

handed him the pardon, and arm in arm the two men walked out of the prison gate. Marmaduke is dead, but "Bill" is a farmer in southeastern Missouri, prosperous and respected by the community.

SHORT ARM JOLTS

The pauper wheat of Canada is threatening our shores! Awful, isn't it, Mabel?

A lot of us are just now more interested in "the city busiful" than we are in "the city beautiful."

Nebraska has the goods to advertise, needs the advertising and should get into the advertising game.

If "Big Business" gets hold of the magazines, then a lot of budding geniuses will have to go to work at something worth while.

The advocates of direct legislation seem to have presented a wooden horse to its opponents when they secured Judge Lindsey for an address.

What's the use of spending millions to turn out teachers as long as we refuse to pay wages that will entice teachers to remain in the game?

Now that county option is practically out of the way, perhaps the state legislature will buckle down to business and do something worth while.

As we view it the opponents of a "dry" policy are going to punish Lincoln by taxing themselves a million or two dollars to remove the state capitol.

A great many men who do not drink whisky refrain because they are too mean to spend the money, not because they are too good to drink whisky.

The mayor of Seattle has just been recalled. The interests will not deem it worth while to buy places for their tools when it is possible to pack the tools in a chest on short notice.

Will Maupin's Weekly will welcome short communications from subscribers, but non-subscribers will be requested to pay for the composition before their communications are put into type.

Senator Lorimer seems to be the victim of having been found out. That is a high crime in the estimation of a few senators who have been successful in preventing the proof from coming to the front.

Edmund Lamy, champion ice skater of the world, recently broke the record for a broad jump on skates. Must be a wonder, for we've seen men make some pretty big hops while they had on their skates.

Not every one who advocates prohibition is a saint, and not every one who advocated high license is a "tool of the brewer." We'll not be getting anywhere on this liquor question until these two facts are admitted.

A lot of advocates of tariff revision seem to be molded after the pattern of an optimist as defined by John Z. White. "An optimist," say Mr. White, "is a man who doesn't care a d—n what happens, just so it does not happen to him."



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 Dreams and Visions.

The Reformation.

I am growing sick and weary of the old tales sad and dreary 'bout Doc Cook and Captain Peary, and their journeys to the pole. And on graft in higher places which our public life disgraces I'm no longer keeping cases, for it makes me sick of soul.

I was wont to weep and holler, and grow hot beneath the collar, when the man behind the dollar worked their schemes of high finance. And I stood around and muttered till my talk works fairly stuttered, and my bread was seldom buttered, while I'd patches of my pants. All the troubles of the nation put my mind in wild gyration, and my soul in agitation, while I groaned and cursed at fate. And on corners I orated, chewed the rag, expectorated, till my friends were aggravated by my moanings, early, late.

Now I see my blooming error, and no longer I'm a terror to my friends to make 'em swear or hit me with a sack of sand. I am boosting night and morning, hard luck tales I meet with scorning, and when corners I'm adorning, there I boost to beat the band.

—From "Odes of Optimism," by Col William B'gosh Price.

Reminiscent.

"I make my own platforms!" declared Senator Bartos of Saline recently.

Senator Brown of Lancaster heard the declaration and remarked that after hearing it he understood some things better.

"Somehow or other the declaration reminds me of the first pair of pants my mother made for me. I think they were the first she ever made, too. And, of course, a pair of pants discarded by father formed the basis of the aforesaid pants. Mother cut them out by guess, I guess. At any rate, when I wore them blest if I could tell whether I was on my way to school or on my way home to do the chores. They seemed to front both ways."

Conceded.

Rev. H. H. Harmon, pastor of the First Christian church, attended a secular meeting recently and was introduced to a gentleman.

"A minister of the gospel, eh?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied Rev. Mr. Harmon.

"Well, now, look here," said the stranger. "I don't believe I have any soul to save, sir. If you can prove to me that I have I'll be glad to listen to you."

"My dear sir," replied the reverend gentleman, "rather than occupy your time and mine in such a discussion I will concede your point. Now let us talk about something else."

Force of Habit.

Manager Humpe tells this one concerning the excuse offered by a new motorman for having bumped a citizen at a street crossing:

"The motorman was a new one and when the accident was reported I called him to the office and asked him for particulars."

"Well, you see it's just this way," said the new man. "It was all the fault of my having run automobiles so long."

"What does running automobiles have to

do with running this case?" I asked.

"Why, I forgot I wasn't chauffing and I thought I could run up close to the old guy, throw a scare into him and then dodge him. I forgot that the blamed car was a running on a track and wouldn't dodge, no matter how hard I twisted the wheel."

"For fear that the man was addicted to chronic forgetfulness I had to let him go back to 'chauffing.'"

Those Who Knock.

"I'm tired of hearing the continual slander to the effect that Lincoln has been going backwards during the past two years," remarked John E. McDonald a few days ago. On the train recently I fell in with a man who declared that business was "sot all to h—l" in Lincoln.

"What makes you think so," I asked.

"Well, I'm in business in Lincoln and I guess I ought to know," he replied. "My business has fallen off 50 per cent."

"This was a shock to me, of course, and I immediately asked him what line of business he was engaged in.

"I'm a dealer in second-hand goods," he replied."

Woods Full of Them.

"If I were to undertake to investigate all the pitching phenoms that are brought to my notice I'd have to find some method of crowding thirty-six hours into every day," remarked President Despain recently. "I'm always glad to get pointers, of course, and once convinced that I am on track of a good player I'll follow the scent."

After a moment's thoughtful pause the president of the Antelopes said:

"Here's a letter from an entire stranger living in a northwest Nebraska town, in which I am told that the town has a pitcher who can make the Ty Cobbs and George Stones and Snakes Crawford's rain check on a sunny afternoon. A little investigation disclosed the fact that the writer knew nothing about baseball and was of the opinion that his phenom was a world-beater by reason of having discovered how to 'make a ball go sideways.'"

"Wouldn't that jar you?"

Latest in Neckwear.

Ed Young, jr., is always looking for the latest in neckwear. The other day Charley Spangler approached Ed and remarked:

"Saw something in neckwear the other day that is bound to become increasingly popular as the people get next to it."

"I'd like to see it," said Ed.

"I've got a sample in my pocket," said Spangler.

Ed held out his hand for it and Charley deposited therein a piece of the rope used in a recent execution.

It Wasn't the Meter.

"Of course a public service corporation is guilty of a great many things," admitted Manager Adams of the gas company recently. "But it often has to bear the blame for the carelessness of other people."

As an illustration Manager Adams told the following incident:

"Last fall a man came in, angry and red-faced, to declare that the company was trying to rob him."

"I've got the goods on you, too," he ex-