

as it may be, we now unhesitatingly admit the truth of the major's statement. We are not rich. The income tax would not effect us personally. The depth of the humiliation which we suffer in making this admission may be understood when we recall, for the benefit of the public, the fact that newspaper men are so generally opulent. With very rare exceptions they wear diamonds, dine on truffles and live in luxurious ease. The major himself is an illustration of the affluence that obtains among the gentlemen of the press. His retinue of liveried servants and magnificent equipages and palatial establishments, to say nothing of the exquisite sartorial appearance of the handsome and rosy-cheeked major, convey but a slight and inadequate idea of the extent of his enormous income. Before such dazzling splendor we stand abashed. We can understand how vitally the major is interested in the proposed income tax, and taking into consideration his large interests and the immense drain that such a measure would subject him to, we are disposed to be indulgent, and regard but lightly his cruel exposure of our true financial condition.

The action of the excise board relating to wine rooms is commendable so far as it goes. We are of the opinion that the rule adopted is not sufficiently clear and decisive. The "wine room" attachment to the modern saloon may be likened to the vestibule that opens into hell. It is one of the most vicious of the lewd institutions that accompany city life, and if the excise board is really in earnest it will stop at nothing that will exterminate the "wine room" nuisance.

The admirers of Mr. Sam D. Cox, and we are convinced that this class is numerous, are under obligations to Mr. E. Rosewater. They ought to thank that gentleman for living. If there had been no Rosewater the fire and unctuous wrath that are hidden away in Mr. Cox's interior, would doubtless never have been called forth, and the public would have lost much entertainment. This week the editor of the *Call* has been calling Mr. Rosewater an "insufferable egotist" "professional slanderer" an "ass and a brutal liar" and a "craven." There is only one thing that we know of in this particular line that is more interesting than Mr. Cox's tributes to Mr. Rosewater, and that is Mr. Rosewater's occasional onslaughts on the "jackass batteries," among which we believe the *Call* is proud to be enrolled.

Our contemporary, the *News*, which, by the way, is the only daily paper in the city that has had the courage to handle the Capital National bank matter from an independent standpoint, said last night: "Either the bank examiner who had supervision of it [the Capital National] knew nothing about his business, or he is as big a knave as the bank looters. If the former be the excuse, the usefulness of the law authorizing his salary is conclusively impeached. If the latter, both the law and its creature are impeached. For of what benefit is a law that puts a dishonest official in a position of trust and enables him to continue in that position after it has become apparent to everyone that he is either grossly incompetent or has grossly violated his trust?"

The *News* takes the position that the present system of examining national banks is of very little value, so far as the interests of the public are concerned. The law is necessarily liberal, the banking business being such that some consideration is essential, and the examiners are given a great deal of lee way. In most cases, however, it is believed that an honest and intelligent attempt is made to protect the interests of the public. In the case of the Capital National bank the fault was with the examiner, not the law.

Lincoln is in imminent danger of being visited by a terrible calamity. The time for the annual publication of applications for saloon licenses in the daily newspaper having the largest circulation is near at hand, and there is some prospect that a circulation war of great intensity will ensue. It may be as bad as the annual Rosewater-Hitchcock holocaust in Omaha. Rather than experience the torment the reading public in Omaha has to undergo every twelve months we would go without any saloons at all. Each of the three daily papers in this city has been keeping its circulation figures under strong magnifying cases for the last few months.

#### Are You Nervous,

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

## CHARACTER SKETCHES.

### NO. 6.

SOMETIMES when we can't think of anything else to say about a person we say, "Well, he is good hearted, anyway." Occasionally we change it a little and say good natured. This remark heads the list of doubtful compliments. In fact, I think it is almost an insult. It is only another way of saying that the person is a ninny or a chump or a piece of putty. It is the last thing we say of anybody we care for. With the "good hearted" man as we hear him referred to in a casual manner are associated visions of an insipid, callow, characterless sort of person, one in whom we have no interest whatever, a kind of harmless nuisance. If you think anything at all of a person and can't think of anything else to say, don't damn his reputation forever by saying that he is "good hearted, any way."

Every community, Lincoln among the number, has its share of people who are always described by their acquaintances, in an apologetic way, as being good hearted or good natured, and in most cases those persons who are so entirely lacking in character as to leave it next to impossible to say anything else about them deserve the stigma that has gradually become attached to this phrase. They are about as interesting as a very dull block of wood, or a clothing merchant's dummy.

One of these "good hearted" men once honored me with his friendship. It was worse than the measles or whooping cough. He made me nervous, and there is no telling what the nervousness might have developed into if something hadn't happened to divert the attention of my friend to some other quarter. People used to say of him that not a wrong idea ever entered his head. It didn't take me long to discover that ideas of any kind whatsoever refused to enter there. He had just about as much individuality as a mop handle. Yet he was, so people said, a nice kind of a man. You could trust him. He didn't swear or chew tobacco or stay out till three o'clock in the morning. He would willingly hold a baby or tramp a mile for almost anybody that asked him. Companionship was about all that he had, and this he bestowed freely.

I will never forget how this man laughed. He smiled nearly all the time, and when there was the slightest provocation for it, he laughed, and his laugh was as unique as a watermelon in December. It was remarkable. His mouth flew open and a gurgle like the rattle in a water drain came forth. It usually kept up for an inordinate length of time.

This good hearted friend of mine was a member of a fine family and his place in the social world was fixed by his ancestry. He was tolerated everywhere, because, "well, he was so good natured, you know." He would do anything you asked him. He was, perhaps, an exaggerated type; but you are all familiar with the species. Without sufficient force to be anything in particular they are just nothing at all, sliding along in a quiet kind of way, keeping out of trouble and avoiding complications of any sort. They will sympathize with you or laugh with you or take a drink with you or trade dogs with you with equal facility. They come and go without anybody giving them any particular heed, and having no ideas of their own they leave no impression on those they meet.

It is a splendid thing to have a big heart, and to possess the faculty of pleasing those around you, or of avoiding offense; but I would hate to have my reputation rest on such a footing. It is better to be querulous and a virago and have a mind of your own than to be good natured and a fool. There is always some hope for the former.

TEYS.

#### FAMOUS OPENING.

The "Famous" is located in its new quarters, 1029-31 O street, filling two of the largest floors in the city, the first being devoted to retail millinery and the second, reached by an elevator, to wholesale. The store is elegantly appointed in every particular, and is a palatial establishment, the show cases glowing with beauty. Next Tuesday and Wednesday there will be a grand opening to which the ladies of Lincoln are cordially invited. The stock of millinery is entirely new, not a single piece of old goods in the store. And the exhibit next Tuesday and Wednesday will be a most attractive one.