

RANDOM NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal church, is a famous man. He is the inventor of the Rainsford saloon and the herald of the Bradley Martins. The other evening he delivered an address before the Good Government club, and among other things he said:

"Roosevelt has literally had a hell of a time since he entered the police department."

"The curse of America is the lobbyist, and he exists today because the American people like him."

"The average politician is said to be a man of a low moral nature, but the truth is the average politician has no morals at all."

"Men like Platt and Hill are not offended at anything you say about them, because it is no surprise to them to have their moral nature offended, and this simply because they have no moral nature."

"One of the chief reasons why Americans make so many mistakes is that they have an idiotic fashion of believing everything they see in the newspapers."

Dr. Rainford added, by way of illustration of the attitude of good people to Mr. Roosevelt, an anecdote of a rich young man who became poor and took to selling pies. One to whom he offered a pie expressed sympathy. Said the poor young man:

"Damn your sympathy; buy a pie."

A correspondent, referring to the situation in Lincoln and Nebraska, writes: "A Chinese circus is a Puritanic Sabbath compared with the time we are having here at present. Ex-state officers under arrest, the old machine suspected, the 'pops' recount, etc., all coupled with the mighty howl of the anarchistic element in both houses, make life worth living. There may be nothing left but John Currie and his Tennessee slab when we get through, but we are having a great time now."

So it seems that out of W. J. Bryan's action in seeking to restrain the issuance of \$534,000 of gold bonds by the city of Lincoln has come a widely published report that the supreme court has decided against the validity of \$500,000 worth of outstanding bonds of the city of Lincoln. Mr. Bryan was guiltless of any intention to do injury to his city or state, and it is but fair to hold him responsible for their report against Nebraska's good name. But the thought is suggested that the populist exploitations that have been attempted in Nebraska, whatever has been the real purpose back of them, have not done the state any good. They usually lead to the same result. Very often the desire for notoriety is the prompting impulse. That desire is often dangerous.

In New York a Lexow and Raines legislature has given momentum to the movement in favor of having the legislature meet only once in ten years. Such a proposition would undoubtedly be supported by a good many people in Nebraska. I cannot see any objection to the application of this idea to Nebraska, except that that would do away with Mr. J. W. Johnson's biennial series of legislative letters, and they have become a feature that would be sincerely missed. Mr. Johnson is the William A. White of Nebraska. He has the same virile way of treating local affairs, and it can be said that no political writer in his state has attracted greater attention than he. Mr. Johnson would not recognize fear if he should see it.

The people of New York would be glad to see Governor Holcomb and his beautiful staff in the Grant memorial day procession. They would get a warm reception. The governor's fame has spread all over the country. He is known here and he would be greeted

warmly as a populist who "done the best he could," like poor Jim Bludso and the beauty of the staff would make an instant impression. New Yorkers always know a good thing when they see it.

The recent bold stand taken by young Mr. Bailey, of Texas, has brought that gentleman into vast prominence. It may be that the Texan's refusal to wear evening cloths may bring him the populist nomination for president in 1890. A New York poet warns Mr. Bryan:

You have got to hustle, William;
You have got to show that you
Are the only hope and promise
Of the many and the few,
Or the Lone Star Kid will bust you,
And he'll do it p. d. q.!

The other day somebody in the office of the New York World called up the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, pastor of the Center church, New Haven, over the telephone and asked him for a fifty word interview on "Hell" for the Sunday paper. The doctor's reply was not printed. It was this: "Hell is the place where the Sunday edition of the World should be published and circulated."

The Hon. William F. Cody of North Platte, Nebraska, is in New York, but he is not at the Hoffman House his usual rendezvous. The Colonel is busy these days. He is devoted to his art, for art's sake and also for money to spend in the Hoffman House and other places. He is just now getting his art exhibition together and he goes out into the suburbs early every morning to superintend the rehearsals. The stage coach, the horses, the Indians and other actors have, it is said developed a state of high proficiency. His aim is to provide an entertainment that is as instructive as Richard Mansfield's famous art exhibition.

Rudyard Kipling has been engaged as the war correspondent of the London Times at a salary of \$5,000 a month. New York journalists who have been content with the services of those kindred stars, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons and John J. Ingalls are left in the rear by this stroke of enterprise on the part of a newspaper that, we are told every once in a while, is dead. Kipling will have value as a war correspondent. He started out as a reporter, and it is interesting to note that as a reward of his success in literature, he has taken back into journalism. If he can adjust his literary style to the requirements of a hustling war correspondent's position, his dispatches will be worth reading. They ought to be worth even the big price paid by the Times.

W. MORTON SMITH,
New York, April 8, 1897.

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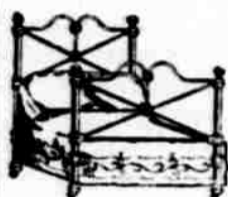
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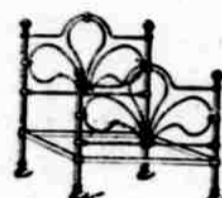
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