

theatre curtains, but just the same he made a happy presentation of his case and wound up his remarks with a few observations that aroused big enthusiasm. Will Maupin's Weekly has placed Garman's name on its list of "Lincoln's famous orators."

Of course no one unbiased by personal animosity will believe the charges made against Frank M. Tyrrell—charges against his standing as a lawyer and a citizen. Mr. Tyrrell has demanded a speedy investigation and the result thereof is a foregone conclusion.

Calling an extra session creates woe in the hearts of about a thousand employes of the national house of representatives. Without an extra session the present employes—fastened to the payroll by a republican congress—would have remained on the roll until the first of next December, without a blooming thing to do. The new congress is democratic and of course will take care of its own. Hence the weeping and wailing and smashing of teeth around the corridors of the capitol building. Just think of the doorkeepers and assistant doorkeepers who will have to walk the plank—fifteen of them for each door. And custodians of the cuspidors, about seven to each spitbox. And house restaurant employes, about three to each diner at the restaurant tables. It takes about 600 employes to wait on the grave and dignified congressmen, not counting committee clerks—and there are enough of them to make a good sized army.

Let's All Get Wise

Nebraska has sixteen million acre of fertile soil, untouched by the plow, awaiting the hands of husbandmen. Every acre of it good corn, wheat and alfalfa land, and every acre of it to be had on reasonable terms. The reason so many fertile acres are untilled is that Nebraska has acquainted so few people with the fact that the acres are here.—Will Maupin's Weekly.

There is the idea we were trying to get at last week. How foolish it is for our legislators and big business promoters, too, to be raising Cain about the stock yard charges or railroad charges when, under the most radical complaint made, the alleged overcharge would not mean \$1 per head for the farmers of the state. Just think of our having sixteen million acres of land unbroken in Nebraska! Instead of petting those imitators of farmer legislators the newspapers of the state ought to try and wake up an interest in the work of building up Nebraska by boosting for more farmers, more branch railroads in counties that have no roads at all; more stock yards and more packing houses. It is encouraging to see the Union Pacific double track its road through Nebraska, but that new track will not add one more farmer to the citizenship of the state, and that is what counts. A branch line into a county that has no railroad will start a procession to the soil along the route. Of course, it is not popular to write this kind of dope, but it is what Nebraska needs just the same. Every big and little hammer knocker in America can put the boots into the railroads just because its popular. It ought not to take more nerve to boost for more branch railroads, more farmers and more packing industries in Nebraska, than to knock on those things, but it does.—Omaha Western Laborer.



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.

'Tater Side Now.

"When I was quite a small boy," mused Senator Tanner after his union label bill was killed last Thursday, "I read a book called 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' One old character in it was an old soldier who was somewhat off his mental base, and knew it. He declared that one side of his head 'was 'tater, but t'other side's sound as a nut.' He reminds me so much of those republicans who are such all-fired good friends of labor before election, and so forgetful of labor after election.

"Every time a bill comes up calculated to be of some practical benefit to the wage-earners, blamed if those republicans don't go to voting from the 'tater side of their heads."

A Pointed Difference.

A colored friend of Will Maupin's Weekly, who happens to be a resident of Oklahoma, was discussing politics a bit with the editor recently.

"Well," asked the editor, "what do you think of that man Taft you voted for over my earnest and friendly protest?"

"Huh, dat man shore jus' ockerpies dat presidenshul cheer widout fillin' it," was the quick response.

Looking the Part.

George W. Voss, who would have sold more coal during the past winter if the weather had been colder, is naturally one of the most gallant of gentlemen. But the other day his gallantry received a rude shock. Having occasion to go to the Rock Island depot Mr. Voss boarded an east-bound car and alighted at Twentieth street. He spied a comely young lady in modest apparel struggling with a huge canvas telescope grip, many sizes too heavy for her.

"Pardon me, may I not carry your grip to the depot for you?" asked Voss with a bow and a winning smile.

Turning half-way around to get the grip safely behind her, the young woman looked Voss squarely in the eye and exclaimed:

"Not much, sir; I've read all about you fellers."

Compromised.

"Of course," remarked Farquhar, the clothier, "I have my own views as to how this excise question should be decided, but I wish we could settle it like the young married couple settled the destination of their wedding journey.

"A young friend of mine married a charming girl, and they agreed to settle the destination on the way to the depot. My friend told me about it afterwards.

"I wanted to go to Niagara Falls," said my friend, "and my wife wanted to go to Yellowstone Park. We argued it on the way to the depot and finally we compromised."

"I asked him where they went.

"Oh, we went to Yellowstone Park," he replied."

Superstitions.

"I believe," mused Col. E. H. Marshall, "I am not what you would really call superstitious, yet I believe that I, in common with all other men, have just a bit of it.

"Now, for instance, if I board a street

car in the morning and find I've left all my money in my other pants pockets I know it is a sign that I'll have to give the conductor a good game of talk. And I know, if I spin around on one heel when I alight, pitch sideways and hit the pavement a bump, that it is a sign I've stepped off backwards while thinking about something else. Yes, sir; there are some sure signs, as I can prove."

Climatological.

The little group was discussing the mildness of the past winter, which brought up stories of really cold weather. One man told of a time when boiling water froze on a red hot stove; another told of having once seen it so cold that it took three days to light a match held against a steam grindstone, and another told of a winter on the farm when they had to build fires under the cows before they could milk them.

"Mild weather, very mild weather compared to a cold spell I witnessed in New York city last August," said Charley Swallow. "I heard Sembrich at the Metropolitan opera house one night when it was so hot that women fainted and—"

"I thought this was to be a cold weather story," interrupted a member of the group.

"Wait till I get through," retorted Swallow. "Sembrich sang a couple of times, and then, in response to repeated encores she came back and sang that old-time song, 'When the Cold Chilly Winds of November,' and she sang with such effect that the Hudson river froze over a foot thick as far north as Albany."

Judicial Conundrum.

Just as Police Judge Risser was about to begin the daily morning grind Tuesday he happened to look out and see a bunch of linemen going by with a wagon loaded with poles. Leaning back the judge asked the city attorney:

"What's the difference between that wagon and this court this morning?"

The city attorney gave it up.

"Well, one is a load of poles, and this is a poll of 'loads.'"

Then court was called.

Terpsichorean.

"I enjoy the modern dames, of course," remarked Fire Commissioner Randall recently, "but the young people of today really do not know what real ball room fun is. Now it's waltz-twostep, waltz-twostep, the whole night through. Talk about pretty dances, what is prettier than the old vauvianna, the military schottische, the Scissilian circle, the polka and the mazourka? And what better fun than on old-fashioned Virginia reel or a cotillion? I respect the religious opinions of others, but as for me I can see no wrong in dancing—save the wrong that people often make out of it. But I guess that is true of a great many other things."

'FESS UP, AL!

"Food is Going Down" is a newspaper headline. Where would you expect it to go? (That's real funny, isn't it?)—Omaha Examiner.

But say, Al, isn't it just as funny that sometimes it comes up? Or don't you know?—Humphrey Democrat.