

Good women, for heaven's sake have your fares or your transfers ready in your hands when you board the cars!

The man who is seeking light on the liquor question will have to go further than figures to find it. Louisville, Ky., wetter than a sponge in a brimming bath tub gains in population practically the same percentage as Lincoln, Nebr., dryer than a dray load of sand in the middle of Sahara. South Omaha, with a saloon to each 400 inhabitants, loses in population. York, that never had a saloon within its corporate limits, gains nicely. Iowa, with near-prohibition, loses heavily in population, while wet Colorado gains splendidly. Prohibition Oklahoma grows by leaps and bounds, and prohibition Kansas is content to hold her own. Wet Chicago is growing like a green bay tree, and so is prohibition Columbia, S. C. All the time you put in listening to statistics from advocates of either side of the liquor question is merely that much time wasted.

Charles Spearman, who has been engaged in the banking business at Springfield, Nebr., for many years, has emigrated to Scottsbluff county. This means that Scottsbluff county has gained a citizen who will start something worth while every now and then. When Spearman first came to Nebraska he did not come on the velvet cushions. On the contrary he came by the box car route, and when he debarked near Springfield at the request of a hard hearted brakeman he didn't have enough money to flag a bread wagon. But he was really looking for work and he found it. He got a job as a farm hand, made good at it, saved his money and soon had some land of his own—cheap land then, but worth its little old hundred an acre now. He married a charming woman who helped along. And right there in little old Springfield, in little old Sarpy, Charley Spearman has made good. Now he goes to a new country because he wants his boys, fine manly young fellows, to grow up with the country. There are a lot of mighty good people in the Scottsbluff country, but when the Spearman locate there the average of intelligence, enterprise, thrift and good citizenship is going to be raised.

Is the proposition to make a park out of Wyuka cemetery made in earnest, or is it a joke? If made in earnest it ought to be squelched instantler. If made as a joke it is in mighty poor taste. God's Acre is sacred ground. Those of us who have buried loved ones in God's Acre will not consider patiently any proposition to have the sacred dust above those loved ones desecrated by joy parties and picnic dinners and rag time music. If Lincoln can not provide ample park facilities without turning Wyuka into a pleasure resort, then in God's name let Lincoln do without park facilities.

The attempt by Mr. Burkett's campaign managers to use the Nebraska Federation of Labor for partisan political purposes was very quickly and very properly squelched. The Federation may be made a powerful factor in bettering the condition of labor in Nebraska, but not by lending itself to party politics. The minute it begins that sort of thing it might as well begin winding up its earthly affairs.

The splendid building now being erected at Fourteenth and M streets by the Bankers' Life Insurance Co. is merely one of a score of similar buildings that could and would be erected in Omaha and Lincoln if the money spent for insurance by Nebraskans was spent with the reliable insurance companies organized and managed by Nebraska men right here in Nebraska. The man who investigates and ascertains the vast amount of money annually drained from Nebraska by eastern insurance companies, is appalled at the amount. It should be kept right here at home and used in the development of Nebraska.

Again, if all the cigars smoked by resident Nebraskans were manufactured in Nebraska—as they could be—it would mean the retention of millions of dollars now sent out of the state, to say nothing of furnishing employment to three or four thousand more cigarmakers at good wages who would make their homes in Nebraska. An ordinary cigar costs only a nickel, but thirty million of them cost \$1,500,000. A good cigar costs but a dime, but twenty-five million cost \$2,500,000. And more than 55,000,000 cigars are smoked in Nebraska every year that were not made in Nebraska. That simply means that more than \$1,000,000 that might be paid in wages to Nebraska workmen is paid to workmen in the east and south, and never finds its way back to Nebraska.

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