

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

tell Mr. Westermann's paper what it is that ails it, I shall be more than pleased.

Rosewaterism is the most abject servility masquerading under the cloak of independence; a hypocritical pandering to prejudice for the purposes of pelf; a vicious and oftentimes brutal abuse and persecution of those who maintain a contrary opinion—those who will not submit to the dictation of Rosewater; a studied policy of misrepresentation and lying where Mr. Rosewater's personal interests and prejudices are involved; an implied distrust of all men; demagogism and defamation, vindictiveness and venality.

The editor of the *Bee* is a man of superabundant passion and prejudice; he is ambitious and avaricious. And the course and policy of his paper are to the last degree bound up in and dependent upon the passion and prejudice and the ambition and avarice of the proprietor. Questions of party and public welfare and every subject discussed in the columns of the *Bee* are determined not by a consideration of what would be the greatest good to the greatest number, but are weighed in the scales of—well, of Rosewaterism; and if Mr. Rosewater can gain thereby, whether in the satisfaction of his passions or in the gratification of his avarice, good men and wise measurers are ruthlessly assaulted. This is the servility that Mr. Rosewater calls independence. As has often been pointed out, some of the best men in Nebraska have been viciously and brutally persecuted for no other reason than that such a course appeased Mr. Rosewater's passion or promised some sort of personal satisfaction or profit. I need hardly mention a few names of those whom the *Bee* has abused to illustrate the peculiar quality of Rosewaterism—L. D. Richards, G. L. Laws, W. J. Broatch, John M. Thayer. The illustration is made more striking by placing alongside of these names those of such paid votaries of Rosewaterism as E. P. Roggen and Seth Cole. Lincoln people know how the *Bee* has lied and misrepresented, for instance, in all things concerning this city—and the lying and misrepresentation are general. And as for demagoguery—no person of intelligence who has read the *Bee* needs to be convinced on that head. And those persons who have anything like an intimate acquaintance with the inside workings of Rosewaterism know its venality.

The above may do for an explanation of Rosewaterism. Now, while the *News* has far more honesty than the *Bee*, it has allowed itself to follow in the wake of Rosewater. For three years it has been the echo of the *Bee*. Scarcely any scheme or expression of Rosewaterism has been put forth but the *News* has been eager to promote, though not with the base motives of the *Bee*. The gentlemen who conduct the *News* have certain positive ideas of what a newspaper ought to do or be to be popular and successful; and in carrying out these ideas they frequently omit to consider the claims of justice and conscience. Circulation comes first; then conscience may be considered. The desire to sell papers conduces a recklessness in the statement of facts

and causes the paper to be demagogic and sensational. There is a strong desire in the *News* office to be considered as friends of "the people," and in furtherance of this desire a course is followed that does not admit of accuracy and honesty. What will be the effect on the majority of the public and on the *News* circulation? That is the question first answered by the *News*' editors. Individuals are necessarily often done an injustice by such a policy. The *News* will say, for instance, that the city council is hopelessly and wholly corrupt, or that the legislature is composed of scoundrels. That sort of stuff takes with a certain class of people. It is hard on the men in the council who are not corrupt and men in the legislature who are not scoundrels. The people have reason to question the *News*' sincerity in its "attacks" on certain corporations and individuals in that it defends or is silent about other corporations and individuals really deserving of censure. Somehow the *News* fails to impress people with its high-mindedness.

If the *News* editors and proprietors would think less of circulation and of appeals to the prejudice of the people, and be a little more honest with themselves, a little less hasty in jumping at conclusions, a little more accurate in presenting facts, the usefulness of the paper would be enhanced, and in the long run I believe the effect on circulation would be beneficial. Certainly people would have more regard for the *News*. The paper has many good points, and it has done good in many ways. It is improving constantly. The chief trouble is that the *Bee* was taken as the type of a successful newspaper and adopted as a model. If it will discontinue the use of the model and forget about currying favor with "the people," and just follow the personal convictions of its editors without reference to sentiment or prejudice, it might be a great newspaper.

The dishonesty in the world is not by any means confined to the actions of men; there is just as much dishonesty in things we say as in things we do, and its effect is more demoralizing and far reaching. There is so much policy. It is so easy to say the things we know people want us to say. We all want to curry favor with somebody. To be dishonest in expression is by far the easier way. To be honest and frank is sometimes not pleasant and often difficult. It takes time and care, and frequently such a course makes us enemies. But there is a respect that always attaches to men who speak honestly that cannot be acquired any other way. There are few who are courageous enough to say, at all times, what they believe; but wherever they are found they are influential. The panderer is soon found out. The honest man is always esteemed. What is true of men is true of newspapers.

The boarding-house has been made a butt of long enough. A joke is not funny that has not enough truth in it to flavor it. That is why we do not laugh at the Teutonic and British joke. The joke is local; we are foreigners from the joke's point of view. The boarding-house joke is a silly subterfuge of the funny man to fill space. I do not believe

his own mother laughs at it. Anyone who knows anything of the smaller places in this country knows that the hotels in them are barbarous. They employ cheap cooks, whose only master is lard. They instruct their scullions to "Fry when you can; if you can not put plenty of lard in it." Contrariwise the boarding-house mistress is frequently a woman of the world, trained from her childhood to the cares of a house, and the oversight of the table. She knows how to cook herself and she can train others. She is the descendant perhaps, of generations of bright American women who have managed their households without fussiness and with good results. This heiress of intelligence has come into their cook books in old-fashioned writing, yellow with age and stained with flour and sugar and butter. Their traditions may be southern or they may have come from New England. In either case the warped yellow cook-book is full of good things upon which Time has written: "It is good." The maid is a pink-cheeked, white aproned Swede with the influence of scrubbing grandmothers upon her also. The table cloth is clean. It is washed in the house and dried in the sun and not by machinery. The dishes are also clean and smooth. The whole table has an air of freshness and wholesomeness that no hotel ever has.

I have in mind a lady in this city who has lost her property. She sits at the head of a well appointed table like a queen. In point of fact she is one. She is that most gracious sovereign—the American woman whose kingdom is her home and whose subjects are all who come within the radius of her influence.

Is bicycling a fad or a new birth? Is it an amusement or a machine that custom will make a necessity? It has already affected a change in woman's dress, made street-car stock questionable property, decreased the profits of the jeweler's business, made the weekly bundle the laundryman calls for much

smaller, affected dry goods stores and many other kinds of unrecorded trades. Probably the bicycle has affected more things and affected them harder than any invention of the last hundred years. It will not pass away until He is through with us, rolls up the heavens and puts us away.

The attitude of men and women and philosophers towards bloomers is curious. Most men loathe them and feel revengeful as the bloomers twinkle by. "I will never tell her she is pretty again or dance with her or do anything to make her happy", the young man thinks but he does not say it. Some women were born before bloomers were thought of and it is too late to make repairs now. Consequently they consider bloomers shocking and they would be—on them. The rest of the men and women are philosophers. They know that the world do move, that change has been spat upon and hissed since the Cain and Abel scrap. The bloomers are in a noble company of locomotive engines of all kinds. They are not a fad; they have come to live with us. At present they are as crude as the first sewing-machine. They are protoplasmically ugly and without form. Evolution has them in its grip. The final result will be only beautiful. Women have been knock-kneed because they thought nobody would know. The bicycles can boast "Nons avons changes tout cela." Women have put all their time and work on their waists and their eyes. Their knees show the results of cruel neglect. When it is understood that their crookedness is to be exposed the knees will be as self-respecting as any other part of the body.

FELT SAFE

Sunday School Teacher (to little girl)—Do you say your prayers every night before going to bed?
Little Girl (promptly)—No, ma'am.
Sunday School Teacher—Are you not afraid to go to sleep without asking God to watch over you during the darkness?
Little Girl—No, ma'am, I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle.

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