

CURRENT COMMENT

We are loath to believe the truth of a rumor now afloat concerning the recent "Cornhusker" episode. The rumor has it that a little game was put up on Chancellor Avery by friends of the Wesleyan school at University Place. These friends are alleged to have concocted a plot whereby some letters were written to Chancellor Avery denouncing the "Cornhusker," the intent being to have the chancellor do just what he did do—jump in and make a nasty mess out of something that wouldn't have attracted a bit of notice otherwise. As a result of the mess these alleged plotters are said to be rejoicing over what they deem a pretty good boost for the Methodist school.

Will Maupin's Weekly has private sources of information which supplement the crop information gathered by the railroads. The remarkably cool weather of the past two weeks, coupled with copious rains, has resulted in bringing the wheat crop to the fore beautifully. Fields that were deemed hopelessly ruined two weeks ago now give promise of fair yields, while the average fields will turn out bumper yields. Nebraska has approximately 400,000 more acres sown to wheat this year than ever before. The average yield per acre for the entire state will be larger than last year. This means that Nebraska will harvest mighty close to 55,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

The weather has not been good for corn, although there is no complaint heard about the condition of that crop. It is only a little late—that's all. And seldom have the corn fields of Nebraska been in better shape than they are right now.

Both in immediate monetary value and in its relation to other products, the hay crop is the most valuable raised in the United States, even exceeding cotton and wheat. And when its relation to the stock and dairy industries are considered it at once becomes far and away the greatest of all crops. Just now the hay crop is in excellent condition. The second cutting of alfalfa is beginning, and the pastures are affording the best of grazing. As a result the cattle and dairy industries are thriving.

As a matter of fact, this year gives promise of forever setting at rest the fool notion that presidential years are of necessity dull business years. The reports from all over the country are to the effect that business is unusually good in almost every line of trade and industry.

Prof. Metchnikoff is on the trail of the microbe that produces the effect we call "old age." He has already located the "old age" microbe, or bacilli, or whatever you call it. Now he is looking up the microbe that will put the "old age" microbe out of business. If he will confine it within proper bounds we hope Metchnikoff finds the microbe he is seeking. But we want some things now in our midst to die of old age just as speedily as possible. Among them we may enumerate the end-seat hog, the I-told-you-so politician, the man who knocks on the home team, the man who insists on telling us his troubles when we want to tell him ours, and the friend who will not be thoroughly convinced by our unanswerable political arguments.

Mr. Root was the greatest man of the generation four short years ago. That was when Mr. Root could be used to advance the selfish ends of the most unscrupulous politician of the age. A few short years ago Mr. Harriman was a great man, one of the few "practical men" of the day. That was when Mr. Harriman consented to raise a slush fund to advance the political fortunes of that same politician. Mr. Harriman is dead, but before he died he was vilified and abused by the man he helped. Mr. Root is still alive, and he, too, is being abused and denounced by the man who is deeply in his political debt.

Land Commissioner Cowles may be a very conscientious gentleman, but every now and then he gives an exhibition of pinchpenny fussiness that rather grates on our nerves. His latest exhibition is his treatment of Mr. Hilyard, recent commandant of the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Milford. It is just such exhibitions as this latest one of Mr. Cowles that convinces a lot of us that there has been ample ground for the many complaints about the food in several of our state institutions. Wasting the state's time to the extent of hundreds of dollars fussing over a \$2 pair of shoes or the matter of a cornerstone of a public building may be Mr. Cowles' idea of working in the interests of the taxpayers, but we fail to see where the taxpayers gain anything.

The death in Lincoln of Mrs. Kate Martin, which occurred last Tuesday, removes another of the pioneers who were permitted to see Lincoln grow from a straggling village to a busy metropolis of 50,000 people. In the development of Lincoln Mrs. Martin had an active part. She conducted a hotel for many years, and was known and respected by thousands of people to whom she had been hostess at some time during the forty-eight years she lived in Lincoln.

Will Maupin's Weekly returns thanks to Councilman Meier for having saved the cottonwoods. His eloquence defeated the ordinance that put the cottonwood under ban. We who pioneered in Nebraska will never forget the debt of gratitude we owe that splendid tree. It may not suit the aesthetic taste of the mollycoddles who are enjoying the fruits of the toil and sacrifices of us old pioneers, but it suits us, and don't you forget it. And we old-timers opine that there will always be one good fight left in us if these mollycoddles undertake to banish the tree that was our only arboreal friend during the early days.

Tuesday, July 16, will be "Base Ball Booster Day" in Lincoln, at which time the Antelopes will meet Isbell's Des Moines bunch. The Lincoln ball club is now owned and managed by Hugh Jones, a veteran in the business and one of the finest fellows connected with the national pastime. He has assumed the job under hard conditions, but he is game to the core and only asks that Lincoln "fans" stand back of him. That they will do it is evidenced by the enthusiasm that is already aroused in the "Booster Day" project. If Lincoln does her duty to her biggest advertising stunt she will turn out upwards of 7,000 "boosters" on the great day. And

Hugh Jones and the Antelopes fully deserve all the encouragement such an attendance would give them.

John W. Gilbert and John M. Simmons of Saline county ask the supreme court to prevent the schoolhouse in their district from being used for religious services. These two gentlemen, both of whom are doubtless well meaning citizens, evidently are living in the past. The modern school house should be used for any kind of a public meeting desired by any considerable number of the people. It should be the social center of the community, the meeting place of all classes and conditions. Messrs. Gilbert and Simmons confess that they are unbelievers. Doubtless they class themselves as "free thinkers." Which reminds us of Ingersoll's famous retort to Rabbi Wise. "The tallest man I ever knew," said Ingersoll, "was named 'Short,' and the shortest man I ever knew was named 'Long.' I have just been attacked by a reverend gentleman named 'Wise.' Our experience is that the average "free thinker" is about as narrow-minded as a man well can be.

Amidst all the turmoil and strife of the Chicago convention; while Teddy is shouting "thief" and "liar," and the "Fighting Pats" and Knock-'em-out Petes" are brawling around like the bar room toughs they are, how pleasant it is to read the magnificent speech delivered by James A. Garfield at a similar third-term struggle—a speech that has never been equalled in any national convention, and which resulted in the nomination and election to the presidency of the man who made it. It is a far cry from the calm, eloquent and logical speech of Garfield to the ranting billingsgate of some of our modern "statesmen."

Mr. Dooley, the inimitable Irish philosopher, puts his finger upon the chief weakness of the democratic party. "Th' dimmyerats ought t' profit by th' mistakes uv th' raypublicans," said Mr. Hennessey. "Th' dimmyerats don't have t' profit be th' mistakes uv anybody; th' dimmyerats c'n make their own mistakes," replied Mr. Dooley. That's what they can—and by the same token that is what they generally do.

The new high school building soon to be erected in Lincoln should contain a large assembly hall, and this hall should be open to the public for all meetings calculated to advance the social and moral welfare of this community. The idea of investing \$300,000 in a building to be used eight hours a day, five days a week and nine months in the year is contrary to good business sense.

State Fire Commissioner Randall is an original genius. He is doing a splendid work in educating the people along lines calculated to lessen property loss by fire. His latest "stunt" is a series of cards containing some mighty practical suggestions and advice. They are neatly printed and quite suitable for posting conspicuously and preserving as daily object lessons. We freely admit that Mr. Randall is one public official who is earning his salary. And he is not doing it by "fussing around" over a two-dollar pair of shoes or a sixty cent porcelain wash-basin, either.

Charles G. Sheeley, once a prominent bridge contractor in Lancaster county, is under sentence of one year in the Colorado penitentiary for an attempt to bribe a county commissioner in that state. For years on end Sheeley secured mighty fat bridge contracts under peculiar conditions from Lancaster county boards. It might produce some startling revelation if some interested taxpayer started a searching investigation of the records. Not until C. O. Whedon "budded in" as a friend of the taxpayers was there anything like open and fair competition in the business of building county bridges in Lancaster. But, then, Whedon is a consistent "butter-in," come to think of it—and we wish we had a few more like him.

Let not all this pow-wow and palaver over politics cause you to forget that July 16 is "Booster Day" for the Lincoln Antelopes. Make the attendance pass the 7,000 mark, just because Manager Jones deserves the "boost" and the players have earned the recognition.

BE A BOOSTER ALL THE TIME

It is easy to be boosting when we've struck a winning gait; Nothing hard to keep on cheering when we've got the best of fate.

But it's when the team is losing and the breaks of rotten luck Have conspired to keep 'em running in the deep and miry ruck That we love the cheerful booster who is there with leather lung, With the words that will encourage flowing freely from his tongue.

He's the man who never falters, never knocks and never mopes, But keeps ever busy boosting for the good old Antelopes.

"On your toes!" he shouts to Mullen. "That's the stuff!" he yells at Cole.

And you catch the joy of living from his ever boosting soul. "O, you Bill!" is for McCormick, and his umps is sure a slob When he calls "strike" for the wide ones that are pitched to Barb or Cobb.

"Slam 'er, Tom!" he shrieks at Miller, and his soul is filled with glee

When Berghammer traps a hot one just as easy as can be. He's the man who, midst disaster, keeps alive our dying hopes By his ever earnest boosting for the good old Antelopes.

"Overhead!" he yells at Carney, or at Stratton, back of "home;"

And he yells at ev'ry trapped one till he shatters heaven's dome. "Eat him up!" he yells at Dwyer when that worthy, hopping mad,

Ambles out to make remonstrance with the man behind the pad. "O, you Bill!" he shrieks at Dwyer, "O, you Tuckey, Jake or Joe!"

Or "good work!" to Rip or Smithy—there's a never ceasing flow Of the dope that will encourage and revive our fainting hopes When this cheerful booster cuts loose whooping for the Antelopes.

Why not all of us be boosters? Why not ev'ry one enthuse? Every time there is a winner there's a team that's got to lose. Why not be there with the boosting, leaving all the doleful chants

To those wearing all their brain stuff in the bosoms of their pants?

If we win, then good and bully! If we lose, it's just the same— It's the luck that is the making of the good old base ball game. Fill your lungs with healthful ozone; put on ev'ry ounce of steam,

And get busy with your boosting for the good old Lincoln team. —From "Pastime Poems," a Little Book of Rotten Rhymes Written by Kernel Charles Bills.

Accidents Will Happen

And it is wise and prudent to insure against them in the reliable NATIONAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Lincoln, Nebr. The "National" does a larger accident insurance business in Nebraska than any other company, and settles all claims promptly and in full. A host of satisfied policyholders are staunch supporters of the "National" and the numbers are increasing rapidly.

W. C. HOWEY
Secy. and Genl. Mgr.

WAGEWORKERS, ATTENTION

We have Money to Loan on Chattels. Plenty of it. Utmost Secrecy.

Kelly & Norris
Room 1, 1034 'O'

THE CENTRAL

National Bank of Lincoln
Capital \$150,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$50,000.00

Notice Probate of Foreign Will.

Estate No. 3084, of John S. Hurst, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that a petition has been filed for probate of the will of said deceased, with authenticated copy and record of proceedings thereon by the Court of Probate of Philadelphia county, Pennsylvania, and for appointment of Hannah E. Hurst and Charles W. Wilkinson as executors thereof, which has been set for hearing herein on July 9, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated June 13, 1912.
GEO. H. RISSER,
County Judge.
By ROBIN R. REID,
Clerk.

13-3 (Seal)

Most No at

Rector's Onyx Fountain

All the fancy soft drinks known to the expert mixologist. The favorite refreshment resort of Lincoln.

Drugs and Sundries

tor's, Twelfth and O Streets, prescriptions accurately compounded. Prompt deliveries.

MONEY LOANED

on household goods, pianos, horses, etc.; long or short time. No charge for papers. No interest in advance. No publicity or file papers. We guarantee better terms than others make. Money paid immediately. COLUMBIA LOAN CO., 127 South 12th.

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The Man Who Knows How to

Clean, Press and Repair

Your Clothes or Hat

235 North 11th

Auto B1728
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Go Where The Crowd Goes!

Capital Beach

Nebraska's Greatest Amusement Resort

Monster Program of Free Attractions

4th of JULY

A Grand and Glorious Celebration

AN ELABORATE PUBLIC WEDDING

A couple will be joined in holy wedlock in the Japanese garden at 3:00 p. m.

THRILLING

Balloon Races

Death Defying Parachute Leaps

Day and Night Fireworks

A Startling Reproduction of the

ERUPTION OF KATMAI

Five Champion Lady Swimmers

IN A HALF MILE RACE

BOAT RACES! LAUNCH RACES!

Nebraska State Band Concerts

Free Shows CASINO Free Shows

DANCING—ROLLER SKATING

Salt Water Bathing :: Boating

Pic-Nic Grove Play Grounds

Electric Court Attractions!

50—Amusement Features—50

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JOHNSON-FLYNN FIGHT

Ball Games Athletic Sports

Come Early—Stay Late. Admission to Beach Only 10c