

# MEN AND MATTERS

Of course, the mere fact that Roosevelt once declared that he would not accept a third nomination cuts no figure with him now. Such a little thing as inconsistency is never considered at Sagamore Hill. Mr. Roosevelt clearly believes himself to be the only genuine "man of destiny," and of course such little things as shattering precedent, overruling laws, claiming the kingly prerogative of life and death, or sitting in judgment upon the motives of his fellows, are mere incidents with him.

Vociferous, platitudinous, arrogant and temperamentally unable to refrain from tergiversation, Mr. Roosevelt is always and forever giving us advice on everything from rearing of children to conservation; from directing the destinies of the universe to pointing out the mistakes of all preceding statesmen and lawgivers. If Mr. Roosevelt but knew as much about some one thing worth while as he thinks he knows about everything in general, he would be, perhaps, more modest, and certainly more conservative and evenly balanced.

Mr. Roosevelt is playing a mighty shrewd game, for he is about the shrewdest politician since the days of Martin VanBuren. Such little things as friendships and laws and regard for pledges have no place in his plans if perchance they threaten to interfere. Quick to denounce as liars and traitors all who dare to take issue with him, Mr. Roosevelt is quick to pick flaws in others. He called Thomas Jefferson "a timid, scholarly and shifting doctrinaire; the father of nullification, therefore of secession; constitutionally unable to put a proper value on truthfulness." Indeed, Jefferson seems to have been the original member of the Roosevelt Ananias club. Of President Franklin Pierce Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "A small politician, of low capacity and mean surroundings, proud to act as the servile tool of men worse than himself." Of President Monroe he wrote: "Colorless, high-bred gentleman of no special ability, but well fitted to act as presidential figure-head." Of President Tyler he wrote: "He has been called a mediocre man, but this is unwarranted flattery. He was a politician of monumental littleness; his chief mental and moral attributes were peevishness, fretful obstinacy, inconsistency, incapacity to make up his mind, together with inordinate vanity."

We take it, after a somewhat exhaustive study of the Roosevelt literary and political productions, that we have had but three presidents of any particular mental and moral ability since the foundation of the republic—Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington—and we couple the names of Lincoln and Washington with that of Roosevelt with considerable fear, lest Mr. Roosevelt accuse us of paying them an undeserved tribute.

It is with regret we note a disposition in certain quarters to deprecate the candidacy of W. G. Stamm of Lincoln, who is seeking the democratic nomination for railway commissioner, because he is conducting a "five and ten cent store." Bless you, brethren, the biggest business institutions of the country are built on a nickel basis. Take our street railway systems, for instance. And the largest and tallest building in New York City was built with nickels and dimes. And one of the greatest insurance companies in America collects its premiums in pennies and nickels and dimes. It is not a question of whether Mr. Stamm is conducting a "five and ten cent" business; the question is, is he conducting it successfully and honestly? He is. We have now a physician and two lawyers on the railway commission. It is our candid opinion that it would be well to have upon the commission one man who knows something about the transportation problem from the standpoint of the men who actually pay the freight. Mr. Stamm may not be the best man for the place, but he

is, at least, a shipper, a successful business man and a good citizen.

L. A. Varner of Sterling admits that he would like to officiate as lieutenant governor of Nebraska, and we are quite willing. Therefore his candidacy has our official endorsement. Colonel Varner is an old-time newspaper man, possesses experience as a legislator, and is one of the men who have helped to make Nebraska.

Without in the least deprecating the abilities and qualifications of other democratic lawyers who would be willing to serve the state as attorney general, this newspaper is of the opinion that the democracy of Nebraska would act wisely to give that nomination to Andrew M. Morrissey of Lincoln, late of Valentine. His nomination would be wise because he is a lawyer of commanding ability and wide experience, and because he possesses elements of strength not necessary to name, but which would be mighty helpful to the entire state ticket. Mr. Morrissey studied a long time before announcing his candidacy, and then did so because hundreds of friends urged it upon him. He will have behind him the influence of the entire northwest, where he is thoroughly known and admired.

Mr. Folk of Missouri, being gifted with ordinary good eyesight, was not long in deciphering the handwriting upon the political walls of Missouri. Hence Mr. Folk is really out of the running, thus giving Champ Clark a clear field in the old state. With Governor Harmon stubbing his toe on the initiative and referendum, and Governor Wilson daily colliding with some very queer things he has written and said in the years gone by, we daily grow more confident that Champ Clark will be the next democratic candidate for president of these United States.

But we are not worrying a bit about this presidential candidate business. Whether it be Roosevelt or Taft or La Follette for the republicans; or whether it be Harmon, or Wilson or Clark for the democrats, we don't care a bit in comparison with whether we have a big corn crop in Nebraska this year. And preliminary to a good corn crop we must have good seed corn—and that's what we are most interested in these February days.

The Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice electric railway, which doesn't get within fifty miles of either Omaha or Beatrice, declares that it cannot give Bethany a 5-cent fare. Of course it says so. The steam roads said it would be bankrupt to enforce the 2-cent fare law, but they are still doing business and taking in more passenger fare than ever before. The New York gas monopoly said it couldn't sell gas for 85 cents, but it is, and paying bigger dividends than ever.

The death of Chancellor Huntington merely removes a familiar figure; it does not in any wise lessen the sphere of the Huntington activity. His life's work was such that his influence for good will be felt for generations to come. The ability of Chancellor Huntington, had it been directed towards mere money making would, doubtless, have resulted in his becoming a millionaire. Yet there isn't a man of millions in all America who was as rich as he in all that goes to make up the sum of human success. The best monument that could be erected to Chancellor Huntington is Wesleyan University, and that monument ought to be built upon a basis of perpetuity through an endowment fund reaching the million mark.

Of course your mind will be unable to grasp the immensity of the figures, but we give them so you can cogitate over them. In 1911 the sum total of the value of Nebraska's production of agricultural, live stock, dairying and manufacturing wealth was upwards of \$850,000,000. In that year Nebraska produced more agricultural and live

stock wealth per capita than any other state. And she isn't even well started along the road to the goal of her productivity.

The labor organization that fights the "Taylor System" is merely kicking against the pricks. That sort of thing is merely a repetition of the old-time fights against labor saving machinery. The ditch diggers fought the dredge; the shoemakers fought the lasting machine, and so on down the line. The wisest act ever performed by a labor union was that of the printers when they accepted the linotype as an assured fact, and instead of fighting its introduction set about to control it. As a result printers are getting better pay than ever, and 98 per cent of the linotypes in the United States are operated by members of the Typographical Union. There is no staying the march of progress. Efficiency is the watchword of the day. Labor organizations must advance industrially as well as socially and otherwise.

## SPORTING NOTES

The landing of "Smiling Bill" Dwyer as manager of the Antelopes for the coming season makes a hit with the "fans" of this good old town. President Despain wasn't experimenting when he put the lasso on Billiam. He was getting a man who has delivered the goods both as a team manager and as a player. Any man who could keep the crippled and discredited Des Moines team in the running and avert complete collapse has something—and Billiam was the boy. He is already a prime favorite in Lincoln because he is a gentlemanly ball player, and one who not only knows the game from soda to hock, but plays it with all his might. We're all for Billiam over in this neck o' the woods, and don't you forget it.

Dwyer seems to know how to get along with the players under him, as well as knowing how to get the best work out of them. He is always there with the "pep," and has the knack of putting the hypo needle into his bunch. And to top it all off, Billiam is a first sacker all to the good. Maybe not so spectacular as some we've seen, and certainly not nearly so erratic. The more you study his record the more you'll congratulate President Despain and yourself upon the acquisition of "Smiling William."

Parson Farthing says he is going to "come back" with a whoop this season, and we're all for him. The Parson didn't get a square deal last spring when he was trying out with the Chi's. He was forced to go a mid-season gait while the frost was still in the air, and as a result he pitched himself into the sore arm brigade before the season opened. As a result he didn't have anything but the bum flinging arm most of the season. But he's been seasoning up all winter, and having anchored himself to the fireside for keeps, we're feeling pretty sure that the Parson will be the star portside of the loop this season.

Pitcher Fox is in the dumps on account of what he thinks is a genuine "jinx" that has fastened itself upon him. Fox was the champion hard luck pitcher of the league last season. In twenty-six games he averaged seven hits to the game, and lost many a one when he got away with less than half the hits scored against his opponent. He has reason to believe that he had a "jinx" last season, but we've fixed that all right. One night not long since we killed a black cat, smeared the blood on a busted ball bat, said a few words, crossed our fingers and thought of John Fox. That means that Johnny Old Boy can rest easy in the knowledge that we've laid the "jinx" away for keeps. We want him back this season.

During the windup of the season last year Willis Cole performed a lot of spectacular feats around second base, and the indications are that he'll be placed there when the season opens. There are plenty of indications that Cole will be a hummer at second after he gets started.

Although Jack Thomas was swapped

to Des Moines, the chances are fifty to one that he'll show up at the beginning of the season as a member of the Sioux City team. With another club and removed from some of the influences that have been his for six years, Thomas will doubtless get back into his old stride. And when in his stride Jack Thomas is one of the niftiest first sackers in the game.

The outlook for the season in Lincoln is mighty pleasing to observant fans. President Despain has got into the clear. This season he will not be to the expense of building a club, nor of improving his park. These two items alone cost Despain pretty close to \$8,000. That's a sizeable bit of money, and Despain will not have to spend it this trip. The improvements necessary at the park will cost but little. One that is contemplated is the division of the boxes so as to make them two-seat affairs. A little paint, some patching and a little work on the diamond, and the park is ready to be compared with any of them in the loop.

Third base is about the biggest worry President Despain has on hand at the present time. He has several men under consideration, but he isn't satisfied that he has a line on the right man yet. Until he gets it he'll not be happy. Right now he has a chance to land a man who has made a good record as a fielder, and who promises to develop into a good stickler, but Despain wants a man already developed as a swatsman.

What's this? Hack Jaskell coming back as one of the men behind the big windpad! Didn't we hear that 1911 was Hack Jaskell's last season in the Western? There are doubtless many better umpires in the business than this same "Fat Jack," but by the same token there are many worse

ones—and we got most of 'em last season. When he goes on the diamond minus that grouchy feeling and calls 'em as he sees 'em, Haskell always gives satisfaction. The trouble is that he don't always do it.

Every day President Despain gets a line on some baseball marvel. The woods are full of baseball marvels, but the trouble is that most of them fail to pan out. There are more failures in the baseball line than in almost any other business. Besides, the bushier who may be setting 'em all afore in the barbed wire circuit can't light a match in fast company. But, just the same, a wise magnate has got to keep right on following up these leads, hopeful that out of every five hundred or a thousand he may pick a peach. And one peach in a thousand lemons may make a magnate a pot of money.

The more the matter is aired the cleaner Isbell comes through in the matter of that Pueblo-Wichita deal. The fact seems to be that Pueblo copped her play, and then tried to win both ends against the middle. While Pueblo was asleep old Wichita woke up and made good. That's all there is to it, and Isbell has the documents to prove it. At least he and Prexy O'Neill say he has, and their word goes with us.

About the best thing in the shape of outlook is over in Des Moines. Having gotten rid of Grandpa Higgins, Des Moines is waking up to baseball again, and with Fairweather and Isbell in control it looks as if the staid old Hawkeye capital is going to be classy from now hereafter. The only wonder is that Des Moines is on the baseball map at all after three or four years of Grandpa Higgins' cavortings. But it is, and we're expecting some diddings over there this trip.

## Nebraska's Anniversary



*March 1, next, Nebraska will be forty-five years old. Forty-five years of marvelous progress and development—a record unequalled in the history of state making. Will Maupin's Weekly will appear about March 15th as a "Nebraska Anniversary Number" and will tell the state's story. It will be the best number of the best Nebraska Booster Organ in Nebraska.*

