling personal speaking engagements and mixing "dope" as a political asset, in addition to the usual sum that a candidate may legitimately spend, and yet consider it "corrupt practice" to lap over the \$650 limit for open-and-above-board newspaper publicity. A rich man can spend two thousand dollars in the "spieling" business and certify to \$650 besides. A poor man who is not a "spieler" can not spend the two thousand at all and is branded as "corrupt" if he spends the whole of his little pile in straight open publicity through the circulation of printed matter and the use of newspaper space. Possibly the voter may not have a great deal of difficulty in putting his finger in the pharisee.—Kearney Hub.

HOW ABOUT GOLD?

Thomas Alva Edison, who is now going to cease "wizarding" for a few months and take his first real vacation, threw a scare into the gold standard advocates just prior to leaving for Europe.

"It is only a matter of time," declared the wizard of Menlo Park, "when the scientists will manufacture gold by a combination of metals. Then what about the clauses in contracts to pay gold coin of standard weight and fineness? Supposing the railroads suddenly became able to pay their bonds in gold, which they knew how to manufacture at a cost of only \$25 a ton? Mark my words, it will come."

Now that is something to think about.

Already we have seen it thoroughly demonstrated that the quantitative theory of money is correct. And already many of those who were most insistent upon a gold standard are beginning to hedge because of the rapidly increasing supply of gold. What would gold be worth per ounce when it is manufactured at a cost of \$25 per ton? Do not dismiss the prophesy as idle, for Thomas Alva Edison is not given to making rash statements. The wizard who invented the incandescent light, the phonograph and a thousand and one other marvels, says the time is coming when gold will be manufactured at a cost of \$25 a ton. We believe it. We've seen the human voice carried over thousand of miles of thin copper wires. It is possible to carry it that distance without wires. We've seen messages flashed a thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye without wires. We've seen men sailing in the upper reaches of the air like birds. Men travel under the sea at well as upon the bosom thereof. In short, we've seen too many marvels of modern science to pooh-pooh the statement of the author of so many of these marvels.

Edison's statement reminds us of the German scientist who discovered a method of making brandy from sawdust, which led Bill Nye to look forward to a time when he could go out and drink up a couple of pickets off his garden fence whenever he felt thirsty. When the time comes that we can make a million dollars' worth of gold at an expense of \$25 there will be consternation in the financial world, especially among those who are so cocksure that we of bimetallic persuasion were a lot of repudiationists, enemies of society and seekers after the destruction of our great and glorious government. We commend Mr. Edison's prediction to our gold standard friends. It may serve to keep them awake nights.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF THEM

Under the caption "Rich Man Fined; Poor Man Jailed" in La Fallette's Magazine for June 26, Gilbert E. Roe has this to say:

"On the 20th of June last, an incident occurred in the Federal District Court in New York which was widely commented on by the press of the country as tending to prove that there was one law for the rich man and another for the poor one in the Federal courts. It so happened at the time in question two men were sentenced for the crime of smuggling. Both sentences were imposed on pleas of guilty. One was a poor man, far gone with consumption, whose frauds on the government had been trifling. The other was a rich man, a member of a large importing firm, whose frauds on the government had run well over the million mark, whose goods were sold to the fashionable trade throughout the country. The former received a prison sentence; the latter was merely fined \$25,000. I quote from one of the numerous editorials on the subject:

"On July 20, while he (the Federal judge) sat in the United States District