

state as he is for the prosperity of Lincoln. As Nebraska prospers, so Lincoln prospers. As Nebraska loses, so Lincoln loses. Let us all work together for Nebraska.

The probability of securing any legislation regulatory of the stock yards at this session seem remote. This is a subject that comes up every time the legislature meets, and as usual there is a diversity of opinion as to the merits of the question. Time was when it was not unusual to introduce stringent regulatory bills for the mere purpose of holding them up—and at the same time holding up the stock yards company. No one has dared to hint that any such motive was behind the bill two years ago, or the Ollis bill this year. Perhaps the Union Stock Yards Company at South Omaha is making a rather big profit—but the company is also making a mighty good market for Nebraska livestock. And we doubt if the average corporation during the last five years has made as much profit on its investment as the average Nebraska farmer made on his.

Two years ago the legislature appropriated \$40,000 for the expenses of making a physical valuation of the railroads. A small army of well-paid people have seen to it that the money was expended—but although almost if not quite eighteen months have elapsed since the work began, no report has been submitted and now comes the proposition to appropriate some more money and enlarge the work of the board. A well managed corporation could have made the valuation in half the time already consumed, and well within the amount appropriated for the purpose.

The Lincoln charter bill went through the senate last Wednesday. It is merely patching up an old charter because a lot of public-spirited gentlemen fiddled along for two years trying to frame a really good charter and didn't get to first base with the work. Because of this Lincoln will have to worry along with an archaic makeshift for at least two years more. One of the important changes in the charter is increasing the salary of the mayor from \$1,000 a year to \$2,500 a year. The change is a good one. The editor of Will Maupin's Weekly may yet take a notion to run for mayor of Lincoln on a platform of his own framing and adoption. He might not poll a vote, but he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had given Lincoln voters the opportunity of a life-time to vote for a mayoralty candidate who thinks that men should be elected to municipal office for some other reason than that they hold certain views on questions that have about as much place in politics as a prohibitionist has for traveling for a wholesale whisky house.

The lower branch of the legislature continues to discuss the initiative and referendum bill, thus giving self-appointed guardians of the palladium of our sacred liberties an opportunity to stand between the people and the desire of the people to knock the tar out of their own liberties. A rather involved statement of the situation, to be sure, but descriptive, just the same. A lot of eminent statesmen seem heartily in favor of the initiative and referendum if only it is not enacted into law.

A Serious Problem Now

Will Maupin's Weekly made its appearance last week. This is a "weekly journal of cheerful comment" and is characteristic of its publisher, who is a good writer and of a humorous bent.—Albion Weekly News.



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.

Going Some.

Colonel Murray of the Beatrice Creamery loves a good negro story, and can tell them with all the unctious of true southerner. Here is his latest:

"A couple of negro section hands were working away one day when they were joined by a new hand who had a 'bad face.' An hour or two later the new negro had picked a quarrel, and pulling a gun began shooting. The other two men fled for cover and having reached it in safety, one said to the other:

"'Did yo'-all hear dat las' bullet?'

"'Ah done heerd it twict,' said the other.

"'How-cum you t' heah dat bullet twict, nigger?' asked the first one.

"'Huh! Ah done hea'd it de fust time when it passed me, an' de second time when Ah dun passed it,' was the convincing reply."

Misjudged.

Hugh McVicker, telegraph editor of the Journal, is one of the mildest of men, but despite this fact there are several young ladies in Lincoln who imagine he is a villain of the deepest dye. This is how it happened:

A few nights since a little crowd of university girls were escorted through the Journal shop by a chaperone, the idea of the visit being to learn something about the modus operandi of getting out a morning newspaper. Just as the visitors reached the door of the telegraph room they heard McVicker giving some instructions to the make-up.

"Kill Bertha Liebecke, put a slughead on Lorimer, bury Sheehan somewhere and hold till we get that lynching," shouted McVicker. "Dropped a man three stories a while ago, will have to hold open till we hear from him. I'll cut Cannon and Clark to the bone and you'd better—"

But the university girls fled with a chorus of shrieks, anxious to get away from sight and sound of such a bloodthirsty monster.

Sarcastic.

George Kline, city editor of the Star, possesses a bunch of hair that Eli Perkins would have designated as "Syracuse," because "Syracuse is five stations the other side of Auburn." A few days ago a friend made a joking reference to the color of Kline's hair and the newspaper man said:

"That's all right, but don't forget that George Washington's hair was red, too."

"Huh!" snorted the friend. "That's the only similarity between you and Washington, I guess."

Mixed Up.

"I've been taking stock of some queer things in my business," said Eddie Walt the other day. "I've a customer named G. Sharp who lives in a flat and another one named Bass who sings second tenor in a male quartet. A traveling salesman who calls on me four times a year is named Horn, but he only plays the flute and sells pianos. Cat-

gut strings are not made from the intestines of felines, but of sheep; and the phonograph is not a musical instrument, but the reproducer of music made by musical instruments. Saxhorns and Saxophones are not indigenous to Saxony, and—"

But just then a possible purchaser of a piano hove in sight and Walt forgot all else.

Shades of McKinley

The "American Economist," owned, controlled and paid for by the beneficiaries of a robber protective tariff shrieks: "Reciprocity is but another name for free trade."

Shades of William McKinley!

"Reciprocity means the downfall of protection unless the men of sanity and sense in the republican party shall call a halt!" shrieks the subsidized organ of the tariff grabbers.

Protection, according to the "American Economist," means one Carnegie and a couple of hundred thousand of ill-paid foreigners in the steel mills, while American-born workmen walk the streets; it means one Rockefeller and a few hundred men and women working ten or twelve hours a day for a wage barely sufficient to ward off starvation; it means a place by the seashore and a thousand noisome tenements in disease-ridden sections of the big cities; it means a summer resort for one in Florida and starvation and freezing for tens of thousands in the cold north.

The men of "sense and sanity," in the republican party see this, and they are acting accordingly. The creatures of special interests—the men who represent greed and graft—those are the men who trying to steer the republican party upon the rocks.

Sunday Closing

Of course the Lincoln postoffice should be closed on Sunday. That is, so far as the distribution of mail to citizens is concerned. There is no more reason why the postoffice should be open for an hour on Sunday than there is why the banks, or the dry goods stores, or the groceries, should be open for an hour on that day. The people who get their mail on Sunday are not, as a rule, people whose business is of such importance as to demand immediate attention. The big business and commercial institutions can wait until the Monday morning delivery. If it is important to get your mail on Sunday, rent a lockbox. The postoffice clerks are entitled to a day's rest. Will Maupin's Weekly has often noticed that a large percentage of the Sunday mail getters are church members who hasten away from services in order to get to the postoffice before 1 o'clock. Postmaster Sizer should take the matter in hand and simply announce that hereafter there will be no mail delivery at the windows. That will settle it, and he will have the endorsement of nine-tenths of the people.