

SOME OF NEBRASKA'S COUNTY SEAT FIGHTS OF THE OLD DAYS

A Lincoln evening paper recently made mention of some of the county seat fights that have been pulled off in Nebraska, making especial mention of the way Knox county farmers put a quietus on county seat boomers. After three or four fruitless county seat elections the farmers of Knox took things in their own hands and located the county seat in the center of the county, miles from any town or railroad. They named the new county seat Center, and now the warring factions have the fun of traveling overland whenever they want to transact business at the Knox county capital.

There have been some really historic county seat fights in Nebraska, notably the one in Kearney county when Lowell was deprived of the seat of county government. And the fight between Trenton and Culbertson in Hitchcock county was a corker. And that reminds us of something that happened the night the Trenton supporters loaded up the county records at Culbertson and proceeded to drag them over to Trenton. The writer was at that time on the World-Herald staff, and as a side issue attended to the Nebraska correspondence for a Chicago daily. There was really no fighting at Culbertson, although guns were flourished and fists shaken. The World-Herald had all the facts, but the Chicago paper got a "bulletin" from somewhere that there had been a pitched battle,

Short Arm Jabs at the Jaw

Nebraska needs a new constitution as badly as a ship needs a rudder or a wagon a tongue.

Of course we are going to see "Hack" and Dr. Roller wrestle, but we'd go a great deal further to see Governor Aldrich put Dan'l Butler's shoulders to the mat.

Some of these days an enterprising Nebraskan will make the race for governor on the platform, "To hell with false economy," and he will poll a lot of votes, too.

We take it very much to heart that the "capital movers" should renew their agitation after having deprived us of that promised barbecue on the state house grounds.

We dare Governor Dix of New York to follow the goodly example set by Governor Wilson of New Jersey in the senatorship matter now pending in the Empire state.

Just why the city councilmen declined to occupy boxes at the hospital benefit at the Oliver is a puzzle. They are experts on boxes, having put the public therein on more than one occasion.

A plate at the Lincoln Ad Club banquet will rejuvenate you something surprising. The spring that Col. Ponce de Leon looked for wouldn't have been a marker to the banquet, even had he found it.

One by Dr. Farnam: "Too much talking through the mouth, too little breathing through the nostrils. This much, because the reputable physician's chief ambition should be to prevent disease, not to cure it."

The "big stunt" billed for Lincoln this winter is the Ad Club banquet to be pulled off at the Lindell hotel on the evening of February 7, Marquis of Queensbury rules, not hitting in the clinches and pivot blow barred.

Speaking wholly as a disinterested party, we are of the opinion that the "wets" went a step too far when they took that sort of thing into the selection of an executive committee for the chief business organization of the city.

Eleven buckwheat cakes, liberally smeared with butter and syrup; nine large sausages fried in their own grease; three eggs poached, two cups of coffee well creamed and sugared. After such a breakfast as that a man is fit for the morgue or a poor day's work.

Too many elections in Nebraska! State officers last year, supreme judges and university regents this year. Next year state officers again, and the next year supreme judges and university regents. Let's elect our state officers for four years, making them ineligible for re-election.

Representative Galt's effort to make campaigns clean is very commendable; the trouble with it being that he has gone at it wrong end to. He should have provided for the filing of candidates against whom no word of detraction could be said, or by legislative enactment provided for an entire change in human nature. Representative Galt's bill reads well, the chief objection to it being

and its night editor wired the Omaha correspondent for full particulars. The correspondent wired back that he had sent in all the facts. The night editor wired back to this effect. "Reliably informed pitched battle at Culbertson. Must have story. Rush." Whereupon the Omaha correspondent proceeded to follow instructions. He wired in the story of a battle a little less sanguinary than Gettysburg or Cold Harbor, going into details at great length, generously using local color and giving an occasional name in a way that would not bring on any libel suits. The "story" made a couple of columns in the Chicago daily and was printed on the first page under big "scareheads" as a sample of the wild and woolly western method of doing things. The only blood that was shed in that battle was shed when an intoxicated man attempted to climb into a wagon, slipped and bumped his nose on the wagonwheel.

Reference to this incident is made merely to show upon what flimsy pretexts some of those big western "news stories" are based. But if that Chicago paper had kept on insisting for more about the "Battle of Culbertson" the Omaha correspondent would have been forced to call out the state militia the next day, and follow it up with federal interference on the next day. He believes to this day that he would have been equal to the task—at so much per column.

that it is what Senator Ingalls would have called a "d—d iridescent dream."

All this talk about getting good service out of precinct assessors, whether elected or appointed, is tommyrot. The thing is impossible under our present system of taxation. As long as we fine enterprise and thrift and put a premium on sloth and lack of enterprise, just so long will we have unequal taxation on account of unjust assessments.

Beating Prohibition in Oklahoma

He was always at the depot in the little Oklahoma town when the southbound trains pulled in. Spying a man who looked thirsty he would sidle up to the car window and whisper:

"Like to have a bottle of 'cold tea' to take with you?"

"Sure!" would be the usual response. "How much?"

"Dollar for a pint, but you musn't take a drink till the train pulls out or I'll get into trouble."

"All right."

The dollar would drop into the hand of the man on the platform, and he would slip a bottle into the hands of the man in the coach. A minute or two after the train started the man in the coach would uncork the bottle and take a deep draught.

And it was always cold tea, for a fact.

The vendor was never at the depot when the northbound trains pulled in.

In Something of a Fix

After waiting for weary months to get the ornamental street lights to going, the city suddenly discovers that it has not arranged to connect up with the city lighting plant, that it will take \$12,000 to do this, and that no provision has been made for raising the money.

All of which reminds us of a German friend down in Missouri.

He came down town one morning, his face wreathed in smiles, and chuckling to himself.

"What makes you feel so good this morning, August?" asked a friend.

"Vell, such a fine jokes as I got on mein frau."

"Joke on your wife—What is it?"

"Say, she yoost got two babies at our house an' she ain't got only vone clothes."

Lincoln Ad Club Banquet

February 7 will be social night with the Lincoln Ad club, and it will be observed by a banquet at the Lindell at 6:45. In addition to the feast of good things to eat there will be the usual "feast of reason and flow of soul." This much is assured because the program committee has framed up something especially good and wholly "different." The printed program when it appears will not contain all of the features, but it will contain enough to assure the guests the time of their lives. Governor Aldrich, Senator Ned Brown, Representative H. G. Taylor and other distinguished public men will respond to toasts. There will be incidental music—we came near saying accidental music—and a vaudeville stunt or two.

The Lincoln Ad club is framing up a lot of surprisingly good stunts for the benefit of Lincoln projects, and when a live bunch