

church bonds." Ordinarily church mortgages are not looked upon with great favor, for church property, being built with an eye to church purposes only, is not calculated to impress one looking for investment, it being practically impossible to convert a church into either a residence or a business block. But in the case of Trinity M. E. church the issue of \$25,000 in first mortgage bonds found ready takers because the property itself is good security, and because, further, the men and women who make up the Trinity congregation are of that calibre that assures payment of the bonds. About the only vendors of stocks who are unable to find investors in Lincoln are the gold mine promoters. Lincoln people cut their eyeteeth on the gold mine stock several years ago.

Now what's the use of all this condemnation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law? A little investigation will show its undeniable merits. For instance, the unfortunate rich man who desires to sleep between woolen blankets can do so by paying 165 per cent duty thereon, while common ordinary working folk, like editors and mechanics, have to pay the enormous tax of 50 per cent on their automobiles. The rich man has to pay a paltry 250 per cent on woolen overcoats and other articles of clothing, but us poor men have to stand for the outrageous tax of 37 per cent on the champagne we import and consume. Isn't that fair? Isn't it just as easy for the rich man to pay 250 per cent tax on his woolen clothing as it is for us common folk to pay 37 per cent tax on our joy water? Ever been in Detroit, or Buffalo, or any other considerable city along the Canadian border? If you have doubtless you have noticed the absence of large retail clothing stores such as may be seen in Lincoln, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and other large interior cities. There is a reason, as my old friend, Charley Post, says. It is that an American can put on an old and ragged suit of clothes, go across into Canada and buy a good suit, discard his rags, don the new suit and come back without paying duty on the suit on his back. And the suit he buys in Canada costs him about one-third as much as it would have cost him had he bought it on the American side. In Toronto last winter I noted the coats worn by the street car conductors. They cost the men \$4 each. I priced identically the same coats in Lincoln, and the price was \$14. The coats were made in Rochester, N. Y. The typewriter upon which this is ground out cost me \$102.50; were I a London newspaper man it would have cost me less than \$60. The little gold watch I carry—an Elgin, open-faced watch given me by William J. Bryan—is sold under contract in the United States for \$21. It was bought in London by King of New York City for \$7.25. It was shipped here without the dial. If the dial had been put on in England that would have constituted an "improvement," and it could not have been re-entered without payment of an exorbitant duty. King got hold of it before the dial was put on, and re-entered it free under a clause of the old Dingley law. After he got it back free of duty he put the dial on it and sold it to Mr. Bryan for \$9.50, making a profit after paying ocean carriage back to the land of its birth. Beef slaughtered in Omaha is sold cheaper in London and Liverpool than in Lincoln or Hastings. The linotype machine upon which this matter is composed costs \$3,600 in the United States. It can be bought in Canada for two-thirds of that amount. The sugar schedule of the Payne-Aldrich bill taxes the people of the United States \$350,000,000 a year to "protest" an American sugar crop whose annual value is not equal to the value of one year's output of Nebraska's hens. Of course the Payne-Aldrich tariff law is a meritorious measure. I am surprised and chagrined to think that my good friend, C. O. Whedon, should have so severely chided my other good friend, Senator Burkett, for his part in its enactment.

The men who are behind the scheme to foist a one-man government upon Lincoln have not yet abandoned hope. They are working every possible scheme to achieve success for it, among others being an effort to catch the opposition napping and call another meeting of the fearfully and wonderfully made "committee." What there is behind this whole thing is a mystery. It wouldn't last as long as a tallow-legged cat chasing an asbestos rat through Hades after the people got a crack at it, and that man is foolish who imagines that in this enlightened age the people of Lincoln are going to accept a charter without first having an opportunity to vote on it.

Senator "Billy" Lorimer's coat of whitewash shows signs already of peeling off. That there was bribery in his election is beyond dispute. The man who believes that "Billy" Lorimer was not cognizant of that bribery merely writes himself down a fool. And honest United States senators—and there are such—owe it to themselves to make it impossible for creatures of the Lorimer stripe to desecrate the precincts of that honorable body.

Joseph Fels is going to make an address in Omaha soon, and the writer is going to hear him. Fels is a multi-millionaire Englishman who has profited by the "system" and is using his acquired millions to fight the aforesaid system. He is a "single taxer," which means that he is looked upon as being a "crank"—indeed, as an anarchist by some. He refuses to enthuse over charitable organizations, but is spending his money freely to bring about conditions that will

make charity unnecessary. Of course he is a "crank!" Fels is promoting his plans without any Carnegie-Rockefeller brass band accompaniment. He hasn't as much money as either of them, but he is devoting it to purposes that mean something to the "common herd." The only thing we have doubts about is the ability of men like Fels to abolish the causes of poverty as rapidly as the system pursued by Carnegie and Rockefeller makes for pauperism.

"Big Business" deplores the garment workers' strike in Chicago because it hurts business and threatens Chicago's supremacy as a clothing market. Humanity loving men and women deplore it because it means starving and freezing to thousands of defenceless men, women and children. Why don't they go back to work and thus avoid starvation? Great God, isn't it better to starve and freeze all at once than to drag it out over weary years—years of hopelessness and unrequited toil? If ever there was a cause that appealed to the hearts of men and women with bowels of compassion, it is the cause of the 35,000 garment workers of Chicago who are fighting—not for luxury and ease, but for a chance to live like human beings and raise their children after the manner of humans instead of after the manner of dumb brutes. The struggle of the striking garment workers of Chicago is merely the fight of men and women who want to be recognized as having souls.

O, gee! After being promised a barbecue on the state house grounds and plenty of "blue ribbon" in the basement, we didn't even have a chance to trip the light fantastic at an inaugural ball. Life is just one d—n thing after another, as my old friend Bill Barlow remarked.

Don't it look good to see a couple of fine new business blocks going up right here in the dead of winter, just as if such a thing as zero weather were unknown? A few years ago such a thing would have been deemed impossible; now it is as easy as anything could be. All this ought to be even more pleasing to building tradesmen than to the capitalists who are erecting the buildings.

The next O street corner that ought to be ornamented with an eight or ten-story building is the southeast corner of Eleventh and O, on the site now occupied by the Harley Drug Co.

The excise board has given the "personal liberty" hosts another cause for lament and objection. Hereafter people who have liquid refreshments shipped to them must report the same. This is calculated to put something of a crimp into West Lincoln's chief industry. Some of these days it will dawn upon the people that the best way to "regulate" the liquor traffic is to remove all license and let the stuff be handled the same as any other merchandise, subject to such restrictions as are put upon articles of a similar nature, such as poisons, explosives, firearms, etc.

Speaking of Omaha, that city has made more than one remarkable record. It held a great international exposition and not only paid all expenses, but actually returned about 95 cents on the dollar to the men who loyally put up the money to make it a go. And it recently held a successful aviation meet, at which no one was killed or injured. If successful handling of exposition matters is used as a basis for selection, we are quite ready to advocate Omaha as the best place for holding the Panama canal exposition. Dollars to doughnuts Omaha would make a brilliant success of it.

Fairbury is the premium city of Nebraska insofar as progress during the last decade is concerned. While the state at large showed a population increase of 11 per cent, Fairbury comes forward with 65 per cent increase. This is not surprising, however, to those who are acquainted with Fairbury's newspapers. Any little city that can boast of two newspapers as good and as well patronized as the Fairbury newspapers is bound to be a winner. Omaha, Lincoln and South Omaha are the three largest cities in Nebraska, coming in the order named. We are not hazarding a guess as to the fourth largest, but we are of the opinion that Fairbury will make all of them hustle to keep her out of fourth place in 1920.

Speaking of legislative sessions, do you notice any difference between those of recent years and those we used to have along in 1888, or thereabouts? Blondined women, imported liquors, fine cigars, kept favorites and things of that sort used to abound, and the people seemed to accept it all as a matter of course. When a legislator couldn't be reached by argument, there was the "wine room" adjunct; if that failed, the trained lobbyist with a pocket full of greenbacks came into play. And if that failed, then the most potent influence ever brought to tempt man to his fall was used—the bewitching woman. There were plenty of such available, too; skilled in all the arts of lobbying and luring men away from the path of rectitude. All these things used to be used openly, too. But things have changed a bit, thank goodness! The wine room and the blondined lobbyist are known no more. Lobbyists have to work in the open, and instead of being the big men of the state are rather discredited in the eyes of the general public. We've a long ways yet