

Whether Common or Not.

God Give Us Men!

(Read Before the First Annual Meeting of the Nebraska Democratic Editorial Association, Lincoln, February 4.)

God give us men! Men who will dare to lead,
Despite all threats and sneers;
Despite all doubts and fears;
Against the embattled hosts of greed;
Nor cease until by providence of God
We walk again the paths the Fathers trod—
Paths stained with blood the martyred fathers
shed
For Freedom and for Right,
That Liberty's bright light
Might shine for aye above each patriot's head.

God give us men! Like Jefferson of old,
Stur'y and plain and true,
Single the end in view—
To grasp anew a Freeman's birthright sold
To Mammon by a lustful, greedy lot
Of men who trade in blood, and plan and plot,
And seek to make the rights of man their prey—
Strong men with dauntless hearts
Who'll stand in halls and marts
To plead the Jeffersonian way.

God give us men! With Jackson's iron nerve;
Dauntless and cool and strong,
Ready to fight the wrong;
Men who from rule of justice will not swerve
But face the hosts of greed that rule by might
And stand for Freedom, Justice and the Right.
Let men like this come forth and stand today.
Honest and brave and true,
Ready to dare and do
For God and Right in Hickory Jackson's way.

God give us men! With Lincoln's honest heart;
Lovers of equal rights,
Haters of all that blights
The hopes of men who dare to ask a part
In that best gift Almighty God has sent
Upon the world—a free self-government.
Let men like this stand forth and join the fray.
Voicing in tones that ring
Protest 'gainst rule of king.
Steadfast for right, as was great Lincoln's way.

God give us men! Like those who fought and
died
At Trenton, Bunker Hill,
Concord, Valley Forge—until
They won this land—land of our Father's pride.
Shall we who profit by the blood they shed
Say Liberty's a myth and justice dead?
Nay, let us rouse and all united say:
Help us, O Gracious God,
That paths Forefathers trod
Again shall be the nation great highway.

God guide our pens! To write the simple truth,
Self-evident, that men,
No matter where or when,
Are equal born—admitted in our youth,
But in this time of Mammon's greed and lust
Is hooted, spurned and humbled in the dust.
God guide our pens! For this we humbly pray,
That we may point all men
To Freedom's way again
In the old Continental Congress way.

Primer Lessons in Imperialism.

LESSON IV.—THE FOLLY OF JUDGING BY APPEARANCES WHEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE READY TO BE JUDGES.

What a pretty doc-u-ment. It is yellow with age. What can it be? That, my child, is the Dec-la-ration of In-de-pen-dence.

O, how nice. What does it mean? It is what our Rev-o-lu-tion-ary Fathers wrote when they de-cid-ed to be-come free.

Did they be-come free?
Yes, my dear.
Be-cause of the doc-u-ment?
Yes, my dear.

May I read it? Per-haps I would learn some-thing val-u-able from it.
Mercy, child! You must not waste

time read-ing it. It is now a ver-y sil-ly and an-ti-quat-ed doc-u-ment. We no long-er take stock in it. If we did we would con-vict our-selves of be-ing in-con-sis-tent. Ow-ing to fi-nan-cial reas-ons we have dis-card-ed it and we re-vile the men who wrote it.

Then it was not an im-mor-tal doc-u-ment, was it?

That de-pends up-on cir-cum-stan-ces. When ap-plied to our-selves it still holds good. When cal-cu-lat-ed to pre-vent us from pil-ing up dol-lars we give it the mer-ry ha-ha and grab the dol-lars.

But I do not un-der-stand.
You do not need to un-der-stand, my dear. The men who have the dol-lars will at-tend to that.

LESSON V.—EX-PLAIN-ING HOW GREAT A DIF-FER-ENCE IT MAKES WHOSE OX IS BE-ING IM-POS-ED UP-ON.

Whose por-trait is this?
It is a por-trait of King George III.
Who was he?

He was a blood-y ty-rant who tried to im-pose his gov-ern-ment up-on this coun-try.

Did he suc-ceed?
No, in-deed! We de-mand-ed the right to gov-ern our-selves and we fought it to a suc-cess-ful con-clu-sion.

Then we were re-bels, were we not?
No, my dear; we were pa-tri-ots.
Whose por-trait is this?

That is the por-trait of a Fil-i-pi-no.
Who is he?

He is a sav-age man who in-sists that he be al-low-ed to set up a gov-ern-ment of his own.

Will he be al-owed to do it?
No, my dear. We will gov-ern him.
What is he go-ing to do a-bout it?
He is fight-ing us.

Then he is a pa-tri-ot, is he not?
Mercy sakes, child! Of course he is not. He is a sav-age re-bel.

But are we not blood-y ty-rants when we try to im-pose our gov-ern-ment up-on him?

No, we are pro-mo-ters of Chris-tian civ-i-li-za-tion.

But I do not un-der-stand. King George was a ty—

Ah, child, he want-ed to prof-it by rul-ing our coun-try, but we are only im-pell-ed by Chris-tian mo-tives. If you were old e-nough to have a few shares of stock in the civ-il-iz-ing fran-chis-es you would un-der-stand.

Now run a-long and play. I wear-y of your ques-tions.

Clearly Unbalanced.

"But this man appears to be perfectly sane," said the president of the insanity commission. "He is quiet, answers our questions intelligently and looks well."

"True, gentlemen," replied the complaining witness. "But he always

laughs when he reads the humor in the comic editions of the Sunday papers."

The commissioners rendered judgment in three minutes, and in seven minutes the poor victim was headed for the padded cell.

Looks, Not Words.

Mrs. B. Z. Body—Did you tell your mamma I am here?

Little Willie—Yes, ma'm.

Mrs. B. Z. Body—What did she say?
Little Willie—Nothin'; she just looked like she does when she's waitin' f'r papa t' come home from th' club.

Convincing Argument.

"But my pledges to the people," protested the judge.

"Well, what of them?" queried the corporation counsel.

"I must be true to the people."

"Nonsense! They did nothing but vote for you. We spent our money for you."

The judgment of the court indicated that the argument prevailed.

The Next Thing.

Getyinge Bach—Mr. Carnegie is building many library buildings, I see.

D. Cline Withanks—Yes, but that is not philanthropy. He should buy our manuscripts.

Getyinge Bach—Yes, or keep us in stamps until we can find a publisher.

Ab.

There was a housemaiden in Mich. Who shrieked, "I've broken a dish!"

For a bottle of glue
She rapidly glue,
And mended it quick as a wish.

Needs It.

"Binks ought to have a guardian appointed."

"What makes you think so?"

"He is still advertising Belgian hares for sale."

Detected.

De Tanque—I see by de poipers dat a scientific sharp hez discovered a way t' make gin out'n sawdust.

De Beers—Dat's a thin scheme t' delude us inter hittin' de saw, but it won't work.

Brain Leaks.

Content never instituted a reform.

The dead can not smell the flowers.

An easy conscience needs no press agent.

History repeats itself, often to plague the historian.

Looking for a soft snap means lying on a hard bed.

Politics is dirty business only when dirty men control it.

People who live in steam-heated flats should not throw cold water.

The recording angel makes no note of the figures on a bank check.

Philanthropy does not consist in giving collars to a shirtless man.

The truly good man does not need to be subsidized into doing right.

—WILL M. MAUPIN.

STOPS THE COUGH And Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cuts, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

It's Schurman Now.

It is President Schurman who is now guilty of inflaming the Filipino mind by his recent insistence that the only honorable course for this country is to give independence to the islanders. Hitherto it has been Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Hoar, or the Boston anti-imperialists, or the independent newspapers who did such deadly work by standing up for the rights of the Filipinos. But now Mr. Schurman, president of the first Philippine commission, and versed in Philippine affairs, is really undoing all the splendid service of the troops and inciting the natives to fresh resistance by his doctrine, enunciated last week in Boston, that, if we went to war for any other than an altruistic purpose, we laid ourselves open to the charge of manslaughter. General Wheaton, the acting commander in the islands, is reported to have said that in the Philippines men have been sent to prison for such remarks as those of President Schurman. The latter does well to retort:

"If that be true, it is the saddest and most discouraging truth that has come to us for a long time from the Philippines. Without freedom of speech, civil government will never win the support of the Filipinos."

The question cannot be settled even temporarily by choking and smothering. Experience has abundantly shown that no government has ever yet been wise enough to pick the doctrine, or set of doctrines, that can safely be suppressed. Attempted suppression will only make opposition the fiercer. If this counsel for independence "be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."—The Nation.

FOOD WILL DO IT

Made Over a Man of 60

Food that will put the vigor of life into a man of sixty is worth knowing about. Mr. Chas. E. Allen, of 5306 Master St., Philadelphia, Pa., says, "Five years ago, at the age of fifty-nine, I was advised by a friend to adopt rolled oats for my breakfast diet in the place of white bread. I followed the advice with some benefit, but was still troubled with heart weakness and general debility, requiring medicine from time to time; the bowels were also affected to an extent.

About six months ago, while still half sick and very weak, I began to use Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food and soon noticed an improvement in my general health, with the gradual disappearance of unfavorable symptoms. Heart palpitation decreased and a new feeling of vigor manifested itself in various ways. Tonics were no longer needed, bowels became natural, nerves were steady and I seemed to have returned, in a great degree, to the vigor of middle age. There has also been a gain in flesh, my weight having increased from 137 to 151 pounds.

You are welcome to use my name if you desire to publish this voluntary testimony."