

SOME SHORT ARM JABS

Here's hoping that Christmas morning will find a ton of coal in every man's cellar.

"A bill for an act entitled an act to repeal—" Let the legislature get busy on that sort of thing.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich submitted to a surgical operation Thursday. We hope the operators removed his gall.

The case of Senator "Lafe" Young is among the best available arguments in favor of the popular election of senators.

We have just given Chicago University ten million dollars. But we had to let John D. Rockefeller take it away from us first.

Have some regard for the frazzled nerves of the tired clerks today and tomorrow. Don't be selfish in this season of good will.

"Billy" Lorimer is to be pronounced spotless. We cheerfully admit that he is no worse than a number of his senatorial colleagues.

Alderman Candy's "forestry ordinance" has been stabbed under the fifth rib by the city attorney. But why so long a delay in the stabbing?

If the democratic legislature of 1911 wants to make Nebraska a prohibition state, all it will have to do will be to repeal the 8 o'clock closing law.

There will be no barbecue on the state house grounds in January, but there will be some hot roasts handed out from the old building, just the same.

The "dope" smuggled to the men in the state prison is to be compared in amount with the political "dope" handed out by a lot of would-be dictators.

Superintendent Bishop should not have experienced much trouble in providing a plenty of codovers for the medical colleges. The woods are full of "dead ones."

The petty annoyances to which the builders of the First National Bank block have been subjected is not calculated to encourage other enterprising men to undertake similar building projects.

A large water-logged club is awaiting that abortion of a charter evolved with so much labor from the combined nightmares of a number of well-meaning but sadly deluded citizens of Lincoln.

There is an old saying that some men grow under responsibility, while others merely swell up. We are reminded thereof by the awful swelling apparent in some who hold themselves responsible for certain political results last November.

My, wouldn't there be a row if Governor Aldrich should appoint some man to a good office simply because he was a Catholic? Was there anything aside from sectarianism that dictated the appointment of one certain man to an important commission?

Kennison, the man who wantonly murdered Sam Cox at Minatare a few years ago, is to apply for a pardon on December 31. We disclaim being vindictive, but Kennison ought to be thankful that he was not hanged, and he ought to be left in confinement for many years to come.

Congratulations to Senator Burkett! He is no "lame duck." He takes his defeat gracefully, and is going to settle down in Lincoln to the practice of law instead of hanging around Washington looking for some soft political snap. We commend Elmer Jacob Burkett's example to several other eminent but retired statesmen.

Auditor Barton, in calling attention to the fact that the state superintendent of public instruction has heretofore had the handling of immense sums of money for which he was accountable to no one, put his finger in an important matter. There has been considerable of a political machine built up around an office that should be separated from politics as widely as possible.

"The Loyal Order of Moose" is a new organization in Lincoln but an old and rapidly growing organization in the east. It presents many attractive features to the average man, especially to wage earners and men of small means, affording good protection and benefits at a minimum cost. Its plan of operation is simple, safe and sound. The Lincoln lodge will be officered by well known men, and there

is little doubt that the lodge will grow and flourish. We commend it to the careful consideration of all men who are seeking fraternal ties.

President Taft is another one of those eminent gentlemen who are heartily in favor of the 8-hour law on government work, but thoroughly opposed to its enforcement. He favors the enforcement of the 8-hour law with enough "exceptions" to make it look like a colander.

THE OFFICE BOY SAYS

Jawn Rockefeller has given anuder 'steen millyuns to ol' Chi university, God knows what fur. It won't help me git better woiges.

De Skoit wid a stuffed boid on her hat don't cut much ice wid me when she hollers about men bein' cruel t' der hosses.

De dames wot love t' talk about de flooence o' Isben on modern thought don't seem t' keer no more f'r de feelin's o' de worn out clerks after talkin' about it.

I've been just dat hungry dat I ain't goin' t' ask no investigation when a feller dat looks down an' out hits me f'r de price of a sandwich.

My boss hands out me woiges wid a smile, but I've seen him lookin' worried when he was figurin' up de stubs in his checkbook. I guess dat means dat it's up t' me t' make good wid de boss by comin' across wid de woik.

If some prayin' people I know git t' heaven, it's me f'r de elevator goin' down.

It didn't hurt me none t' learn dat Santy Claws ain't, 'cause it come easy. But I'd like t' bat in de eye dem blokes w'ot t'ink it's smart t' tell trustin' little kids dat Santy Claws ain't no such t'ing.

A big banker smiled at me de oder day an' said, "Howdy, Chimie!" Bet dat man got his bumps a plenty when he was a kid.

Andy Carnegie ain't so much. I come inter de world wid as much as he did, an' I'll take as much out of it.

Don't expect much in me Christmas sock, but I'll bet dat de love wot comes wid it wouldn't go in a boxcar.

"SIX DAYS SHALT THOU YABOR!"

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 10, 1910.—To the Editor of The Wage-worker: This letter has to do with the question of Sunday work. The seven-day week obtained for years in the newspaper end of the printing trades. We got over it by enacting a law which requires our members employed on seven-day situations to give out one day each week to the first obtainable substitute. As a result, our wages for six days are now in excess of the wage formerly received for the seven-day week.

The subject was forcibly impressed upon me by a paragraph appearing in the report of a sermon delivered by a local minister. The paragraph follows:

"It seems to us that the worst enemy of the working man is the person who wantonly removes the sacredness of his one day of rest, commonly called Sunday, for if one line of amusement makers be allowed to pursue their regular line of business on Sunday, on what logical basis can we prevent hundreds of other lines from opening up also? I have in my possession a most urgent appeal published by the actors of this country, in which they request the clergy to assist them in keeping theaters closed on Sunday."

One of the local newspapers in discussing this matter truthfully said that not a tithe of what will come is included in the labor of those thus called on to minister to the selfish enjoyment of Sunday amusement seekers. The same license that acquiesces in law breaking for this purpose will break it for other purposes and, unchecked, we shall come on a time when there will be no Sunday free from work for the average man. And what is more, the equation will settle itself so that in the run of things the working man will get no more for his seven days than he now gets for six.

Labor has come a long way from the almost unremittent toil that bound the worker to his task for practically all of his waking moments, to a time where it has been discovered that the worker can do really more work and better work in shorter days than longer. This has been followed by the movement against child labor to give the child a chance of an education and a time free from body-breaking toil in their tender years.

Our German members, during a period of industrial stagnation, decided to work five days a week, giving one day for the relief of their less fortunate brothers. Then they continued the practice. Today they receive as much for the five days as they formerly received for the six days.

Sunday should be a day of rest and not a vehicle for the imposition on the workers of the seven-day week.

JAMES M. LYNCH,
President International Typographical Union.