

Notes and Comments

THOUGHTS ON THE ELECTION.

We made arrangements over a week ago with a candidate for the athletic board for an article entitled "Significance of the Election."

The candidate failed to make connections, but he wrote the article. It would scarcely do to print. We put it over our young peas Sunday night to keep the frost off. They grew six inches before 8 o'clock the next morning, it was so warm.

The election is over, the fires are out and the political pot has ceased to boil. Those who were scalded while it boiled still annoy the places with Pond's extract.

The election was very quiet in spite of the excitement. No serious fights occurred, though some soreness resulted.

The perfect weather, together with the large number of candidates, brought out an unusually large number of voters. Woman's suffrage also had much to do with the large vote cast.

Industrious workers succeeded in arousing the interest of the girls.

"Now, who shall I vote for?" a S. T. would say.

The worker would name his ticket. "But I have never met Mr. ———. I would rather vote for Mr. ———."

"My dear Miss Whateverhername-hapenedtobe, I have paid for you and you ought to vote as I say."

"Oh! do you have to pay to vote? I didn't know that." And she made the little crosses as he pointed out the names.

Sometime we will discuss this method of obtaining votes and its relation to the campaign cigar.

THE TANDEM TROLLEY SYSTEM

And now we come to the most interesting and puzzling subject of the year, to-wit: The Lincoln Traction Company.

A man stopped me on the street the other day. "I beg your pardon," sezee, "Don't they have street cars in this town? I am a stranger here."

"O, yes, kind sir," quoth I, "we have electric trolley cars in this charming and thriving city."

"Where do they run at?" inquired the stranger. "I have been standing here for forty-seven and one-third minutes by the clock, and have not yet saw the slightest vestige of a street car."

"If you will but compose your soul in patience, the entire rolling stock of the Lincoln Traction Company will pass along the street in grand review."

I went into Miller & Paine's and bought a paper of pins and some ribbon. The clerks made out and filed the necessary vouchers, certificates and warrants with the proper officials,

and in the course of time I received the package and my change.

From this it will readily be seen that a long interval of time elapsed before I again saw the stranger. He was still standing at the corner, peering wearily up and down the street. He looked at me as though he had caught me in a lie.

"Couldn't you catch your car?" I inquired.

"Every one was going the other way. I counted nearly fifteen of them, all in a string. That was almost an hour ago, and they haven't come back yet. This is the worst town I ever struck."

My civic pride 'rose up within me. "You'll find very few towns which can show a larger number of cars on the street at the same time."

Lincoln has many interesting sights, but none other can compare with a procession of trolley cars coming down O street.

Did you ever want to go somewhere, kind reader? Did you ever yearn to annihilate space Q. E. D.? Did you ever have two heavy grips and a framed picture to carry?

Then you know how it feels to watch the long procession move past—in the wrong direction.

Then, you know the impatience with which you decide not to wait any longer, and start to walk ft. Likewise you know the emotion with which you see the cars overtake you when it isn't worth while climbing on any more.

We have all experienced this experience—not once, nor twice, nor even half a dozen times, but at least five hundred times in the course of a year.

One ought to expect to wait a short time for a penitentiary car, but to have to wait half an hour for a car from the postoffice to the Rock Island depot is another proposition.

What has been said has been said in a spirit of kindness, and the company should strive to profit by the lessons herein contained.

I do not wish to do the street car company any injustice. It has always treated me with the utmost courtesy, if a car is labeled "Havelock," you may depend upon it that it will not change its mind and go to College View. I do not wish to do the company any dirt, nor injure its business by arousing the ill-will of the people of Lincoln—but the truth must be told. What is said here is not the entire case against the street car people. If they would rather have the rest remain unsaid, an annual pass sent in care of the business office will reach the writer. This will be taken as an indication that the necessary reforms will be inaugurated.

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