

the east on J than from the west on the same street, but perhaps we all ought to be so glad to have any Lincoln statue at all that we mustn't utter a single criticism upon the artistic taste of the committee having it in charge.

Now come the New Orleans boosters with the charge that President Taft has agreed to pull for San Francisco in return for a pledge from Californians that they will not oppose a treaty admitting Japanese labor free to the United States. We still refuse to start any prespiration over his Panama canal exposition matter. And we still refuse to worry our heard off about the admission of yellow labor through the Golden Gate while even worse kinds of labor are imported through Castle Garden in vastly large numbers. If the telegraph companies do no business until we set about flashing messages in favor of one city or the other in this exposition tangle, there will be no dividends for the Western Union or Postal companies this year.

"The greatest sinner in Omaha" was the theme of an Omaha pastor last Sunday. When the subject was announced nine-tenths of the men in that city dodged. No Lincoln pastor would announce such a subject. Few enough Lincoln men attend church as it is.

Representative Colton of York seems to be one of those devotees of "protection" who believe that "Skedule K" will actually cause wool to grow on the back of a hydraulic ram. He has introduced a resolution denouncing the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada, basing his objection thereto on the ground that it would remove the 25 cents a barrel tariff against Canadian wheat and let it across the border to compete with our own wheat. Of course the pauper wheat of Canada—grown mostly by former citizens of the United States forced across the border by our obnoxious and onerous tax and tariff laws—must not be allowed to come across and compete. When we have wheat to export we have to sell it at a price fixed abroad by men who buy United States wheat. Canadian wheat and Argentine wheat without regard to tariff laws. And when we have to import wheat the local consumer has to pay the 25 cents a bushel additional imposed by the tariff. The only time the tariff on agricultural products works is when it works against us. But about the blindest individual on record is he who believes in "protection to American industries" without knowing the difference between ad valorem and specific.

The Nebraska State Federation of Labor has prepared a dozen or more bills looking to legislative relief for wage earners. Of course the wage earners are asking for no more than they are entitled to, but what they get under present conditions will be very microscopic. If any of their bills pass it will be after they have been cut and slashed out of all semblance of their original, and even then the first court that gets a whack at them will hang them up in the air. If the wage earners want what they want, let them get behind the initiative and referendum bill and force that through without amendment. With an adequate initiative and referendum law on the books the wage earners will not need to come down and beg for favors at the hands of a lot of legislators.

We greatly fear that there are people in Lincoln who will object to the presence in heaven of all those who will not handle the golden harp exactly to their liking.



JUST INCIDENTAL AND ACCIDENTAL

Being Merely Little Quips and Jests About People You Know. Mostly Sent in over the Phone But a Few Evolved from Drams and Visions.

Easily Explained.

A friend met Will Dorgan on the street the other day and said:

"Say, 'Bill,' what's the matter between you and C—R—? He is calling you all kinds of hard names."

"Oh, that's easily answered," said Dorgan. "He owes me \$40 for coal he bought three or four years ago, and I've sent him several statements lately."

"The Hair of the Dog."

A few days ago a man with a furtive look upon his face wandered into Frank W. Tyrrell's office and after securing a private interview with the ex-county attorney said:

"I guess you don't remember me, do you?"

"Well, your face is familiar, but I fail to place you, sir," said Tyrrell.

"I'm one of the first men you convicted and sent to the pen after you became county attorney."

"Oh, yes; I remember you now," said Tyrrell. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, you see it's this way, Mr. Tyrrell. I ain't forgot how you sent me over the road, and the fact is I'm up against the same sort of a proposition again, and I just thought that bein' as you was in private practice you might take hold o' my case from a different side than the last time."

"You think, then, that if I succeeded in convicting you once I'd be a good man to secure an acquittal this time?"

"Sure, Mr. Tyrrell; sure! That's just it. Course I was the goat the other time, but I guess you can help me now."

Not being wholly a convert to the theory that the hair of the dog is good for the bite, to say nothing of not being yet ready to engage in the practice of criminal law, Mr. Tyrrell felt impelled to decline the case. His would-be client left with an air of disappointment on his face.

Speaking of Scent.

A friend met Erstine King on the street one evening this week and after leading him mysteriously to one side said:

"King, old man, you're the fellow I've been looking for. A few of us are organizing a little club for—"

"Sh-h-h! Stop right there," said King, backing off.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, only my wife can smell my breath if a man merely asks me to join a club or take a drink."

Professional Courtesy.

"Do you recognize de perfession?" queried a seedy stranger of Manager Garman at the Lyric last Monday night.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Garman. "What's your line?"

"I'm de original o' Bosco, w'ot eats 'em alive," said the stranger.

"All right, sir. Just wait till we put on our revival of 'The Lion and the Mouse' and I will give you a pass. That's the only animal play we have in our repertory."

Indispensible.

Ex-Senator William V. Allen tells this one of the late Senator Vest and the late Senator Pettus. Both of them were leading figures in the confederacy. After a big reception at the white house one night these two inseparable old cronies were on their

way home, somewhat mellow with good cheer. Vest finally remarked:

"Most wonderful country, Pettus."

"What makes you say that, George Vest," queried Pettus.

"Why, here we are, two men who did our best to destroy this union, guests of honor at the executive mansion of the union we failed to destroy. I tell you, Pettus, it is wonderful magnanimity that has been shown to us."

"Magnanimity, h—! exclaimed Pettus. It's no such thing, George Vest. They simply couldn't run the thing without us, and they know it!"

And the old white horse attached to the Vest phaeton trotted slowly down Pennsylvania avenue.

Didn't Count.

The little matter between Governor Aldrich and Douglas county recalls a story by "Private John" Allen of Mississippi, told at his own expense.

After an arduous congressional campaign Allen returned to Tupelo to vote and while perambulating around the little town, greeting old friends, he met an aged negro who was a general favorite in the community.

"Mohnin, Mars Allen," said Uncle Ned.

"Morning, Uncle Ned," replied Allen.

"How are you getting along?"

"Po'ly, Mars Allen! po'ly. I wuz jes' projekin' as you kim erlong dat if I wuz right short o' findin' a bag o' co'n meal an' a side o' bacon at my cabin dis evenin' I mought vote for you, Mars' Allen."

"Get along, you black rascal. You know you voted for the republican candidate early this morning."

"Wel fo' de land's sake, Mars' Allen, you ain't gwine ter hold dat ergin me are you, when you know moughty well dey won't never count dat vote!"

Where It Hurts Most.

W. J. Bryan was making a temperance speech in Illinois a few months ago, and a libulous individual in the audience arose and asked permission to propound a question. Permission having been granted the man asked:

"Mr. Bryan, how does liquor affect a man most, externally or internally?"

"Externally," exclaimed Mr. Bryan.

Whereupon the libulous individual subsided.

Profited by Delay.

Col. "Bill" Price sat in his office the other morning and looked over a scrap book. His eyes lighted upon a clipping telling the story of a Mexican's resentment of having his wage account disputed.

"Ah me," sighed Price. "All I have to say is that I'm glad the wage dispute didn't arise twelve or eighteen months ago."

Greatly Offended.

Recently John G. Maher—beg pardon, Colonel Maher—had occasion to write a letter while at an Omaha hotel. Instead of dictating it to the public stenographer Colonel Maher politely asked her to rise, and when she did so he took the vacated seat and began making the machine hum.

"Hello, John!" called out a friend going by. "I didn't know you could operate a typewriting machine."

Colonel Maher paused in his work, looked