

# MEN AND MATTERS

Mike Harrington neither strengthened his reputation as a careful student of history nor detracted from the Harmon presidential boom when he charged Harmon with participation in the infamous Cleveland-Morgan bond deal. Briefly stated, Mr. Harrington charged that Judson Harmon, while attorney general in the Cleveland cabinet, advised with President Cleveland and gave his official and legal sanction to the deal whereby the now famous bond issue was transferred to the Morgan syndicate, and by it disposed of the next day at a profit of \$8,000,000 to the syndicate and its friends. Had it even been true that Harmon was a member of the Cleveland cabinet at that time, it would have mattered little. Grover Cleveland had made up his mind to carry out the bond deal just that way, and when the Cleveland mind was "sot" it was "sot" for fair and for keeps.

But it so happens that Harmon was not attorney general at that time. He did not become a member of the Cleveland cabinet until four months after that bond deal was pulled off. Richard Olney was attorney general at the time. And at the present time Mr. Olney is an ardent supporter of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Harrington might have ascertained these facts by taking a few minutes off from his self-imposed duties as supervisor of our political welfare and looking up the record. We have a great admiration for Mr. Harrington's legal ability, and we admire his prodigious industry. But we are beginning to lose faith in him as the guardian of the palladium of our liberties.

It requires no extraordinary keenness of eyesight to see that the democratic situation in Nebraska is resolving itself into two warring camps, one camp determined to nominate Harmon because it would be distasteful to Bryan, the other camp determined to nominate Wilson because that would spell confusion for Bryan's enemies. Not because they love Harmon more, but because they like Bryan less is the animus behind the Harmon boom managers. So also, the Wilson supporters care less for Wilson than they do for Bryan. Such little matters are the good of the party and the interests of the whole people receive scant consideration from most of them in both camps. And between these two warring factions is a little group whose members are much more interested in the triumph of democratic principles than in the success of any particular man. But the voices of these men sound low amidst all the tumult and clash of Harmonites and Wilsonites. All of which is simply "nuts" for the republicans.

Don't worry about "factions" in the g. o. p. For ability to unite the scattered parts the g. o. p. has got the joint snake backed off the boards. Republicans may scrap a lot between times, but at the critical moment all differences are healed until such time as the common enemy is licked out of its boots. Democrats are just the opposite. With them all is harmony and good fellowship until the time comes to present a united front to the enemy. When that time comes democrats straightway begin fighting among themselves, and the enemy walks off with the arms, ammunition and wagon trains.

Three months ago it was a mighty sanguine republican who declared he believed his party would carry Nebraska and the nation. Now he is a mighty pessimistic republican who isn't willing to wager his last dollar that his party will sweep the platter. It's the same old story of democratic wrangling and discord, democratic failure to measure up to opportunities, democratic jealousies and democratic damphoolishness.

Dr. Winnett has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election to the railway commission, and we may now expect a flood of flings from self-sacrificing republicans anxious to let their own immense business responsi-

bilities go hang in order that they may serve the dear people.

Chancellor Mahlon Pitney of New Jersey has been appointed to the position of justice of the supreme court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Harlan. Judge Pitney is an unknown quantity to a vast majority of the people, but he is well known to those who have watched with some interest the trend of judicial decisions. It was Judge Pitney who decided that a man's employe was his "servant," and he who hired that "servant" away was guilty of a crime. That should have been enough to damn Judge Pitney in the eyes of any thoughtful man.

But isn't this supreme judge—or any other judge—business a ghastly joke on the public? Judge Hook decided the Oklahoma rate case in favor of the railroads, hence a protest from the people. Then he decided the "Jim Crow" car case in favor of the supporters of the measure, hence the warning to Taft that his appointment would alienate the colored vote. And Hook was shelved. But just the same, despite these patent facts, we are asked to consider a judge as far and away above criticism, and compelled to give the courts undivided respect under penalty of contempt. It would be laughable were it not so awfully serious.

The joke is on the Elks of Alliance. A few days ago the government gathered a carload of elks in the Jackson's Hole country and shipped them to Yellowstone Park. A telegraph operator at Crawford phoned the Elks at Alliance that a car load of elks was going through, and of course the Alliance bunch prepared to give them a brotherly greeting. So it was that a band, a spokesman and a bunch of "best people on earth" foregathered at the Alliance depot to extend greetings. It is presumed that the four-footed elks enjoyed the music and the undelivered speeches prepared by the two-footed Elks.

The officials of the Anti-Saloon League may be very good and wholly conscientious gentlemen, but when it comes to a knowledge of law they are wholly deficient. Their protest against the constitutional amendment allowing cities of 5,000 or more to make their own charters, based on the fear that such cities would thus be able to contravene the constitution and statutes, is nothing more nor less than an exhibition of ignorance of the proposed amendment, which specifically provides that "any city having 5,000 or more inhabitants may form a charter of its own government consistent with and subject to the constitution and the laws of this state." The trouble with people obsessed of one idea is that they see in every proposition a menace to their own particular hobby. But the officials of the Anti-Saloon League must always be doing something, else the collection baskets might miss their regular trips.

Let's see—it's been something like five years since we were going to have "dollar gas" over night, isn't it? And after five years of litigation and worry and careful preservation of receipts and bickerings and recriminations, it seems we are no nearer "dollar gas" than we were sixty months ago. At the time the dollar gas ordinance was enacted this newspaper remarked that it looked very much like the efforts of a few politicians to play to the galleries in order to boost themselves into office. This newspaper still thinks it was right. And by the same token it opines at this time that a lot of people are this day sorry they didn't accept the gas company's proffer of a compromise a few months ago.

Secretary of State Waite is puzzled to know how to designate the Taft and LaFollette delegates on the primary ballot. The answer to the puzzle seems easy—just don't. In the first place it can not be done legally. Either they must be listed according to party or listed as "independents." But if they

must be designated plainly why not call the Roosevelt-LaFollette delegates "izzers" and the Taft delegates "wazzers"?

A mighty interesting, and likewise significant, meeting was that of the Harmon boomers in Fremont last Tuesday. It means that Mr. Bryan's supremacy in democratic councils in this state is to be contested. It means a repetition of the old whisky fight with in democratic ranks. And it seems, also, that it portends a return to the old days when the "slaughter house brigade" faced the "packing house brigade" in every campaign.

## SOME CONCRETE NEBRASKA FACTS

With the latest available statistics, state and national, at hand it is very interesting to make some comparisons for the purpose of ascertaining just where Nebraska stands. And every time Nebraska's production is ranged up alongside the production of other states, or her output of wealth compared with the national output of some particular article of common use, we swell up with pride at the fact that our lot has been cast in this good state.

In 1910 the copper production of the United States was worth \$130,000,000. Nebraska's 1911 corn crop—short as it was compared to the average yearly yield—and her wheat crop, would pay for every ounce of copper mined in Uncle Sam's domains. So would Nebraska's 1911 crop of alfalfa, wild and tame hay. So would the animals raised on Nebraska soil and sent to the slaughter pens in the same year. And remember that copper, next to iron, is the most universally used metal.

All the coal, anthracite and bituminous, mined in the United States in 1910 was not worth as much as the wealth produced from the soil of Nebraska in 1911—not by \$60,000,000. And coal is far and away the most valuable mineral mined in this or any other country. We have no coal mines in Nebraska, but we've got something far better. Our people can work in the sunlight and in pure air, and make enough money in one year to buy all the coal mined in the United States in a twelve month.

In 1910 the value of all the cotton goods manufactured in the United States was \$609,000,000. The agricultural and live stock wealth produced in Nebraska in 1911 came to within \$25,000,000 of being worth as much—and the cotton textile industry is the largest single industry in the United States. We haven't any cotton mills in Nebraska, consequently no strikes and riots and hopeless operatives working for starvation wages. On the contrary we have men and women working in the open, breathing pure air and enjoying the sunlight, and making enough every year to buy the output of all the cotton mills of the republic. Some class to that, eh?

Tobacco is a pretty big crop in this country of ours. With so much talk about tobacco trust, and tobacco on sale everywhere and almost universally used by men, one would naturally think that it was one of the nation's biggest and most valuable crops. Big and valuable it is, to be sure. But, bless your soul, the corn raised in Nebraska in any one year would more than buy the nation's tobacco crop for the same year. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

The sugar of the world was worth \$900,000,000 in 1910. Two-thirds of it could have been paid for by the wealth produced on the farms and gardens of Nebraska in 1911. We've been building up a sugar industry in this country through tariff laws for many years. Nebraska's wheat crop in 1911 was worth more than this republic's output of sugar in that same year.

Same thing about wool—we've been coddling and petting the wool business for a generation. That may be

wise and strictly all right. But the wool output of the United States in 1910 wasn't worth within \$15,000,000 of the value of Nebraska's wheat crop in 1911.

How about oil? That's a big thing in this country. Everybody uses petroleum or its byproducts in some form or other. We are apt to imagine that the oil industry, therefore, would be something wonderful to contemplate. And it is. But if you had in your possession this minute all the corn and wheat raised in Nebraska in 1911, you could sell the grain for enough money to buy all the oil produced in this republic in 1911, and then have \$46,000,000 left to rattle in your pockets.

There wasn't enough gold mined in any one state or territory in 1910 to buy the eggs laid by Nebraska hens in 1911. Nor to buy the poultry and butter produced in Nebraska in 1911. There was not enough gold mined in the United States and Alaska in 1910 to buy the hay and oats crop of Nebraska in 1911. Not one state or territory mined enough gold in 1910 to buy Nebraska's 1911 crop of alfalfa. No two states or territories mined enough gold in 1910 to buy Nebraska's 1911 crop of prairie hay.

Nebraska produced more agricultural wealth per capita in 1911 than any other state, and performed the feat upon fewer acres per thousand dollars of wealth produced. Statistics are not at hand to verify the claim, but Will Maupin's Weekly is willing to wager a doughnut against the hole that Nebraska has fewer convicted criminals per 100,000 of population than any other state, fewer convictions for misdemeanor per 100,000 of population than any other state, fewer dependents upon public charity per 100,000 of population than any other state, more churches per 100,000 of

population than any other state, more schoolhouses per 100,000 of population than any other state, and fewer illiterates per 1,000 of population than any other state.

And not to go into politics at all, but just to keep the record straight, about all the political reforms that are under way today had their inception in Nebraska and were brought to the front by Nebraska reformers.

Wonderful state—and she isn't a half-century old yet. Within the memory of men yet living, hale and hearty, Nebraska was classed as "The Great American Desert," and any man who would have dared to prophesy that within fifty years Nebraska would be the greatest producer of agricultural wealth among the states would have been hailed before the lunatic inquisition.

They've all got to take their hats off to Nebraska!

Washington was opposed to third terms on principle, but George wouldn't amount to shucks by the side of Teddy were George alive today.

\* A GREAT BIG BOOST FOR \*  
\* GRAND YOUNG NEBRASKA \*  
\* Will Maupin's Weekly, the \*  
\* best single-handed booster Ne- \*  
\* braska has or ever had, came \*  
\* out in a blaze of glory last \*  
\* week with its "Nebraska In- \*  
\* dustries Number." Twenty- \*  
\* four pages carried an immense \*  
\* amount of highly interesting \*  
\* matter regarding the resources, \*  
\* attractions and opportunities of \*  
\* Nebraska, and also numerous ad- \*  
\* vertisements of manufacturing \*  
\* concerns who make good goods \*  
\* in Nebraska and are not afraid \*  
\* to let people know it.—Omaha \*  
\* Trade Exhibit. \*  
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## 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.

