

the war department cost an average of \$84,000,000 a year and the navy department \$105,000,000 a year.

During the seven years of the Roosevelt administration we spent as much for wars past and wars we are preparing for as we spent during the almost five years of the greatest civil war in history.

No one begrudges the money spent for wars past, for that is in the shape of pensions, but what are we getting for the millions upon millions we are spending on wars we are looking forward to? Four millions for a battleship that may be of obsolete type tomorrow, and which another nation will outbuild as soon as possible after we float ours. We have a slightly larger army than when Roosevelt took the presidential chair, but has its size and efficiency kept pace with the increased cost? Are we in any better shape for war today than we were before we spent the last billion on the army and the navy?

Roosevelt was an expensive luxury for this country. He cost it billions; he aroused more animosities, engendered more hates and prejudices than any other president—and where did he get us to? How many trusts did he bust? How many malefactors of great wealth did he jail? Ask the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., or "My Dear Harriman."

We still hold that the only way to prevent wars is to compel the men who bring them on to do all the fighting, the suffering and the sacrificing.

In his inaugural address Governor O'Neill declares that Alabama's prohibition law is a failure. Of course a lot of people who never lived in Alabama know better than that, being in a much better position to judge than any mere Alabaman. Governor O'Neill recommends that the liquor business and politics be divorced, which is, of course, a joke. As long as alcohol is made the liquor question will be in politics. Of course the prohibitionist has the only remedy for the evil—prohibition. The trouble is that the patient will not take the remedy. It can be minimized by regulation—the trouble is that regulation of the liquor traffic fails to regulate it. If prohibition would prohibit, or regulation regulate we might arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem. As it is it seems that education is about the only relief in sight.

The democratic "jollification" meeting at Baltimore last Tuesday night was significant of but one thing—that after a victory democrats jollify and then begin immediately to pursue a policy that knocks the party galley west from Sunday. The Baltimore banquet had its inception in the desire of a few would-be democratic leaders to get together, eliminate progressiveness and give the party over to the "business interests" in the hope of securing a purchased victory. The would-be leaders were going to map out a policy and a plan of campaign for 1912. Only men of magnified egotism would conceive of a thing like that in this enlightened day and age. That might have worked twenty years ago—but not now. Democracy may be successful in 1912—but not because would-be leaders map out the plan of campaign. It all depends upon how democracy conducts itself during the next twenty-two months. There are more LaFollette democrats in the country today than there are "Big Interest" democrats.

Of course a few unpledged republican legislators, who think they know more than anybody else, would not vote for Hitchcock after the people by 20,000 majority had expressed their preference for him. In refusing to vote for Hitchcock under the circumstances the aforesaid republican legislators merely wrote themselves down for partisan, egotistical asses. Their names should be preserved for no other purpose than to recall them as such.

Armour & Co. announce that they are about to introduce a pension plan among their employes. That's all right, of course, but wouldn't it help a lot more to pay decent wages while the employes were able to work? We rather think we know something about this industrial problem—mighty little, to be sure, for it is a tremendously big problem, but still more than the average man knows—and we have never yet warmed up to the "pension plan" under private auspices. We heartily favor federal or state old age pensions, but

under private auspices it is subject to too many injustices to the workers of today.

Nor have we ever warmed up to all this fol-de-rol about "rest rooms" and "reading rooms" and "bath rooms" and "gymnasiums" in factories. What we favor is a wage scale high enough to permit the workers to have those things in their own homes.

Mayor Speer of Denver announces his candidacy for the senatorial seat made vacant by the death of Senator Hughes. Speer says in his announcement that he is "not the candidate of any corporation or interest," and that "I would not go to Washington unless I could go as a free man to work for what I believe to be the best interests of the people." And that reminds us of the conundrum propounded by the little boy. "That man is my father and also the father of that girl, yet the girl and I are not related. What's the answer?" The only answer is that the little boy lied.

Former Governor Thomas also announces his candidacy for the Hughes succession. We venture the prediction that as between Speer and Thomas the Colorado legislature will choose Speer, basing our prediction upon the admitted fact that Thomas is a thousand times the better man.

All this row about where to hold the Panama canal exposition may be obviated so far as Nebraska is concerned by the simple expedient of letting either Speaker Kuhl or Lieutenant Governor Hope-well toss a penny, "heads New Orleans, tails San Francisco." Then refuse to appropriate a dollar. This course will satisfy 99 out of every 100 Nebraskans. The exposition stunt has been sadly over-worked.

What the Office Boy Says

If my press gits broke de boss fixes it. When I git sick I has t' fix meself on me own time.

If my woik f'r de boss wus like de woik o' some fellers f'r de city, I'd git me walkin' poipers 'fore night.

If we could pipe some o' de guys allus gassin' about how t'ings should be run, we'd put de gas company out o' business quick.

Dad says I ain't old enuff t' know nothin' about politics, but I've notused dat de soshulists are doin' t'ings while other fellers is merely talkin' about it.

A hoss woiks better f'r occashunal lovin' pats. Dere ain't much diffrunce atween de average man an' a hoss. Wish more bosses would t'ink it over.

As I afore remoiked I ain't no soshiologist, but it strikes me dat spendin' so much money on improvin' hogs an' so little on improvin' de kids is a mighty poor business.

To a lot uv us de music o' de 6 o'clock whistul is de sweetest ever. I've notused, too, dat none o' dem don't refuse t' accept a woikin' man's money becaws his hands is durty.

Since I bin goin' t' Sunday school I've loined dat Jesus generally tended t' de eats afore He begun talkin' religion. Ain't dat a good thought f'r some o' de guys dat is takin' so much intrust in de welfare o' de woikin' classes?

Senator Jansen's Little Joke

Senator Pete Jansen of Jefferson is a great joker, albeit his sense of humor is somewhat vague and indefinite. When called upon to cast his vote for United States senator last Tuesday he arose and announced himself for "that stalwart republican, Daniel Wolfert Cook of Beatrice." Of course everybody laughed. Cook's stalwart republicanism is to laugh. He was born a democrat, raised a democrat, and is a democrat, but of late years he has voted an occasional republican ticket because he and Brayn are not one on some questions. Cook a "stalwart republican!" Of course Peter Jansen meant it as a joke. If he didn't some one ought to lead him out behind the barn and squirt a little political acument into his head with a horse syringe.