

girls. If the general public knew all the facts the court would not be hampered by the lack of money. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and although Judge Frost's work is not recognized at home as it should be, abroad he is recognized as one of the big factors in this grand new work of saving the boys and girls and making dependable citizens of them.

"We certainly want no more receiverships in Lincoln," remarks the platform adopted by the business men's association. Certainly not. But we venture the assertion that the advocates of a "dry" policy will gladly put up the record of Lincoln "dry" in that respect with the record of Lincoln during its "wettest" years.

It is planned to hold the "Lincoln Industrial Exposition" in May. In the meanwhile, if the Commercial club's plans work out the open space on the north side of the auditorium will be enclosed within a 16-foot brick wall of ornamental design, which will permit of roofing it with canvas. This will permit a larger exhibit—something that is needed. An automobile show of worthy proportions is practically impossible under present conditions, but by utilizing a "circus top" erected on the vacant lot a real show can, and will soon, be held. Some idea of the size of the automobile industry in Lincoln may be obtained from the knowledge that during 1910 Lincoln dealers sold upwards of \$2,000,000 worth of machines. That's some business, thank you.

Emil Schmeid of Chicago, representing "The Public," is securing subscriptions for that publication in Lincoln. The busy man who wants to keep abreast of the trend of modern thought along economic lines should by all means, be a reader of "The Public." Louis F. Post, its editor, is one of the generation's deepest thinkers, and he has the happy faculty of making things clearer and in fewer words than any other writer of his day. "The Public" should have a thousand or more readers in Lincoln—the more the better for Lincoln.

After a thorough search Will Maupin's Weekly has failed to discover a single, solitary substantial business man of Lincoln who is frightened half to death by this talk about capital removal.

The American Savings bank is preparing to move into new and handsome quarters in a short time, as soon as the new rooms can be prepared. The new location is not quite so far south of O on Eleventh as the present quarters are north of O on the same street. The American Savings bank has made remarkable growth as a financial agency during its ten years of existence. It has never lost a dollar by reason of a poor loan, and it has never yet foreclosed a mortgage. It is a remarkable monument to the integrity and wisdom of Lewis Gregory, and his methods, which made it so successful during the past ten years will be adhered to in future.

When Senator Root charges political corruption his words must be accepted as being official in character. Root has, by his legal ability, made possible more corruption in business and political life than almost any other man. He first attracted attention to himself by his defense of "Boss" Tweed, and he has been snuggling up pretty close to the "interests" ever since.

FACTS ABOUT NEBRASKA

The most successful farmer in the United States lives in Pawnee county, Nebraska. He is growing rich on twenty acres. Not the best twenty acres in Nebraska, by any means. In fact, he bought the twenty acres cheap, because the man who sold them, himself a farmer, thought they were practically worthless. This man is making a living for himself and family, six people all told, and laying up from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year. How? by intensive, intelligent farming.

There are 16,000,000 acres of untilled land in Nebraska, averaging higher in soil fertility than the twenty acres upon which this Pawnee county farmer is growing wealthy.

No do a little sum in long division.

If a family of six, by intelligent and well directed effort can live and lay up money on twenty acres, how many people can live and lay up money on 16,000,000 acres?

FOUR MILLION, EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND!

Nebraska has approximately 16,000,000 acres under cultivation, supporting a farming population of approximately 600,000 people. Six hundred thousand other people live in Nebraska cities and towns.

Now do another sum in arithmetic:

If six people can live and lay up money on twenty acres, and six other people can at the same time live in cities and towns, how many people could Nebraska provide for?

NINETEEN MILLION, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND!

Not an exaggerated estimate, either, when you look at the facts. Nebraska's area, vastly more fertile than Japan's, is greater than Japan's, and Japan supports a population of 35,000,000. Of course we demand a higher standard of living than Japan, but bear in mind that we are figuring on approximately an acre and two-thirds per capital, and Japan has less than half that.

Of course we do not want Nebraska crowded as Japan is crowded. But why not have two million more people living comfortably upon Nebraska farms and adding yearly to the wealth and happiness of the world?

Talk about the acreage of corn lands having been exhausted! There are millions of acres of corn land in Nebraska that have never yet been touched by the plow. And there is not an acre of corn producing land in Nebraska that could be made to produce more and better corn by intelligent effort.

No other state produces a larger surplus of foodstuffs per capita than Nebraska.

Nebraska offers more to the homeseeker—the honest, intelligent and industrious homeseeker—than any other state. The trouble is that Nebraska has heretofore failed to make the fact known. As a light hidden under a bushel, so has been Nebraska's offer to the homeseekers everywhere. It is time to remedy all this.

WHAT THE OFFICE BOY SAYS

Some people put on so much front dat w'en youse open deir front doors youse is in deir back yards.

I'm me brudder's keeper, all right, but dat don't mean dat I've t' be forever be buttin' in on me brudder's business.

'Most every day a lot of us discovers dat we could do a heap o' business on de capital dat we have already wasted.

De guy w'ot's up against starvation ain't intrusted in de city beautiful stunt.

When I can't boost f'r me boss' business I'll quit me job; an' when I can't boost f'r me home town I'll hit de road f'r annuder.

About de only feller I don't envy some-thin' is de feller dat ain't got nuttin' but money.

Dere's nuttin' funnier dan de man who t'inks he is an' ain't.

De woman w'ot tries t' make folks t'ink she's young by actin' kittenish ain't foolin' nobody but herself.

A lot o' people are gettin' widout' givin' because a lot o' poor devils is givin' widout' gettin'.

De boss owes de worker somethin' more dan woiges, an' de worker owes de boss somethin' more dan woik.

De good books says de body is more dan ra'munt, but some folks dress like dey don't more'n half believe it.

W'en a guy begins talkin' about his salary it means dat he is livin' too high f'r his woiges.

MARMADUKE'S GRATITUDE

When General John A. Marmaduke was sworn in as governor of Missouri his first official act, performed within twenty minutes after he took the oath, was to issue a pardon to a man convicted of murder and undergoing a life sentence. Behind that pardon lies a story of heart interest. Shortly after the war, in which Marmaduke took a conspicuous part as a soldier of the confederacy, he and a war companion went west and began prospecting for gold. While in the mountains Marmaduke was stricken with fever. Miles away from civilization, indeed from humankind, Marmaduke's pal nursed him for weary weeks and saved the life of Missouri's future governor at the risk of his own. When Marmaduke was able to travel the pair returned to Missouri and separated. The two men lost sight of one another for years, then Marmaduke was startled to learn that his old-time pal and war companion had been adjudged guilty

of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. He tried to secure a pardon and failed. "I'll be governor of Missouri yet," said Marmaduke, "and when I am I'll pardon Bill." After taking the oath and kissing the Bible, Marmaduke walked into the executive office and asked for a pardon blank. When it was handed to him he filled in out, inserted the name of his old friend, then called a cab and directed that he be taken to the penitentiary. "Where is Bill —?" asked the new governor of the warden. "Over there digging a well," said the warden; "I'll send for him." "No, I'll go to him," said the governor. Marmaduke walked to the designated spot and leaning over the opening called out: "Are you down there, Bill?" "Yes; who is that up there?" answered the convict well digger. "This is John," was the new governor's reply. "Come on up and go to dinner with me." Bill came to the top in a hurry, Marmaduke