

hardly be demonstrated with mathematical exactness, and while the writer is inclined to believe the doctrine as a seemingly necessary corollary to the omniscience and omnipresence of God, it is still not known in the sense in which we know things in their concrete form.

If we are so prone to err in our hypothetical reasoning from concrete facts, should we not be somewhat modest in asserting that Christianity is an exploded superstition, or that doctrinal theology is fraught only with evil.

To the writer, the influence of Christianity upon history, and the evolution of civilization has been such as to entitle it a most respectful hearing and acceptance, no system of philosophy offering anything better to satisfy the universal longing of mankind; and while the writer does not concern himself in the least with creeds, he is just optimistic enough to believe that denominational and doctrinal theology was created for a purpose which is being subserved before our very eyes, and most emphatically, that Christians are not hypocrites in identifying themselves with this or that branch of the great Christian Church.

Washington, D. C.,
April, 23.

NIXON.

OBSERVATIONS.

If wind and frost and other things, such as blight and worms, will keep away from the trees there will be an abundance of fruit in Nebraska this year. Seldom have the fruit trees blossomed so profusely as this spring. Around Lincoln the trees fortell a gracious abundance. The cherry trees, particularly, are radiant as the moon in a covering of white. It is a pleasure to drive through the outlying streets of Lincoln these beautiful spring days.

Lincoln used to be noted for its immense number of vehicles, and for its utter lack of style in its turnouts. Lately, in the last year or two, there has been a noticeable improvement in this direction. Taste and individuality have had an inning. The old fashioned buggies and surreys have, in many instances, been replaced by smart equipages; traps of various sorts, coaches, carts, spider phaetons and neat no-top buggies are to be seen on the streets in large numbers. There is a greater dash and go in pleasure vehicles, and an increasing desire to own a fashionable turnout.

Street railway companies all over the country complain of a decrease in business. The rise of the cycle is doubtless responsible for a good deal of the loss of patronage. In Lincoln it is estimated that there are 2,000 regular riders. If these 2,000 persons each save 10 cents a day in car fare it means a per diem loss of \$20 to the street railway company, or \$140 per week, \$600 per month, \$7,200 per year.

There has been considerable talk about the little affair at the Commercial club after the "Black Crook" performance Wednesday evening of last week. The young men, who are well known, by the way, have been criticised for taking the women to the club, some of the older members being somewhat outspoken in their disapproval. Of course everybody did not see the "Black Crook;" but those who did, and who know the young men who entertain members of the company "after the show," wonder at the taste displayed by them in the selection of their guests. The young men who found these theatrical fairies attractive are to be congratulated on their keenness. Most people who saw them on the stage wanted to get as far away from them as possible after the performance.

The social department of the Commercial club continues to boom.

The white shoe has made its appearance on the streets of Lincoln. It can be seen on O street any day. The authorities ought to require persons who wear white shoes to take out permits, and they ought to be taxed heavily. It is bad enough for a woman to wear these things. It is awful when they are worn by a man. A little distance off he looks as though he hadn't any shoes on—nothing but white stockings. Perhaps Mayor Graham will call in the white shoes.

A great many Nebraska people are sending the detailed crop reports, which appear weekly, to their friends and correspondents in the east. Thus far the Nebraska reports have been favorable.

The summer cars have appeared. Receiver Slaughter is playing into the doctors' hands.

Mr. Upham, late superintendent of the street railway company, will remain in Lincoln for the present. He has as yet no fully matured plans for the future.

"JOSEPH"

A SKETCH OF A LOBBYIST.

"Joseph" got his bill through the legislature with apparent ease. He arrived in Lincoln from Sioux City thirty-five days after the session had begun. Hundreds of bills were trying to push and pay their way through both houses. A large number failed. Joseph's bill fed and joked its way through with little opposition, and no member was a cent better off for voting for it.

When Joseph arrived he took three rooms at the Lincoln. He filled them with comfortable chairs, lounges and card tables. And in one room he established a refrigerator which he replenished daily with ice and other things. On the tables were oranges, bananas, figs, nuts and anything else the market held. But the most delightful thing in the room was Joseph's welcome, hearty and sincere. At night, after the theatre, Joseph in the midst of a group of friends started for his rooms. On the way the number constantly increased until perhaps twenty entered the rooms with him. Then Joseph would tie around himself the white apron used by the sleepy waiter, who assisted him in his hospitality, and wait on his guests himself. He never mentioned his bill. If anyone else did, Joseph would stop him with the remark that they were not there to talk of bills, but instead to eat a little. He said this with such bonhomie his visitors took him at his word, laid aside their suspicions, and accepted his provisions. If there were one among them who was awkward and ill at ease, Joseph's comprehensive eye noted it and soon the bumpkin's feet were comfortably placed, and Joseph was listening, while the man talked in his best style. Joseph never monopolized the conversation. He said very little. But all felt stimulated to do his best when talking with him. His goodfellowship was not assumed. He was genuinely fond of man. Though he had an end to gain by acquiring their friendship, he did it not by sycophancy or flattery of any sort. He fed and amused them. He never talked of his bill, but when it came up his quondam guests were glad of an opportunity to please him. They were as grateful to him for what he did not do as for what he did. While others buttonholed them they buttonholed him while they told him their latest story.

In appearance, Joseph was quiet, exceedingly well dressed. The world was his and always had been—but Joseph never "let on." Late hours and the requirements of diplomacy have made him too heavy. There are moments when he thinks the world costs too much and that he will give up lobbying, but the fascinations of the chase are too much for him, and he goes back to the parlor.

A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

Jimbly—There is something the matter with my head, and the doctor doesn't seem to know what it is.

Jorkins—Why don't you go to a wheelwright?

Jewelry and Diamonds at Flemings—1224 O street.

The latest thing in tans at Webster & Rogers.

Telephone Sisler—630—to supply your milk.

Gas stoves make no dirt. Frank Lahr has them.

Sweaters for wheelmen. 1137 O street.