

MEN AND MATTERS

While everybody in Lincoln will rejoice that Byron Clark is to be promoted to the position of general attorney of the Burlington system, there will be genuine regret over the announcement that James R. Kelby, the present general attorney, has resigned and will remove from the state. Mr. Kelby, as man and boy, has reflected credit upon Nebraska and upon his profession. He has given to a great corporation the best years of his life, and if he sees an opportunity to better his condition there are thousands of Nebraskans who will join in the hope that he is not mistaken in seizing the opportunity.

One of the good things promised to Lincoln by the new year is another up-to-date hotel. Plans have been made and arrangements completed for the complete remodeling of the Royal, converting it into a first-class hostelry with every modern hotel convenience. The improvements will cost a big lot of money and afford employment to a large number of men. We are not informed as to just the amount to be expended, but as Folsom Bros. are behind the move it is safe to predict that there will be no stinting but enough outlay to make the Royal one of the best hotels in the west.

Lincoln may draw at least one comfort from Councilman Meier's penchant for oratory at council meetings. While the council is listening with bated breath to the Meier oratory it is not engaged in petty quarrels fighting over four-foot lines and making a general exhibition of itself.

Tut, tut, good democratic brethren! Do not let your angry passions rise so soon. It's a long time yet until the presidential primaries are upon us. Just because Editor Perkins of the Fremont Herald is booming Harmon, along comes another democratic editor who is against Harmon and charges Perkins with not being a democrat at all, but a republican masquerading in democratic clothes. Of course this one incident doesn't amount to much in itself, but we greatly fear that it is a forerunner of what is to be the general, and usual, democratic condition just about the time democracy has a fighting show to win.

Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to attend the "peace dinner" in New York was characteristic. He realizes fully that without a manufactured war record he wouldn't be quite so well known and so prominent a figure in American politics. Nor would he, posing as an advocate of peace and disarmament, be able to hold his place as the idol of a certain large element in our citizenship. Mr. Roosevelt is a first-class press agent for himself. He realized immediately that he could get far more notoriety by refusing to attend the dinner than he could by attending, hence the refusal.

The reputed conversation between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Sheldon, treasurer of the republican national committee, will, of course, be taken with a liberal allowance of salt. Mr. Sheldon informs us that Mr. Roosevelt did not profit by Mr. Harriman's contribution to the campaign fund in 1904, but that the aforesaid contribution was devoted wholly to saving New York's republican state ticket. Of course, and to be sure. Candidate Roosevelt, running for the presidency, would not be aided a bit by money spent to pull the state ticket through. The great American people is easily gulled, but Mr. Sheldon will have to think up another one.

It is reported that "Billy" Sunday converted a baseball umpire at Wichita. That may be, but we desire to call attention to the fact that it is not nearly so big a job to convert an umpire as it is to save one.

We've been looking so long upon Pennsylvania as the greatest oil producing state that we actually forgot that California is also an oil producer. But in 1911 California will produce more than 73,000,000 barrels of oil—

far more than Pennsylvania, and 35 per cent of the total oil production of the United States. Russia is the second largest oil producing country, the United States being first. Yet California alone produces more oil than Russia. But before we give California too much credit let us recall that the value of her oil is by no means as great as the value of Nebraska's corn and wheat.

The government "Crop Reporter" for December affords some interesting comparative figures on the cost of living. For instance, in 1909 an acre of corn would have bought 107 gallons of coal oil; in 1910 but 102.8 gallons. And so on down the line. Coffee shows up with a remarkable increase. An acre of corn would have bought 80.4 pounds of coffee in 1909, but only 59.4 pounds in 1910. It would buy even less now. In 1909 an acre of corn would have bought 265 pounds of sugar; in 1910 only 237 pounds; in 1911 even less. The report makes mighty interesting reading.

There is no need for alarm over the report that James J. Hill is boosting Harmon for the democratic presidential nomination. Neither is that any particular reason for opposing Harmon. Governor Harmon is entitled to the consideration of being judged by his acts, not by whether some particular man opposes or supports him. Mr. Bryan has a perfect right to oppose Governor Harmon, but when Mr. Bryan asks us to oppose Harmon because of some men who are supporting him, we must decline, and on the same ground that we would again support Mr. Bryan in spite of some of the men who have always supported him. We are not a bit more interested in having the democrats nominate a good man than we are in having the republicans nominate a good man. Will Maupin's Weekly is not going to rend its nether garment over presidential candidates—or any other kind of candidates. It expects to support some man for president, but the man it supports will have to have something other than a party label to get this paper's humble support.

Last Tuesday was the seventy-sixth birthday of George Dewey. Now eleven years ago you would not have had to pause and cudgel your brain to place George Dewey. You did this time. Yes, Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila bay, who came home amidst the acclamations of a grateful people, then made one little mistake and was dethroned. Republics are not only ungrateful, they are awfully fickle.

Anent the topic of church union now freely discussed in Lincoln and elsewhere, we cite the case of the new town of Francitis, Texas. Francitis is just one year old, with about 400 population. The Christian church people erected a handsome little church house there, going into debt, of course. Doubtless they could have handled the proposition all right but they looked further ahead than merely building up a single religious body. They saw the time when there would be three or four struggling, half-starved churches in Francitis unless something was done to prevent. So they made a proposition that all religious bodies unite, each organization to elect one trustee, and this board to manage the church business, the pastor to be chosen by the people themselves, regardless of his church affiliation. As long as this pact remains in force it is to be a community church; when it is broken the church property reverts to the original board of trustees of the Christian church. The proposition has been accepted, and Francitis will have one strong, virile, helpful church instead of a half-dozen weak and helpless little ones, with the usual depressing spectacle of religious squabbles. We commend the Francitis plan to other and even larger communities.

Before this issue of The Weekly reaches its readers doubtless the baseball trouble of the Antelopes will have

been settled, one way or the other. But the "Boss Fan" of The Weekly takes this occasion to remark that he is pulling for Don Despain, hoping that Donald retains control. Of course we know about steen score men right here in Lincoln who could manage a league ball team far better than Despain, but just the same we are anxious to have Despain continue at the head of the Antelopes. He has doubtless made mistakes, being a mere man; and undoubtedly he will make some more as time progresses. But he has not yet made the mistake of being a "tightwad," nor has he made the mistake of trying to palm off a bunch of third-raters as first-class ball players. The "Boss Fan" of The Weekly could take Despain to one side and point out several errors of judgment made last season, but he will refrain. True Lincoln hasn't had a pennant winner, but it has had three years of professional baseball under the management of a gentleman who has gone the limit in trying to give us the best. We can overlook a great deal in view of this one fact. We'd have a pennant winning team if we could sign up a bunch of men who could hit the ball as hard as some men we know of can wield the "hammer."

* **THE WESTERN TRADER.** *
* **OMAHA.** *
* * * * *
* Will Maupin's Weekly, Lincoln, *
* Nebr.—Yesterday for the first *
* time we saw a copy of your Ne- *
* braska Industries number. It *
* impressed us as being of great *
* value in advertising the various *
* industries of this great state, *
* and also in encouraging the *
* many manufacturing concerns *
* now here to greater efforts in *
* marketing their products in *
* trade territory farther distant *
* from Nebraska. Keep up the *
* good work. Nebraska manu- *
* factures are increasing but the *
* many manufacturing institu- *
* tions located within the borders *
* of this state need more adver- *
* tising, and we are glad to know *
* you are doing your part in *
* giving wide publicity to them *
* and to their wares. *
* We are also glad to see the *
* fine write-up articles of both *
* Omaha and Lincoln in the same *
* issue of your paper. Anything *
* that will add to the commercial *
* friendship of these two cities is *
* to be commended, and we are *
* glad that you and your Weekly *
* are taking part in this good *
* work that will redound to your *
* everlasting credit and to the *
* benefit of Omaha, Lincoln and *
* the entire state. *
* Wishing your Weekly the *
* greatest financial success and *
* extending to you personally the *
* compliments of the season, we *
* remain, Yours very truly, *
* **THE WESTERN TRADER,** *
* **ZANE THOMPSON,** *
* **Associate Editor.** *
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THE PASS QUESTION.
Railroad employes are making loud and bitter complaints because the interstate commerce commission has decided that the issuance of employes' passes must be handled through some one department. They claim that it means the ultimate abolition of the employe's pass. Well, why not? Is there any more reason why a railroad employe should ride free than that a grocery clerk should have free groceries or a dry goods clerk free dress material? Do you know of any coal yard employes who get their coal free? Is there any agreement, direct or implied, that railroad employes be allowed free transportation? Isn't it just a custom that has grown up, and isn't it within any railroad's right to stop it whenever it sees it? We have not a bit of objection to railroad employes having free transportation, but for the life of us who can not work up any sympathy for them when their passes are threatened.

CURRENT COMMENT

My, how brave Russia is when quarreling with a little past-due nation like Persia! We love peace, and are an ardent advocate of its world-wide application, but we do wish that Persia could, and would, blossom out for a little while into a second Japan and give the Russian bear a sound trouncing. We would say a whole lot more about Russia's treatment of Persia were we not somewhat hampered by thoughts of certain acts perpetrated by our own boasted republic during very recent years. We can not for the life of us forget "benevolent assimilation" and that carefully backed-up revolution that gave us the canal zone. Nor can we quite overlook the "dollar diplomacy" that has resulted in making our navy sponsor and collector for arrogant trusts and monopolies that have branched out from the United States and taken root in the South American republics.

A beautiful tribute was paid by the children of New York on Christmas day to the memory of Clement C. Moore, who wrote the immortal Yuletide poem. "Twas the Night Before Christmas." An army of children from the Sunday school of the Church of the Intercession gathered at Moore's grave, decorated it with a holly wreath and sang Christmas carols. The man who contributes to the world a poem like Moore's "Night Before Christmas" is a public benefactor. He has added to the joy of little children—than which there is no greater work for man to perform. May Clement C. Moore's grave never fail of its Christmas tribute from the hands of little children.

Santa Claus brought Charley Martin, aged 15, of South Sioux City, a brand new double-barrelled shotgun. His sister, Rose, has had fifty shot picked out of her body, and his mother will hereafter be easily identified by the powder marks in her face.

Congressman Lobeck of Omaha is one of the wise guys we read about. On Christmas day 5,000 children in his district received picture postcards from him, conveying Christmas greetings. Of course the children can not vote, but their admiration for Lobeck is going to cut a big figure with a lot of fond fathers who are voters.

Funny, isn't it? The government builds a high irrigation dam and reclaims a desert. The people who take the land must pay enough for it to recoup the government for its expenditure. The government spends millions making a safe harbor on the coast somewhere, and big business hops right in and takes advantage of it, but is not called upon to recoup the government to the amount of a single penny.

Down at Wichita "Billy" Sunday converted a pitcher, a first baseman and an umpire. If this sort of thing keeps up baseball will become fully as exciting as a game of ping-pong.

State Senator Skiles of Butler county has filed for the democratic nomination for congress in the Fourth district. Will Maupin's Weekly confesses a high admiration for Mr. Skiles. It hasn't always agreed with him, but it admires his courage, his honesty and his fighting qualities. He only backs the things he believes in, and when he believes in anything he backs it to the limit. When he advocates a principle he carries it forward just like he used to carry the ball when he was a member of the University of Nebraska football team. It was Mr. Skiles who fought the initiative and referendum to a successful conclusion in the state senate last winter. He didn't win in all of his legislative contests, but before he went down to defeat his opponents knew they had a fight. If the Fourth district wants to be represented by a mighty good man—and one who will fight to the finish for what he thinks is right—then Mr. Skiles is the man it wants.

The "Good Fellow" spirit showed an increase during the holiday season now closing. A "Good Fellow" is one who undertakes the pleasant task of making some poor kiddie happy on Christmas. Not merely by giving the kiddie toys and candy and warm clothing, but by actually taking the kiddie in tow and showing him or her, as the case may be, all there is to be seen in the way of Christmas cheer. If you don't believe that there is lots of fun in being a "Good Fellow"—not the "good fellow" who breasts up against the bar and orders up the booze for the crowd, but the "Good Fellow" who goes out and scatters real sunshine among those who most need it—just try it once. Our word for it, you'll have so much fun you'll be impatient for Christmas to come again. This will mean that you'll not wait for Christmas, but go right ahead scattering joy among the kiddies.

The Omaha World-Herald's "Good Fellow Club" performed splendid service last Monday. The Elks of Lincoln—always "Good Fellows"—were just a bit "gooder" than usual this Christmas and had a bushel of fun providing Christmas "fixins" for a lot of children who, without Elk intercession, might have found Christmas a bit dreary. The Christmas spirit is growing, thank the Lord. We are hoping to live long enough to see it grow so big that it will slop over upon the other 364 days in the year.

This newspaper shop is in receipt of a cheering number of "Christmas Editions" of Nebraska weekly papers. It rejoices us and makes us exceedingly glad to see the evidences of prosperity displayed by our esteemed exchanges. Not the least pleasing evidence of Nebraska's growth and prosperity is the splendid newspapers she possesses. They have played a leading part in making Nebraska what she is today. We know a little bit about newspapering in this and other states, and we are right here to remark that taken by and large, Nebraska's "country newspapers" will average up a bit ahead of the weekly newspapers of any other state in the Union. This refers to typographical excellence as well as to excellence of contents.

Dog-gone it, we have been wont to boast that Nebraska was tapped by the Santa Fe railroad lines. Now we find that the Santa Fe doesn't own that mile and a quarter of road that comes up out of Kansas and enters Superior. The Northwestern owns it. However, the Santa Fe operates that mile and a quarter of road, so we are still being served by the Santa Fe. We do wish, however, that the Santa Fe would operate enough road in Nebraska to supply us with three or four of Fred Harvey's famous eating houses.

Talk about "motive power." Did you ever notice how much energy can be generated by a colicky child along about 2 a. m. when the thermometer shows below zero and you've forgotten to stoke up the furnace before going to bed?

"Private ownership of land is glaring example of the appropriation of social values without rendering to the public any equivalent." No, that is not an excerpt from one of Henry George's books. It is not a quotation from Louis F. Post, nor is it from a pamphlet issued for propaganda purposes by the singletaxers. Bless your heart it is from a pamphlet issued by the Lincoln Traction Co. in order to correct what it is pleased to term some "popular misconceptions of franchise values." But it makes mighty interesting reading for advocates of the tax on land values.

Admiring friends have presented Speaker Champ Clark with a cane. We opine that there are those who would be glad to supply Champ with a pair of crutches if so be some one would make it necessary for Champ to use 'em.