

course we know that all of your palaver is merely to "string us" and that you are making a political tour, but we are not going to tell you so. And surely you are too wise to imagine that all the cheers along your route are for William Howard Taft, the man. Still, we may expect anything from a man who actually believed the farmer would stand for free trade in what the farmer sells and a high tax on what the farmer must buy.

We hope your stay among us will be restful to your body and conducive to your peace of mind. Also that short as your visit may be you will be able to realize that we have quite a bit of country on the sundown side of the Mississippi river, and that we are not such kindergarteners in political economy as some of our eastern friends would have you believe. We hope you will fill your lungs with our clean and invigorating ozone, that you will catch the scent of new mown alfalfa, that you will see our dairy cows browsing on a thousand hills, and hear the hum of two hundred thousand happy school children conning their lessons in cosy schoolhouses. In short, Bill—we hope you will not resent our calling you Bill in this connection—if you have as good a time in Nebraska as we're hoping you will have, you'll be the happiest man that ever came across the Missouri river with his back to the east. There isn't a blooming thing we have that is not yours to command—now. We make mental reservations as to the future. And when you depart from our confines, may joy go with you, and may you return to the duties of your high office, refreshed and invigorated and better fitted to guide this nation further toward the high destiny that is hers.

Welcome to Nebraska, Bill! And to Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S MYSTERIOUS CAVES.

If you have never visited the "Caves" South of Lincoln you have a rare treat coming to you. Perhaps you are prepared to tell us just how they came to be there and who or what made them. There are many such people. But the trouble is that no two people know the same thing. Some declare them to be an old brewery. Some declare that they were originally sand pits. Some declare that they were dug by horse thieves. Others declare that the Indians made them. But no matter how far back any of these can trace their acquaintance, there are things daily discovered that prove beyond question that the caves are older than the oldest inhabitants.

Undoubtedly human hands have contributed largely to the area of the caves. But nat-

ure was at work eons before man sat foot upon Nebraska soil, and made these caves. But even if wholly artificial they would well repay a visit, for inside one may see not only the wonderful works of nature, but see them at close range. The beautiful strata, with their delicate colorings of myriad hues, the strange mingling of thin layers of iron and thick layers of sand of beautiful hues, the pockets of ocre and all the varied slants and dips that the different strata take all these combine to make a trip through the cave well worth while. Maybe you think the caves are mere holes in the side of a hill. If so, get that idea out of your mind. You walk erect thru the long clean galleries. You are in an atmosphere singularly dry and pure. You make the first trip with a lantern, because that gives you a better chance to see the formations. Then the cave is brilliantly lighted by electricity and you catch every dusky shadow. The floor plan of the caves resembles nothing quite so much as a Japanese or Chinese symbol. There is upwards of 500 lineal feet of tunnel, divided into five main rooms. Six thousand people could get into the caves at one time, without undue crowding. "Robbers Caves" or "Sandstone Caves" or "old Brewery," anything, the caves are well worth a visit because they give you some idea how nature has builded this old ball upon which we disport ourselves. The caves are located near 3000 South Eleventh street. Take the Penitentiary car to High Street.

Mr. Scarborough, the owner of the caves, will pilot you through. A small admission fee is charged to defray the expense of lighting and keeping the entrances open and the caves free from refuse.

STEPHENS FOR CONGRESS.

As was expected the democrats of the Third congressional district have nominated Dan V. Stephens of Fremont for the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Latta. If Mr. Stephens' majority falls below the 5,000 mark we will have to revise our estimate of the intelligence of the voters of the Third. The larger Mr. Stephens' majority the greater will be the evidence of the good sense possessed by the voters of the district. Not because Mr. Stephens is a democrat, for that might be a liability instead of an asset. This is not a time for western men to waste their energies along partisan lines. It is time to pick representatives because of their ability, their knowledge of the needs of the people and their willingness to stand with the people. Party affiliation should count for but very little. And if the voters of the Third want to be represented in congress by a big-brained man who knows what the people want because he is one of them, who is keen, alert, able and untiring in his efforts to advance the good of the whole community and state—if the voters of the Third want a man of that brand they have their opportunity in the person of Dan V. Stephens.

GEORGE G. BEAMS.

The candidacy of George G. Beams for justice of the peace should appeal to the voters of Lincoln. Mr. Beams was admitted to the bar several years ago, but discontinued practice to engage in other business. He was a justice of the peace for several years, and his experience as a practicing attorney and as justice peculiarly fit him for the position. He is one the older residents of Lincoln and has won a reputation for squareness and efficiency that should recommend him to the voters. As justice Mr. Beams will give the people his best service, and that simply means that he will fair and impartial in all his official actions.

ALREADY HERE.

Federal Judge Grosscup, who sits in corporation cases with corporation stocks in his safety deposit vault, says he sees a formative period approaching "when settlements will be made not through courts of law but in the court of public opinion." To a considerable degree the time is now. Public opinion has pretty well settled the matter of Grosscup's competency to sit as a judge. The trouble is that public opinion can not force his retirement. If there is a decision that a giant trust or corporation has wanted and couldn't get, it was because it could not find a way to get the case before this federal judge who insultingly remarks about "public opinion." If the people elected federal judges—as they should—Grosscup couldn't get to first base as a judicial candidate. It is such judges as he that have created the imperative demand for the judicial recall.

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