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STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

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How do you like the reform legislature?

The legislature of two years ago did not find it necessary to hire a lawyer to do its work.

Tinkering the present primary law will not make it more unpopular. That would be an impossibility.

You would never learn, from reading the proceedings, who represents Platte county in the legislature.

Well, the legislature has made a start. The bed sheet bill was the first reform measure to pass—and the last.

The mule race between the Nebraska legislature and congress is still on, with chances in favor of the former.

The county optionists have asked Mr. Bryan to use his influence to pull their pet scheme through the legislature. The Peerless is always an oyster when county option is mentioned.

Not satisfied with insulting Uncle Andy Carnegie by telling him that his money is "tainted," the moralists have now turned the slush hose on one of their own number, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, and are criticizing his judgment for uniting with the Eagles. This is not the first time Mr. Bryan's judgment has been questioned.

Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, spent \$107,793.05 in the primary campaign last fall, and although his party was successful and controls the legislature by a large majority, several republican members refuse to vote for the venerable millionaire lumberman. The bolters are charged with attempting to secure some of Senator Stephenson's money in exchange for their support.

"Delegated power," so the democratic party insists, is dangerous; therefore, proxies are not allowed in conventions. The democratic legislature is not in harmony with the "delegated power" idea. After being elected members of the state legislature and sworn to perform their duties to the best of their ability, the followers of Mr. Bryan have delegated power to Judge Alberts to prepare a bill guaranteeing bank deposits. But the people pay the freight—\$300.

George Gould will follow the Vanderbilt example and get out of the railroad business. Twenty-five years from now the Harriman, Hill, Rockefeller and Morgan heirs will also be crowded out of the railroad industry by the newcomers. The fizzle of the second generation is an aspect of social development in America that ought to abate the terror of "plutocracy," which disturbs the minds of some very good and very honest people.—Kansas City Star.

The sincerity of the men who are opposed to the state accepting Mr. Carnegie's retiring allowance fund cannot be questioned. Mr. Carnegie's money, they say, is "tainted." That is a debatable question. The fund the iron master desires to donate is legal coin, and its purchasing power equal to the dollar dropped into the contribution box or spent over the bar for liquor. The generosity of Mr. Carnegie has produced a new brand of moralists throughout the state, especially among the worshippers of Mr. Bryan. Early in the campaign last year the red light district in Omaha was canvassed and funds secured to help carry the state for Bryan. Where were the moralists then who are now attempting to prejudice the public against accepting the Carnegie allowance fund? Mr. Bryan and his brother moralists were silent. Not a protest was forthcoming. The politicians and Mr. Bryan were the beneficiaries of the red light donation. That's where the difference comes in.

The Albion Argus (populist), a paper that has always been consistent in its support of fusion nominees, feels very sore over the action of the democratic members of the legislature in proclaiming their inability to frame a guaranty deposit bill by hiring a lawyer to do their work. The Argus says:

"It looks to us like a humiliating confession that there is not brains enough in the whole legislature to draft a bank guaranty deposit bill. After making the campaign on that issue largely and then come to the practical business of framing a bill there is not a man, or committee of men, in the whole body that can frame a bill! What is that body of hired men down there for? Then they had to hire a lawyer to do the work they were expected to do. Why didn't they, if they had to hire some one, get a good practical business man like P. L. Hall? Why is a lawyer supposed to know more about such business than a business man? Only one consolation we get out of it and that is that one of our good fellows, Hon. I. L. Albert, got the \$300 job; but this is small consolation when we think how the republicans will hammer our brains out in the next campaign."

Three weeks ago California was acting like South Carolina did before the war. This week California is acting like South Carolina did after the war. California has learned, without chastisement that the general government has some rights which a state must respect.

NO DEMAND FOR INCREASE.

At present a supreme court justice gets about \$37 per day, including Sundays and the summer vacation, when he is not supposed to work. The president and senate have decided that this is insufficient to keep the judicial gowns and ermine in order, and there is a prospect that their pay may be raised to something over \$40 a day. A supreme justice has a life tenure on his office, with the privilege of retiring on full pay after he has passed a certain age, so that there is no possible chance for him to run into penury and want.

What do you think about this increase? Do you believe it was needed, in order to secure able men for the bench? Do you know of any attorney who would decline a position on the supreme bench even if the pay were to remain at \$37 per day? And isn't that sum sufficient to care for the needs of any ordinary, sane-living man? It seems that the present condition of the supreme court is not so deplorable as the senate and president might lead you to believe, and there the added reason for refusing the raise that the country is already facing a large deficit. And if salaries are to be raised, are there not better places to begin? There are hundreds of men in the employ of the government who are not getting a tenth part of the pay of the supreme court justices, and who, when age shall weaken their efforts, will be thrown aside like the broken parts of a machine. Could not a magnanimous government, like ours claims to be, begin raising the pay of such as these, rather than of those who already have enough and to spare?—Aitchison Globe.

AS TO AN INCOME TAX.

It is not improbable that the Supreme Court of the United States, if called upon again to pass upon the question, would sustain a law providing for an income tax, thus reversing a former adverse decision reached by a vote of five to four. And if such a tax could be imposed and collected without discrimination, no more equitable way could be found to meet the present treasury deficit, or, for that matter, to provide revenue at any time. A tax on incomes, beginning at a point where the income provides a fair competence, would fix the tax where it could be easily paid and eliminate it where it would be a burden. The revenues would come from the prosperous, not from the poor.

Of course, the trouble with the income tax is the same as that with the personal property tax—it would invite perjury. To a considerable extent it would be a tax to be paid by honest men and to a large extent avoided by dishonest men. If a way could be found, within the requirements of the constitution, to exact this tax with uniform equity, no better system could be devised.

In lieu of such a tax, however, the government could re-establish the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts and stock certificates—a tax that is equitable, applies almost wholly to those who can easily afford to pay it and cannot possibly be evaded.

There are just and easy ways to meet revenue deficits, and there is no reason why the question of revenues should be permitted to complicate the efforts to make a scientific and fair adjustment of the tariff.—Kansas City Star.

"Ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done." We can remember when democratic politicians had never a good word for Abraham Lincoln, and now some of them claim to be like him.—Bixby.

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's scattered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape

and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

ARGUING FROM GUFFEY.

Colonel Guffey of Pennsylvania is again a member of the democratic national committee. The election took place and the vote was unanimous. "Time at last sets all things even." It was at Denver last summer that Colonel Guffey was deposed from the committee. He had been chosen in the regular form, but was objectionable to Mr. Bryan, who at that time was cock of the democratic walk. "Take him down," said Mr. Bryan, and down came Colonel Guffey, who had gone to the national convention full of fight, had all the fight taken out of him by one blow. Nobody rejoiced more than Governor Haskell of Oklahoma, who was high in Mr. Bryan's graces, and a prospective secretary of the treasury. "Go back to your oil tanks," shouted the governor, as Colonel Guffey withdrew from the convention hall. The reference was to the reported large holdings of Colonel Guffey in oil stocks. Colonel Guffey made no response.

Six months later witnesses a reversal of fortune as respects the governor and the colonel. The former is now out of favor and the latter in favor. The former was forced to retire from the presidential campaign which he had helped inaugurate, and is at present in hot water at home. The latter is once more at the head of his party at home, and there is no one to say him nay. Evidently the Pennsylvania democrats have ceased to take counsel of Mr. Bryan.

The peerless leader's treatment of Colonel Guffey was illogical and high handed. He was posing as a champion of the square deal, and ousting Colonel Guffey on the charge that the latter had been tyrannical at home in matters relating to Pennsylvania's representation at Denver. And yet among Mr. Bryan's lieutenants at that very moment was Roger Sullivan of Illinois, whom four years before Mr. Bryan had characterized as a high-wayman in politics. So that it was not Colonel Guffey's democracy so much as his anti-Bryanism that was offending. Had Colonel Guffey come to Denver an ardent Bryan man he would not have been molested.

The incident may be taken as an index to Mr. Bryan's character as a political leader. Amiable as he is as a man, he is as hard as nails in politics. When in control of a situation he makes men bend to his wishes, or breaks them. Roger Sullivan bent, and was pardoned and taken back in to favor. Colonel Guffey would not bend, and after a time was broke.

In the white house this spirit would have shown itself in all its power, Mr. Bryan as president would have had his way with his party. He would have recognized only those obedient to his will. All opponents would have been driven to the wall.—Washington Star.

Sam Noticed the Distinction.

A rich man once visited his stables and watched an old groom currying a favorite horse. "You have worked for me a long time, haven't you, Sam?" queried the rich man. "Yes, sir," replied the groom. "Me an' this boss have worked for you 17 years." "Ah, and I hope you have been well treated, Sam," said the employer. "Oh, I ain't complainin' none," said Sam. "But me an' th' boss was sick at th' same time, an' I noticed that while you hired a doctor for th' boss you docked my pay for th' time I lost."

An Air-Loving World Wanted.

Once get a nation into inventing fresh air instead of harrating it out and not only is that nation going to repel consumption, but it is going to better itself physically in such a measure as to be practically immune from other diseases.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

EXTOLS LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Suburbanite Corrects Misapprehension of the City Dweller.

"One of the great blessings of living in the country is that we can see the sky and the moon and the stars and the sunset," said a woman at a social gathering in the New Century club the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record. She lives in a beautiful country place in the Chelton hills all the year round. "We have had some wonderful sunsets in the past few weeks," she continued. "I have known friends to spend afternoons in art galleries looking at pictures when they might have been out in the country watching a far more beautiful sky painting by the hand of Nature. Then you who live in the city never see the stars at all in the city's glare of electric lights. Neither do you have the interesting occupation of watching the sky and anticipating weather changes by the clouds. I know that most city residents think the country a dreary, uninteresting waste in the winter time, but we suburbanites don't consider it that way. The earth is rather bleak when it isn't covered by a white mantle of snow, but the winter sky always presents an interesting if not fascinating study, and seldom a day goes by that we don't have a charming sunrise or sunset."

NOT LIKELY TO HELP HIM OUT.

Economical Traveler Had Approached the Wrong Man.

J. Adam Bede of Minnesota, the humorist of the house, whose humor still bubbles, despite the fact that he was elected to stay at home, tells the following of a friend of his who travels for a carpet firm: "My friend," says Bede, "is of a saving turn of mind, and he recently had to make a longish jump with two trunks. Arriving at the railroad station, he approached a stranger standing on the platform and said: "Are you going to Chicago on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you a cent. I've got two good-sized trunks here, and they always make me pay excess for one. You can get one checked on your ticket and save me some money." "Yes, but I haven't any ticket." "But you just said you were going on this train." "So I am. I'm the conductor."

Newsboys of the City.

Herbert Copeland, who has been making a study of Boston newsboys, writes of them in the Transcript. "The ordinary newsboy," he says, "does not earn so much as you think—25 cents a day being, I should say, the average, though of course some of the smarter ones make a good deal more. There are in Boston about 5,000 newsboys, and of these 3,000 at least are under 14, the average age being 12. No child under ten is allowed to sell at all. Many of those little fellows that you see are ten years old and more, but circumstances and environment have stunted their growth—and then the Jewish is naturally a small statured race, also the Italian; and most of the newsboys are of these races."

The Precise Scientist.

Gov. Stuart, at a dinner in Philadelphia during the opening of the opera season, said of a noted Philadelphia scientist: "He is the most exact man I ever met. He believes in nothing but proven facts. Continually he pins you down."

"One day I said to him: "Cannibalism—what an abomination! To eat of human flesh! Brrrr!"

"The old scientist frowned. "Pardon me, but have you ever eaten of human flesh?" he said, severely.

"No," said I. "Well, then," he demanded, "why do you speak of things that you know nothing at all about?"

Mines of the South. The south mines 3,500,000 tons of iron ore, or one-fourteenth of the total for the United States, and 98,000,000 tons of coal, or one-fifth of the total coal mined, and locally utilizing these two natural products, her furnaces produce 2,500,000 tons of pig iron, or one-tenth of the whole, and valued at \$53,000,000.

LIKE CAPTURING A BATTERY.

Henry Watterson's First Entry into the Journalistic Field.

"Marse Henry" Watterson, the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was as original in starting into journalism as in everything that he does and says.

It was just after the civil war, and Watterson in the ragged remnants of a confederate officer was casting about for some means of getting a little food into his stomach. He happened to get hold of a copy of the old Louisville Herald, and, after studying it a while, that peculiar, purposeful look settled over his face. He arose and tramped majestically down to the Herald shop and into the presence of the venerable editor.

"Well, sir!" growled the old man, for he was exceedingly busy. "You want an editorial writer, and I am the man for the post," said the young man soldier, as unabashed as an iceberg.

"Well, who in the—say! Well, who had the unmitigated gall to tell you that we needed an editorial writer, and who in blazes are you, and say, what on earth makes you think we are pinning for an editorial writer?" The aged editor paused for breath.

"Humph!" said Watterson, as emotionally as a granite block. "Anybody could see it by reading your paper!" He got the job.—Livingston Wright, in Gunther's Magazine.

FORCED TO CONSUME BAD EGGS.

Heroic Treatment Good Object Lesson for Merchant.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist M. P., who has traveled extensively and acquired a great knowledge of the ways of the world, tells many stories of his experience. One relates to an English officer and himself. At a small post in Egypt they lived practically on eggs and tinned meat, and, as there was nothing else to be had, the eggs were a very important item of the dietary. Day after day the eggs, like those of the oft-quoted curate, were "very good in parts," but one morning they were frankly bad. The officer, who had the power of life and death in those parts, determined that the eggs should be fresh in future, so the egg merchant was brought before him. "Open your mouth," said the officer, and the wretched man, standing between two sentries, obeyed, trembling. Slowly and solemnly an evil-smelling egg was poured in. Again the command was given, and again a potential rooster was gulped down. A third followed the other two. After that, whoever else may have had bad eggs palmed off on them, Sir Gilbert Parker and the officer were well served.

Priam Explains.

The usual brilliant crowd of illustrious fighters was gathered at the Army and Navy club of Gehenna and upon this special occasion Napoleon Bonaparte and Priam of Troy held the floor. The topic under discussion was Priam's defeat.

"There were several things about your little affair, my dear Priam, that I never could understand," said Napoleon. "Notably, how was it that when the Greeks presented you with that wooden horse you moved it into the city and failed utterly to hear the rattle of the troops inside? You were not deaf, were you?"

"Simplest thing in the world, my dear Bonaparte," returned the Trojan king. "The fact is I was badly rattled myself at the time."

Cattaro.

Cattaro, the Austrian sea-gate of Montenegro, which is now said to be threatened by Prince Nicholas' guns, has been held by Montenegro once for a little time. The principality acquired it in 1813 with the aid of a British squadron. Any inhabitant of Cattaro who was contemporary with the rise and fall of Napoleon must often have to pause and think what country he belonged to at any moment. For, having been Venetian for centuries, Cattaro became Austrian by the treaty of Campo Formio, and Italian in 1805 by the peace of Pressburg. It was absorbed in the French empire in 1810, and wrested from it in 1813, and finally, in 1814, Russia compelled Montenegro to give it up to Austria.

Gave It Her Hearty Approval.

"They are going to start up a press club here," said a newspaper man to his young lady friend. "We held a meeting at the Seelbach hotel and elected officers, and now I think it's going through."

"That will just be fine. Tailors charge such extravagant prices nowadays, and I think it is a great thing for young men to be able to keep their clothes pressed at a reasonable price, and it will especially be a boon to traveling men stopping at the hotel," she innocently averred. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly, etc.," said the young man to himself, as he allowed the conversation to drift to wearing apparel.—Louisville Times.

A Suspicion.

"Biggles says he is an idealist." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but I am afraid that he is one of those who believe that the first test of an idealist is to be idle."

A Distinction.

"Do you think a man should go into politics as a profession?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "not as a profession. But he should be a good hand at a trade."

Raps at Faith Cure.

Says the Philosopher of Folly: "The thing that faith cure has cured most people of is faith in the faith cure."—Cleveland Leader.

Mistake Some Men Make.

A good many men think kicking when it is necessary to put on evening clothes is a sign of genius.

Above Consistency.

Emerson: With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do.

The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING No. 2

Advertising and news are first cousins. The railroad and the stage coach are grandchild and grandfather.

Four out of five advertisers still use stage coach methods. The agency that distributes news has the quickest, cheapest and most effective machinery for distributing advertising. That agency is the newspaper.

The man who passes your shop window is going somewhere. He is on some other errand. If you want to catch him when he is not in a hurry put your shop window in the newspaper; a few articles at a time. You can make a hundred and fifty thousand people look at this kind of window every day and with much better selling results than if that hundred thousand walked by your shop one by one.

I know a retail store in one of our large cities, a branch of an English house, which until the autumn of 1906 was managed by an Englishman; austere, conservative, dignified; a man who would have been shocked to see his shop advertised in an American newspaper. He had an exclusive trade and his net profits amounted to about \$20,000 a year. This Englishman died. His assistant, an aggressive young American, took charge. He advertised; advertised continuously in the best local newspaper. Last year this exclusive shop made a net profit of over \$80,000. Why? Simply because there are five hundred thousand well-to-do people in that city who never knew that this shop existed until they saw those advertisements in the newspaper; and the shop has an excellent street location, too.

This is a concrete case, the facts of which I personally know. The Englishman depended upon the quality of his goods and his beautifully crested stationery and his attractive shop window and his perpendicular-backed dress-parade clerks; all of which were above criticism. The young American put the whole show into the newspaper; admission free.

Show me ten shops which advertise regularly in a daily newspaper and I will show you nine that are making money. The failure of the tenth is probably due to bad management of some sort.

Some people value goods by the price they pay; others by the shop in which they buy; others by the effect the goods have upon their neighbors. It is only the common workaday sensible people who value goods by the goods. If you want all four classes as customers it is your business as an advertiser to make the cap fit.



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A Journalist is Born. You cannot teach a man to be a journalist, for he is born, not made; and the real journalist springs at once, like the late G. W. Stearns—into their place. A lecturer on journalism would bore one far beyond the limits of this paragraph. For the journalist is the man who is interested in life and wants to share the interest with other lives. And a lecturer in a crowded classroom would not help.—London Chronicle.

The Thistle in Australia. The thistle was introduced into Australia by a Scotsman, who was sent out to Botany Bay as a convict, and took with him a number of seeds of his national plant, and sowed them round his dwelling. The plant soon made itself so much at home that it spread over thousands of square miles of territory, and the important folks of the various provinces have expended many hundreds of pounds in the effort to repress its growth.

Globe-Wernicke advertisement featuring an illustration of a globe and a bookcase, with text describing the 'Elastic' Bookcase and contact information for Henry Gass Furniture & Undertaking.