

fits doubles the farmer's expenses and does not increase the scale of wages though it increases the number of employes. But what is done, is done. The president believes the country can be cured by fattening the manufacturers. His career is due to the encouragement of this idea and the protests of millions of farmers cannot stir the fixity of the tariff idea. Benevolent as he is the president thinks they do not know what is good for them. An effective cartoon could be made on this subject with the farmer as the patient being stupefied by Mark Hanna, held by McKinley and the medicine forced down his reluctant oesophagus by Dingley.

The "Woman's Department" which appears in many of the newspapers of the day, is apt to contain interesting information, advice to mothers and comment on literary topics—the list of rather more value than the advice to parents. The column flatters the growing feminine sense of importance. The inference is, when a newspaper publishes a special department for women, that they are not interested in telegraphic news, editorial comment, stories, or the gossip which is the content of the local page. In this period when women desire and is accomplishing her desire, to be considered as an individual it is inconsistent to be flattered and pleased by the heading of a column that indicates that the publisher considers general topics of no interest to "woman." Pie recipes, bonnets and basques are of special interest, so are waistcoats, ties and horses, but no paper publishes a "Men's Department." Such arrangements for supposed feminine capacity and tastes are unconscious rebukes, to the numerous female who rises in the federations and expositions and "point with pride" to what woman has accomplished and refers with more pride to the "mothers of the land" ignoring the fathers altogether. Not being accustomed to pedestal attitudes, or to be designated with pride in poetry and by orators, the fathers have grown not to think as much of themselves as their contribution to posterity would excuse them for. Not being considered in any way as benefactors of the race or examples to it the father's manners have grown lax and they swear and they spit in places where they really should not. A little encouragement and praise for their efforts to keep the fathers and mothers of the future clothed and fed might produce in them a sense of the dignity of their function and the necessity for behaving up to it. These remarks are addressed to those who have requested the editor of this paper to set up a "woman's department. They are only a few of the reasons why such a heading is absurd.

It is very unfortunate that a man with as primitive ideas of landscape gardening as Uncle Jake Wolfe should have been allowed so public a place to plant them in as the State House grounds. He has set out little evergreen trees all over the lawn. The grounds look like a

farmer's front yard fifty years ago. Those yards were in no sense places of pleasure. When the trees had attained their growth by killing out the grass and shutting out all sunlight from the "front parlor," the farmer glanced at them with satisfaction as he drove by to the back door yard where the sun and his children played together. The birds avoid the evergreen tree which is fit only for the sides of snowtopped mountains where larch, e'm, chestnut and birch cannot grow. The shade trees whose high branches shelter birds and shade the children are the trees for this latitude. The study of the uses of sunlight and air is lowering the death rate and increasing the number of velvet lawns. Uncle Jake Wolfe cares naught for hygiene. He holds that what was the pride of his grandfather's heart is good enough for him. So he has planted several hundred small evergreen trees in close contiguity on the state house grounds. It is most unfortunate that our system of politics allows a man of no taste, culture or knowledge to arrange the landscape for a people as refined and progressive as Nebraskans. The duties that the honorable Jake is attempting to perform require accomplishments of taste and education that he does not possess. He has made of the noble possibilities of the Capital grounds a forlorn country cemetery. He has done with the grounds what John Currie wants to do with the Tennessee marble. Protests are idle for we are in the hands of the Philistines and they will hang on to their job as long as there is anything in it, whether the citizens whose views they ruin, and whose air they impregnate, like it or not.

While Senator Howells of Omaha was in Lincoln this winter his reputation developed into very bad odor. There is a general impression, not only in Lincoln but throughout the state that he came to the senate as the agent and representative of the gamblers of the state. A man who is the representative of gamblers, cannot be the representative

of decent people. If Omaha wants to hold a gambler carnival next summer, then Howells is the proper representative of their aspirations and should be elected mayor of the city. But if they want to attract the better element of the people to their exposition, then they should crowd Howells out of public view as soon as possible.

STORIES IN PASSING.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance had a novel bit of experience on the day of the big fight at Carson City. He is the younger member of a modest business firm down town. His partner is quite active in church and charitable work of all kinds, and the younger man is doing a little in that line himself although keeping a grip on the sporting pulse of the world as he goes along. On the day of the fight the elder gentleman

was out of the city, and the younger man hired a boy to bring the returns to the store from the telegraph office not far away.

Just before the first news of the fight might be expected a well-known minister, a friend of the partner, who is very outspoken in his views of worldly evils, came into the store for a chat. He began with McKinley's message to congress on the tariff, branching off after a few moments to his favorite subject of social, moral and relief work among the people on the bottoms. He was just starting in on an explanation of a plan for lifting young boys and girls out of the atmosphere of vice and ignorance, when the first breeze from the fight sailed through the door. The young fellow who had been engaged as messenger lad burst in.

"Both blokes a-fighting harder'n two bull-pups," he shouted out, "Fitz landed on Corbett's neck and Jim flung a left hook on Bob's jaw. Corbett belted Fitz one in the ribs and got back a right jab on his head that made him holler. They



I'll give it a thorough cleaning—

clinched and Fitz roughed it in a break-away."

The boy finished and looked up at the young business man but received for his news only the "stony glare." For any interest shown it might have been a graven image receiving the news. The minister in startled surprise was gratified to find here one young business man who was perfectly indifferent to the vicissitudes of the pugilistic Carnival in the west. With a word expressing disgust the good man returned to his subject of saving the lowland.

About the time the young proprietor thought the boy was due again, he excused himself on some trifling pretext, slipped out the door and received the news of the second round at the corner of the building. Then he went in again and discussed the Graham-Taylor settlement with the minister. He found an excuse for going out for the third round and by nice adjustment took in every message during the fight without slipping a cog—except one. At the tenth round a customer detained the young man. The messenger boy broke in the door and filled the room again with his startling information.

"Fitz spitten' blood but landed a left swing on Corbett's jaw. Tried the right cross but fell short. Corbett uppercut Fitz on the face and got a straight on the mouth but ducked like a swimming cork. Corbett sparring beautifully but Bob is fighting like a lion. Fitz mixed it up and had Corbett weak on his pins but is bleeding like a stuck pig."

A shade of distrust spread over the minister's face and a hint of suspicion crept into his voice as the two men again picked up the work of helping downtrodden people. But the young man kept his nerve and carried the game through without a quiver.

In speaking of it afterwards the young man said it was the most delicate thing

1. MRS. NEWLYWED BRUSHES HUBBY'S NEW SILK HAT.



I don't believe Tom's brushed his hat for month—

to manage that ever devolved upon him. For how to successfully plan out methods of dealing sturdy blows at ruin down on the bottoms and at the same time keep abreast with the blows of Bob and Fitz in Nevada, and how to keep the two on different tracks and, as it were, prevent them from telescoping each other, was the work of a diplomat.

There is a man in Omaha whose cup of life has been more than full of hardships, bitterness and disappointment. His boyhood and early manhood was one terrible struggle for an education against the greatest obstacles of poverty, weak-eye sight and ill health. But he finally graduated from a law school and came west to take up the struggle for place and reputation. A light broke in on his life when a western railroad picked up the young man, saw something in him, and made him their attorney. Then his career for a few years was brilliant, meteoric. Opportunities for the development of his qualities were presented and so signally grasped that almost instantly he became one of the leading lawyers of the state, one of the most magnetic and successful speakers in the west. He was gathering wealth, had built an elegant home, and a charming family was growing up about him. For the first time in his life he was just beginning to know a little happiness and success when the great calamity came. In the midst of an impassioned address, without warning he was struck stone blind and had to be led to his home by his friends.

Today he sits in his well filled library, all that remains of his wealth, but now useless. His family, too has grown and separated. The wife is dead. He sits alone except for one daughter who has sacrificed her other love for that of her father. Family gone, friends gone, sight, success, career,—all that goes to make up the joy and life he had planned and fought for in his early days, the joy and happiness he had sighted and all but held within his grasp.

He was a young fellow with brown hair and laughing eyes. He was standing just outside the church door as the evening congregation was dismissed. A young lady in a big hat and a light cloth cape came in.

The young man loosened himself from the crowd and approached her.

"Good evening," he said in the stilted phrase of the country youth, "may I see you home?"

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