

Wee Willie McCormick looks gooder every day. He covers a world of territory in the left dandelion patch, slams the ball like a hobo hitting a back door for a handout, and runs bases like a streak. Our only fear of Wilile is that a slight breeze will some day waft his fragile form out of the lot. We'd hate mightily to lose the opportunity of handing the lad his salary check every now and then.

Some of the flashes of wit in the grandstand are bully—but usually it is the environment and the psychological moment that makes 'em dazzle. Last Tuesday a bunch of Omaha rooters occupied a section of the stand, and one leather-lunged member of the squad would yell, "It was a good one, too," every time Kneeland called a strike on an Antelope. A little later Kneeland made a close decision against the Omahans, and immediately the leather-lunged one yelled, "Kneeland, you're rotten!" "Yes, and he's a good one, too!" shot back a Lincoln man in the lower row. After the din had subsided when Lincoln pushed across the winning run last Tuesday, a barber fan of Lincoln arose, looked the Omaha rooting squad over for a minute and then remarked: "They'd have to pay me 35 cents apiece for shaves, if they kept their faces that long."

WHERE'S THE CONNECTIONS?

Lincoln's return to the side of the saloon and her increased republican majority at the same time, will leave our county option republican friends in a position where explanations will be in order, and the greater part of the explanations will hardly reach the point—Osceola Democrat.

We confess our inability to see any connection between Lincoln's decision on the excise question and the county option policy of the g. o. p. in Nebraska. Not all advocates of county option are "drys" by any means, and not all opponents of county option are "wets." We are personally acquainted with several advocates of county option who invariably vote "wet," and we know one opponent of county option who invariably votes "dry." If any explanations are due from anybody they are due from the 1,200 men of Lincoln who, while pretending to be opposed to the open saloon, "forgot" to vote on Tuesday of last week. Their explanations are the ones that will have a hard time reaching the point.

HERE'S A WARM ONE.

The bluff that the Dahlmanites in the legislature made at moving the state capital away from Lincoln had the desired effect on the city election. About a thousand prohibitionists were so badly scared that they forgot to go to the polls. It is noticeable that even a dry enthusiast will hesitate to vote when it may cause a loss to his pocketbook. Only a few reformers have a conscience that is over skin deep.—Falls City Journal.

PHILOSOPHY BY THE WAYSIDE

"ONLY A PRINTER."

Only a printer! His finger tips
Gives voice again to long dead lips,
And from a past and hoary age.
Recall the words of seer and sage,
No printer he—
But line by line he tells the tale
That color gives to canvas pale,
And masters old before us stand
With brush and palette clasped in hand
So we may see.

With patient toil while others sleep
He makes the ages backward creep.
And knights in armor ride and fight
"For God, my ladie and the right."

No player he—
But by the magic of his hands
The curtain rises in all lands,
And actors for a season rage
Their few brief hours upon the stage
So we may see.

Only a printer! His magic trade
Hath all earth's scenes before us laid,
He moves his well trained hands, and lo,
The word with knowledge is aglow.

Magician he —
Behind the scenes he works his spell:
With signs and symbols truth to tell!
And by the magic of his art
The future's curtains draw apart
So we may see.

Only a printer! His magic spell
Preserves earth's sweetest story well;
Of how, on Calvary's cruel tree
The Savior died to make men free.

A prophet he—
For by his art he makes the book
Wherein the weary soul may look,
And looking, find the promise blest
Of home and love and endless rest—
Eternity.

—Will M. Maupin, in The Inland Printer.

Gifts without sacrifice cannot be
classed as charity.

Charity is offered as an excuse for a
multitude of sins.

Too many people wear themselves out
trying to escape work.

It is unchristian to find fault with any-
thing that makes men better.

A square meal is the first step in the
conversion of a starving sinner.

If we could cure faults as easily as
we find them, what a perfect world this
would be.

About half of the things brought on
credit would not be bought if cash were
demanded.

IT CAME FORWARD.

The quiet striker stepped toward
the non-unionist who had taken his
place and said:

"Pardon me, but may I have a few
minutes conversation with—"

"Come right along with me!" shouted
a deputy marshal, grabbing the striker

by the arm. "You've violated Judge
Skinem's injunction.

Whereupon the guilty striker was
haled before Judge Skinem.

"What have you to say, sir?" demand-
ed the incensed judge.

"Your honor, I merely——"

"Shut up! What right have you to ad-
dress the court?"

"But, your honor, I——"

"Silence, sir. I ordered you and your
kind not to speak to, address, communi-
cate with or look at these non-unionists.
You have violated the order. To jail you
go for thirty days for contempt."

"Your honor, I but exercised my con-
stitutional right of free speech."

"That means thirty days more for you.
It is the rankest kind of contempt for
one of your kind to mention the consti-
tution in my presence."

So saying, the judge took a special
car provided by a railroad company and
went off on a hunting trip.

The humble workingman went to jail.

WHAT THE OFFICE BOY SAYS.

De guy w'ot's allus lookin' f'r de wast
us it genrully finds it.

Folks w'ot ain't got no kids is gen-
rully mighty intrusted in tellin' lem
w'ot has how t' keer f'r 'em.

I ain't much on de question o' soshio-
logy, but it strikes me dat de fust t'ing t'
do in solvin' de question o' savin' de
woikin' goils is ti pay 'em living woiges.

Eternity ain't got much scare in it f'r
de guy w'ot's up ag'inst a mighty hun-
gry present.

De woist t'ing about de saloons is de
hypocrites dat make 'em possible.

It's purty hard, I reckon, t' save de
soul dat's in a body wid a stomach dat is
mighty sort on grub.

Course de laws is made f'r de rich an'
poor alike. De trouble is dat dey ain't
applied alike.

De wise lawyer ain't allus tellin' his
client w'ot he can't do; he is tellin' him
w'ot he can do widout getting ketched.

De poorest man I know ain't got a
durned thing t' his name but dollars.

When a guy has done his durndest he's
entitled t' all de crdit dere is.

THE REASON.

"How did Schreechorly succeed in his
efforts to cultivate his voice?"

"He scored a failure."

"How was that?"

"He irrigated it too much."