



Published Weekly. One Dollar a Year. Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1904, at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb., under the Act of Congress.

LEGALITY VS. JUSTICE.

Judge Smith of the Illinois appellate court has handed down a decision in which he declares as follows: 'There is no such thing as peaceful picketing, any more than there can be chaste, polite and gentlemanly vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing or lawful lynching. This may be good law, but with all due respect to Judge Smith we deny it. If it is good law it is infernally poor justice.

THE METHODIST CHURCH ON THE FENCE.

Do not be deceived by the above headline. We do not mean to charge all Methodists with being "on the fence" in this labor controversy; neither do we charge that all Methodist churches are controlled by members who are "on the fence."

Apparel Particularly Suited to Good

Dressers' Needs



5000 hand tailored Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats tailored to our order to sell at \$15

The values we are able to give in these splendid Hart, Schaffner & Marx garments are only accomplished through our immense buying facilities which enables us to place this correctly fashioned, exclusive and high class apparel before you at a saving of at least \$5.00 to \$10.00 a garment.

\$15

50 Styles of Yale Suits at \$10
50 Styles of Yale Overcoats at \$10



Our finest Clothing in Suits and Overcoats, the exact duplicate of tailors' \$40 and \$50 productions, may be secured here at \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50 and \$30

Our \$5 Odd Trousers Equal the tailor made kind at \$15.00

Armstrong Clothing Co. GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

Finest assortment of men's fancy Vests in the state 98c-\$7.50

Whether Common or Not

Will M. Maupin, in "The Commoner."

WHEN YOU ARE A BOY AGAIN

Last week you slipped a quarter of a century from your shoulders, and instead of being a busy man with grave cares upon you, you were just a care-free boy again—in your mind.

them past all being in order to get at that corner. They must have been more than a mile of new sidewalk laid inside of the next month, and at the next meeting of the city trustees— they have come nigh now—a hog and cow ordinance was adopted.

"Ol' George Seeman?" Of course you remember him. He wasn't so old, but he was toward middle age, and it was his duty to chase all under seventeen off the streets when Ben Harris rang the old school bell at 9 o'clock p. m.

Remember the time Lin Thompson shot himself? That was the funniest thing. Lin boarded at your house, you remember, and you wanted to frame up a scheme to get Em and Ina over for an evening of hilarity under pretense that they were visiting your sister, Kittie.

Say, remember how we boys and girls solved the sidewalk problem and the hog problem? That was too good. The old wooden walks were in horrible shape, and the hogs roamed the streets without let or hindrance.

Go, how you used to love to coast down the long hill just west of town! That was the finest coasting hill in the country, wasn't it? And what great crowds you used to have out there. You'd start at the top, and wizz! Swish! There you were at the bottom a good three-quarters of a mile away.

went flying down that hill was the night Ann got hurt. She was coming up the hill with Fred and saw a sled strike her brother, John, and thinking he was badly hurt she started across the road to help him.

"Will DeBaugh's overshoes?" Of course you remember them. There are some things so gigantic that once seen are never forgotten. He used to always bring them inside of the school room. He wouldn't leave them outside like the rest of you did yours.

All of you thought Prof. Hill was cross and crabbed, and you used to say harsh things about him. But it's different now. Every day you realize what a benefit his counsel and his example have been to you. And you never think of him without regret for his departure, and never fail to pay a tribute to his memory when you meet one of those old schoolmates.

Right over there, where all those big trees are growing used to be a pond. Brodbeck's pond, it was, and it was the only skating place for miles around. The rains have washed in the dirt until it is good land now, and those trees merely showed how long ago it was that you skated there.

The water was cold, too. Most of you learned that by experience, for you would try the ice early in the winter and late, too.

My, how time does fly. Only a little more than a year ago Fred took his son, Corbin, down to Kunkel's pond to show the boy how the "old man" could skate when he was a boy. Alas, Fred forgot to test the ice properly, and he only succeeded in showing the boy how frantically he could break ice in an effort to get to shore.

Yes, sir; the old Sentinel hand press used to sit right over there by that door. That cylinder press doesn't look natural now. In those old days you used to manipulate the roller while John Marshall Croley swung back on the lever and impressed upon the white paper the items that "Deacon" had jotted down for you and John and Tom to put into type.

But thinking of that old printing office, and of that old Sentinel, is what brings you back, and brings you back, too, with a jar. Just as you are in the middle of memories about the time when you were perched up on a stool in front of a bourgeois case trying to decipher the correspondence from Forbes, or Mattland, or Forest, a grimy faced urchin sticks his head in the door and yells:

But thinking of that old printing office, and of that old Sentinel, is what brings you back, and brings you back, too, with a jar. Just as you are in the middle of memories about the time when you were perched up on a stool in front of a bourgeois case trying to decipher the correspondence from Forbes, or Mattland, or Forest, a grimy faced urchin sticks his head in the door and yells:

back, too, with a jar. Just as you are in the middle of memories about the time when you were perched up on a stool in front of a bourgeois case trying to decipher the correspondence from Forbes, or Mattland, or Forest, a grimy faced urchin sticks his head in the door and yells: "Got any more copy to send over?"

Then you jump twenty-five years forward and land, ker-plunk! right in the middle of the task of getting out this week's paper. But you have had a delightful excursion on a special train over the Reconciliation & Memory railroad, and you hitch up to the typewriting machine and go to work with a light heart and a clear brain.

Fellow! The girls and boys of today don't have fun like you used to have. It takes 'em too long to dress. Why, you were so anxious to get started that you went right over in the same clothes you wore to school.

Advertisement for New Windsor Hotel, Lincoln, Nebraska, listing amenities like American and European plan, and services like lunch counter and ladies' cafe.

Advertisement for PHELPS-BURRESS CO. COAL, featuring Monarch \$6.50 and other grades of coal, with contact information for 206 Fraternity Bldg.