

**WHO FAVOR
GOVERNMENT
OWNERSHIP OF
RAILROADS.**

The populist party proclaims itself for the purchase, ownership and operation by the government of all the railroads in the United States. Many railroad presidents, bondholders, stockholders and general managers also favor such ownership and control.

The populists are moved by political considerations; the railroad men who agree with them are moved by pecuniary considerations. The former wish to buy with the money of the whole people; the latter wish to sell and get that money for themselves. Mr. T.B. Blackstone, president of the Chicago & Alton railroad, has made a stronger plea for railroad ownership by the government than Senator Allen ever made or can make.

In Nebraska, and in fact everywhere, the populists assume that the federal government could, after getting possession of the railroads, operate them inside of the lines of the several states. But some good lawyers aver that, before such ownership, management and operation by the federal government could come into vigor, radical changes would have to be made in the constitution of the United States and in fact that all the existing relations between state and national authorities would have to be readjusted.

Whatever Senator Allen and other agrarians may say about "forfeiting charters" and confiscating corporate capital, there is no other way for government to get railroads than by purchase. Purchase means paying out tax-collected cash to the amount of eleven billions of dollars, or it means the creation of an interest-bearing debt for that amount. The interest then at three per cent would each year take from the American taxpayers three hundred and thirty millions of cash.

How can Allen and the populists generally denounce debt-making in one breath and howl for it in the next by asserting that the government must own, control and operate all the railroads in the United States?

**DELIGHTFUL
TO LEARN.**

A telegram in the Omaha Bee of August 26, dated the day before at New York, declares that the merchants of Santiago dare not attempt to do much business until after the Cuban army is disbanded. The patriotic plunderers under the command of our great and good friend, General Garcia, regard war as merely licensed larceny. Therefore they are inimical to peace and its pursuits. It is most agreeable to American pride and sympathy to observe the high character, moral and intellectual, of that suffering Cuban population in whose behalf we have, for the sake of Christianity and humanity, offered up the sacrifice of

only a few hundred millions of dollars and the lives of some of the best of our countrymen. Cuban civilization is worth propagating. We must certainly graft it on to that of the United States.

**GOOD INTEGRALS
MAKE A GOOD
COMPOSITE.**

A community made up of persons who—within the limits of the common weal—are all doing the best they can for themselves, will be a model of sobriety, industry, intelligence and prosperity. It will need no courts. It will support no prisons. It will be too self-respecting to beg for class legislation. It will never advocate paternalism in government. It will never billet upon the public service, either military or civil, men who, failing in the handicrafts and the professions, seek office as a means of livelihood and distinction. It will measure the value of individual lives and services by the benefits which they, not their fathers, have conferred upon the state. A pure democracy can only be maintained by a people who are individually self-reliantly making strenuous endeavors to develop, cultivate and ennoble themselves. When a majority of our people become thus employed the United States, as their composite, will have the supreme satisfaction of approximating fraternity, equality and justice in human government.

Then statesmanship will not mean merely office-getting for friends or appropriation-getting for localities. Then Congressional Directory biographies will recite not, as now, how much the state has bestowed upon the statesman, but how much in solid beneficent service, with self-denying devotion, the statesman has accomplished for the state—not what the people have done for him, but what he has done for the people.

It is then the duty of a citizen to live and act with the lofty purpose of doing things which shall make his native country better. And thus living and striving when the shadows begin to fall and the beautiful things of the earth which he he has admired and loved are dissolving into blank darkness he may smile at dusty death and be comforted in infinite contentment, because with self-reliance he shall have written an indelible autograph for good. Perhaps on some soul that is wiser and whiter for his teaching and example; perhaps only on some spot of ground that is more beautiful because of his thoughtful tillage and tasteful care; perhaps by having planted a useful tree in some soil or a grand truth in some soul—he will have registered himself a worthy guest of this globe.

MAIDEN—"Do you think married women live longer than single?"

MATRON—"It seems longer."

Boston is building the largest railway station in the country. Can Boston be thinking of traveling? Or is somebody going to Boston?

REAL WAR.

We reproduce here with a part of an article from that excellent clean paper, The New York Evening Post. It is written by one of the wounded of our army in Cuba, and is worth reading and remembering, against our next benevolent impulse. This is what our war for humanity has brought to hundreds of our own young men, and to thousands of wretched Spanish peasants, who had no profit from the misrule and no glory from the war, but who must pay for it all.

**THINGS THAT ARE
NEVER TOLD.**

No one has ever dared to go the full length of realistic description in the field hospital. Hugo, with his magnificent audacity, and Balzac, with his microscope, would falter and wince before the confusing deliriums of human agony and the indescribable spectacle of man tearing his kind limb from limb with the perfected engineering of his science, and then asking science to keep pace with him in assuagement and relief.

My first hospital experience must have been that of tens of thousands. I passed in a twinkling from the ecstasy of physical excitement to the swoon of death. There was a click, then an exit of everything, as the lights were extinguished and the soul of me fled like a receding river.

The next second a dull light, an overpowering smell of ether, a suppressed hurrying of feet, and the dissonances of human agony growing more audible and more intolerable as the light grew, told me that I was in hell or in a hospital. Two hours had elapsed. They have never been accounted for by me. Then it was that I came slowly to the full consciousness of what a kindly blow was mine, that stunned while it stayed the courses of life.

**THE FIELD
HOSPITAL.**

Others were not so fortunate. We were lying without order on the straw in a rude shed. Some of it had been used as bedding for cattle. The ambulances were at the doorway. The curses of the teamsters mingled with the groans of their burdens. There were two surgeons and two assistants. They were in their shirt sleeves and had napkins or handkerchiefs around their necks. I lifted myself as well as could and looked around. My eye fell first on what appeared to be a collection of boots, but which I speedily enough saw was a pile of amputated limbs, from which the boots and shoes had not been removed, and from which dripped and ran a congealing stream of blood that was tracked all around the narrow spaces by the slipping feet of nurses. Instinctively I put my hands upon my own nether limbs to feel if I had lost them, and they made themselves known by a convulsive wince as I did so. They were there, sure enough, but was I to keep them? In the center