

slipper that the aforesaid little daughters will eat standing for several weeks.

Horrible! We hear it rumored that the new Y. M. C. A. building is actually going to contain two or three of those devilish contraptions designed to seduce young men to the downward way—billiard tables! And still more horrible, that a well-intentioned and fairly wealthy citizen of Lincoln is going to provide the tables! Shades of Peter Cartwright, "Raccoon John" Smith, and all the circuit riders of a past and gone generation! The first thing we know these tireless iconoclasts will have succeeded in amputating from the devil all of his instruments for the seduction of young men, thus depriving ministers and deacons of a certain class of their texts and opportunity for springing their "hair hung and breeze shaken over hell and damnation" theology.

Is there any reason why the manufacture of automobiles in Detroit should be very much cheaper than in Lincoln or Omaha? The difference in freight between Detroit and Lincoln would very nearly, if not quite, make up the difference in the cost of fuel and raw material. And if all the money expended by Nebraskans for automobiles were expended for machines made in Nebraska, we would have a splendid industry built up in less than no time. Suppose we tanned Nebraska hides in Nebraska, and manufactured in Nebraska the shoes worn by Nebraskans; and spent our insurance premiums with Nebraska insurance companies; and bought our shirts and working garments from Nebraska manufacturers; and painted our buildings with Nebraska made paints; and made all of our Nebraska baked bread from Nebraska made flour; and smoked only Nebraska made cigars—say if we did all of these sensible things instead of spending our money with people who have no other interest in Nebraska than to get as much of our money as they can, wouldn't we be building up a magnificent industrial commonwealth? And why not do it?

While deprecating the throwing of bouquets at one's self, The Wagerworker can not forbear to sling one or two at itself on account of its Christmas edition issued last week. We are more than willing to compare it with any weekly publication issued last week anywhere in the Trans-Mississippi country. And it was printed from The Wagerworker's own type, on its own presses, in its own handsome office at 1705 O street. Any good kind of job printing done on short notice.

Another bouquet: The Wagerworker job department has just completed a little job for the Armstrong Clothing Co. It is a circular, 18x22, printed on both sides, with four folds. The proofs were returned Saturday noon, December 17. On December 24 the job was delivered. There were 75,000 of the circulars. Any good printing job, from a four-sheet poster to a visiting card, printed while you wait.

Last week The Wagerworker reprinted from the Omaha World-Herald an article under the caption, "What Nebraska Needs." We are in receipt of a letter from a business man in an eastern Nebraska town thanking us for the article and commending its suggestions most heartily. The letter is written on a letterhead lithographed and printed in Akron, O., and enclosed in a envelope printed in the government printing office at Washington, D. C. These two little facts rather take the flavor from the complimentary words of our correspondent.

The Sioux City Tribune is publishing some interesting editorials on Nebraska affairs, the same bearing the ear marks of Col. J. W. Johnson. The initials may be unfamiliar to many who could place the name much easier if the words "Whisky Ridge" replaced the initials. The editorials in question are couched in Mr. Johnson's well known and always readable style, but as usual they play fast and loose with the facts. A recent one deprecated the work of the Nebraska Railway Commission, asserting that the commission's activities were confined to compiling useless statistical matter to cumber the dark and hidden recesses of the state house basement. The best reply to make to this assertion is to say that the commission as now constituted accomplishes more in one month for the best interests of the Nebraska freight paying public than was done during the whole term of Mr. Johnson's service upon the late unlamented "board of secretaries" of the illegal and unsavory commissioners of former years. One of the foul chapters of Nebraska's political history deals with "railway regulation" in the old days when Mr. Johnson and others held down soft snaps as "secretaries" to a commission that was most active in securing free passes in bulk and working hand in glove with the railway corporations in the task of adding heavier and more galling burdens to those already borne by a patient and long suffering people. We would advise the esteemed Sioux City Journal to send an unbiased and unprejudiced investigator to Lincoln to look up the railway regulation history of the state before publishing any more editorials thereon.

The Nebraska Railway commission is not yet four years old, yet it has done more for the people in those four years than was accomplished in all the former years of Nebraska's history as a state. True, it has not done a vast amount of good, and possibly not all that it could have done; but wisdom comes of experience, and as the commission grows older better results may be expected. We have some personal knowledge of the political history of Nebraska, and of some of the men who have served her for a salary, but strive as we may we can not recall that Mr. Johnson, while a secretary of the so-called "railway commission" ever showed such a keen desire for the public welfare as he now evidences, after having been amputated from the pay roll.

Some men, however, are constitutionally so constructed. They never realize what should be done while they are in a position to do it, and only awakened to a realization thereof after they have been pried loose and some other man tackles the job. In view of all past history concerning regulation of the railways, Mr. Johnson in our opinion, is the last man who should be caught throwing rocks at the present commission.

A whole lot of people who claim to be Christians are balking at the idea of having Christmas trees this coming Christmas day because it happens to fall on Sunday. Christmas is really a holiday of pagan origin, but it has been adopted by the Christian world, and having been so adopted it strikes us as peculiar that there are those who object to its celebration because the date accepted as the anniversary of the Christ-child's birth happens to come upon the day whereon the Christ-man arose from the dead. We may not be wholly orthodox, but it seems to us that all the circumstances demand that this coming Christmas day be celebrated with more joy and happiness and good will than usual. If the angels rejoiced on the morning the Babe was born in Bethlehem of Judea, and all mankind was freed from the bondage of death and the grave on that first day of the week when Christ rose from the dead, then let us doubly celebrate the dual anniversary when both happen to come upon the same day of the week. Those who object indict their own expressed faith.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is trying to make a record for economy in his department—by working the postal clerks overtime, doubling their work and lengthening their runs. Naturally, of course, he fails to see that the place to economize is in the payment to the railroads for transporting the mails. The government pays the railroads eight times as much, pound for pound, for carrying the mails, as the railroads ask from the express companies. Besides, the railroads furnish cars free to the express companies, while they charge the government from \$1,500 to \$2,500 rent for mail cars, the yearly rental amounting to practically 50 per cent of the original cost of the cars. One cent postage could be provided, the postal deficit replaced by a net profit and the service vastly bettered by the simple and possible expedient of making the railroads carry the mails as cheaply as they now carry express, by making the various governmental departments bear their pro rata share of the expense for their use of the mails, and by abolishing the many abuses of the present franking system. To decrease the deficit by taking it out of the overworked and underpaid postal clerks is an outrage on decency and a violation of every rule of business sense.

What a bully business town Fairbury, Neb., must be. We render judgment to this effect after seeing the argument put up by the last issue of the Fairbury Journal. No handsomer or better looking weekly newspaper was ever issued in any little city in Nebraska. It gave evidence of the fact that Fairbury merchants are enterprising, progressive and full of the spirit that makes a community famous for big business. Fairbury isn't doing much boasting, using her time to far better advantage—getting there with both feet.

Now what do you know about wooden shoes made in Nebraska! That is, shoes with wooden soles and leather uppers. Yet one of the really thriving industries of Nebraska is the manufacture of just such shoes, Columbus being the seat of manufacture. Last year the factory had a total output of upwards of \$30,000, and the shoes were shipped to all parts of the country. They are used chiefly by scrub-women, miners and street cleaners.

And Nebraska has the only silica mines in the United States. The silica, or pumice stone, is volcanic ash, and it is used in the manufacture of soaps, talcum powders, and other toilet preparations. All the silica used in the United States and not mined in Nebraska is imported from Italy and Sicily.

H. H. Wilson of Lincoln is being boosted for a federal judgeship by his many admiring friends in Nebraska. Mr. Wilson is such a good man for the place, and so well qualified in every way from the standpoint of the people, that we are quite certain he does not stand the ghost of a show to secure the appointment.