

money prizes or played for a compensation is eligible to amateur athletics. University base ball players would play on teams in small cities during the summer for goodly salaries, then return in the fall and cheerful lie about it. While playing ball they would work an hour or two a week in some store and the money they received for playing ball would be called "salary for clerking." If the athletic authorities of the University of Nebraska did not see through this flimsy subterfuge it was because they did not have brains enough to have a headache. Of course University football players have played for money—probably every year since college football became the rage. Why continue the deception any longer. Rather, why continue to attempt to deceive the dear people?

When Louis Brandeis said he could show the railroads how to save \$1,000,000 a day he was laughed at by railroad managers. But the more the railroad managers thought it over the less they laughed. Now they are acting on the Brandeis hint. The Rock Island has just issued a little booklet entitled "A Nickle a Day" and sent a copy to each employe. The Rock Island has 50,000 employes. If by more intelligent work each one of these can save the company a nickle a day it would mean \$75,000 a month, or nearly \$1,000,000 a year. The Rock Island tells how this may be done. The fireman by more intelligent work can save a few scoops of coal and get just as much boiler pressure. Trackmen can save a spike or two a day, and by using ordinary intelligence make ties last a bit longer. Agents can save on stationery and by promptness can save claims for damages by delays in shipments. The ways of saving are unlimited. Five cents a day is not much, to be sure, counted a nickle at a time, but they count up. When the baby is born put a nickle a day in the bank for him, and keep it up until he is 21. The day he attains his majority he will have a pretty good financial start.

Chief Clerk Richmond of the Nebraska House of Representatives has very sensibly broken another precedent. He sensibly broke one when he declined to appoint clerks to the fair sex to clerks in his office. "I want work, not conversation matches," remarked Richmond. "If I appoint any pretty women as clerks all the old ducks in the legislature will be forever chinning them. But who wants to sit down and have a flirtation with a male biped who is probably smoking an odiferous pipe or chewing finecut tobacco?" And the Richmond position vindicated itself early in the game. Now he comes along with another sensible move. Instead of repeating the full title of a bill every time the bill is referred to in the house journal, he will print it once and then refer to it by an index number. In this way he will reduce the Journal about 50 per cent in size, and at the same time save the state a handsome

amount of money. If Richmond will possess his soul in patience for a few years we'll see to it that he is elected to the governorship, or something equally good.

Lacking the capital we are unable to undertake the task, but there is a gold mine awaiting the enterprising newspaper man who will establish a "household magazine" that will give some real information to the average workingman and the average housewife. The Lady's Home Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, and like publications, are long on giving advice, but the husband of the wife who undertakes to follow that advice either has to have a purse as long as a congressional tariff debate or he goes broke. "How to build a cheap and handsome bungalow for only \$9,766," or "how to fit up a cosy corner in the hall at the trifling expense of \$786.77," or "simple menus for a week" that would put the average mechanic's weekly wage on the blink before supper Monday evening have made us tired for a long time. Would that we had the money to establish a magazine that would tell a workingman how to live well and save money after paying the bills for a family of six or eight out of \$15 a week, with about one-third of the weeks in the year skipped because of lack of employment. Would that we could tell the average man how to secure a lot and build a nice little six-room modern cottage with a salary of \$1,000 a year and only himself, a wife and five children to feed and clothe and educate. Of all the tommyrot in the world—and there is a lot of it—the worst is to be found in the big "household magazines" that have attained such tremendous vogue. They are edited by visionaries for impossible people, and handsomely supported by women who dearly love to be victimized.

Andrew J. Minor, whose death occurred in Lincoln last week, was an old and valued citizen of Nebraska. He was a member of the last legislature, but was unable to participate in its deliberations during the latter half of the session, owing to failing health. Mr. Minor was a veteran of the civil war, an exemplary citizen and a good neighbor. The community suffered a distinct loss when he passed into the beyond.

Lafayette Grover, former governor of Oregon, died last week. Mention of the name of Grover does not mean anything to the young politicians of today. But a few words will recall him to the memory of those who were interested in politics away back in 1876. Grover was governor of Oregon in 1876. Hayes had to have all of Oregon's electoral votes to stand a show of winning. Governor Grover sought to supplant Joseph Watts, a republican elector, claiming that because Watts was a postmaster he was not eligible. He issued a certificate of election to a democrat, E. A. Cronin, but the

republican electors refused to recognize him. Watts resigned his postmastership and cast the vote that enabled Hayes to win out. The electoral commission—which never had any legal existence—gave the three votes of Oregon to Hayes, and in the final summing up Hayes had 185 electoral votes and Tilden 184. Had Cronin not made the mistake of trying to secure the three votes of Oregon for Tilden he might have made Tilden president. But the commission sat down upon his scheme of appointing as electors a couple of democrats who had not even been voted for. Watts was clearly ineligible to the office of elector. The whole story of the Oregon matter is clearly and succinctly told by James G. Blaine in the second volume of his "Twenty Years of Congress," page 586. It will be interesting reading to the "old-timers" who recall the troublulous days of 1876.

It is difficult to get at the facts of the Mexican revolution, the daily newspapers, as usual, devoting most of their space to "fillers" and sensational stuff. One day Diaz is down and out, the next day he is up and in. One day the revolutionists are within gunshot of the City of Mexico, and the next day they are within sight of Uncle Sam's domain. A lot of us would give quite a bit to know the exact status of affairs in the so-called Republic of Mexico—and more if we could be assured that Diaz is about to be bumped for keeps.

A majority of the excise board has refused to stand for Mayor Armstrong's anti-treating plan. Unless the saloon-keeper can be cinched for allowing treating in his place of business the anti-treating law is a farce. Mayor Armstrong had a plan which would have made the law of some effect, but being in the minority his plan goes glimmering. There seems to be a disposition, now that Lincoln has gone "wet," to give the saloon-keepers a "chance for their white alleys." The new rules are not so drastic as a whole as the ones in force during the last year of saloons. But one of the new rules is drastic enough in all conscience, and the excise board deserves thanks for having enacted it. Reference is had to the rule forbidding saloonkeepers to cash checks, drafts or other evidences of indebtedness. The readiness of saloon men to take long chances in cashing checks is responsible for a lot of wage squandering in saloons. It is natural for a man to "buy" after the barkeeper has cashed his check. Will Maupin's Weekly opposed the return of the licensed saloon, but now that the majority has decided that it wants them, Will Maupin's Weekly will insist that the saloon men be given a fair show. With high rents, expensive effort to secure petitions, a \$2,000 license and a horde of "us fellows who made it possible for you to resume the business" to take care of, the twenty-five men who secure license are not going to have any picnic in their efforts to make a profit.